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AND  
COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW

OF

Literature, Politics and News.

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE MOST VALUABLE ARTICLES WHICH  
APPEAR IN THE PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN, IRELAND AND AMERICA;

WITH

VARIOUS PIECES IN VERSE AND PROSE NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

VOL. V.

FOR THE YEAR M.DCC.XCII.

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*Quisquis es, ô faveas, nostrisque laboribus adsis:  
His quoque des veniam.*

OVID.

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THE  
NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1792.

LIFE OF CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

[From the *Literary Magazine*.]

CHARLES Edward Stuart, son of James Stuart, commonly called the Chevalier de St. George, and the Princess Clementina, daughter of the celebrated John Sobieski, King of Poland, was born at Rome, on the 20th of December, 1720. When he had attained to the age of seven, he was placed under the care of an Irish gentleman, of the name of Sheridan, a person well qualified for such an important trust, and a Roman Catholic, in preference to Mr. Leslie, a nonjuror, and a member of the church of England, who was proposed by his father. As he advanced in years, he shewed an unusual vivacity of spirit, and seemed to manifest in no small degree a genius formed for military exploits. When he was about the age of fourteen, he paid a visit to Don Carlos, who by the assistance of a British Squadron, under the command of Sir Charles Wager, was advanced to the Crown of the Two Sicilies, and, in the year 1734 he was present at the siege of Gaeta, where he behaved so well, though only a youth, as fully justified the high opinion formed of his courage and intrepidity. Being a volunteer under the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. who was appointed General of the French forces against those of the empire, in this situation, his conduct gave so much satisfaction to the Marshal, that in his letters to the French ministers, he bestowed the highest encomiums on his military talents and abilities. On this account the King ordered him to be an officer, and to give him a command in the army; and he continued with the Marshal till he was killed by a cannon ball, at the siege of Phillipsburgh, as he was reconnoitring a battery of the enemy, which was then playing on his camp.

Peace being concluded in 1735, between France and the empire, he returned to Rome; but he had again an opportunity of signaling himself, by the war which broke out upon the election of a new Emperor, in the room of Charles VI. By the influence of France the Duke of Bavaria was raised to that high dignity, and the House of Austria was in considerable danger of losing the Imperial Throne, which would have enabled France to give law to all Europe. To prevent this event, the maritime powers and other allies of the Queen of Hungary hastened to her relief, and the French, in a little time, were obliged to quit Germany, and the Imperial Crown was placed on the head of the Duke of Lorraine, her Majesty's Consort. The King of Great-Britain, George II. who was embarked in this cause, headed an army in person, and on the 16th of June, 1743, fought a battle with the Duke de Noailles on the banks of the Mayne, near the village of Dettingen. Charles, who was in the Duke's army, had a share in this engagement; and he rendered himself very conspicuous by his bravery, being one of the foremost in charging the enemy and among the last who retreated.

When the campaign was finished he returned to Rome; and during the winter a project was formed of recovering for him the British Throne, which had been lost by the bigotry and superstition of his grandfather, James II. The plan of this attempt was laid at the Court of Versailles, and great preparations were made for it. A large fleet of men of war was stationed in the harbour of Brest; a vast number of transports were collected in the ports of Calais and Dunkirk; and a considerable army was quartered in the towns and vil-

lages on the sea coast, ready to embark for England on the shortest notice.

In the mean time, orders were sent to the French Resident at Rome to hasten Charles' departure; upon which several councils were held in the presence of his father, the Chevalier de St. George, and, after mature deliberation, it was agreed that, in order to prevent suspicion, he should set out with all possible secrecy. After some time it was observed, that Charles did not attend the audiences given by his father as usual, and those who, from motives of curiosity, enquired the reason of this sudden disappearance, were sometimes told that he was ill of a cold, and at other times that he was gone into the country. At length, however, after various surmises and conjectures, the public were informed of the real truth. Lord Dunbar, who was High Steward of the Chevalier's Household, having on the 19th of January, 1744, obtained an audience of the Pope, acquainted his Holiness, that the Chevalier's eldest son had set out incognito for France, where he was safely arrived, in order to make a campaign in the army of Don Philip. The Pope told his Lordship, that this information gave him great pleasure; and for some days following there was a great concourse of Cardinals and Noblemen at the Chevalier's palace, to congratulate him on this occasion.

When Charles arrived at Genoa, he procured a passport from Admiral Matthews, under the name of a Cardinal's Secretary; and embarking in an English ship, landed at Antibes, a sea-port town in Provence; but instead of joining Don Philip's army, as had been given out, to conceal his real design, he immediately repaired to Paris, where he was greatly caressed by the French Ministry, and told of the vast preparations making in France to assist him to recover the British Crown.

In the mean time, the British Court having got intelligence of these preparations, a proclamation was issued for putting the laws in force against Papists and Nonjurors; and the King acquainted the Parliament of the accounts he had received of the Pretender's intention to invade England; upon which both Houses promised to stand by him with their lives and fortunes, and passed an act making it high treason for the Pretender, or any of his sons, to land in Britain. Addresses to the same purpose were sent up from the great trading towns and boroughs in the kingdom; and Mr. Thompson, the English Resident at Paris, was ordered to remonstrate concerning Charles being in Paris, and to demand that he might be obliged

to quit the French dominions, pursuant to treaties subsisting between the two crowns.

To this remonstrance Mr. Amelot replied, that 'engagements entered into by treaties were not binding any farther than while these treaties were religiously observed by all parties concerned; that when the King of England should cause satisfaction to be given respecting repeated complaints made to him of the infraction of the treaties alluded to, his Most Christian Majesty would explain himself on the demand then made by Mr. Thompson, in the name of his Britannic Majesty.'—Mr. Trevor, Minister from the British Court at the Hague, was ordered to demand of the States General 6000 troops, which by treaty they were obliged to furnish in case of an emergency; in consequence of which they were immediately sent over, and arrived in the month of March.

Count Saxe, who was to command the French troops prepared for Charles' assistance, perceiving what a powerful opposition he was likely to meet with, began to think that the execution of his design was impracticable; and on this account he wrote to Court, to inform the King what dangers and difficulties would attend the prosecution of the proposed invasion, and to request that it might be deferred till a more favourable opportunity. The reasons he alledged had so much weight, that the French Ministry thought proper to drop their design for the present, to recal their forces from the sea coasts, and to employ them in Flanders, where the army was to act in the ensuing campaign. Count Saxe and the rest of the General Officers, attended by Charles, set out, therefore, from Paris; and much about the same time, in the month of March 1744, the French declared war against England.

Charles being ambitious of learning the art of war under so expert and accomplished a General as Count Saxe, had accompanied him into Flanders, where he was present at the sieges of Menin, Ypres, and Furnes, each of which was taken in three days; but as there was no battle, or general engagement, during the whole summer, Charles had no opportunity of signaling his valor in the open field. The campaign being ended, he returned to the French Court, where he spent his time in consulting with his friends on the state of his affairs in Scotland.

Early in the spring the armies took the field, and Charles resumed his former station under Count Saxe. The French having invested the fortress of Tournay, the allied army headed by the Duke of Cumberland

Cumberland, hastened to its relief, and a battle was soon after fought at Fontenoy, in which the French proved victorious.— In the fortune of this engagement Charles had a considerable share, as he commanded those troops that supported the masked battery of Antoine, which did such execution among the English infantry, as obliged them to retire when victory was on the point of declaring in their favour. For this service the King thanked him in person, and gave him beside a very handsome present.

Soon after this battle Charles repaired to Paris, where the plan of his future operations was projected, and finally settled. He then set out in company with a few of his friends for Port Lazare, in Brittany, where a frigate, mounting eighteen guns, was ready to receive him. Having got under sail, they proceeded towards Belleisle, where they met the Elizabeth, a ship of sixty guns, which had a considerable quantity of money on board, with arms for several thousands of men, designed for Charles' use, as soon as he should land in Scotland. In their passage, thirty nine leagues west of the Lizard, they were attacked by the Lion man of war, of fifty six guns, commanded by Captain Brett, and a severe action ensued for five hours, during which the Lion sustained so much damage in her masts and rigging that she was almost reduced to a wreck, while the Elizabeth, which was unable to maintain the contest any longer, took advantage of the night, and made for Brest, where she arrived in a most wretched condition. The frigate bore away, soon after the fight began, for the north west coast of Scotland, and having hovered about the isles for some days, at length put into a creek or small harbour in the county of Lochbar.

The persons who had accompanied Charles from France, and who landed with him, were the Marquis of Turlibardine, eldest brother to the Duke of Athol, attainted in 1715; old Cameron of Lochiel; General M'Donald, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Irish brigade; Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish gentleman; Colonel O'Sullivan, who had formerly been a priest, and tutor to the son of Marshal Maillebois; Mr. Kelly, who was so many years a prisoner in the Tower of London, on account of the affair of the Bishop of Rochester; and Mr. Mitchel, an old servant of the Chevalier de St. George, who had such an affection for his son that he attended him in this expedition. Charles brought with him seven hundred stands of arms, a considerable quantity of ammunition, and twenty five thousand pounds,

which his father had borrowed on his jewels, knowing that his son would have occasion for money on his landing to distribute among the clans, and to make them more readily support him in his intended project.

The Regency of England, for the King was then at Hanover, being informed that Charles was about to make a descent in Scotland, issued a proclamation, promising a reward of 30,000*l.* to any person who should seize and secure the eldest son of the Pretender, in case he might land or attempt to land in any of his Majesty's dominions. Charles also issued a proclamation of the like nature, offering the same reward, to seize and secure King George, whom he called an usurper,

As soon as Charles landed, he went to the house of Mr. M'Donald, of Kinloch Moidart, from which he wrote letters to the adjacent clans, to acquaint them of his arrival. Upon this Cameron of Lochiel went to wait upon him, but he refused to arm his clan, until Charles could produce in writing, the resolution of the King of France, to assist and support him with a proper number of forces. Being satisfied on this point, he summoned his clan, and erected Charles' standard with this motto, *Tandem Triumphans*: triumphing at last.

When the news of Charles' arrival was spread abroad, the chiefs who had been previously informed of it, and who concurred in his scheme, soon repaired to his standard. When he had got a sufficient number to form the appearance of an army, he marched with them to within a mile of Fort William, and there encamped. Having increased his forces to the number of about two thousand, he marched forward to a hill, about six miles distant from Fort Augustus, and being informed that General Cope was coming to attack him, he waited with a resolution of hazarding an engagement; but the General, either distrusting his own strength, or for some other reason, proceeded to Aberdeen, where he embarked his army on board some ships, which transported it to Dunbar, where he landed.

On the 30th of August, Charles arrived at Blair, the residence of the Duke of Athol, upon which that nobleman and several gentlemen of the county of Fife retired to Edinburgh. After this he proceeded to Perth, Dumblain, and Stirling, and on the 16th of September encamped with his army at Gray's Mill, about two miles from Edinburgh, where some of the magistrates waited on him to treat concerning a capitulation. In the meantime one of the gates being opened for the

the admission of a coach, Cameron of Lochiel rushed with a party of his men, and secured it without opposition. Next morning the whole army entered, Charles took possession of the royal palace of Holyrood house, and having caused his father to be proclaimed at the market cross, ordered a manifesto to be read, in which the Chevalier declared his son Regent of his dominions, and promised to redress all the grievances of Scotland.

During these transactions, Sir John Cope began his march towards Edinburgh to give the rebel army battle, and on the 20th of the month encamped in the neighbourhood of Preston Pans with all his troops, amounting to nearly three thousand men. Early next morning he was attacked by Charles, at the head of about the same number of Highlanders, who charged, sword in hand, with such impetuosity, that in less than ten minutes the King's troops were broken and totally routed. The dragoons fled in the utmost confusion, and the general officers, after some unsuccessful efforts to rally their men, retreated towards Coldstream on the Tweed. Never was a victory perhaps obtained at a smaller expence: only fifty of the rebels lost their lives, while five hundred of the opposite party were killed on the spot, and among these the brave Colonel Gardiner, who fell greatly lamented.

Charles' followers increasing every day, and several of the Highland chiefs, encouraged by his success, beginning to exert themselves in his cause, he resolved to make an irruption into England, which he did on the sixth of November, having by that time collected an army of about five thousand men. Carlisle was the first place he invested, which surrendered in less than three days, and here his father was proclaimed King of Great Britain, and himself Regent, by the magistrates, in all their formalities. General Wade being informed of his progress, advanced across the country as far as Hexham, but receiving intelligence there that Carlisle was reduced, he returned to his former station. Orders were issued for assembling another army in Staffordshire, under the command of Sir John Ligonier; but Charles, notwithstanding this opposition, determined to proceed. Leaving therefore a small garrison in Carlisle, he advanced to Penrith, marching on foot in the Highland dress, and continued his route through Lancaster and Preston, to Manchester, where on the twenty-ninth of the month he established his head quarters, and was joined by about two hundred Englishmen, who were formed into a regiment, under Col. Townly. His supposed intention was to pursue his

way through Chester and Wales, where he hoped to find a great number of adherents; but all the bridges on the river Mersey being broken down, he chose the route to Stockport, and forded the river at the head of his division, though the water rose to his middle. Taking Macclesfield and Congleton in his way, on the fourth of December he entered the town of Derby, where his father was proclaimed with great solemnity. He had now advanced within one hundred miles of the capital, which was filled with consternation, and had he proceeded, might have himself master of it, and been joined by a considerable number of his friends, who impatiently waited for his approach.

Though success had hitherto attended him, Charles however found himself miserably disappointed in his expectations. He was now in the heart of England, and, except a few that joined him at Manchester, not a soul appeared in his behalf. The Welch took no step to excite any insurrection in his favour; the French made no attempt towards an invasion; the Highland chiefs began to murmur, and he saw himself with a handful of men hemmed in between two considerable armies, in the middle of winter, and in a country disaffected to his cause. He could scarcely hope to proceed to the metropolis without hazarding a battle, and a defeat would have been attended with inevitable ruin, both to himself and his followers. Besides this, he had received information, that his friends and officers had assembled a body of forces in the northern parts, superior in number to those by whom he was attended.

Having called a council at Derby, and proposed to advance towards London, this plan was very strongly supported by Lord Nairn; but after violent disputes, the majority determined that they should return to Scotland with all possible expedition.—They abandoned Derby, therefore, on the 6th of December, early in the morning, and retreated the same way by which they had advanced. On the 9th, their vanguard reached Manchester, and entering Preston on the 12th, they continued their march northwards. The Duke of Cumberland, who was encamped at Meriden, when informed of their return, detached some horse and dragoons in pursuit of them, while General Wade began his march from Ferrybridge into Lancashire, with a view of intercepting them in their way; but at Wakefield he understood they had already reached Wigan: he therefore repaired to his old post at Newcastle, after detaching General Oglethorpe with his horse and dragoons, to join those that

that had been sent off from the Duke's army. They pursued with much alacrity and having overtaken the rear of the rebel army, had a few skirmishes in Lancashire. Though the militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland were raised and armed, by the Duke's order, to harrass them on their march, and though the bridges were broken down, the roads damaged, and the beacons lighted to alarm the country, they retreated very regularly with their small train of artillery. On the 19th day of the month the Highland army reached Carlisle, where the majority of the English in it were left at their own desire, after which Charles reinforced the garrison of the place, and crossed the rivers Eden and Solway into Scotland; having thus accomplished one of the most surprising retreats, perhaps ever performed. But the most singular circumstance attending this expedition was, the moderation and regularity with which these ferocious people conducted themselves while in the centre of a rich and plentiful country. They committed no violence or outrage, and they were effectually restrained from the exercise of rapine. Though the weather was excessively cold, and though they must have been exposed to much hunger and fatigue, they left no sick, and lost only a few stragglers, but retired in good order, carrying off their cannon in the face of the enemy. The Duke of Cumberland invested Carlisle with his whole army, on the 21st day of December; and on the 23d the whole garrison surrendered by a kind of capitulation with the Duke of Richmond. The prisoners, amounting to about four hundred, were confined in different goals in England, and the Duke returned to London.

Charles proceeded by the way of Dumfries to Glasgow, from which last city he exacted severe contributions on account of its attachment to government. Having continued several days at Glasgow, he advanced towards Stirling, and was joined by some forces which had been assembled in his absence by Lord Lewis Gordon, and John Drummond, brothers to the Dukes of Gordon and Perth. This last nobleman had arrived from France in November, with a small reinforcement of French and Irish, and a commission as General of these auxiliaries. He fixed his head quarters at Perth, where he was reinforced by the Earl of Cromartie, and other clans, to the number of two thousand, and he was supplied with a small train of artillery. Having found means to surprise a sloop of war at Montrose, they fortified that harbour with the guns, and they had received a considerable sum of money

from Spain. They likewise took possession of Dundee, Dumblaine, Downcastle, and laid Fife under contribution. The Earl of Loudoun, who remained at Inverness, with about two thousand Highlanders, in the service of his Majesty, conveyed provisions to Fort Augustus, and Fort William, and secured the person of Lord Lovat; but this cunning veteran found means to escape. Charles being joined by Lord John Drummond, invested the castle of Stirling, in which General Blakeney commanded: but his people being not much used to enterprises of this kind, they made but very little progress in their operations.

By this time a considerable body of forces was assembled at Edinburgh, under General Hawley, who determined to relieve Stirling castle, and advanced to Linlithgow on the 13th of January. Next day his whole army redevoiced at Falkirk, while the rebels were cantoned at Bannockburn. On the seventeenth day of the month they began their march in two columns to attack the King's forces, and had forded the water of Cawen within three miles of Hawley's camp, before he discovered their intentions; but such was his obstinacy or contempt of the enemy, that he paid no attention to the repeated intelligence he received of their motions, being firmly persuaded that they would not venture to hazard an engagement. Perceiving, however, that they had got possession of a rising ground to the southward of Falkirk, he ordered his cavalry to advance, and drive the enemy from their post, while he formed his infantry in the order of battle.

The Highlanders, in the mean time, kept up so close a fire, and took so good aim, that the assailants being soon broken, retreated with precipitation, and fell in amongst the infantry, who were likewise incommoded by the wind and rain beating with great violence in their faces.—Some of the dragoons rallied, and again advanced to the charge with part of the infantry, which had not been engaged; upon which Charles marched up at the head of his corps de reserve, consisting of the regiment of Lord John Drummond, and the Irish piquets. These joining the Camerons and the Stuarts in the front line, immediately obliged the dragoons to give way a second time, and they again disordered the foot in their retreat, so that the King's troops at length, set fire to their camp, and abandoned Falkirk with their baggage and artillery; the last of which never reached the field of battle. The rebels followed their first blow, and great part of the royal army, after one irregular



regular discharge, turned their backs, and fled in the utmost consternation. Few or none of them, perhaps, would have escaped, had not General Huske and Brigadier Cholmondely rallied part of some regiments, and made a gallant resistance for a little time, which favoured the retreat of the rest to Falkirk, whence they retired in confusion to Edinburgh.

It was now judged necessary by the King's Ministers that the army in Scotland should be commanded by a General in whom the soldiers could confide; and the Duke of Cumberland was chosen for this purpose. Besides being universally beloved by the troops, it was suggested that the appearance of a Prince of the Blood in Scotland, might have a favorable effect on the minds of the people in that kingdom: he therefore began to make preparations for his northern expedition. In the mean while, the French Minister at the Hague having represented to the States General that the auxiliaries they had sent into Great Britain were part of the garrisons of Tournay and Dendermonde, and restricted by the capitulation from bearing arms against France for a certain period, the States thought proper to recall them, rather than come to an open rupture with his Most Christian Majesty. In the room of these troops, six thousand Hessians were transported from Flanders to Leith, where they arrived the beginning of February, under the command of their Prince Frederic of Hesse, son in law to his Britannic Majesty. By this time the Duke of Cumberland had put himself at the head of the troops at Edinburgh, consisting of fourteen battalions of infantry, two regiments of dragoons, and twelve of Highlanders, from Argyleshire, under the command of Colonel Campbell. On the last day of January, his Royal Highness began his march to Linlithgow, and the enemy, who had renewed the siege of Stirling Castle, not only abandoned that enterprise, but crossed the river Forth with precipitation, while Charles found great difficulty in maintaining his troops, as that part of the country was quite exhausted. Hoping, however, to be reinforced in the Highlands, and to receive all kinds of supplies from France and Spain, he retired by Badenoch towards Inverness, which the Earl of Loudoun abandoned on his approach. The fort surrendered to him almost without opposition, and here he fixed his head quarters. The Duke of Cumberland having secured the important posts of Stirling and Perth with the Hessian battalions, advanced with his army to Aberdeen, where he was joined by the Duke of Gor-

don, and other persons of distinction.— While he remained in this place, the rebels surprized, at the village of Keith, a detachment of Kingstons's horse, and about seventy Argyleshire Highlanders, who were all either killed or taken. Several advanced parties of the militia met with the same fate in different places.— Charles having ordered his forces to assemble, proposed marching to Aberdeen, to attack the Duke of Cumberland; but in consequence of a remonstrance from the clans, who declined leaving their families at the mercy of the garrison at Fort William, he resolved previously to reduce that fortress. The siege was accordingly undertaken by Brigadier Stapleton, an engineer in the French service; but the place was so bravely defended by Captain Scot, that in the beginning of April it was thought proper to relinquish the enterprise.

In the beginning of April, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland began his march from Aberdeen, and on the 12th passed the river Spey, without any opposition from the rebels, though a considerable body of them made their appearance on the other side. His Royal Highness then proceeded to Nairn, where he received intelligence that the enemy had advanced from Inverness to Culloden, about the distance of nine miles from the royal army, with intention of making an attack. Charles' design was to march from Culloden in the night time, and to surprize the Duke's army at the break of day. For this purpose, the English camp had been reconnoitred, and on the night of the 15th, the Highland army began to march in two columns. They intended to surround the enemy, and attack them in all quarters, but the length of the columns impeded their march, so that they were obliged to make many halts. The men, who had been under arms all the preceding night, were faint with hunger and fatigue; some were unable to proceed, and others dropped off unperceived in the dark; so that these disadvantages retarded them greatly, and rendered it impossible for them to reach the Duke's army before sun-rise. Their scheme being thus frustrated, Charles, with great reluctance, followed the advice of his general officers, and returned to Culloden, where as soon as he arrived, great numbers of his followers dispersed in quest of provisions, and many, overcome by weariness and sleep, threw themselves down on the heath, and along the park-walls. Their repose, however, was soon interrupted in a very disagreeable manner, for Charles receiving intelligence that the enemy were advancing in full march to  
attack

On the 16th of April, the Duke having made every necessary disposition, decamped early from Nairn, and after a march of nine miles, perceived the Highlanders drawn up in order of battle, to the number of between four and five thousand men, in thirteen divisions, supplied with a few pieces of artillery. His Royal Highness immediately formed his troops, who were more numerous, into three lines, disposed in excellent order; and about one o'clock in the afternoon the cannonading began. The artillery of the rebels was ill served, and did very little execution, but that of the King's army made prodigious slaughter among the enemy.— Being severely galled by this fire, their front line rushed forward to the attack, and about five hundred of the clans charged the Duke's left wing with their usual impetuosity and courage. One regiment was disordered by the weight of this column, but two battalions advancing from the second line, sustained the first, and soon put a stop to their career by a severe fire, which killed a great number of them. At the same time, the dragoons under Hawley, with the Argyleshire militia, pulled down a park wall that covered their right flank, and the cavalry falling in among the rebels, sword in hand, completed their confusion. The French piquets on their left covered the retreat of the Highlanders by a regular and well-directed fire, and then retired to Inverness, where they surrendered themselves prisoners of war. An entire body of the rebels marched off the field in great regularity with their bag pipes playing before them, and Charles's standard displayed; the rest were routed with great slaughter, and their chief was with difficulty prevailed on to retreat. In less than an half hour they were totally defeated, and the field was covered with slain. The road, as far as Inverness, was strewed with dead bodies, and a great many people, who, from motives of curiosity, had come to see the battle, were sacrificed in the hurry of the pursuit. Twelve hundred of the rebels were slain or wounded in the field, or in their flight. The Earl of Kilmarnock was taken, and in a few days Lord Balmerino surrendered to a country gentleman, at whose house he presented himself for that purpose. Thus vanished in the space of one hour, all the hopes of the young adventurer, and thus was a dangerous rebellion entirely extinguished.

When Charles saw the battle irrecoverably lost, he retired over the water to Nairn, where stopping to take a view of the field of battle, he was joined by some of his people that had fled the same way. After

this he paid a private visit to old Lovat, in hopes that some plan might be concerted for his relief; but finding that nothing was to be done, it was resolved by his friends that they should keep at as great a distance from the enemy as possible. Sullivan his faithful adherent, was of opinion, that they ought to go to Glengary, being persuaded that the enemy had not taken that route. They accordingly set out, and were received with much cordiality by Mr. M'Donald, with whom Charles continued some time, reflecting on the miseries and misfortunes which he had brought upon his followers, and upon those which he was likely to experience before he could reach a place of safety. Several of the Chiefs, who visited him in his concealment in Glengary Castle, struck with his forlorn and melancholy situation, began to devise some scheme for retrieving his affairs; and for this purpose it was suggested, that the clans should continue on the hills, till they could by some trusty messenger inform the Court of Versailles of the true state of his army. This plan might in all probability have been agreed to, had they been able to procure money for the subsistence of those troops; but as this was impracticable, the proposal was dropped.

On the 23d of April, being informed that General Campbel was on his march from Inverness, with a large body of the Argyleshire militia, Charles, with a few of the Chiefs, his two favourites Sheridan and Sullivan, and about forty others, marched to Achnacarrie, where they had an interview with Lochiel; and at a fresh consultation it was agreed that this Chief, with the Camerons and the M'Donalds, should keep in a body, and favour any landing of succour from France; while Charles with his friends Sullivan and Sheridan, and some others, should endeavour to raise such a force, as with reinforcements from abroad, might enable him to make a stand till more assistance could be procured. Next morning they set out for Glenphillin, where at his first landing, the Camerons erected his standard. Here they made a cave the place of their residence, and were provided with every thing necessary for life; but Charles being uneasy in his mind, intimated a desire to be gone; and accordingly after remaining three days, they set out for the Isles.

About this time, that is, the beginning of May, two French men of war appearing on the coast, they were attacked by the Greyhound, and two sloops, which they obliged to sheer off, and having landed a considerable quantity of money and ammunition, took on board the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, and several  
B other

other officers, and conveyed them all to France, except the Duke of Perth, who died on his passage. Charles being informed of this adventure, was exceedingly uneasy that he had missed the opportunity of escaping in them, and the more so, as he understood that they had landed 4000 louis-d'ors, 35,000 of which had fallen into the hands of a person in whom he placed very little confidence.

Charles now finding that his affairs grew every day more and more desperate, that he was surrounded by enemies, and in continual danger of falling into their hands, consented to follow the advice given him by Sullivan of yielding to his misfortunes, so far as to consult his own safety. He therefore resolved to go in quest of a boat, to carry him over to the island of Lewis, where he entertained some hopes of finding a vessel to convey him to France.— When they reached the sea shore, they could find no boats, as the M'Donalds of Clanronalds' family had seized on all they could meet with, in order to transport themselves to South Uist, and the boats were not yet returned. This obliged them to retire to the mountains, in which they wandered about for three days and nights. A boat, however, returning from South Uist, to fetch more of their people that were missing, Charles, who observed it, immediately hastened, to the shore, and raising a signal, the crew, who imagined that it was made by some of their party in distress, put into a small creek to the westward of Barrisdale, and taking him and his company on board, sailed directly to South Uist; and night coming on they were soon out of sight.

Being out at sea, some of the crew proposed to sail towards a small island called Canna, lying to the westward of Mull, and Charles knowing that the inhabitants were Roman Catholics, approved of the motion. Here they landed, and were received by the people with great hospitality; but on the 28th of May, perceiving some vessels coming out of the Sound of Mull, which they rightly judged belonged to the Campbells, Charles resolved to quit his place of residence. In pursuance of this plan, they proceeded to South Uist, where they were hospitably entertained by Lady Clanronald, in the absence of her husband; but they were again alarmed for their safety, as Clanronald's brother had learned that General Campbell, informed of the place where Charles lay concealed, was hastening thither through North Uist.

Upon this intelligence, Lady Clanronald earnestly entreated Charles to think of some method of escaping; and Lady

Clanronald, pointing to Miss Flora M'Donald, said, 'I will prevail upon this young lady to take your Highness under her protection.' Lady Clanronald dressed Charles in women's clothes, and he kept nothing on of his own but his breeches and stockings. A boat was then ordered to be got ready for them, with a servant to attend the boatmen, who had orders to carry Miss Flora and her supposed maid to the Isle of Sky. They were all night at sea, and next morning arrived at a place near Sir Alexander M'Donald's house; upon which a servant was sent on shore to see if they might safely land, but Charles suffered no one else to quit the boat till the servant's return. In about half an hour the man came back, and having assured them that there was nothing to fear, Miss M'Donald and her pretended maid proceeded directly to Sir Alexander's house, where they were received very politely by his lady, he himself being at that time with the Duke of Cumberland.

After dinner they set out for the laird of M'Kinnon's house, where Charles resumed his former dress. Here they staid all night, and in the morning Miss M'Donald returned home. In the evening the Prince took a walk to the sea side, where he met with an old fisherman, named Norman M'Leod, perfectly well acquainted with all the western Isles, and who happening to know him, agreed to carry him to Rasa, which he did, and the proprietor of the island entertained him with much generosity; but being afraid of a visit from some of the King's party, he advised Charles to return to Skye. As this measure seemed to be dictated by prudence, and a regard for his safety, the Prince complied, and assuming the name of M'Kinnon, the better to conceal himself, continued there till General Campbell returned to the island.

That officer having arrived at South Uist, was soon informed of Charles' departure, and in what manner he had effected his escape; upon which he took Lady Clanronald into custody, and pursued his way through North Uist and Harris, till he came opposite to Skye, to which he had before sent Captain Ferguson in a cutter. The Captain suspecting that the Prince might be concealed among the M'Kinnons, ordered the pilot to direct his course to that part of the country where they resided; and the vessel happening to put in at the very spot where Charles was, he would have inevitably have fallen into their hands had he not retired behind a rising ground, and found means to make off. The boatmen observing this, and that General Camp-

bell was on the point of landing with his militia, steered his boat to the other side of the island, from which he carried the Prince to the Continent. He had, however, no sooner landed, than he was exposed to fresh danger, for a company of the Monroes were lying in watch for him, but by the prudence of his faithful attendant, old M'Kinnon, he escaped their vigilance.

Being convinced of his guide's fidelity, Charles resigned himself wholly to his conduct, and in compliance with his advice, repaired to the house of one M'Kenzie, who entertained him very courteously. Here and in the neighbourhood he continued till the 21st of July, when hearing that General Campbell had landed at Apple cross Bay, he quitted the country entirely, having first sent home his guide, as he had then no farther occasion for him.

Having dressed himself in the habit of a peasant, he took the road to Inverness, but afterwards turning aside, he passed through Strathglass and Glengary, where his faithful friend Clunie M'Pherson concealed him, and supplied him with every necessary accommodation. In this place he might have remained in the greatest security, but as he was still haunted by a dread of falling into the hands of enemies, who were making every exertion to find him, he retired to a hill not far off, where he continued till the 8th of August, having been in Badenoch upwards of five weeks. General Campbell being informed by some prisoners he had taken, in what manner Charles shifted his abode, brought his militia into that part of the country, and pursued him so closely, that they had frequently sight of him, or at least of the company he was in; but supposing them to be poor people of no consequence, no farther notice was taken of them.

In the mean time, one of Charles' attendants having informed him, that he knew where Lochiel was, offered to conduct him to the place; to this proposal he readily agreed, as he entertained hopes that Lochiel might direct him to some part of Lochaber, where less search was made for him. Clunie, however, and some other of his friends, insisted on his staying a little longer, or at least till an express could be dispatched to Lochiel, to which with great reluctance he consented.

About the 29th of August, Lochiel sent him an invitation to meet him at a certain cave, to which Charles went with his small retinue, clad in the Highland attire; and all wearing black cockades, except the Prince, who would not assume that part of the dress. Here they consulted on the most effectual means of escaping from

Scotland, and it was agreed that they should repair separately to the coasts, and watch the appearance of any ship from France, in which they might embark. This being agreed on, Charles, with three or four attendants, made for the country of the M'Kenzies, crossing that vast tract of land which they occupied, and arriving at Kintail, went to the house of one M'Rae, who received him but coolly, as he thought it dangerous to entertain such guests. Charles therefore quitted him, and repaired to the water-side, in hopes of finding M'Kinnon, his faithful boatman. Having waited eight and forty hours in the most anxious expectation; M'Leod at length arrived with his boat, into which the Prince entered, and was conducted to a gentleman's house, who gave him a hearty welcome, and supplied him with necessaries, for by this time he was in a most forlorn condition. His linen was exceedingly dirty; his clothes were threadbare and torn, and his shoes so rent that they scarcely kept his feet from the ground. In this place he might have continued in safety, but remembering the agreement he made with Lochiel, at their parting, of looking out for a ship, he removed in a day or two to the Isle of Skye, where he dismissed his attendants, and wrote to Lochiel to inform him where he was. At length, after various adventures and narrow escapes, a privateer of St. Malo, hired by Sheridan and some other adherents, arrived in Lochnannach, in Muidart; and on the 20th of September, this unfortunate Prince embarked in the habit which he wore for a disguise. He was accompanied by Cameron, of Lochiel, and his brother, with a few other exiles. Having set sail for France, they passed unseen under the cover of a thick fog thro' a British Squadron, commanded by Admiral Leacock, and after being chased by two English ships of war, arrived in safety at Roscau, near Morlaix, in Bretagne. Thus after wandering about for five months in the utmost distress, surrounded by his enemies, and closely pursued by the King's troops, did Charles effect his escape; and though during that time he was obliged to entrust his life to the fidelity of above fifty individuals, and though they knew that a price of thirty thousand pounds was set on his head, not one was found base enough to betray him.

After this period, Charles resided in France till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, concluded in 1748, when the plenipotentiaries of France, in consequence of an article in that treaty, promised that he should be immediately obliged to quit the dominions of his Most Christian Majesty.

Notice of this agreement was therefore given by the Court of Versailles to the young adventurer, and as he had declared that he would never return to Italy, Mr. de Courteille, the French envoy to the Cantons of Swisserland was ordered by his Sovereign to demand an asylum for Prince Edward in the city of Friburg. The regency having complied, Mr. Burnaby, the British Minister to the Helveric body, presented a remonstrance to the Magistracy of Friburg, which produced a very severe answer. The King of France in vain exerted his influence to procure this retreat for Charles, who though repeatedly requested to withdraw, persisted in refusing to quit the place to which he had been so cordially invited by his cousin, the King, and where he said that monarch had solemnly promised that he would never forsake him in his distress. Louis was not a little uneasy at this obstinacy in the Prince, especially as he appeared to be much beloved by the Parisians, who not only esteemed him for his accomplishments, and pitied him for his sufferings, but also revered him as a young hero lineally descended from their renowned Henry the Fourth. At length two English noblemen arriving at Paris as hostages for the performance of the treaty, who seeing the Prince appear at all public places, complained of this circumstance as an insult to their Sovereign, and an infringement of the treaty. The King after some hesitation, resolved to employ violence in order to get rid of this troublesome guest, as remonstrances seemed to have no effect; but this resolution was not executed till he had dispatched a courier to his father, who being thus informed of his son's deportment, wrote to him, in which he enjoined him to yield to the necessity of the times, and to acquiesce in the stipulations which his cousin of France had found it necessary to make for the interest of his kingdom. Charles, far from complying with this advice, signified his resolution to remain in Paris, and even declared that he would shoot any man who should presume to lay violent hands on his person. In consequence of this declaration, a Council was held at Versailles, when it was determined to arrest him without further delay, and the whole plan of this enterprise was finally adjusted. The same evening the Prince entering a narrow lane leading to the Opera, the barrier was immediately shut, and the Serjeant of the guard called out 'to arms;' on which Mr. de Vaudreuil, an exempt of the French guards, advancing to the Prince, said, I arrest you in the King's name by virtue of this order; at that instant the Prince was

surrounded by four grenadiers, in order to prevent any mischief he might have done with a pair of pocket pistols, which he always carried about him, and a guard was placed at all the avenues and doors of the Opera-house, lest any tumult should ensue among the populace. These precautions being taken, Vaudreuil with an escorte, conducted the Prince through the garden of the Palais Royal, to a house where the Duke de Biron waited with a coach and six to convey him to the castle of Vincennes, whither he was immediately accompanied by a detachment from the regiment of French guards, under the command of that nobleman. He did not, however, long remain in confinement, at the end of three days he gave the French ministry to understand, that he would conform himself to the King's intentions, and he was immediately released, on giving his word and honour that he would without delay retire from the dominions of France. Accordingly he set out in four days from Fountainbleau, attended by three officers, who conducted him as far as Pont-Beauvoisin, on the frontiers, where they took leave of him, and returned to Versailles. For some time he proceeded in the road to Chamberri, but soon returned into the French territories, and passing through Dauphine, repaired to Avignon, where he was received with extraordinary honors by the Pope's legate. In the mean time, his arrest excited great murmurings at Paris, the inhabitants blaming their Sovereign's conduct in this instance, as a scandalous breach of hospitality, as well as a mean proof of condescension to the King of England, and many satirical pasquinades relating to this transaction were fixed up in most of the public places of that metropolis.

Charles made his public entry into Avignon, with great solemnity, on the 2d of January, 1749, being in a coach and six with Lord Dunbar, preceded by a troop of the Pope's horse, and followed by the coaches of the nobility, and having repaired to the Archbishoppal Palace, had a supper and a ball. At this place, however, he remained only a few months, and then went to Liege, where he lived some time in a very private manner, and assumed the title of Baron de Montgomerie. How long he continued in this situation, or what private excursions he made into other countries seems to be uncertain, but about the year 1757, he settled at Bouillon, where he resided till the death of his father called him to Rome.

People of keen sensations and delicate feelings, when oppressed by misfortunes, or soured by disappointments, too often here

have recourse to an expedient, which, though it may afford a temporary relief, only to make their distress more poignant in the moments of sober reflection. This expedient is the joys of the bottle; and whether it was to dispel the melancholy thoughts of his unfortunate expedition, or, as some have pretended, to alleviate his grief for the loss of a French lady of distinction, who had lived with him, and who was his peculiar favourite, it is certain, that while he resided at Bouillon, he was much addicted to drinking. It is even said, that when this lady, stung with remorse for her conduct, retired either really or pretendedly to a convent at that place, in the first heat of his rage he fired a pistol through one of the windows, which wounded a nun in the shoulder. After this event, he appeared calm and composed, talked very rationally, read much, and seemed to be extremely fond of music. About this period he was rather lusty, his complexion was florid, and he had a complaint in his legs, which obliged him to wear half boots.

In the beginning of the year 1766, soon after the death of his father, the Chevalier de St. George, Charles repaired to Rome, under the name of Baron Douglass, and had his first audience of the Pope on the 16th of January; but as his Holiness refused to acknowledge him by his father's title, who called himself King of England, he resolved to quit Rome, which he afterwards did, and retired to Florence, where he was known by the title of Count D'Albany. An ingenious traveller and elegant writer,\* who saw him here, makes the following excellent reflections in one of his letters, upon his situation at this place, as contrasted with his former views and expectations.

'Soon after our arrival at Florence,' says he, 'in one of the avenues of this walk, we observed two men and two ladies, followed by four servants in livery. One of the men wore the insignia of the garter. We were told this was the Count Albany, and that the lady next to him was the Countess. We yielded the walk, and pulled off our hats. The gentleman along with them was the Envoy from the King of Prussia to the Court of Turin. He whispered the Count, who, returning the salutation, looked very earnestly at the Duke of Hamilton. We have seen them almost every evening since, either at the Opera or on the public walk. His Grace does not affect to shun the avenue in which

they happen to be; and as often as we passed near them, the Count fixed his eyes in the most expressive manner upon the Duke, as if he meant to say—our ancestors were better acquainted.

'You know, I suppose, that the Count of Albany is the unfortunate Charles Stuart, who left Rome some time since on the death of his father, because the Pope did not think proper to acknowledge him by the title which he claimed on that event. He now lives at Florence, on a small revenue allowed him by his brother. The Countess is a beautiful woman, much beloved by those who know her, who universally describe her as lively, intelligent, and agreeable. Educated as I was in Revolution principles, and in a part of Scotland where the religion of the Stuart family, and the maxims by which they governed, are more reprobated than perhaps in any part of Great Britain, I could not behold this unfortunate person without the warmest emotion and sympathy.—What must a man's feelings be, who finds himself excluded from the most brilliant situation, and noblest inheritance that this world affords, and reduced to an humiliating dependence on those who, in the natural course of events, should have looked up to him for protection and support?—What must his feelings be, when on a retrospective view, he beholds a series of calamities attending his family, that is without example in the annals of the unfortunate; calamities of which those they experienced after their accession to the throne of England, were only a continuation? Their misfortunes began with their royalty, adhered to them through ages, increased with the increase of their dominions, did not forsake them when dominion was no more; and as he has reason to dread, from his own experience, are not yet terminated. It will afford no alleviation or comfort, to recollect that part of this black list of calamities arose from the imprudence of his ancestors; and that many gallant men, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have at different periods been involved in their ruin.

'Our sympathy for this unfortunate person is not checked by any blame which can be thrown on himself. He surely had no share in the errors of the first Charles, the profligacy of the second, or the impolitic and bigotted attempts of James against the laws and established religion of Great-Britain and Ireland; therefore, whilst I contemplate with approbation and gratitude

\* Dr. Moore, author of *A View of Society and Manners in Italy, Zeluco, &c.*

who resisted and expelled that insatuated monarch, ascertained the rights of the subject, and settled the constitution of Great-Britain on the firm basis of freedom on which it has stood ever since the Revolution, and on which I hope it will ever stand; yet I freely acknowledge, that I never could see the unfortunate Count Albany without sentiments of compassion and the most lively sympathy.

‘I write with the more warmth, as I have heard of some of our countrymen, who during their tours through Italy, made the humble state to which he is reduced a frequent theme of ridicule, and who, as often as they met him in public, affected to pass by with an air of sneering insult. The motive to this is as base and abject as the behaviour is unmanly; those who endeavour to make misfortune an object of ridicule, are themselves the objects of detestation. A British nobleman or gentleman has certainly no occasion to form an intimacy with Count Albany; but while he appears under that name, and claims no other title, it is ungenerous, on every accidental meeting, not to behave to him with the respect due to a man of high rank, and the delicacy due to a man highly unfortunate.

‘One thing is certain; that the same disposition which makes men insolent to the weak, renders them slaves to the powerful; and those who are most apt to treat this unfortunate person with an ostentatious contempt at Florence, would have been his most abject flatterers at St. James’s.’

In the year 1772, he married the Princess of Stolberg, a German lady, who was grand-daughter to Thomas Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury, father of Charles Bruce, the last Earl, in whose person that title became extinct. Her grandfather being a Roman Catholic, settled at Brussels, where he married for his second lady Charlotte Countess of Sanna, of the noble family of Argenteau, by whom he had an only daughter, Charlotte Maria, who in 1722 married the Prince of Horne, one of the princes of the Empire, by whom he had five children. the youngest of whom married Count D’Albany. This union, however, to whatever cause it might have been owing, was not attended with that happiness which is generally expected in the married state, for she separated from him a few years after, and the breach between them was never made up. The account of this affair, as it appeared in the foreign papers, was as follows.

On the 9th of December, 1780, the Countess of Albany went to a convent at Florence, called the *Conventino*, under pretence of buying some flowers, and not returning soon, the Count followed her, and

alighting, the Priorefs from behind the grate, told him that the Countess had resolved to become a pensioner there; upon this the Prince fell into a violent rage, but on the Priorefs remonstrating with him on the impropriety of his behaviour in such a place, and telling him that the convent was under the protection of the Grand Duke, and that from him he must seek redress, he was prevailed on to withdraw.’ The same account adds, ‘And now it is known, that not only the Grand Duke but the Pope took pity on the princess for the ill treatment she could not but receive from a drunken husband. The Cardinal York has also espoused her cause, and provided her a retirement in the Ursuline convent at Rome, under the Pope’s protection, where she is now settled on a pension of six thousand scudis a year.’

After this period Count D’Albany seems to have sunk into insignificance and oblivion, and he lived almost entirely forgotten, till the period of his death, which happened at Rome, on the 31st of January, 1787, being then in the sixty-eighth year of his age. By his will he made his natural daughter, whom he had by a Scotch lady of an ancient lady, and whom, in virtue of his pretended royal power as King of England, he created Duchess of Albany, sole heiress of all his property, which was very considerable. To his brother, Cardinal York, he bequeathed two thousand ounces of plate, and to the Chevalier Stuart, his confidential secretary, an hundred ducats. He left directions also to his daughter to continue to his servants their respective apartments, as a recompence for their faithful services, and to allow them annuities for life to the amount of their wages.

His remains were interred with great pomp and ceremony in the church of Frescati, a town twelve miles from Rome, of which his brother the Cardinal is Bishop. The funeral-service was performed the 3d of February by his brother.

The following epitaph is said to be inscribed on the monument erected to the memory of the late Count D’Albany:—  
*Hic situs est Carolus Odoardus, cui pater, Jacobus III. Rex Angliæ, Franciæ, Scotiæ, Hiberniæ. Primus natorum paterni Juris et Regiæ dignitatis successor et hæres; qui domicilio delecto Comes Albanensis dictus est. Vixit annos 67, et mensem Decessit in pace Kal. Feb. an. 1788. Henricus, Cardinalis Episcopus Tusculanus, cui fraterna jura ritulique cessere, Ducis Eboracensis appellatione resumpta, in ipso luctu amori et reverentiæ obsecutus, indicto in templum suum sanere, multis cum lacrymis, præsens justa persequit fratris augustissimo honoremque sepulchri ampliore destinavit.*

## OF THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

A DISCOURSE which gained the PRIZE at the ACADEMY of BERLIN; with this Motto:

Tu regere eloquio populos, O Gallie, memento.

[By M. le Comte de Rivarol.]

- ‘What has rendered the French language universal?  
 ‘Does it deserve this pre-eminence?  
 ‘Is there reason to suppose that it will preserve it?’

**SUCH** is the subject of the prize offered by the Academy of Berlin. It is truly new, and at the same time very glorious for the French nation. It is still more fortunate that they are strangers who initiate the enquiry.

The orator sets out with the proposition, that Europe, towards the sixteenth century, having become in some degree an immense republic, had need of a common language for its different states. This idea is just; but might it not be objected, that the Latin tongue has for a long time been in possession of this kind of universality? Might it not have been necessary to show, that the discoveries of the moderns, the changes which most of them have introduced in our customs, in our arts, and above all in our art military, have rendered this language insufficient.

In other respects, we are somewhat repaid for this neglect, by the ingenious and luminous details, into which M. le Comte de Rivarol enters with regard to the German, the Spanish, and the Italian languages. He demonstrates, that the choice of Europe could not have fallen upon any of these three languages; and deduces, not only from their genius, but also from the fortune and character of the nations who speak them, the proofs with which he supports this assertion. Neither its emperors, nor its writers, nor even its situation, have bestowed reputation upon the language of Germany, too harsh, and too distant from the ancient languages, ever to obtain of itself the ascendancy. The darkness which succeeded the passing splendour of the Spanish monarchy, the few writings that have obtained a general celebrity of which it can boast, and the pomp of its idiom, have proved fatal to this last also. In vain did Italy boast of the inheritance, and of the revival of the arts. The name of Rome, a flourishing literature, could not triumph over the obstacles which opposed the universality of its language; on one hand, the multitude, the weakness of its governments, and the troubles of Europe; on the other, the opposing weight

of the Latin, the sudden alteration which good taste there experienced, and the too great importance which twenty little states gave to their different dialects.

‘In fine, the very character of the Italian tongue,’ says the orator, ‘was the circumstance which removed it farthest from universality. Every body knows how great a difference there is between Italian prose and Italian poetry; but what is astonishing, is, that their verse has really more harshness, or, to express myself better, less softness and elegance, than the prose. The laws of metre and harmony have forced the poet to retrench the words; and from these frequent syncopes has arisen a separate language, which, besides the harshness of its inversions, has a movement more rapid and firmer; but the prose, composed of words of which every letter is pronounced, and flowing always in full sounds, proceeds with too much slowness. Its most splendid sounds are monotonous; the ear is tired with its sweetness, the tongue palls with its softness; which may arise from this, that, every word being in itself harmonious, the harmony of the whole is of no avail. The most vigorous thought is enfeebled when expressed in it the prose of Italy. It is frequently ridiculous, and almost insupportable in the mouth of a man, because it deprives him of that firmness which ought ever to be inseparable from his character. Like the German, it has forms of ceremony inimical to conversation, and which do not inspire us with a favourable enough opinion of mankind. In it, one is always reduced to the disagreeable alternative of tiring a man, or of insulting him. In a word, it seems difficult to be easy in this language, and the most simple assertion requires to be strengthened by an oath. Such are the defects of the Italian prose, otherwise so rich and so flexible. Now it is its prose which confers the empire upon a language, because it is common every where; poetry is only an object of luxury. Spite of all this, however, we easily perceive, that the country of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Tasso,



Tasso, can never be without honour. It is in this fortunate climate that the most melodious of languages has been united with the music of angels, and this alliance secures them an eternal sway. Thither it is that the master pieces of ancient and modern times, and the beauty of the climate, attract the traveller; and there that the affinity of the Tuscan and Latin tongues makes us pass with transport from the *Æneid* to the *Jerusalemme*. Italy, surrounded with powers which humble her, has always preserved the right of charming them; and without doubt, had not the French and English literature overwhelmed hers, Europe would to this day have bestowed still more homage upon a country which has twice been the mother of the arts.'

Subsequent to this picture of the nations, M. de Rivarol bestows some consideration on the metaphysics of languages. Their common origin appears to him to be reduced to two principles, *sensation* and *reasoning*. The nature of the climate, that of the government, every thing which has an influence upon the people, has an influence also upon the language, and constitutes what is called its genius. This short digression joins to the merit of throwing greater light upon the work, that also of affording an agreeable relaxation to the mind of the reader from the multiplied objects which he has just surveyed. It is scarcely possible to express in a clearer manner metaphysical ideas often very subtle. We shall give as an example this little extract upon the question, 'Whether thought can exist without speech?'

'Doubtless not,' replies the author. 'Man being a machine exceedingly harmonious, could not be thrown into the world without establishing to himself there a crowd of relations. The mere presence of objects has given him sensations, which are our most simple ideas, and which soon brought reasonings in their train. He has from the very first felt pleasure and pain, and he has given names to them; afterwards he has known truth and falsehood, and named them likewise. Now sensation and reasoning make up the composition of man. The child must feel before he speaks; but he must speak before he thinks. Had not man invented signs, his ideas simple and transient, disclosing themselves and perishing by turns, would have left no more traces in his brain, than the waters of the passing stream leave in his eyes. But the simple idea first demanded the sign, and the sign in its turn fertilized the idea; every word has fixed its own particular idea; and such is their association, that if speech is a thought

which manifests itself, thought must bear internal and concealed speech. The man who speaks, then, is the man who thinks aloud; and if we can judge of him by his words, we may also judge of a nation by its language. The form and matter of the works of which each people boasts, contributes nothing to this; it is from the character and the genius of their language that we must pronounce; for almost every writer follows rules and models, but a whole nation speaks after its own genius.'

What more ingenious too than the following reflections! 'If languages are like nations, it is also equally true, that words are like men. Those who in a society have a family and extensive alliances, have likewise a more certain establishment, and a more fixed foundation. It is thus that words which have numerous derivations, and which hold of many others, are the principle words of a language, and will never grow obsolete; while those which stand by themselves, or without connection, fall, like men, without recommendation and without support. To finish the parallel, we may say, that neither one nor the other of them are of any consideration but while they are in their proper place.'

It remained for the author to prove, that the English has not been fitter than the three languages already considered, to determine the choice of Europe. The orator institutes a comparison of great length betwixt England and France: and from this parallel it results, that as far as the character of our neighbours, their country, and their language, must, on the one hand, have offended other nations, so far on the other must we, in the same degree, have conciliated for every thing which belongs to us, the esteem and the confidence which we have inspired. One cannot read, without feeling ourselves interested, the following extract, which makes part of the comparison of which we speak.

'The Englishman, dry and silent, joins to the embarrassment and timidity of the man of the north, an impatience, a disgust at every thing which even proceeds often the length of life: the Frenchman has a salliness of gaiety which never abandons him; and under whatever different form the government of either the one or the other has been administered, they have never lost their first impression. The Frenchman views the pleasanter side of this world; the Englishman seems always to assist at a drama; so that what was said of the Spartans and Athenians, may be taken here literally; it is equally idle to endeavour to tire a Frenchman, and to divert an Englishman. The latter travels  
in

in order to be seen; the Frenchman, to see and be seen. Few travelled to Lacedemon, except to study its government; but the Frenchman, visited by all nations, may believe himself dispensed from travelling among them, as well as from learning their languages, since he finds his own every where. In England, the men live much among themselves: thus the women, who have not quitted the domestic tribunal, cannot enter into the picture of the nation; but it would be to draw the French only in profile, if the picture were made up without them; it is from their vices and ours, from the politeness of the men, and the coquetry of the women, that the gallantry betwixt the two sexes has arisen, which corrupts each in their turn, and which bestows upon corruption itself forms so brilliant and so amiable. Without the cunning which they reproach in the people of the south, or the excessive simplicity of those of the north, France has politeness and grace; and not only has the grace and politeness, but it is she who furnishes the models of them in manners, in fashions, and in dress. Her fickleness never gives Europe time to be tired with her. It is to please always, that the Frenchman changes always: it is in order not to displease himself too much, that the Englishman is obliged to change. The Frenchman never quits life but when he can no longer keep it; the Englishman, when he can no longer endure it. *They reproach us with impudence and folly; but we have drawn more advantage from them, than our enemies from their phlegm and their baughtiness.* Politeness reconciles those whom vanity has shocked; but no composition can be made with pride. There are many moments in which the Frenchman might pay with his society; but an Englishman must always pay with his money, or with the credit of his nation. In short, if it is possible that the Frenchman has not acquired so many graces, and so much taste, but at the expence of his morals; it is also very possible, that the Englishman may have lost his, without acquiring either taste or the graces.

We see the character of nations and the genius of their language advancing always with equal steps. The great writers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth consecrated the French language, and spread it over all Europe. The fame of the English writers at this time was much inferior. With us the productions of industry were joined to those of genius. 'Fashions and modes accompanied our best books into foreign nations because they wished every where to be equally reasonable and at the same time equally frivolous as the French. It

happened thus that our neighbours, receiving constantly furniture, stuffs, and fashions, which were constantly changing, wanted terms to express them, they were as if overwhelmed with the exuberance of French industry; so much that a kind of general impatience seized upon Europe; and to be no longer separated from us they studied our language on all sides. Since that time, France has continued to give a theatre, dress, taste, manners, language, a new art of life, and enjoyments unknown to the states which surrounded it. A species of sovereignty which no people has hitherto exercised. The superior power of Louis the Fourteenth contributed much to this. Our language reigned, like him, in every treaty; and when he ceased to dictate laws, it preserved so completely the supremacy he had acquired, that it was in that same language, the organ of his former despotism, that this prince was humbled towards the end of his days. His prosperity, his faults, and his misfortunes, were equal services to the language: it enriched itself, at the revocation of the edict of Nantz, with all which the state had lost. The refugees carried into the north their hatred to the prince, and their sentiments of regret for their country; and these sentiments of regret, and this hatred, vented themselves in French.' Towards the end of the reign, the English seemed to obtain great success in different kinds. Pope, Addison, Dryden, enriched their language and their literature; the enthusiasm for Milton and Shakespeare revived; Locke and Newton reigned over philosophers. But the choice of a language was already made; and though it had not, it is probable the English would not have been adopted. The situation of England does not allure travellers; besides the language has most of the faults of the German.

M. de Rivarol, we see, takes advantage, in the most happy manner, of all the means which the age of Louis the Fourteenth presented to him, with regard to politics and the arts; but he has neglected one feature of the difference which exists betwixt the English literature and ours: he does not say a single word of the influence which their tumults, the interest of the moment, and their popular divisions, have had upon the first; while the second, moulded constantly upon the master-pieces of antiquity, and generalizing its productions, has merited by this to become the literature of mankind. It depends, indeed, upon other differences no less essential.

'I confess,' says he, 'that the English literature presents monuments of depth and elevation which will be the eternal honour

honour of human genius; and yet their books are not become the books of all mankind. They have not quitted certain hands; and efforts and precautions have been necessary to prevent us from being deterred by their very appearance and foreign taste. Accustomed to the immense credit he possesses in affairs, the Englishman wishes to carry this fictitious power into learning, and his literature has thence contracted a character of exaggeration opposite to good taste; we perceive in it too much of the insulated situation of the people and of the writer. It is with one or two sensations that some Englishmen have written a book. Disorder has pleased them, as if order had appeared too much to resemble a kind of slavery: thus, their works, which give the labour and the advantage, by no means afford the charms of reading. But the Frenchman, having received impressions from every corner of Europe, has placed taste in moderate opinions. Like the Greeks, we have had always in the temple of Glory an altar for the Graces; and our rivals have neglected it. One might suppose, that if the world were suddenly to perish, in order to give place to a new world, it would not be an excellent English book, but an excellent French book, which should be bequeathed, in order to give the most favourable idea of our species. Even with equal richness, dry reason must yield to ornamented reason.

By a very exact analysis of the genius of our language, which follows immediately the history of its revolutions, the orator resolves the second problem of the academy. We have been forced to be perspicuous, because our final letters being mutes, and not varying, we would not have been understood had we permitted

inversions: thus this perspicuity is the first quality of our language, (*whatever is not clear is not French*); and to this, above every thing, is it indebted for its success.

If we do not find in it the diminutives and the delicacies of the Italian, it is adorned with attractions more manly. Destitute of all the ceremonious expressions which meanness has invented for vanity, it is better adapted for conversation, the bond of men, and the charm of every age; and since we must say it, of all languages it is the only one which has probity attached to its genius. Social, copious and expressive, it is no more the language of France, it is the language of mankind, and for this reason have sovereign powers called it into their treaties; in them it has reigned since the conferences at Nimeguen, and from this the interests of nations and the wills of kings will rest upon a surer basis. We will no longer sow wars in the woods of peace.

M. de Rivarol does not insist much upon the third point of discussion. He observes, that a moment arrives in which languages must be corrupted; and this moment, he observes, is that in which the limits which separate a natural from a figured style being confounded, an affectation takes place in overcharging style with figures, and in retrenching the natural, *which is the basis*, to load with superfluous ornaments the imagination. But at this inevitable period, a language, such as ours, must preserve still for a long time its empire by the assistance of good books, in which it is, as it were, in deposit. Strangers will still wish to learn the language of Racine, when the French shall speak it no more.

[*L'Esprit des Journaux.*]

## THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS.

(Continued from page 716.)

I WENT, one morning to a notary of this city to receive a legacy which I was charged by the will of a pious person, to distribute among the poor. A man entered; and proposed before me without ceremony, that the notary should lend Theodore a hundred and fifty louis d'ors; promising an interest which to me, appeared enormous. The answer of the notary was short and honest. 'I make no usurious contracts,' said he. 'I have money, but it is the property of my cli-

ents, and I must not expose it to hazard; nor can I contribute to the excesses of a young man.' The agent went out offended; and, my business being finished, I also retired. The unfortunate negro in prison was ever before my eyes; and this struck me as a happy opportunity to obtain his release. Theodore cannot deny this favour to any one who will carry the sum, thought I; but how to procure it? I revolved the matter long in my mind. At last, I suddenly started as from a dream.

'Ah!

' Ah ! how simple am I ! Have I not the two thousand crowns which Ferdinand left me. Itanoko is at present far from having any need of this sum. I have yet left, the only remains of my fortune, government security for ten thousand francs. My notary shall send this into France to be sold ; and I will replace the money which I shall take from the deposit.' I embraced the idea with joy. I saw only the good I was about to accomplish. The breach of confidence I was committing never once entered my mind. Observe how fatally we are deceived if we suffer the value of any object, however worthy, to allure us into the slightest iniquity in the means.

I returned to the notary ; and, explaining my designs, I gave him my authority to sell my ten thousand francs ; and executed a deed in his presence, by which I secured to Ferdinand the repayment of his money if I should die before I should receive the produce of my sale from France. Then, imagining myself free from all reproach, I flew to Theodore, with an hundred and fifty louis d'ors.

' You have need of money,' said I to him ; ' and, if you will grant the pardon of a negro who has offended you, I will supply your necessity ; without holding you indebted for the sum.' ' The pardon of a negro !' cried Theodore ; ' I will give you the pardon of a thousand, to supply the present exigency.' ' Depraved youth !' (said I to myself ; and scarcely could I refrain from speaking it aloud) ' do you give for money, what you have refused to the most sacred titles ?'

I took Theodore to the judge. He signed the negroe's discharge. I delivered the money, flew to the prison, released my negro, embraced him, and gave him some pecuniary assistance. He quitted me ; and I have never seen him since.

' How does error blind us ! No remorse, no alarms have succeeded this action, till the moment that terror, roused by your danger, has torn the bandage from my eyes.'

' Ah my friend,' said I, ' where is the man, the friend of human nature, who dares to condemn you ?' ' That man, answered he vehemently, who placed between us shall see the precipice to which my treachery has exposed you. Justly would he say to me, you have saved a man from death ; he was innocent ; be that granted. But look on your friend ; his dangers are not less ; his innocence is equal. If he perish, will it satisfy you to say that you could not foresee it ? The deposit appertained of right to him ; and does not the bare name of deposit recal to

your mind that it was a resource designed for his unforeseen necessities ? Ah Itanoko, what could I answer to this !' ' Nothing solid, I will own ;' said I, ' but who except myself has a right to complain of your conduct ? and I, my dear father, I am proud of the use which you have made of this money.' I employed much of the night in labouring to calm his mind ; vainly : a pure mind knows not how to pardon itself the slightest faults.

He would have given the remainder of the deposit. ' No,' I said, ' my resolution is taken. Give this money to Honoria for her father ; and when you receive the produce of your sale, complete the entire sum which he has advanced for me. The peril of my situation, the gentleness of Honoria, might tempt her to abuse the confidence of her father : I will not expose her to the contest. Adieu ! I must be left master of my fate. Yet I do not renounce the happiness of seeing you again. I am young ; and have strength. The Spaniards, your neighbours present me an asylum where the injustice of Urban will not reach me : I will not conceal my retreat from you. You shall inform me of the return of Ferdinand ; and all these storms be calmed.'

The dawn approached : ' farewell,' said I to Bruno. ' Farewell ! I shall ever love you.' He wept over me. He pressed on me a small purse the result of his savings. An obstinate refusal now might have spoken resentment : and I trembled lest he should suppose me capable of it. I made another effort. ' Again farewell !' said I. ' Tell my friends that the poor Itanoko, at this instant, feels only the unhappiness of being driven from them.' I rushed to the door without his answer ; and ran till I had left the city half a league behind me.

A small wood was near my road. I retired into it to take breath. I sat down on the earth, I forgot my journey, and yielded to the commotion of my thoughts.

' What a fate is mine !' said I. ' Others endure adversity from the malice of men. It seems that even virtue is leagued with vice to destroy me. Without the virtues of Dumont, should I have been led to confide in Urban ? What was it but the generosity of Urban's son, which made me spare the life of this bitter enemy ? Was it not the tender pity of Honoria and her father which exposed me to the villainy of Theodore ? And did not their abhorrence of Urban's baseness to me, realise all the dangers which could arise from his false accusation of me ? In fine, when there remained but one resource to disengage me from the labyrinth in which

I was enclosed, must humanity, must christian charity, deprive me of that, by abusing their charms to seduce the most honest of men from his duty? Where then shall I fly to save myself from the machinations of the wicked, and the dangerous protection of the virtuous?

'But let me own the truth,' said I, 'instantly recollecting myself. Unhappiness must be the result, even to the virtuous, when they suffer the smallest taint of dissimulation to strain their actions; and hitherto, not one of my European friends have been altogether pure in this respect. Hence, they deceived themselves. Hence they ruined me. Dumont concealed from me the miserable condition of my countrymen amongst white people. Ferdinand the infamous designs of his father. Honoria, her projects founded on treachery. Bruno, the error into which his compassion had led him. In every instance, the consequence has pointed out the defect of their policy. Thus it must be through life: we shall strike on rocks when truth is no longer our guide.'

My mind cleaved, with firmer reliance to her virtuous principles. I re-considered my design of going among the Spaniards. I depended much on my talents, which, during my retreat, I had ardently cultivated. But if I should have miscalculated their value, labour did not terrify me. Much as I would have preferred the pleasure of joining Ferdinand (a pleasure which I viewed with the sweetest sensations, even while Honoria unfolded all my danger to me,) yet I dared not, for that purpose, take anything from the sum which remained with Bruno, and which was already insufficient to repay M. de C——. I rose therefore from my meditations, strengthened in my resolution; which seemed to me the only one that could preserve the purity of my heart, and the esteem of my own mind. My soul was filled with delight. I threw myself on my knees. 'Oh God!' cried I, 'when the wicked would destroy me, when the good cannot aid me, thou dost not abandon me! Under the heavens of Africa, or in these isles, which thy hand has planted on the confines of the ocean, I am equally near the hand of thy power, Still let thy goodness attend me—thy goodness which delights to guide the unfortunate!'

I arose. I left the wood; and proceeded with tranquility. I was well enough acquainted with the island, not to be embarrassed as to my road; and I resolved to traverse the chain of mountains at a place which I had discovered to be the narrowest, and which lay about a

league to the left of M. de C——'s plantation. I examined Bruno's purse. It contained five louis d'ors and some silver, a sum which would be perfectly sufficient for my first occasions.

I travelled with vigour the whole day, without making any stay, except to buy some light provisions to support me during my journey. The sun was setting when I plunged into a forest which extended itself toward the summit of the mountains. I now wanted repose; and I had need of light to avoid the precipices which I must encounter in this almost inaccessible place. Yet the dread of wild beasts would not suffer me to lie down, and I crossed the forest. The barrenness and steepness of the rocks, with which I now found myself surrounded, promised me safety. Disengaged from the obscurity that reigned under the tall spreading trees of the forest, I had sufficient light to enable me to climb a rock which rose many feet above that part of the mountain which served as its base. This rock seemed to be formed for the security of some unhappy being in my situation. It was inaccessible on all sides, except on that by which I had mounted it, (and there only by a narrow passage, which I easily closed after me by loose pieces of the rock; while the greater part of it commanded, in proud state, the profound abyss below.

Thus removed from surprise, defying in my asylum, the ferocious animals of the forest, and men, more to be feared than those, I sat down and calmly enjoyed part of my nourishment. The moon soon rose to chase away the partial darkness, which succeeded the burning heat of day. I cast my looks around, and beheld with voluptuous majesty, the august spectacle before me. All slept, except nature. I fancied I hung over the universe; and seemed to be connected with human nature only by a remembrance. Under my feet, the agitation of the forest formed a succession of crouded and dark waves. Distant objects, diminished by intervening space fled before my sight, and lost themselves in the horizon. Near me, accumulated mountains appeared to interrupt, with their bleached heads, the peaceful and light clouds; and the ocean, upon his deceitful surface, multiplied the lights of the eternal vault.

How little is man opposed to the wonders of nature! 'What,' said I, 'now employs the haughty sovereigns, the fierce conquerors of the earth? Stretched upon purple, they weigh their power upon the balance of pride. Ah, the mole also believes, in his corner, that he agitates the globe! Approach, man, to try your power with the hand which composed this scene!

scene! Approach, Europeans; you, whose riches are the mute witnesses of your crimes, and of negroes' tears. Scatter upon the face of this vast basin all the gold of the world; the crowns of monarchs; the diamonds of their courts; the vases of their palaces; the purple of their slaves; will it add one spark to its splendour, its magnificence?

Sleep insensibly overtook me; and, though the rock was my pillow, never had my senses been plunged in a more profound repose. Even flattering dreams did not dare to solicit them. This interval of rest left not a trace in my imagination. The heat of the sun-beams drew me from this calm. The scene had changed. I felt the universe in silence: terror reigning under the formidable shade of the mountains. I found it enriched with the pearls of the morning, animated, melodious, burning. The monotonous murmur of fountains was lost in the chorus of day; but I beheld their silver streams hurrying to brave the tempests of the ocean. I forgot myself in the bosom of nature. The distant cries of some cultivators called me back to the unhappy condition of humanity.

I left my retreat, and long sought for a path which might guide me in my embarrassing journey. At length I thought I perceived some traces on the sand, and I followed them. The fatigues which I endured for four or five hours were inexpressible: sometimes crawling over rugged places, with lacerated hands and knees; sometimes suspended over the brink of precipices by shrubs, whose frail roots threatened to deceive my hopes; often placing my timid feet on rocks, which yielding to my weight, rushed, while I had scarcely quitted them, with terrible noise into the dreadful abyss. In short, disputing my ground rather than travelling, I reached the summit of the mountains, and hoped that I had nothing to do but descend into the country inhabited by the Spaniards. I was worn out; and availing myself of some trees, I sat down beneath their shade. It might be mid-day. I spread my trifling provisions on the moss before me; but the heat of the day, and my exertions had created such a burning thirst, that I could swallow no part of it. I looked around, but saw no water. I listened and thought I heard some flow at a distance. I arose and approached the place. I discovered a fountain. I extinguished my thirst, and having filled a little flask (which had some wine in it when I left the city) I slowly returned to enjoy my simple repast.

I had arrived within an hundred paces,

when I perceived a man who seemed to contemplate with surprise this species of collation, in an inhospitable and almost uninhabited place. Fear was the first feeling of my mind. 'I am followed, I am discovered,' said I. But soon my native courage flew to my aid: 'Is any single man,' said I, formed to alarm me—and without weapons! A movement which he made, discovered to me that he was a negro—Encouraged by this sight, I advance. I distinguish his features. I know him. Spring into his arms. My trembling knees fail me. I fall, and drag him after me. All was swift as imagination. 'What see I,' cried he, 'Itanoko! it is you, my dear Itanoko.' 'O, my dear Otourou!' It was him.

Twenty times we embrace. Examine each other as to the reality. We are convinced that it is no dream. Embrace again; and thus fly the first happy instants of our meeting.

'Oh my God, I thank thee!' said I, with all the enthusiasm of gratitude. To be at the extremity of the world, unfortunate, persecuted, fugitive: to be suddenly in the arms of a friend—a friend whom wide seas, in thought, separated from me, was a benefaction I could scarce support.

'My Otourou' cried I, 'in one word destroy an inquietude which agitates me. Am I indebted to your chains for this blessing?' 'No, my friend,' interrupted he, 'I am free. Friendship alone has brought me hither.' 'Thank God!' continued I. 'But speak to me of my father, of Amelia, of Dumont! Disguise nothing from me.' 'You shall know all,' said he, 'and would to God I could talk to you only of happiness. I have seen the moment—but it is fled as a shadow!

'Know these fatal coasts have seen your friend accompanied by Amelia, by Dumont. We all sought you. I alone have found you, when I lost them.' 'Oh heaven! Dumont! Amelia!'—'Before I teach you more, satisfy my just impatience: think that, by traversing seas to seek, I have acquired some preëminence. Why did you leave Africa? Why your flight? Oh unfortunate Itanoko, happiness awaited you!'—'However cruel, my dear Otourou, the incertitude in which you leave me, I obey you. Listen, and judge me!

Then we sat down together; and I, commencing my recital from the instant in which I became the prisoner of Dame, continued it to the hour in which my friend was restored to me. He listened in silence, and answered at times, by his tears; at others by the fury which kindled in his eyes. 'In fine,' said I, 'you see that

that I have been unfortunate. I am still so. But my heart is pure. It is without remorse; and God has this day, given me an earnest that he will recompense me for all.

'But my friend,' said I—'You shall know all,' interrupted Otourou. 'Follow me, I will show you my retreat.'

I thought no longer of continuing my route. I concluded that this adventure would lead to a new order of things. We rose and Otourou led the way.

In a quarter of an hour, we arrived at a grotto formed by nature. 'See here,' said Otourou, 'my humble asylum.' The evening approaching, the air became cold in this high part of the mountain. Otourou assembled some branches dried by time, and kindled a fire. The smoke without incommoding us, escaped through a rent of the rock. We collected the little provisions we had, and we refreshed ourselves with a repast which we would not have changed to have fed with kings.

'You have suffered much' said Otourou; 'but your sufferings are not ended. Yet arm yourself with courage: at least, Otourou is with you; and from hence, it shall be the task of friendship to lighten your burthen.

'You recall the day in which victory crowned us. Ah, fatal was the hour in which I ceased to combat by your side.—In the horrible pursuit of our enemies, I followed during some time. Your father pressed on, with the same ardour.—Some warriors among the enemy rallied, and instantly surrounded him. Our friends, most of them wearied with carnage, and the remainder dispersed after the fugitives, did not perceive your father's danger. I alone saw it. I turned aside from you. I flew to his aid. He was on the point of perishing. His adversaries, panic struck with my fury, all fled; except a few who fell beneath my arms.

'At this instant Dumont joined us; and advised your father to sound a retreat. He continued to aid your father with his counsels. We encamped on an advantageous ground. Dumont placed guards; traced entrenchments where he thought they were required; and though he scarcely supposed that the enemy would return back to the combat, he acted as if that had been certain.

'Your father dispatched a courier to Siratik; and, alike just and generous, he wrote that he owed all to the genius, the courage of Dumont. The chiefs of the army were then assembled, and they resolved to wait in this place the orders of the sovereign. Meanwhile, the principal officers were invited to celebrate the tri-

umph. It was near five in the evening when the festival commenced: yet you did not appear. Your father, Dumont, myself, and your companions, had already enquired for you. No one knew your fate. However, as each minute different parties rejoined the army, we still flattered ourselves to see you return. Night closed upon us. Your father, Dumont, and I, could no longer subdue our alarms. Yet, we fought to weaken them by vain suppositions. We could not impose on ourselves: our apprehensions increased each instant. In this manner the time passed away. At day-break I flew to every quarter. I returned to your father and Dumont. My countenance told my tale. 'My son is dead,' cried your father. I cannot think that, said I. The enemy fled before him when I quitted him.

'We had not rendered our last duties to the slain. They were examined with care; you were not found among them; and we became more tranquil respecting your life. Feeble consolation—seeing this circumstance no longer left any doubt that you were taken prisoner; and that, hence, we must renounce the dear hope of ever seeing you more. I do not speak of our sorrow: you will conceive it. The whole army, who loved your father, partook of it; and never, perhaps, was the day succeeding a victory marked by so mournful and dark a silence.

'Had they not positively prevented me, I had selected some few friends, and rescued you or fallen in the attempt. But your father, as disinterested a patriot as a tender parent, declared, that in a cause which concerned himself alone, he would not suffer the blood of the meanest citizen to be spilt.

'We shortly received orders from Siratik to dismiss the army. He was now fully informed of the pacific dispositions of Damei, and this good prince was in haste to restore the happiness of peace to his people: What a moment, oh my friend, in which we reached our home! Amelia understood our story before we told it. Dumont affected, in vain, a resignation which his moistened eye denied. He exhorted his daughter to cherish a hope which he had not himself. And I—I, my dear Itanoko!—Recall to your mind our friendship—need I paint the condition in which I was?

'How could you quit him?' said Amelia to me, with an access of grief and reproach. I took your father's hand, and drew him near her. He lives, said I. Behold my excuse!

'In the mean time, our duty called us to the court. What a contrast! The ravings

vings of public joy struck on our ears : our own sorrows, on our hearts. The prince was informed of the loss we had sustained. He spoke of it to your father and Dumont with feeling ; and after rendering them the thanks due to their courage, he assured them, he would employ every means which could be devised to procure your liberty.

'The policy of *Damel* ran to meet our wishes. Feeling that we should execute an exemplary vengeance for this unjust war, he was willing to sacrifice the rights he had acquired over you to procure a lasting peace. He sent ambassadors to negotiate the affair. They arrived. Almost delirious was our joy. *Siratik* agreed to the proposition. He commissioned your father and Dumont to finish the treaty. *Amelia* and I followed the happy commissioners.

'We arrived at the court of *Damel*. He, undoubtedly wishing to gain better terms by heightening our impatience, had made it a condition that no one should have any communication with you till all should be completed. In despite of this prohibition, one day, I endeavoured to penetrate the place in which they had secured you. *Damel* was informed of it, and threatened to break off all conference, if any other attempt, to that end, should be made. Reluctantly I consented. Fatal consent !

'At length, all difficulties were removed ; and *Damel* had fixed the following day for the ceremony of swearing to the observance of the treaty, and to restore my *Itanoko* to us. Already did we see you ; announce your happiness to you ; already did paternal tenderness, love, friendship, fold you in their arms !

'The ceremony was to be performed with splendor. We had risen early, to prepare for the exulting moment. An officer of *Damel's* court presented himself, and earnestly prayed your father and Dumont instantly to attend the sovereign. 'You see me in despair,' said *Damel*, as they entered. 'Our prisoner has this night, escaped us. I have not suspected you. Your conduct deserved that confidence : and I see, by your looks, that I have not misunderstood you. But what has become of him ? All, whom I have sent to seek him, have returned without success ; and I now can only imagine, that he has taken refuge in some of the European vessels.' 'Ah, if it is true,' cried Dumont with transport, 'duty not to visit the vessels. You alone know the horrid danger of his situation.' 'I have foreseen it,' replied *Damel*. 'I have given my orders, to the captains, and expect their attendance.'

'A short time after, they appeared. *Daniel* signified his commands. They swore to conform to them ; and officers were instantly named to execute them.

'We waited the issue. *Amelia's* foreboding heart abandoned itself to despair. You father, sacrificing his emotions to petulance, scrutinized the conduct of *Damel* : almost suspecting perfidy. But Dumont—had I not known Dumont, I should have sworn he was the author of your flight. His agitation was not that which he discovered when you had fallen into the hands of your enemies. It was blind fury ! It was madness !

The canoes appointed to make the search, the troops that were to escort them, were assembling. News came that a French vessel had set her sails, and was in motion. 'Oh !' cried Dumont : 'the inhuman—Oh wretches ! Yes ! yes they are capable of it !'

'He flew to the port. I followed. Already the vessel cut the waves. Dumont threw himself into a canoe ; intreated, conjured, the rowers to join him. Moved by his manner, they were in motion to depart. 'What would you do alone ?' said I. 'Perish !' cried he. Reason had no command over him. I sprang into the canoe, and the negroes laid their strength to the oars.

'Speedily ten canoes followed us. For some time, the swiftness of the canoes gave us hopes. The wind increased ; at the close of the day, the distance of the vessel mocked our pursuit ; and I saw that night would transport her beyond the possibility of our reach.

'The eyes of Dumont ceased to follow her course. He sat down at the bottom of the canoe, and hid his face in his hands. 'Oh my God ! my God ! save him from despair !' His voice was scarce heard. His hands dropped. I trembled for his life. I turned their oars instantly toward the land.

'We removed Dumont to his apartment. His unfortunate child, even your father forgot you : the wretched state of Dumont swallowed up all other reflexions. *Damel* exerted himself to console us. The wound was too deep thus to be healed.

'In some days the recollection of Dumont returned. His words, his exclamations, were without meaning to us. Alas ! they were too soon explained ! To himself it was reserved, to unfold to us all the extent of your wretchedness !

'Your father fell beneath the stroke. He could have supported your absence, your death. He could not survive the thoughts of your chains.

In the mean time, your fatal flight suspended



pended the conclusion of the treaty. The people dreading the consequences of the unjust war into which their sovereign had drawn them, assembled tumultuously around the palace; and this sedition threatened the life of *Damel*. 'Let me,' said your father, 'descend into the tomb without reproach. His eager virtue recalled his wailing strength. He besought *Dumont* to follow him to the palace. The people opened a passage to us. We entered. 'Prince,' said your father to *Damel*, 'you have preserved your faith. It is not just that either you or your people, should be the victims of my misfortune. My son was to have been given as the price of peace. That cannot be but'—He waved his hand, as if to request a moment's patience. Our breath was almost hushed. He proceeded. 'I know my sovereign: I will silence the cry for blood; and he will thank me to have restored happiness to both people.'

'*Damel* embraced him with transport. Peace was sworn to in the presence of the people. The people answered with acclamations.

'Wide is the influence of virtue. *Damel* would not be outdone in generosity. 'Why not fly to regain *Itanoko*?' said he. 'My treasures are open to your use. *Dumont*; be this your work. Born in Europe, their manners are familiar to you. Go, and regain the liberty of *Itanoko*.' 'Ah?' cried *Dumont*, 'heaven inspires you? Behold my friend,' continued he, turning to your father: 'your son returns to you. I was the cause of his loss. I will lead him back. Ah! may I hope it will efface my crime?'

'Your father embraced him. 'Think not,' said he with a faint voice, 'that I accuse you. Do not imagine that I hate your nation: much less that I cease to love you. My son shall soon have no father. Let me, while I am dying, bequeath your friendship to him. I know him. He will bless the inheritance. And if you think you owe me, owe my fellow citizens some gratitude, love the unfortunate *Itanoko* as my son, as a negro, and you shall have paid your debt to his country and to his father.' 'I swear it,' cried *Dumont*. Your father heard no more. His soul was fled.—My friend! *Itanoko*!

My grief was too violent then to be expressed by tears; nor can words now give an idea of its excess.

At length I found utterance. 'Ah, fatal impatience! I alone am criminal! I have caused the misfortunes of my friends: I have brought my father to his grave!'

'I knew my recital,' said *Otourou*, 'would call for your courage, and I relied on it.' 'How shameful!' answered I.

'I am a christian; and have not the energies of your mind,' 'You boast of my strength,' said *Otourou*. 'Know your own. It is still necessary. Listen.

'We returned with the ashes of your father, and deposited them in the bosom of his country. *Siratik* ratified the peace of *Dumont*, and his dying friend. He shed tears over our misfortunes, and contributed to hasten our departure for Europe.

'When every thing was ready, I said to *Dumont*: 'My friends are my only family. Let me go with you. Let me be, after you, the first to embrace the unfortunate *Itanoko*. What attentions do not your age require! and who than I has a better right to administer them. You seek a son: you shall find him; but till then, let me be in his place. Does not your heart say any thing for poor *Otourou*?' 'Ah! you meet my wishes,' replied he. 'I dared not propose to you to abandon your country. But, as you do not fear to attach yourself to the fate of an unfortunate being, come: your resolution is a new benefaction to me. Poor as I am, my friendship shall be the sole reward of your affection. I have nothing more to offer.' 'What need I more,' said I, pressing his hand to my bosom.

'We took our leave of *Siratik*. *Dumont* engaged to inform him of the success of his voyage; and promised to return himself to Africa, if fortune should second our wishes. In a short time we arrived at the court of *Damel*, where we were to embark for Europe. The young prince was faithful to his promise. He gave to *Dumont* gold, more than sufficient for all the purposes of our enterprise. Since the time of your flight, we had learned that the French vessel, in which we supposed you to be, had sailed for *St. Domingo*, and that the captain's name was *Urban*. *Dumont* would gladly have proceeded immediately to that place; but all the traders of the American Isles were departed, and there was no vessel in the port but an English East Indiaman, which was driven on the coast of Africa by stress of weather. The captain generously offered us a passage to Europe, and we were happy to embrace the offer.

'The vessel sailed; and we lost sight, perhaps forever, of the country which my *Itanoko*, served as our cradle. I turned my back on it without regret. I was in search of you. It is erroneous to talk of secret ties binding us to our native soil. Filial piety; paternal love, friendship; such are the bands which unite us to our country. In these wild mountains, I find the charms which the place of my birth no longer boasts.

'I will not weary you with a recital of a tedious voyage. We were mournful enough. Amelia, her mother, Dumont, and I, passed our time in talking of you; and sometimes hope stepped in to solace us. We arrived in the channel, and within eight hours arrived on the English coast. We lost no time but in procuring European money for the riches Dumont brought from Africa; which the English captain managed for us. We took our leave of him to sail for Calais (a city of France) full of gratitude for his kindness.

'This man had not the engaging affability of Dumont, but he had all his virtues. The contrast between the English and French was indeed what most engaged my attention during my short stay in Europe. One has the appearance of habitual sorrow; the other is all gaiety. The latter seems to study how to oblige you; the former is incessantly obliging you, without seeming to think of it. I perceived that an Englishman's friendship increases with time, while the Frenchman seems to forget you as he knows you better. The conduct of the English appears more consonant to reason; for, if the friendship of the French continued increasing with the same intemperance with which it commences, it would soon proceed to a perfect delirium. The Englishman is frugal of his heart; so that you find resources in it to answer all your need: that of the Frenchman is drained at first view, and he has nothing to offer you when occasion calls for his services.

'Dumont's first design was to go to Nantz, his native place. The moment he arrived in England, he had written to enquire for his brother. He was informed that his brother had left that city more than twenty years since; nor was it known what was become of him. Dumont now, therefore, resolved to take the route of Bourdeaux, from whence he hoped more speedily to procure a passage for St. Domingo. We passed through a great part of France. You will suppose with what astonishment I beheld a multitude of majestic cities. We saw Paris. It is a kingdom, and not a city.

'At length we reached Bourdeaux. This city alone might be the glory of an empire; there we found united the pride of commerce, the splendour of riches, and the luxury of the arts. The inhabitants may be there reckoned by the number of palaces; and the people know neither the misery of idleness, nor the pressure of indigence.

'There I saw some negroes, for the first time since our departure from Africa. I accosted them. 'You are slaves; then?'

said I to them, in our language. 'No!' answered they; 'we have been in that condition, but are no longer so.'—'Your masters are humane; they have freed you.' 'No: when we place our feet on French ground we are free. It is the will of the laws.'—'Oh! I understand. The country in which you carried chains, belongs to another sovereign.'—'Not at all: it is the same king who reigns here.'—'Two different laws in two different places of the same state! The contradiction is strange.'

'Dumont bought a vessel of which he himself took the command: his mind being too much bent on his object to wait the interest or pleasure of a trader. It is incredible how soon every thing was ready for our voyage; but it was not the first time I had occasion to observe that, in Europe, they perform miracles with gold.

'In the midst of Dumont's cares at Bourdeaux, he had not forgot a sacred duty; his wife and daughter received baptism; and he himself sanctified in the bosom of the church, the ties which love had formed in Africa. But will you imagine the prejudice of these white people? Some friends, that we had made during our stay at Bourdeaux, and who were invited to the ceremony, would have gladly persuaded Dumont that he dishonoured himself, by taking a negro for his spouse. His answer was, simple, and I loved him still more for it. 'The negroes,' said he, 'have not been ashamed to save my life: why should I blush to ally myself to them?' They laughed at him; and I refused to become a christian. I asked Dumont if these people were christians. He answered in the affirmative. I would not press any further questions, lest he should think I doubted his veracity; but I ran to find the priest. 'What think you of Dumont?' said I. 'Did he do well in marrying the negro?' He smiled. 'Why do you ask me?'—'I want simply to know if he did his duty.'—'Undoubtedly.'—'Then your religion makes no distinction between black and white people?'—'None: no such distinction can exist in the eye of God.'—'Why then is it said, that Dumont has dishonoured himself?'—'The morality of the world is not that of Jesus Christ. Let the world condemn Dumont. It is not the world who shall judge him. Europeans, negroes, are all equal before the throne of mercy; and he who shall prove himself the firmest in the discharge of his duties, shall alone be truly great in the eyes of the Supreme Being.'—'Well,' said I, quitting him, 'the christians reason ill; but their religion speaks well, and it shall one day be mine.'

' Our voyage to St. Domingo was favourable. In six weeks we anchored in the port. Dumont designed to sail, the moment you should be on board, for Africa, to discharge his promise to the two sovereigns; and then, if we should all be unanimous in the wish of passing the remainder of our days there, he resolved for ever to renounce European grandeur, for the simplicity of African happiness. Vain projects! While imagination was striding toward the accomplishment of our wishes, we were but hastening to plunge into the precipice.

' Dumont would not treat directly with Urban. In visiting him, he might have encountered you. Your joy would have betrayed the secret; and your tyrant might have encumbered the negociation with endless difficulties. Dumont well knew the character of these people. He therefore committed the business to a broker. Can you conceive our anxiety: To have you under our eyes; almost to touch you; and, for your own sake, neither to dare speak to, nor see you! It was a bitter torment. Mean while, the health of Amelia became weakened. She imagined that it would be of service to her to walk on the shore. The desire of meeting you, or perhaps only of seeing you at a distance, I am persuaded, was the true cause of her wish to leave the ship. Her father, with great difficulty, consented to it; but was persuaded by my earnest intreaty: for I could not bear to see the unhappy condition of Amelia.

' In our first walk, I observed that a young European seemed to look on us with particular attention; and every day we encountered him. I ought to have informed Dumont of this circumstance. Versed in European manners, he had foreseen its tendency; but I thought nothing of the matter.

' One night Dumont received, by a canoe sent express, a note from his broker, which informed him that the bargain was finished. ' Ah! Honoria,' cried I, interrupting Otourou, ' what have you done?' ' Your recital,' replied Otourou, ' has unveiled the mystery which I could not then conceive: but listen, and call forth your strength. We approach a day which desolates my mind still more than that in which you fled from Africa. It was ushered in by the most brilliant aurora, as if to embellish the hour which was to snatch you, not from chains imposed by the established customs of war, but from the fetters of a cowardly barbarous assassin. Ah, why did not the torrent of delight, which rushed upon us, for ever overwhelm every sort of sensation!

' You know the fatal intelligence which awaited us, on our going to receive you at the hands of the broker. The shades of death encompassed Amelia—but I see you tremble: shall I conclude?—It must be—Dumont went to the judge to solicit your pardon. Amelia recovered her senses. I availed myself of this moment. Her mother had been detained on board by sickness. I felt how much her unfortunate daughter needed her consoling presence. We departed for the ship. Night had come. Already were we on the shore. We were attacked by the young man of whom I have spoken. I struck him to the earth. His creatures surrounded us—They tore Amelia from me—an unworthy prison—'

' Hold, Otourou! Vengeance! vengeance! Ah, it was Amelia! She had perceived me: she could not conceal her love. Ah, my Amelia! were you so near me; and did I not plunge my hand into the blood of my wretched rival!

Otourou interrupted me. ' Whence have you known this?' said he. ' Too horribly have I known it, answered I; and Theodore was the base villain. The traitor had concealed her in the plantation to which Honoria sent me. If she has survived her despair, still we may deliver her; let us fly! The plantation is scarcely divided from the border of these mountains.—' ' Ah!' said Otourou, ' it is the same; but alas! she is no longer there.'

' Oh!' cried I, ' how my head wanders! I remember—The querry told me. Ah, my God! I am more lost than ever.—' ' Courage, my friend! It is but three nights since her flight. We shall be happy in seeking her together.—' You are sustained by patience; you are not oppressed by the torments of love.—' True; and I have the perseverance of friendship, Itanbka.'

At these words, the tears rushed from my eyes, I threw myself into the arms of Otourou. ' Oh, support me! support me! I die!' Otourou saw my tears with delight. He endeavoured to give them still greater scope, by the tenderest discourse. He saw they would save my bursting heart; and, to withdraw my attention from the cruel future, he insensibly resumed his recital.

' I was certainly ungrateful,' said he, ' in leaving the city without seeing Bruno; but friendship called me away. I flew at first to the broker. He was ignorant of every thing, excepting that Dumont had failed on the day in which we were to have received you. With that I was already acquainted. I did not stay to inform him of

of Amelia's misfortune, but abruptly left him.

'I own to you, that, notwithstanding I had lost you, perhaps forever; notwithstanding the wretched situation of Amelia; notwithstanding the terrors of a long imprisonment, and the destitute condition in which I was plunged. Dumont alone occupied all my thoughts. If he had not been my friend, my protector, my father, with what black ideas had not his conduct filled my soul! What could induce him to leave a place in which his daughter was likely to be the defenceless victim of a villain? In which he knew that Otourou was in irons? Could he be ignorant of it? that was not probable; because I had written to him the account of our misfortune on the very night on which I was cast into prison. My heart bled when I thought of this inconceivable conduct. Yet is God my witness that no hard thoughts of Dumont were mingled in the hurrying sentiments of my mind. I ascribed it all to some new misfortune. But what could this misfortune be? I had no clue to the labyrinth, and I tormented myself in vain.

'Having entirely lost all traces of Dumont, I thought only of finding his daughter, of rescuing her. A little money, Bruno's last benefaction to me, has, with extreme temperance sustained me to this hour through my enquiries. There is no plantation, no place, however hidden, in this island, which have not witnessed my labours. Four months were gone, and I was on the point of renouncing all my hopes, when they suddenly sprang up anew from an unexpected accident.

'It was about six in the evening. I stood leaning against the gate of a house, and sorrowfully reviewing the past, anxiously looking forward to the future. A tall negro accosted me. 'Comrade,' said he, 'have you nothing to do?' 'Why?' 'Because I would beg a favour of you.'—'If I can serve you, be ceremony apart; speak.'—'You see this letter; it must be safely delivered according to the direction. They might detain me for an answer; and I have other business which presses me.—Take it; procure an answer; and in two hours I will meet you here again.' 'Give it me, I will go.' 'I thank you; for you cannot imagine the satisfaction you give me. Here is a piastre for your trouble!' 'For my trouble! I never sell my labour. I give it;' 'But—' 'But does the desire which leads me to oblige you, cost me anything? Keep your money.'

'I quitted him, and carried the letter.

It was addressed to a woman. I knocked at the door of a tolerably handsome house. A man opened it. I presented my letter. 'Madam is above,' said he. 'You must go up to her. He touched a bell, and I found an old European woman on the stair-case. She said, in a shrill tone, 'What is your business?' I gave her the letter.—She looked at it and desired me to wait for an answer. She entered a room; and either without mistrust, or by neglect left the door open. I heard her speak to a person whom I could not see. She read the letter to her. 'He is a warm lover,' said she afterwards; 'and will you always be inflexible?' 'Ah!' replied a voice, 'let him restore me to my father, and I will forgive him all!' 'Oh God, it is Amelia!' said I. Some words which she added, convinced me it was Amelia. I reined in all the faculties of my soul; but never did combat cost me so much. A word might have destroyed every hope. I passed more than an hour in this situation; and yet had strength to receive the answer from the hands of the old woman, without betraying my emotions. I went out. The house became too precious to me not to be engraven in my memory.

'I gave way to my joy, at discovering the habitation of Amelia; but it was almost turned to anguish, when I considered the weakness of my resources. What could I do? How relieve her? Could I alone undertake the task? And to whom apply for aid? Without friends, without money, where should I conduct her? Where conceal her? 'Ah!' cried I, 'is a knowledge of her prison only given me to render her loss more dreadful? Yet with this knowledge, will I sooner die on the threshold of her house, than abandon Amelia!

'Neither day nor night did I quit the sight of the door. I was myself ignorant of what this could produce. I hoped I hardly knew what—that she might perceive me; that I might see her; that she might have means of which I was not informed; and which she might dare to use, encouraged by my presence.

'So passed the hours; so were they marked by my fluctuating thoughts till Amelia was conducted to the distant plantation where you were yourself my friend. I saw her depart. It was night; yet did I recognise her. I followed the carriages, spite of the speed with which they travelled, and arrived nearly at the same time with them at the plantation.

*(To be continued.)*

## BENEFIT of an open unconfined AIR in VEGETATION.

**M**ODERN microscopic observations have made it evident, not only that large quantities of air are imbibed by the leaves and superficies of vegetables which are contained in air vessels contiguous to those which contain the vegetable juices, by which the circulation of the vegetable juices is promoted through the whole plant; but also that much water, or liquid substance, is imbibed in the same way, which being circulated by the alternate pressure and motion of the air in the air vessels, through various windings into all parts of the plant, until thus prepared by this vegetable machinery, it is fitted to become a part of the vegetable substance, and is by little and little added to it by the power of attraction as it continues circulating in its various meanders, and thus adds greatly to the increase and growth of the vegetable. The certainty that there is in every vegetable a great abundance of such air vessels, and also that the vegetable juices are circulated by the motion and pressure of the air contained in them puts the necessity of air in vegetation past a doubt; yet as the greater part of farmers are but little acquainted with microscopic observations, I shall endeavour to illustrate the benefit of a free, open, unconfined air, in promoting a vigorous vegetation, by having recourse to such facts as cannot escape the observation of farmers in general.

We have in general no idea that men, when the air is good, can be suffocated in the midst of the open field, unless it be from some violence upon their bodies or some internal cause; but I think it may be made evident that vegetables may not only greatly suffer, but actually die for the want of air in the open field merely by being crowded too near together. In young growths of wood, that spring up spontaneously, there is often ten or twenty times so great a number of young trees as can finally live to be great trees for want of room; and any one who shall for many years attend such a grove will from year to year find the slenderest and such as are overtopped by others dying out successively one after another, while those that are tallest, spreading their tops in an open unconfined air will flourish greatly; and this will continue to be the case until the trees have acquired their full growth, at which time perhaps more than nine tenths of those which first began to grow are dead and the remainder occupy the whole room, extending their limbs one to another.

The trees in such a grove will be in a very different shape from what either of them would if it had stood alone in the midst of the open field, that is, they will be much taller in proportion to their thickness and the number and length of their side limbs, than the one which stands alone: in such a thick grove, the under limbs of such trees as finally live, die one after another, as the tree ascends higher, till only a small number of live ones are left at the top, the chief of which reach up to the open air; but in one that stands alone, the under limbs which go off from every side of the tree, will all live and extend to a great length; the reason is obvious, this tree is on every side as well as at the top surrounded with open air; the others have it only on the top. No tree, or limb of a tree, that does not extend its top into open air, can thrive or even live long, but will pine away and die in a few years; this accounts for the great length, compared with their diameters, of all young trees in such a thick grove; the top only coming into open air, they increase very fast in height while their diameters are slender and their side limbs short. I am persuaded, that in young groves, which I have seen, of oak, hickory, &c. they were in general at as great a height when their trunks were but six inches diameter, as one standing alone would be whose trunk was two feet in diameter; now only such limbs growing or increasing much in length which come to open air, and all others failing in their growth and dying one after another, is a manifest proof that such as come to the open air draw something from it which is necessary for their life and vigorous growth, which those that do not reach the open air cannot obtain and so die for the want of it; what they obtain from the air is, doubtless, not only air itself, but water and other rich nutritive juices, which are contained in, or rather form a part of the air.

This same eagerness (so to speak) in vegetables after fresh air, is manifest in all the vegetables that grow by the sides of walls, logs, &c. Let such vegetables take their own course and they will not grow erect or perpendicular, but in an oblique or angular direction, growing farther from the wall as they grow higher; and this will be the case whatever side of the wall they grow upon. It is manifest, that when close to a wall they cannot receive the benefit of the air coming from that quarter.

quarter, as from every other; and let it not be thought strange, that in this and the foregoing instance, vegetables appear, as it were, putting themselves in the same situation as animals in their circumstances would naturally be led to do by reason or instinct: for looking through all vegetable nature, we shall constantly find the established laws of nature as sure a guide for vegetables as reason and instinct are to animals. Grass and weeds, that grow under a very shady tree, like an apple tree, will generally bend outwards, to that side where the open air is nearest: potatoes or turnips, growing in the cellar in the summer season, if there happens to be an open window in the cellar, will generally take their direction towards the same. I have seen instances where only a small crevice, at which the air entered, has given direction to the stalks of many potatoes, turnips, &c. that were at the distance of several feet.

That the air greatly promotes vegetation is also manifest from the great abundance and very large leaves which nature has given to such plants as are of quick and rapid growth, such as the sunflower, cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins, running beans, hops, &c. such a multitude of leaves, and so very large as some of them are, spread abroad in the open air, are capable of imbibing much from the air, by which such a rapid growth may be accounted for; and, if we observe plants in general, we shall find they commonly grow very much according to the size or number of their leaves.—The leaves of thyme are small compared with sage, so is its growth: Baum has a much larger leaf than sage, and will grow more in one year than sage will in two; and we shall never see very small leaves on plants of a quick growth, or large leaves on those of a slow growth, unless there are very many of the former and few of the latter. But there is no occasion to cite more instances out of the many that might be brought to shew the great utility of air in vegetation: it remains now to point out the great damage that often occurs to the farmer by his not attending to it, together with the advantages of the opposite practice.

Few people have ever done much at farming without having occasion to observe that they have sometimes hurt a crop by overseeding their land; yet very few have observed it so often as it has been the case. Men in farming often go in a circle, constantly treading in their own track; as did the father so does the son, and has no other reason to give for his practice than only, that his father did so; and being once in the practice of over-seeding his

land, he is in it for life, having no chance to correct his error by observing the success of the opposite practice; yet some have been bold enough to see for themselves, and have found it best, with respect to the greatest part of their crops, greatly to lessen the usual quantity of seed: their success has encouraged many others: yet there are many that continue still to lose much of their labour by over-seeding their land. There is nothing perhaps that people are more apt to over-seed than turnips, which appear very thin and scattered when they first come up, unless they are greatly over-seeded; and I have seen people when their turnips first come up, sowing in more seed, when they would have been much better employed in cutting up three quarters of those that were already up: one gill of seed is doubtless enough for an acre, if it all stands; yet the English method, which I think is a good one, is often to sow two or three quarts to the acre; in this way they are more sure of a crop, for the more young turnips they have, the more certain it is that they will have a sufficiency that will escape the ravages of the fly and other little insects that attack them when young; and when so old as to be out of danger, they then hoe and thin them sufficiently; while that is doing, the owner of the crop, unless he understands raising turnips, had need be a man of great fortitude to be able to stand by and see what havoc a man who knows what he is about will make with his turnips. Many people think that if the turnips are at such a distance as to leave vacant ground unoccupied by any of the roots of the turnips, that they are thin enough; yet that may be the case, and the turnips be by much too nigh together. However far distant they are from each other, yet if the tops have not full room to spread and take their natural shape, they are too near. It has been found upon trial that the large field turnips sowed in rows at the distance of three feet four inches, and in each row a turnip once in ten or twelve inches, will yield more than if another row was planted between each of the above rows: and yet it is manifest that there is room in those wide rows which is wholly unoccupied by the roots of the turnips from either row; the crop therefore, must be greatly enlarged by such an additional row, if they sustained no damage by having their tops more crowded: but the opposite has been found to be true. I never saw turnips whose tops were crowded but the bottoms were small, even when they did not occupy one fourth, if they did one tenth part of the room which they had; the reason is, when the tops

have

have not room to spread themselves abroad in the air, but are in a crowded situation, they cannot imbibe that from the air which is necessary for their health and growth. Thus have I seen turnips, whose tops have been stout, that had no other bottoms than strait roots like a man's finger, and the owner has fancied that he has had a bad kind of seed, when the only bad thing about it was, that there was ten times too much of it. Any plant which, by being crowded, cannot imbibe a sufficiency from the air, becomes unhealthy, and can neither receive or digest so much food from the earth as it would otherwise do. In planting turnips, therefore, and every kind of vegetable, regard must not only be had to the room that the roots will require in the earth, but also to the room that the leaves will require in the air; for however much room the roots may have in the earth, yet they can have very little benefit from it, if their leaves at the same time have not room enough in the air. Indian corn, that has too many stalks in a hill, or the hills too near together, will have stalks that are tall, slender and destitute of ears, i. e. the ears will be more or less wanting, according to the degree that it is overseeded. Wheat and rye, when overseeded will stool but little or none, the straw will be fine and the heads short. Winter wheat or rye, if sowed as early as the beginning of August, will not want so much seed, by a peck to the acre, as if sowed six weeks or two months later; when sowed so very early, it spreads much before winter, and is prepared to send up ten, twenty, and often more stalks from a single seed, which is not commonly the case when sowed late. Half a bushel of rye, or three pecks of wheat, if sowed early, is enough for an acre; if late, three pecks of rye, or a bushel of wheat: more than this, if it stands well through the winter, is often worse than lost, and what some sow, viz. a bushel and an half, or two bushels, to the acre, is enough to ruin a crop, if the land is well fitted. In the horse hoeing husbandry, they sow but a peck to the acre, and this often succeeds better than the common way. It is true, that more seed is necessary in the broadcast way than when sowed in rows and regularly hoed; yet the disproportion between a peck and two bushels is beyond all reasonable bounds. A few years ago, I was wishing to make trial of winter wheat, and having on hand half a pint, I sowed it on a few feet more than five rods of ground, which was at the rate of a peck to the acre. I had from it 29 quarts and an half pint, which was 117 fold, and at the rate of 25 bushels per acre. In this

little piece there were in general many stalks; often as many as twenty, from a single seed, and the heads very long; yet it did not appear in general to be enough seeded. The next year I sowed half a bushel of rye upon an acre, very early; it almost wholly covered the ground before winter; and had the next summer the most straw upon it that I have ever seen upon one acre in Nova Scotia; it was in general between six and seven feet in height, very thick on the ground and the heads very long; some part of it was so stout as to fall down, which would doubtless have been the case with much more of it had it been properly filled with grain; but there were but few kernels in a number of the heads, and in some none at all, owing to a circumstance which I never knew happen but in that year, and which perhaps will never happen again; by being sowed very early it was in blossom a few days sooner than rye was in general, and when in blossom, there was four or five days of cloudy, easterly weather, that was almost freezing cold. I thought the blossoms would probably be killed, and sent my son, when the cold weather was over, to see in what state the blossoms were: he found the tips of the stamina all black and falling off, without bursting and shedding their farina: he thought we should have no rye; yet a few blossoms came out afterwards, and afforded us the few scattering kernels which we had, which were very large, for the straw was bright. By the number and size of the sheaves, I thought there would have been 25 bushels, had it been properly filled.

I knew of one who sowed what he called meslin, a mixture of rye and wheat, the proportion of rye in the mixture was half a peck to the acre. The winter proving unfavourable to wheat, killed the whole of it, and from the rye only he had fourteen bushels per acre; this was half a stout crop, from half a peck only. Those who are not acquainted with the practice of sowing mixed seed will, doubtless, think it strange that so small a portion of rye was taken, being but one eighth of the whole, when it was intended to have the produce about equal; the reason is this, that in such a mixed state the rye greatly prevails over the wheat. If about an equal quantity of each were sowed, the crop would be almost wholly rye; for which no reason can be assigned, but what will be much to our purpose: the rye being the tallest plant, and over-topping the wheat, enjoys the greatest plenty of fresh and good air, while the wheat, though it occupies half the ground, yet being the lowest and in a half suffocated state for  
want

want of fresh air, dwindle and comes to but little. Sow equal quantities of wheat and rye in the same field, but not mixed, and if the soil be proper for wheat, there commonly will be near as much wheat as rye; but mix them, on the same soil, and the crop will be chiefly rye. The roots of the wheat, in this latter case, are as well furnished with earth as those of the rye; but its tops are not so well furnished with air, which doubtless makes the difference.

But, without going further in citing instances, I would observe, in general, that it is safer to have land rather under than over-seeded; for if there is too much seed, often, before it is known, the crop is irretrievably damaged; but if there is not quite so much as the land would bear, the property that many vegetables have, especially wheat and rye, of sending forth side shoots, or stooling, as it is called, will abundantly supply the deficiency. When we do not sow half the number of kernels of wheat or rye, which the land might produce of good stalks, we are yet safe; for nature thus left to herself, will not fail in general of sending forth as many stalks, as she is able to bring to perfection, if it be two, four, or even ten from a seed. When we overseed land, the damage is not perceived while the plants continue small; yet when they grow larger, and the tops become crowded, though they have no lack of that kind of nourishment which the earth is capable of supplying, they are incapable of receiving what is absolutely necessary from the air; in consequence of which a general decay comes on, the stalks grow slender, the ears short, and the whole crop is small. I have no doubt that our crops are much oftener hurt by the tops not having sufficient room in the air, than by their roots not having sufficient room in the earth. Such vegetables as are commonly planted in rows,

such as peas, &c. their proper distance may be estimated by their height. The higher any particular kind naturally grows, the greater should be the distance of its rows: in a rich soil, early charltons should be near four feet, common marrowfats five, and the great blue marrowfats and egg peas six or seven; they will then have many pods, which will be long, stout and well filled; but if they are planted at about half that distance, which is often the case, they will have but few pods and those small and badly filled.

What has been observed with respect to the vegetables that have been mentioned, holds true also with respect to almost every kind of vegetable that is cultivated, flax only excepted, which, if the seed be not chiefly regarded, is generally the best to be sowed very thick, especially for making cloth, shoe-thread, &c. How far the same may hold true of hemp, I cannot say, having never been much used to the culture of it. A good estimate as to the room necessary for every kind of vegetable, may be formed by the natural size and shape of the plant when it stands alone; such as are low and spreading like cabbage, turnips, tobacco, &c. should have room for their utmost spreading; such as have long or large leaves should always have room to spread them, otherwise their large leaves are made in vain. To conclude, every plant should have room in the air in some proportion to its natural size.

A FARMER.

P. S. In my Letter on the cultivation of Potatoes, published in the November Magazine, in page 679, 2d column, 22 lines from the bottom, the sentence should be thus expressed:—"Hence it comes to pass that the grass round the edges of the stones in our feeding pastures, is commonly stouter, &c."

## AN ACCOUNT of the MANNERS, GENIUS, HOSPITALITY, &c. of the IRISH PEASANTRY.

[In a Letter from a Gentleman on his Tour through Ireland.]

I HAVE observed that the Gentlemen of fortune and education, in all the different countries through which I have passed, are pretty much the same, scarce differing in any thing but their language, and, perhaps, some small variation in the fashion of their clothes; but the Peasants of every country have ten thousand customs pecu-

liar to themselves: These are the loose wildnesses of nature; the other, the confined regularities of art. Hence it is, and from a peculiar delight I take in observations of this nature, that during the residence of a whole summer in the remote country parts of Ireland, where the lower rank have received scarce any tincture of



of the manners, habit, or customs, or language of Britain, my principal amusement was, to remark the particular bent and genius of that class of people, who are mostly illiterate and uninstructed, having nought but honest instinct for their guide. To me their manners seem to be as much original as their language; and, as you are a professed lover of simplicity and nature, some little account of them may not, perhaps, be disagreeable to you.

From the air of similitude that runs through their persons, and their features, we may probably conclude, that they are an unmixed, original race of people. They are generally tall, well-built, patient of hunger, thirst, and hardship, to admiration; and are remarkable for the finest teeth, and the most wholesome, ruddy complexions that, perhaps, any country produces. This, probably, is owing to their vegetable diet, their poverty obliging them to a continual abstinence from all kinds of meats. They are a singular exception to the ancient rule, *Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus*; for they are remarkably amorous upon a diet of potatoes and milk, or many times potatoes only; with a little salt, and a draught from the next clear stream. Whether this proceeds from any peculiar ingredient in the original frame of the constitution of that people, from the climate, or from the nature of their food, I know not; but I think the last the most probable conjecture. In that part of the country in which I have been, that is, the western province, the Peasants have lived, time immemorial, upon potatoes; and yet there is not a stronger, lustier, healthier, people in the world. The scurvy is a disorder unknown among them; nor are they ever infested with any of the nasty cutaneous diseases which are frequent, and almost habitual, to the Peasants of other countries, whose general diet is coarse bread, made of barley or oats. From this established and long tried experiment we may very justly conclude, that the potatoe is the finest and best root, for the use of man, that any country can produce.

From the amorous dispositions of these people's tempers, which breaks out, upon all occasions, in an excess of awkward complaisance to their females, (who are generally handsome, if not a little too masculine and indelicate in their limbs) may probably proceed the universal passion that prevails among them for Poetry, Music, and Dancing, after their own rustic fashion. Here one may meet Shepherds singing pastorals, of their own composition, to some real or imaginary mistress. Every village has a bagpiper,

who, every fine evening, after working-hours collects all the young men and maids in the village about him, where they dance most cheerfully; and it is really a very pleasing entertainment, to see the expressive though awkward, attempts of Nature to recommend themselves to the opposite sex. I have often diverted myself with finding out, from their significant looks and gestures, a Prude or Coquette amongst the girls, and a Coxcomb or a Fop among the young fellows; and to see all the affectation of the drawing room practised by these uncouth rustics on the green.

When a matrimonial compact is agreed, a cow and two sheep are generally the portion of the maid, and a little hut, and a potatoe garden, all the riches of the man. Here the woman always retains her maiden name, and never assumes the first name of her husband, as is generally practised in other countries. I have been informed, that this is owing to a custom they had among them, in ancient times, of marrying for a year only, at the expiration of which term the couple might lawfully part, and engage elsewhere, unless they should chuse to renew their agreement for another year. By this means, if there was any mutual liking at meeting, both parties were continually upon their guard to oblige each other, that an inclination of living together might still be kept alive on both sides. The woman, therefore, who might, if she chose it, have a new husband every year of her life, always retained her own name, because, to assume a new one with every husband, would create infinite confusion. And this custom, as to the name, is retained to this very day. At their weddings they make a great feast, which is the only time of their lives, perhaps, that they ever taste meat, or any kind of strong liquor. Upon these occasions, one of the sheep, at least, is consumed, and the other is sold to purchase a barrel of a kind of very bad ale, which they call, in their language, *shee-been*, and a corn spirit, called *usquebaugh*, or *whiskey*, which very much, in its taste and qualities, resembles the worst London gin. With this they for once carouse, and make merry with their friends. They are, indeed, at all times, great pretenders to hospitality, as far as their abilities will permit; whence they have this universal custom among them, that in all kinds of weather, when they sit down to their miserable meal, they constantly throw their doors open, as it were, to invite all strangers to partake of their repast. And, in the midst of all their poverty, cheerful content so perfectly supplies the want of  
other

other enjoyments, that I verily believe they are the happiest people in the world. In the midst of very hard labour, and what, to an Englishman, would seem pinching necessity, they are ever chearful and gay, continually telling stories, while at their work, of the ancient giants of that country, or some such simple tales, or singing songs in their own language; and in the wildness of their notes I have found something irregularly charming. As these are always of their own composition, I concluded they must be quite original in their thoughts and manner, as the authors are all illiterate, and understand no other language, whence they might borrow either; and I imagined it would be no bad way to discover the genius, as well as the abilities of the people, by observing what turn they generally gave their poetical performances. I was in some measure able to get over the difficulty on understanding their language by the assistance of a very agreeable young lady, who understood the Irish tongue perfectly well; and she has often sung, and translated for me, some of their most popular ballads. The subject of these is always love; and they seem to understand poetry to be designed for no other purpose than to stir up that passion in the mind. As you are a man of curiosity, I shall present you with one attempted in rhyme, as a specimen of their manner; which take as follows:

*A Translation of an Irish Song,*

Beginning—Ma ville slane g'un oughth  
chegh khune, &c.

BLESS'D were the days, when, in the  
lonely shade,  
Join'd hand in hand, my love and I have  
stray'd,  
Where apple blossoms scent the fragrant  
air,  
I've snatch'd soft kisses from the wanton  
fair.

Then did the feather'd choir in songs re-  
joice;  
How soft the cuckoo tun'd her soothing  
voice!  
The gentle thrush with pride display'd his  
throat.  
Vying in sweetness with the blackbird's  
note.

But now, my love, how wretched am  
I made,  
My health exhausted, and my bloom de-  
cay'd!  
Pensive I roam the solitary grove;—  
The grove delights not—for I miss my  
love.

Once more, sweet maid, together let us  
stray,  
And in soft dalliance waste the fleeting  
day,  
Through hazle groves, where clust'ring  
nuts invite,  
And blushing apples charm the tempted  
sight.

In awful charms secure my lovely  
maid  
May trust with me her beauty in the  
shade,  
Oh! how with sick'ning fond desire I  
pine,  
Till my heart's wish, till you, my love,  
are mine!

Hence with these virgin fears, this cold  
delay!  
Let Love advise—Take courage, and away!  
Your constant swain for ever shall be true,  
O'er all the plain shall ne'er love one, but  
you.

To understand many of the beautiful and natural turns of thought in these lines, you must be informed, that wild apples and nuts, which the woods yield spontaneously in that country, as in ours, are the choicest present lovers make to their mistresses, who generally carry the wild apples about them as a perfume: They are therefore very natural images to be introduced in their poetry. The time of the year also when the lover, in this song, tells us he was happy with his fair one's presence, and the interval that passed between that and his addressing her to renew the intercourse, are poetically described. The liberty he took, of snatching soft kisses as they sported, is supposed to be the occasion of her displeasure. This, though not plainly expressed, is poetically insinuated in the fifth verse, where, to remove her apprehensions, he tells her, that the dignity of her beauty is a sufficient protection for her from all attempts of rudeness. He presses her, therefore, once more to wander with him in the pleasing shade that had been so often the scene of his former happiness; and, to entice her to go with him into that sweet retirement, he tells her, that the nuts in clusters hang upon the boughs; and the apples, which were only in blossom when last they walked together, were now blushing ripe, to tempt her as she passed. Hence we may collect, that it was about autumn, that is, four months after the falling out, that he attempts this reconciliation, which, upon his assuring her of his eternal constancy, and there being no reply, we were left to imagine was happily effected.

## PARALLEL OF JULIUS CÆSAR AND HIS LATE PRUSSIAN MAJESTY:

**B**OTH of them entered upon the command of armies about the same age ; both of them were put to the bans of their several empires, without valuing them a rush. The marriages of both were matters of interest rather than inclination ; but in that particular, the magnanimity of the Prussian greatly surpassed that of the Roman. The scenes of Cæsar's actions were rather glorious than dangerous ; those of Frederick were always dangerous, and therefore always glorious. The quickness of Cæsar's conquests never was exceeded but by those of Frederick. The progress of the former was swift, and that of the latter was rapid. The barbarians against whom Cæsar fought, were barbarous in every respect. The barbarians who acted against Frederick, were barbarous in all senses but in the practice of arms. Cæsar had his Pompey, and Frederick had his Daun : The two former were Romans, the two latter Germans. Though Cæsar was generally victorious, yet he was surprized by Pompey at Dyrrachium ; and though Frederick was seldom beaten, yet he was in the very same manner surprized by Daun at Hochkirchen ; and each owned he might have been ruined, had his enemy known how to have made use of his victory.

Cæsar upon finishing his expedition into Africa wrote the senate a famous laconic letter, *veni, vidi, vici* : but Frederick could have given an account of the close of his campaign in 1758, more laconically, by one third, *VENI, VICI*, for the terror of his name prevented his even seeing his enemies.

In learning they were equal, both of them were poets, and both of them historians. Each composed the memoirs of his own family. Frederick that of Brandenburg ; Cæsar that of the Julii, which he read over the corpse of his grandmother ; and of which we have a fragment in Suetonius. Cæsar ruined the liberties of Rome ; Frederick asserted those of Germany. Cæsar was debauched, Frederick was sober ; Cæsar was tall, Frederick was short ; Cæsar's nose was hooked, Frederick's was square. Both of them alike shone in the arts of polished life ; each of them carried the Muses both into the field and the cabinet ; and to conclude, the character of Frederick, by a sort of prescience, was drawn by Lucan in the following line, which he designed as the character of Cæsar :

*Nil æstum reputans dum quid superesset  
agendum.*

**SPEECH** of the CHIEF of the MICKMAKIS, or MARICHEETS SAVAGES, dependent on the GOVERNMENT of CAPE-BRETON, when that ISLAND was in POSSESSION of the FRENCH.

**W**HEN all the peltry of the beasts killed in the enemy's country (with whom they are about to declare war) is piled in a heap, the oldest Sagamo, or chieftain of the assembly, gets up, and asks, What weather it is ? Is the sky clear ? Does the sun shine ? On being answered in the affirmative, he orders the young men to carry the pile of peltry to a rising ground, or eminence, at some little distance from the cabin, or place of assembly. As this is instantly done, he follows them, and as he walks along begins, and continues his address to the sun in the following terms :

Be witness, thou great and beautiful luminary, of what we are this day going to do in the face of thy orb ! If thou didst disapprove us, thou wouldst, this moment hide thyself, to avoid affording the light of thy rays to all the actions of this

assembly. Thou didst exist of old, and still existeth. Thou remainest for ever as beautiful, as radiant, and as beneficent, as when our first fore-fathers beheld thee. Thou wilt always be the same. The father of the day can never fail us ; he who makes every thing vegetate, and without whom cold, darkness, and horror would every where prevail. Thou knowest all the iniquitous procedure of our enemies towards us. What perfidy have they not used ; what deceit have they not employed, whilst we had no room to distrust them ? There are now more than five, six, seven, eight moons revolved since we left the principal amongst our daughters with them, in order thereby to form the most durable alliance with them (for, in short, we and they are the same thing, as to our being, constitution, and blood ; ) and yet we have seen them look on these girls

girls of the most distinguished rank, *Kaybepidetcquo*, as mere play-things for them, an amusement, a pastime put by us into their hands, to afford them a quick and easy consolation, for the fatal blows we had given them in the preceding war. Yet, we had made them sensible, that this supply of our principal maidens was, in order that they should re-people their country more honourably, and to put them under a necessity of conviction, that we were now become sincerely their friends, by delivering to them so sacred a pledge of amity, as our principal blood. Can we then, unmoved, behold them so safely abusing that thorough confidence of ours? Beautiful, all seeing, all-penetrating luminary! without whose influence the mind of man has neither efficacy nor vigour, thou hast seen to what a pitch that nation (who are however our brothers) has carried its insolence towards our principal maidens. Our resentment would not have been so extreme with respect to girls of more common birth, and the rank of whose fathers had not a right to make such an impression on us. But here we are wounded in a point there is no passing over in silence or unrevenged. Beautiful luminary! who art thyself so regular in thy course, and in the wise distribution thou makest of thy light from morning to evening, wouldst thou not have us imitate thee? And whom can we better imitate? The earth stands in need of thy governing thyself as thou dost towards it. There are certain places, where thy influence does not suffer itself to be felt, because thou dost not judge them worthy of it. But, as for us, it is plain that we are thy children; for we can know no origin but

that which thy rays have given us, when first marrying, efficaciously, with the earth we inhabit, they impregnated its womb, and caused us to grow out of it like the herbs of the field, and the trees of the forest, of which thou art equally the common father. To imitate thee then, we cannot do better than no longer to countenance or cherish those, who have proved themselves so unworthy thereof. They are no longer, as to us under a favourable aspect. They shall dearly pay for the wrong they have done us. They have not, it is true, deprived us of the means of hunting for our maintenance and cloathing; they have not cut off the free passage of our canoes, on the lakes and rivers of this country; but they have done worse; they have supposed in us a tameness of sentiment, which does not, nor cannot, exist in us. They have deflowered our principal maidens in wantonness, and lightly sent them back to us. This is the just motive which cries out for vengeance. Sun! be thou favourable to us in this point, as thou art in that of our hunting, when we beseech thee to guide us in quest of our daily support. Be propitious to us, that we may not fail of discovering the ambushes that may be laid for us; that we may not be surprized unawares in our cabins, or elsewhere; and, finally, that we may fall into the hands of our enemies. Grant them no chance with us, for they deserve none. Behold the skins of their beasts now a burnt offering to thee! Accept it, as if the firebrand I hold in my hands, and now set to the pile, was lighted immediately by thy rays, instead of our domestic fire.

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THE SOLITARY PHILOSOPHER: A LIVING CHARACTER.

[From the Bee.]

ON the side of a large mountain, about ten miles west from this place, in a little hut of his own rearing, which has known no other possessor these fifty years, lives this strange and very singular person. Though his general usefulness, and communicative disposition requires him often to associate with the surrounding rustics; yet having never had an inclination to travel farther than to the neighbouring village, and being totally unacquainted with the world, his manners, conversation and dress are strikingly noticeable. A little plot of ground that extends round his cot-

tage, is the narrow sphere to which he confines himself; and in this wild retreat, he appears to a stranger as one of the early inhabitants of earth, e'er polished by frequent intercourse, or united in society. In his youth, being deprived of the means of education, and till this hour a stranger to reading, the most valuable treasures of time are utterly unknown to him; so that what knowledge he has acquired seems to be from the joint exertions of vigorous powers, and an unwearied course of experiments.

It is impossible, in the limited bounds

of this paper, to give the particulars of all the variety of professions in which he engages, and in which he is allowed by the whole inhabitants around him to excel. His genius seems universal; and he is at once by nature, Botanist, Philosopher, Naturalist, and Physician.

The place where he resides seems indeed peculiarly calculated for assisting him in these favourite pursuits. Within a stone's throw of his hut, a deep enormous chasm extends itself up the mountain for more than four miles, through the bottom of which a large body of water rages in loud and successive falls through the fractured channel, while its stupendous sides, studded with rocks, are overhung with bushes and trees, that meeting from opposite sides, and mixing their branches, entirely conceal, at times, the river from view; so that when a spectator stands above, he sees nothing but a luxuriance of green branches, and tops of trees, and hears at a dreadful distance below the brawling of the river. In this vale or glen innumerable rare and valuable herbs are discovered; and in the harvest months, this is his continual resort. He explores it with the most unwearied attention, climbs every cliff, even the most threatening, and from the perplexing profusion of plants, collects those herbs, of whose qualities and value he is well acquainted. For this purpose he has a large basket, with a variety of divisions, in which he deposits every particular species by itself. With this he is often seen labouring home to his hut, where they are suspended in large and numerous parcels from the roof, while the sage himself sits smiling amidst his simple stores.

In cultivating his little plot of ground, he proceeds likewise by methods entirely new to his neighbours. He has examined by numberless strange experiments, the nature of the soil, watches every progressive advance of the grain, and so well is he provided for its defence against vermin, that they are no sooner seen than destroyed. By these means he has greatly enriched the soil, which was by nature barren and ungenerous, while his crop nearly doubled that of his neighbours; the more superstitious of whom, from his lonely life, and success in these affairs, scruple not to believe him in league with the devil.

As a mechanic, he is confined to no particular branch. He lives by himself, and seems inclined to be dependent on none. He is his own shoemaker, currier, and tailor; builds his own barns, and raises his own fences; threshes his own corn, and with very little assistance cuts it down. From his infancy, he has enjoyed an un-

interrupted flow of health; but there is scarce a neighbouring peasant around, who has not, when wounded by accident, or confined by sickness, experienced the salutary effects of his skill.

In these cases his presence of mind is surprising, his application simple, his medicines within the reach of every cottager; and in effecting a cure he is seldom unsuccessful. Nor is his assistance in physic and surgery confined to the human species alone. Domestic and useful animals of every kind profit by his researches. He has been known frequently to cure horses, cows, sheep, &c. by infusing certain herbs among warm water, and giving them to drink. In short, so fully persuaded are the rustics of his knowledge in the causes and cure of disorders, to which their cattle are subject, that in every critical and alarming case, he is immediately consulted, and his prescriptions observed with the most precise exactness. I should arrogate too much to my own praise to say that I was the first who took any particular notice of this *solitaire*. He is known to many ingenious gentlemen in that part of the country, and has been often the subject of their conversation and wonder. Nor has the Honourable Gentleman whose tenant he is, suffered his rustic original to pass unnoticed or unbenefitted; but with his usual generosity, and a love to mankind, that dignifies all his actions, has from time to time transmitted to him parcels of new and useful plants, roots, seeds, &c. while the other shews himself worthy of such bounty, by a yearly specimen of their products, and a relation of the manner in which he treated them.

About six months ago, I went to pay him a visit along with an intimate friend, no less remarkable for a natural curiosity. On arriving at his little hut, we found, to our no small disappointment, that he was from home. As my friend, however, had never been in that part of the country before, I conducted him to the glen, to take a view of some of the beautiful romantic scenes, and wild prospects, that this place affords. We had not proceeded far along the bottom of the vale, when hearing a rustling among the branches above our head, I discovered our hoary botanist with his basket, passing along the brow of a rock, that hung almost over the centre of the stream. Having pointed him out to my companion, we were at a loss for some time, how to bring about a conversation with him: Having, however, a flute in my pocket, of which music he is exceedingly fond, I began a few airs, which by the sweetness of the echoes, was heightened into the most enchanting melody.

lody. In a few minutes this had the desired effect; and our little old man stood beside us, with his basket in his hand. On stopping at his approach he desired us to proceed, complimented us on the sweetness of our music, expressed the surprise he was in on hearing it, and leaning his basket on an old trunk, listened with all the enthusiasm of rapture. He then, at our request, presented us with a sight of the herbs he had been collecting, entertained us with a narrative of the discoveries he had made in his frequent searches thro' the vale, which, said he, 'contains treasures that few know the value of.'

Seeing us pleased with this discourse, he launched forth into a more particular account of the vegetables, wild beasts, and insects that frequented the place, and with much judgment explained their various properties. 'Were it not, says he, for the innumerable millions of insects, that in the summer months swarm in the air, I believe dead carcases, and other putrid substances might have dreadful effects; but no sooner does a carcase begin to grow putrid, than these insects, led by the smell, flock to the place, and there depo-

sit their eggs, which in a few days produce such a number of maggots, that the carcase is soon consumed. While they are thus employed below, the parent flies are not less busy, in devouring the noxious vapours that incessantly ascend; thus the air by these insects is kept sweet and pure, till the storms of winter render their existence unnecessary, and at once destroy them. And heaven that has formed nothing in vain, exhibits these things to our contemplation, that we may adore that all bounteous creator, who makes even the most minute and seemingly destructive creatures subservient to the good of man.'

In such a manner did this poor illiterate peasant moralize on the common occurrences of nature; these glorious and invaluable truths did he deduce from vile reptiles, the unheeded insect, and simple herb, that lies neglected, or is trodden under foot as useless and offensive; and what friend to mankind does not, on contemplating this hoary rustic's story, fondly wish, with its writer, that learning had lent its aid to polish a genius, that might have one day surprised the world with the glorious blaze of a Locke or a Newton?

### A PATHETIC SOLILOQUY.

**P**RUDENT is he who turns early his eyes to Heaven and surveys the transitory enjoyments of this world, with a philosophic unconcern: The mind of that man is equal to adversity. He standeth on a rock: The tempest beatech it in vain; for it is immoveable.

Far otherwise is he, who possessing his soul's desire, glories in his joys, and thinks not of a reverse. His contentment is in the hands of fortune? A rotation of her wheel plunged him in a moment, whence he was but slowly elevated.

Our most solid satisfactions are like the solar rays, obscured by every cloud: As characters in the sand which the succeeding floodobliterates: And our fairest prospects, are as the shining Iris, whose tinges vanish with the dissipation of a vapour.

Life is frequently the bitterest of weeds: It is, at best a flower, whose fragrant beauties excite our admiration for a season, fade, and are cast away.

I addressed, in the bloom of life, and became husband to Lavinia. Her age was fifteen, her person graceful, her soul spotless as the new fallen snow. A native candour and amiable simplicity dignified

her action: Her black eyes, full of complacency, and benevolent countenance, resembled those of the immortal Gods, contemplating the sons of virtue. Her innocent heart was mine. And the humble fair one esteemed, my love a compensation. Her excellent qualities rivetted her to my soul; and we were happy.

The rising sun whose rays of gold and vermilion decorate the eye of morning, beheld our happiness: Its meridian beams beheld us happy: And when the starry mantled night overspread her sable canopy, the day was indeed obscured; but our felicity lost not of its brightness.

Could my crimes, ye celestial powers, deserve so cruel a revolution? The annual circle was yet unfinished (my bleeding heart, could'st thou see it and survive) when my Lavinia was no more!

O my beloved Angel, the breath of thy life is flown: Thou art gone from me: I have now nothing.

Where e'er I look, thou art pictur'd; Thou seemest every where, my Lavinia; and I find thee not.

At table thou art wanting: Our evening-walk is discontinued: Our chamber (once my paradise) forlorn: And morning solitary

solitary beyond human fortitude. The meridian succeeds again, and the evening succeeds, dull ! vacant ! desolate !

How oft, with united hands, and hearts glowing with mutual fondness, did the closing day invite us to yonder rivulet ?

The gentle ripple of the current : The gentle fishes gliding to the setting sun, like animated diamonds in liquid chrystal : Its verdant borders, enamelled with flowers : And the plaintive murmur of an adjoining wood, enlivened by the melody of winged musicians innumerable, uniting a most entertaining variety. My lovely girl was pleased ; and her pleasure was doubly mine.

But, alas ! lofty groves, feathered warblers, limpid rivulets, their scaly people and painted margins, delight not me.—With my beloved, departed are their charms : Her finger sheweth not their beauties : Her lips of roses move not in their praise !

Thou art departed, my beloved—departed to bliss eternal. The world was unworthy thine excellence : Myself unworthy so sacred a deposit.

The victim of thy felicity receives the divine dispensations, with submission : He receives the rod, applauding the justice of the hand, which corrects him and rewards thee. He applauds—but feels it nevertheless : His soul is but one torture.

The object of his love, the cause and partner of his erst unequalled happiness is torn from him—As a whirlwind teareth the boughs of a knotty oak, on the rugged Apalachian : Behold—the trunk remaineth despoiled of his honours, disfigured, unadorned.

Thus spoiled, O Lavinia, is thine husband of his joys : Thus spoiled thine hapless father. His aged heart saw itself revived in thee : The tender recommendation of a much loved, a dying spouse, (an evil under which thou wert his conso-

lation) but above all the sweetness and innocence of thy own mind, wrapt thee up in his bosom ; and but by thy breath, he lived.

His baleful destiny reserved him the spectacle of thy disease ; and who can express his affliction ? His weeping eyes are as the dropping clouds, his swelling breast as the thunder storm : Clouds, which break not away : A tempest without knowledge of a calm.

What is left him of life, is not life ; but a living death—cruel, lingering, insupportable.

O heaven ! with what looks shall I behold thee, my father ? glowing with health and beauty gavest thou me thy Lavinia. When I approach thee, and thine eyes demand—Where is my Lavinia ? (O ! most superlative misery) what can I shew thee, but sorrow, greater than thy sorrows : A heart rent by that loss which oppresseth thine own ; and a feeble infant which promiseth speedily to rejoin its mother ? Poor retaliation ! yet 'tis all—all I can give thee : God grant thee the comfort I cannot yield.

His mercy authorises us to presume, that as her terrestrial part returneth to its first elements ; her ethereal returns also to that heaven, whence alone it could derive.

For her who (hath no grief, but for our afflictions) we cannot grieve. Our grief is for ourselves : Sure never grief was better founded !

O my father, my friend, my benefactor ; may the Almighty soften the rigour of thy destiny ! as for me, wretchedness is my portion : Despair my comfort. The ruler of all things hath ordained it and it is well. I implore his compassion from the depth to which I am fallen ; and when it pleaseth him I shall be forever reunited to my Lavinia.

## THE MORALS OF CHESS.

[By Dr. Franklin.]

**T**HE game of Chess is not merely an idle amusement ; several very valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired and strengthened by it, so as to become habits ready on all occasions ; for life is a kind of Chess in which we have often points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which

there is a vast variety of good and ill events that are, in some degree, the effect of prudence, or of the want of it. By playing of Chess, then we may learn.

1st. Forefight, which looks a little into futurity, and considers the consequences that may attend an action ; for it is continually occurring to the player, 'If I move this piece, what will be the advantage or disadvantage

disadvantage of my new situation? what use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? what other motives can I make to support it and to defend myself from his attacks?

2d. Circumspection, which surveys the whole Chess board, or scene of action; the relation of the several pieces, and their situations; the dangers they are repeatedly exposed to; the several possibilities of their aiding each other; the probabilities that the adversary may make this or that move, and attack this or that piece; and what different means can be used to avoid his stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

3d. Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game; such as, if you touch a piece, you must move it somewhere; if you set it down, you must let it stand.

Therefore, it would be the better way to observe these rules, as the game becomes thereby more the image of human life, and particularly of war; in which if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemies leave to withdraw your troops, and place them more securely; but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

And lastly, we learn by Chess the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs; the habit of hoping for a favourable chance, and that of persevering in the search of resources. The game is so full of events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the fortune of it is so subject to vicissitudes, and one so frequently, after contemplation, discovers the means of extricating one self's from a supposed insurmountable difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the contest to the last, in hopes of victory from his skill; or at least, from negligence of our adversary. And whoever considers what in Chess he often sees instances of, that success is apt to produce presumption and its consequent inattention, by which more is afterwards lost than was gained by the preceding advantage, while misfortunes produce more care and attention by which the loss may be recovered, will learn not to be too much discouraged by any present successes of his adversary, nor to despair of final good fortune, upon every little check he receives in the pursuit of it.

That we may, therefore, be induced more frequently to chuse this beneficial amusement in preference to others, which are not attended with the same advantages, every circumstance that may increase the

pleasure of it should be regarded; and every action or word that is unfair, disrespectful, or that in any way may give uneasiness, should be avoided, as contrary to the immediate intention of both the parties, which is to pass the time agreeably:

1st. Therefore, if it is agreed to play according to the strict rules, then those rules are to be strictly observed by both parties; and should not be insisted upon for one side, while deviated from by the other, for this is not equitable.

2d. If it is agreed not to observe the rules exactly, but one party demands indulgences, he should then be as willing to allow them to the other.

3d. No false move should even be made to extricate yourself out of a difficulty or to gain an advantage; for there can be no pleasure in playing with a man once detected in such unfair practice.

4th. If your adversary is long in playing, you ought not to hurry him, or express any uneasiness at his delay; not even by looking at your watch, or taking up a book to read; you should not sing, nor whistle, nor make a tapping with your feet on the floor, or with your fingers on the table, nor do any thing to distract his attention; for all these things displease, and they do not prove your skill in playing, but your craftiness, and your rudeness.

5th. You ought not to endeavour to amuse and deceive your adversary, by pretending to have made bad moves; and saying you have now lost the game, in order to make him secure and careless, and inattentive to your schemes; for this is fraud and deceit, not skill in the game of Chess.

6th. You must not, when you have gained a victory, use any triumphing or insulting expressions, nor shew too much of the pleasure you feel; but endeavour to console your adversary, and make him less dissatisfied with himself by every kind and civil expression that may be used with truth; such as, 'You understand the game better than I, but you are a little inattentive, or you play too fast;' or, 'You had the best of the game, but something happened to divert your thoughts, and that turned it in my favour.'

7th. If you are a spectator, while others play, observe the most perfect silence; for, if you give advice, you offend both the parties; him against whom you give it; because it may cause him to lose the game; him in whose favour you give it, because, though it be good, and he follows it, he loses the pleasure he might have had, if you had permitted him to think till it had occurred to himself. Even after



a move or moves, you must not, by replacing the pieces, shew how they might have been placed better; for that pleases, and might occasion disputes, or doubts about their true situation.

All talking to the players lessens or diverts their attention, and is, therefore, displeasing; nor should you give the least hint to either party by any kind of noise or motion; if you do you are unworthy to be a spectator.

If you desire to exercise or shew your judgment, do it in playing your own game, when you have an opportunity, not in criticising or meddling with, or counselling the play of others.

Lastly, if the game is not to be played vigorously, according to the rules above

mentioned, then moderate your desire of victory over your adversary, and be pleased with one yourself.

Snatch not eagerly at every advantage offered by his unskilfulness or inattention; but point out to him kindly, that, by such a move, he places or leaves a piece *en prise*, unsupported; that, by another, he will put his king into a dangerous situation, &c.

By this generous civility (so opposite to the unfairness above forbidden) you may happen indeed to lose the game, but you will win, what is better, his esteem; his respect, and his affection; together with the silent approbation and the good will of the spectators.

#### MODE OF MANUFACTURING GLUE.

**G**LUE is made in Europe of the ears, feet, trimmings, sinews, and scrapings of the skins of oxen, calves, sheep, &c. old leather, and fresh or raw hides mixed, or manufactured together: And this mixture is said to yield one third of its weight in good strong glue. The best glue is from the hides of old animals. Whole skins are very seldom used, unless they be much injured by the worm, rotted, or otherwise rendered unfit to make leather: But the smallest pieces are saved for the purpose.

In making glue of pieces of fresh skins, let them be steeped in water, two or three days. Dried hides may require longer time; and bits of leather much longer. While soaking they should be stirred occasionally. Then put them to drain in hand-barrows, with grated bottoms, or in boxes with sloping sides and grated bottoms. When drained, let them be well washed in several waters. The ears and other dirty parts should be steeped and washed by themselves. After they are washed clean, put them into a weak lime water in iron hooped tubs. Leather will require to be kept in weak lime water a considerable time: And a little fresh lime water should be added occasionally. A-lumed skins, tallowed, greasy, bloody, or hairy skins, should be put into a stronger lime water, and kept longer in it: They sometimes require to be taken out, so as to permit the lime to dry on them, and to remain for a considerable time: After which they must be again soaked, and well stirred: Then press them out as dry as possible, and put them into a copper ket-

tle for boiling; at the bottom of which should be a wooden grate. The copper should then be filled with the materials, pressed close, and as much water poured on as will run in among the pieces. Make a moderate fire, which encrease by degrees, till it boils. As the materials melt into glue, some decrease the fire without stirring them; others stir them as they dissolve. When the glue, on cooling, forms a pretty thick jelly, it is done. The time of boiling is from twelve to fifteen hours, according to the fire. Violent heat is to be avoided.

After this a box is made with wooden gratings for the bottom: The inside of the bottom is lined with horse-hair cloth, and placed over a large tub, through which the glue is to be passed quickly, while it is very hot. The dregs are left to drain some time; and are called by the workmen glue dung, which makes an excellent fuel, mixed with wood. The room should be kept warm while the glue is settling. In the tub, there should be cocks at different heights, to draw off the hot liquid glue. The first glue will be brightest: But the last will be equally good. Through the cocks it must run into flat moulds, previously wet. When cool, cut it out with a wet knife, into squares, and hang it on a line to dry and harden, in a draught of air. Some place it to dry on a net, hung up on four posts, turning it occasionally. Ten days of dry weather, or fifteen of wet (under cover) are required in Europe: But less time will dry it in America. To polish the cakes, wet them, and rub them with new linen.

linen. The best glue has few dark spots, and no bad smell, and shines when broken. To try glue, they put it in cool water for three or four days, when it must not dissolve; but when dried, must preserve its weight.

*To make Parchment Glue.*

Put two or three pounds of scrapings or cuttings of parchment into a bucket of water: Boil the whole till it be reduced to half. Pass it through an open linen, and then let the liquor cool.

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OPINIONS OF STANISLAUS, KING OF POLAND.

**W**E ought to be more offended at excessive praises, than at invectives: Many would be more esteemed, with a less profuseness of their merit: It should be laid out by measure, and only when wanted.

There is a dignity, which however exalted of itself, gives no rank; that resulting from the character of a good man.

Shall we give over being virtuous to avoid the sneers and machinations of envy? Where would the world be, should the sun withhold its beams, that they might not dazzle weak eyes?

In most kinds of governments, man is made to conceive himself free, and really to be shackled.

Esteem is more pleasing than friendship, and even than affection; it captivates the heart effectually, and never makes the objects ungrateful.

Most parsimonious people are very good

natured, continually amassing wealth for those who wish them in the grave.

Some authors labour and polish their compositions to such a degree, that all they publish is mere filings.

There is in the world a tribunal more to be feared, than those of civil authority. This is invisible, has neither officers, forms, nor ensigns; it is likewise universal and every where alike, and every one has a right to vote in it. In this court, the slave sits in judgment on his master, and the subject passes sentence on his sovereign. It is composed of all good persons, and they alone respect it; as, on the other hand, it is only the most hardened profligates, who make light of its decrees.

Natural manners silence the laws; and it is they by which Empires are raised or overthrown.

The greatest pleasure that can be done to a vain man, is not so much to praise him, as quietly to hear him praise himself.

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On the SYMPATHY between the BREECHES POCKET and the ANIMAL SPIRITS.

**T**HE following important discovery is recommended to the literati in general, but more particularly to the college of physicians; as it may be of the greatest consequence to them in their future practice.

You must know then, that a wonderful connection and sympathy has lately been observed between the breeches pocket and the animal spirits; which continually rise or fall, as the contents of the former ebb and flow; inasmuch, that, from constant observation, I could venture to guess at a man's current cash, by the degree of vivacity he has discovered in his conversation. When this cutaneous reservoir is in flesh the spirits too are elate. When that is sunk or drained, how flat, dull and insipid, is every word or action! The very muscles and features of the face are in-

fluenced by this obscure fund of life and vigour.—The heart only proves the inert receptacle of the blood, and those grosser spirits, which serve for the animal function: But the pocket is fraught with those finer and more sublime spirits, which constitute the wit, and many other distinguishing characters.

I could tell, how a certain poet's finances stood by the very subject of his muse; gloomy elegies, biting satires, grave soliloquies, and dull translations, were certain indications of the *res angusta*; as Pindarick odes, and pointed epigrams, intimated a fresh recruit.—So a grave politician, who frequented a noted coffee-house, when these pocket qualms were on him, used to give the most melancholy and deplorable account of the state of the nation; the increase of taxes, abuse of the public

public revenue, the national debt, the decay of trade, and the excess of luxury, were the continual topicks of his discourse; but when the cold fit of this intermitting disorder left him, the scene was quite altered, and then he was eternally haranguing on the power, grandeur, or wealth of the British nation. In short, this barometer of state always rose or fell, not as the quick, but current silver contracted or expanded itself within its secret cell.

Under the influence of the same powerful charm, I have remarked a certain physician in the chamber of a wealthy patient, clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity and good humour; but, in the abode of poverty, what a clouded brow—hopeless vibration of the head—and languor of the nerves? Like the sensitive plant he shrunk from the cold hand of necessity.—Not that the doctor wanted humanity, but when a patient becomes *caput mortuum*, and the *anima sacculi* expires, what sympathizing heart must not be sensible of so dire a change.

It is impossible to record a tenth part of the wonderful effects this latent source of life and spirits has produced on the animal economy. What smiles of complacency, and cringing adulation to my lord Bloodrich, who no sooner turns his back, than contempt and derision overtakes him! What can this be owing to, but the secret influence of the divinity which threw a sort of awe and veneration about him? What but this magic power could have transformed Ned Traffick into a gentleman,

justice Allpaunch into a wit, or 'squire Jolter into a man of taste? What but this could have given poignancy to the most insipid jokes, and weight to the most superficial arguments of alderman Heavyside? What less than this divinity could make circumcision become uncircumcision; convert Gideonites to Christians, or Christians to Gideonites?

It is this, that with more than tutelary power protects its votaries from insults and oppressions; that silences the enraged accuser, and snatches the sword from the very hand of justice. Towns and cities, like Jericho, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it; it hath stopped the mouths of cannon, and more surprising still, of faction and slander.

It has thrown a sort of glory about the globose and opaque skulls of quorum justices; it has imparted a dread and reverence to the ensigns of authority:—And strange, and passing strange to say, it has made youth and beauty fly into the arms of old age and impotence; given charms to deformity and detestation; transformed Hymen into Mammon, and the god of love into a satyr.—It has built bridges without foundations, libraries without books, hospitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned conscience into a deist, honour into a pimp, courage into a modern officer, and honesty into a stockjobber. In short, there is nothing wonderful it has not effected, except making us wise, virtuous, and happy.

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## THE QUEST OF A WIFE.

### A TALE.

**I**N the internal regions of Africa, if all the narrations of travellers may be believed, lies a country, populous, extensive, and rich in the various gifts of nature. In this region, where no European foot, since the adventurous Gaudenzio de Lucca, ever has been able to penetrate, reside a people, though not in the highest state of civilization, yet possessed of minds capable of every improvement. Among these was born Zohan, the hero of our tale, of a family though not noble, yet respectable, and possessed of what in that country constituted very considerable opulence. Zohan had been educated at a distance from the capital among sages eminent for virtue and knowledge, whose instruction and ex-

ample had had their full force in forming his principles, dispositions and character. With a heart not insensible to the tender attachments and endearments of life, he was possessed of a sound and cultivated understanding, though as yet but little acquainted with the sentiments and maxims of the world.

By the unexpected death of his father, Zohan found himself when scarce entered upon manhood, in the possession of wealth that would enable him to live in comfort, and even in splendour. Unlike many of his countrymen, who in that remote region would boast of all the vices of more cultivated climates, our hero felt no inclination to plunge into dissipation and debauchery,

bauchery, but resolved at once to settle in domestic tranquillity, and for that end, wished to seek out a consort whose congenial manners might at once smooth and enliven his future years. In the retirement in which he had been brought up, female society was almost unknown; he found therefore, that such a companion as he wished for, must be sought elsewhere; and as he had heard report of the superior accomplishments of the ladies of Gumala, the capital of the country, he hastened to that city, not doubting but among the numerous virgins that resided within its walls, many eligible companions for him might be found.

Taught by the lessons of the sages to set little value on riches and external splendor, and concluding that the sentiments of others were similar, Zoban took care that his outset in life, even in the gay city of Gumala, should be marked with that simplicity in dress, equipage, and appearance, that became a wise man; no ostentation was displayed, no marks of affluence exhibited in his style of living. By the attention of those to whom he had been introduced, he found admission into several of the most brilliant and fashionable circles, and thought at first that fame had not deceived him in extolling the graces, the accomplishments and the beauty of the ladies of the capital.

Our hero soon perceived with satisfaction, that with all their charms the damsels of Gumala were not inaccessible and inexorable divinities, but affable and condescending to most of the youths that courted their notice. With the natural design of gaining their favour, and the additional motive of selecting from among them a companion for life, he attempted to mingle in their society, engage in their conversation, and partake of their attention. But here he failed; the plainness of his dress conveyed the idea of poverty, the simplicity of his manners and observations surprised and disgusted the ladies, accustomed to the elegance of a city education. Coldness and disdain were the only returns that Zoban met with.— ‘What creature is this,’ cried one of them, ‘come among us, with a complexion so black and ugly?’ for a country residence had increased its natural darkness. ‘I know not,’ said another, ‘but suppose he is some he-cub, whom his dam has sent from the plough, to be licked into shape in the capital.’ ‘The fellow,’ said a young miss, ‘might at least have tried to dress like a gentleman, before he ventured to come near us.’ ‘It could have been to no purpose,’ rejoined an old maid, ‘dress how he would, his

manners will always mark him for a clown.’ Agreeable to these notions, Zoban found himself treated; if he ventured to pay a compliment to a lady, she eyed him from head to foot, turned aside to her companions, and burst into laughter. If he offered his hand to conduct one to her seat, she drew it back, as if she had been in danger of touching a serpent. If he requested the honour of dancing with another, with a contemptuous glance she told him she was engaged.

Disgusted at this treatment, Zoban was about to leave the capital forever, determined to look elsewhere for a suitable consort; but while he meditated his retreat, one of the followers of the fashionable circles, to whom his connections and situation were known, accidentally mentioned one day the extent of his fortune, and gave a hint of the business on which he was visiting the capital. The intelligence spread with great rapidity, and the respectability of Zoban increased in proportion. The young ladies remarked with wonder, how much the dinginess of his complexion had been softened by a short residence in Gumala; and in his manners and address how surprisingly he was improved; the plainness of his dress intimated the dignity of his mind, and the simplicity of his remarks was a proof either of wisdom or of wit. Parents who had marriageable daughters solicited his acquaintance, and married ladies who had younger sisters expressed the happiness they would receive from his visits.

Zoban most readily attributed all this change to the approbation bestowed on his character and conduct, the coldness of his first reception he ascribed to prudence, unwilling to repose too much confidence in a stranger; and present cordiality he received as the sincerest testimony of his merit. Thus pleased with himself, and charmed with the females of Gumala, he began seriously to look around among his numerous acquaintance, to find one with whom he might hope to form a happy and comfortable union.

The first that occurred to him, as a fit object of his choice, was Dumuha, a female not deficient in grace and accomplishments, but chiefly distinguished for the nobility of her birth; her great-grandfather having, it is said, been head-cook to the first Emperor of Gumala. In conversation with her, Zoban one day was speaking with warmth of the distinguished virtues and active benevolence of one of the sages among whom he had been educated. ‘Of what family is he?’ said Damuha coldly. ‘His father,’ replied Zoban, ‘was a poor and honest farmer,

and the son rose to reputation by his own merit alone.' 'I thought so,' cried she, scornfully, 'he must be some low creature, as I never heard of him before; I find he is one whom nobody knows.' 'By no means, Madam:' interrupted Zoban, 'he is well known to many people in the neighbourhood where he resides, and is universally reckoned a blessing to the place.' 'He may be known,' said Damuha, 'to some, but it is only to vulgar folks, among whom, for my part, I desire neither acquaintance nor connection.' 'Even the noblest, Madam, might be proud of the acquaintance of men of merit.' 'Indeed, Sir, you are much mistaken; we may sometimes condescend to take notice of them, when their fortune is convenient for us, but as they can never suppose themselves our equals, the richest among them must always keep at a humble distance from those of high life, and even count it an honour, if one of us should deign to make use of that opulence which vulgar souls want taste to enjoy.' If so, thought Zoban, I should be finely matched with such a partner, who would do me the honour to ruin my estate, and all the while regard me as an inferior being. He quickly took leave of Damuha and resolved never to seek a wife among high-born damsels.

The next that attracted his particular attention was Lemouri. Her beauty, as beauty in that country was deemed, surpassed most of her companions, and had the advantage of being set off with a dress always disposed in the most just and elegant taste; her liveliness and gaiety were conspicuous wherever she entered. Zoban was struck with these splendid qualifications, and willingly joined the croud of her admirers. On the evening of a great festival he attended her to an entertainment, where the company as usual made a point of vying with each other in the elegance of their appearance and the splendour of their dresses. Lemouri was distinguished by all. The symmetry of her form and beauty of her features were no less admired than the peculiar grace with which the plume of feathers that adorned her head was disposed. With secret delight she heard expressions of admiration breathed around, and the satisfaction she felt inspired her with unwearied hilarity. She smiled, she talked, she flirted, with such lively good humour and enchanting grace, that Zoban was enraptured and fancied he had now met with the paragon of her sex. In the midst of her gaiety, a stranger lady entered the room, with graces and charms equal to Lemouri, and with a head dress still more eminent for

elegance and splendour. The applauses of the company were transferred to the new comer, and the good humour of Lemouri instantaneously disappeared. Fretful and peevish she complained, with no small petulance, of the warmth of the place, the vulgarity of most of those who were present, and the insufferable tediousness of all such amusements. Zoban was astonished at the change, but thought it became him to divert this temporary effusion of melancholy by some amusing conversation.— He began some good natured remarks on the company, whom, with characteristic simplicity, he praised without reserve; and among others, commended, with some ardour, the appearance of the rival stranger. Lemouri only replied by some poignant reflections on the folly and want of taste of the young men of that age, and the vanity of country boobies attempting to mix in the circles of fashion. At that instant, an accomplished young Gumulan came up, and seating himself by her side, began a conversation, in which ingenuity itself could scarce trace the shadow of a meaning, intermixing many satirical remarks on the aspect of those around them, and giving hints that the formidable rival was, in his opinion, awkward in her person, fantastic in her dress, and homely in her countenance. Lemouri recovered her gaiety, and smiled upon her new companion; but Zoban, who once more attempted to address her, was repulsed with a frown, in which indignation seemed blended with contemptuous disgust.— Though our hero could not divine the cause, he felt the effect of this conduct, and from that hour was convinced it would be prudent in him to chuse for his companion a less capricious fair.

Zoban was soon consoled for the uneasiness this disappointment had given him, by the captivating conversation and mild graces of Yado, who though not possessed of all the charms, seemed free from the caprices of Lemouri, and did not entertain such ideas of her beauty as to be sensibly hurt at the applause of a rival. Zoban frequently made one in the select parties of pleasure, in which Yado bore a part, and found always new occasion to admire the disposition and manners of his new companion. There prevailed at that time among the ladies of Gumala a diversion not unlike the children's play of cattle-building, in which the whole amusement consisted in the various arrangement of certain blue, green, and yellow sticks; and the victory was assigned to the person who was able to do it in the most expert and expeditious mode. In this diversion it happened that Yado took a share, and

Zoban

Zoban placed himself by her side as an unconcerned spectator. He had not sat long, when he was surprised to find the countenances of all engaged assume a cast of the deepest thoughtfulness, and Yado, regardless of the pleasures of conversation, attentive only to the position of the sticks on the table. By and by her face began to put on a still more serious aspect, till at length she exhibited a picture of horror, and started up uttered a multitude of execrations on the fabricator of sticks, that had proved so unmanageable in her hands. In a few moments he saw her sit down once more to the same diversion, and observed her artfully contriving so to substitute one piece for another, that she came off as victorious, though inferior in skill and conduct. Zoban was confounded at these new traits in his mistress's character, but thought a damsel attached to an amusement which could excite first to anger, fury, then to deceit and dishonesty, was very different indeed from the female he would wish to select for a wife.

Disappointed in each of these objects of his choice, our hero next began to think of paying his addresses to Endiva, in hopes of finding in her a disposition free from the failings that had disgusted him in his former acquaintance. Among the other instructions which Zoban had in his education received, was a steady and uniform abhorrence of vice, in whatever form it might appear; a similarity of thought he expected in all he conversed with, and used, without much reserve, to give vent to these feelings when opportunities presented; it was true that he found the company frequently shocked at the bluntness of his expressions, but he attributed this not to any want of dislike to what was bad, but to a tenderness, that was backward in speaking scandal of their neighbours. To this disposition he referred the conduct of Endiva, when he found her often disposed to palliate and excuse the dissipation and debauchery of the youths of the age; though he was at the same time unable to account for the malignant ingenuity with which she discovered and exposed the bad actions of some whose general conduct was blameless. About this time an intrigue of a very criminal nature, attended with circumstances of falsehood and deceit on the part of the seducer, made some noise in Gumala. Zoban heard the circumstances with horror, and spoke of it to Endiva in the strongest style of condemnation. To his surprise he found she did not express much dissatisfaction, and said only, the fellow had been no doubt imprudent and indiscreet. 'But is not his conduct, Madam, so wick-

ed as to merit universal detestation?'—'Don't be so violent on the subject,' said Endiva, 'Gentlemen in fashionable life must have avocations.'—'I should scarce have thought,' answered Zoban, 'that the virtuous part of the sex would have called by so gentle a name, a conduct so flagitious; I certainly expected, that they at least would have united in banishing from their society those men whose debauchery and profligate lives shew the estimation in which they hold female virtue.'—'Such men, my good Sir, are men of spirit and men of honour, and a few irregularities in the conduct of such, may be easily overlooked or forgiven.'—'But can those who pass a great part of their hours in the company of the dissolute and abandoned, ever be fit to appear in the presence of the modest and virtuous?'—'No doubt of it, and much fitter too than those cold and formal souls, in whose company insipidity and languor prevail, and whose regularity of conduct betrays a want of spirit more contemptible in the eyes of the ladies, than excesses that proclaim a soul superior to the vulgar.' Zoban broke off the conversation, and rejoiced at his good fortune, in discovering in time the sentiments of Endiva, as he was convinced that the approbation of vice could never be a very eligible quality in a companion for life.

The attention of Zoban was soon after solicited by the character and conduct of Radzig, and both his own observation and the voice of report satisfied him that he could not be charged with pride or caprice, the love of gambling, or a predilection for dissipation; in spite of the solicitations of her companions, her time was passed in a state of domestic tranquillity, unknowing and almost unknown. To her he found means to get himself introduced, and to recommend himself to her notice, began a conversation that he thought was suited to her disposition. As she seemed to have as little relish as himself for fashionable gaieties, he made no mention of those, but exulted with the rapture that he felt on the beauties of Nature, and the wisdom of its Author, as well as on the various works of ingenuity which the inhabitants of that region had from time to time produced. Radzig heard with listless attention, and made no reply. When Zoban ventured to ask her sentiments on any subject, the only answer he received was, 'I know nothing of these matters.' Still he attempted to interest her attention, by renewing the theme of the most pleasing colours he could find; but in the midst of the conversation, he was interrupted by his mistress breaking out;

out, 'I never saw the like of it.'—'Like what Madam?' said Zoban. 'Like that fly upon the wall,' said she; 'I have been flapping at it with a feather for half an hour, and it will not fly away.' Zoban was confounded at this employment which Radzig had amused herself with during his exertions to entertain her; and never thought more of paying his addresses to one who knew so little how to value or employ her time and talents.

Zoban was by this time tired of a pursuit that seemed to him almost hopeless; and bidding adieu to Gumala, returned to his native place to console himself for his disappointments in the conversation of the sages. To one of them he unbosomed himself, and recounted his adventures.—The old man, well acquainted with the world, smiled when Zoban mentioned his resorting to the capital in quest of a wife; and wishing to direct his inexperienced views, began a conversation on the subject. 'I should scarce have thought,' said he, 'of expecting to find in Gumala, the centre of dissipation and folly, a proper person for one of your disposition; not but such may be found there, but they are but rarely to be met with. But among what classes in the capital did you make your enquiries?' 'In the fashionable circles.' 'I no longer wonder at your disappointments; they were no other than any one, acquainted with the world, could have foreseen. Pray, amidst all the eagerness of your search, did you ever think of turning your attention to any females known and distinguished for their piety?' 'Never.' 'Strange! do not you conceive, that such a disposition, must prove an infallible security against the faults and failings which so unjustly offended you

in the several objects on whom you had fixed your choice?' 'I know not.'—'Would not a principle that enjoins humility and universal benevolence, root out all the haughty sentiments with which pride of birth had inspired Damuha?'—'It certainly would.'—'Could a disposition, elevated in its views above present and external objects, and intent upon what was truly and permanently useful, liable to feel the trifling caprice and silly vanity of Lemouri?' 'I believe it could not.' 'Could one whose time was filled up with important duties, and whose mind was much employed in the contemplation of the noblest objects in the universe, either find leisure or inclination for frivolous amusements? or if she did, could these have power to harass and discompose her temper?' 'Indeed I think not.' 'Must not a principle that most strongly inculcates universal purity by the most powerful motives, completely eradicate every disposition to palliate vice, because it is fashionable?' 'Without doubt it must.' 'Is it likely that a mind, having the justest notions of the value of time should allow that time to pass in vacant indolence, or that one taught habitually to turn its researches upon the Creator and his works, should with listless inattention hear such subjects enlarged upon?'—'It scarcely could.' 'Remember, then, you have now found a principle that may be of some use to you in your future pursuits of the kind you have been engaged in.'

Zoban was satisfied, and altering the channel of his pursuits by the direction of the sage, soon found his wishes completely crowned with success.

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE FORMICA LEO.

**T**HE formica-leo, or lion pismire, is a very small insect, not much bigger than a large emmet, which, however, notwithstanding its name, bears no resemblance to the pismire class, either in its figure or disposition. On the contrary, as the laborious ant ranges about every where with the greatest industry to find its food in the summer time, and lay it up in storehouses for the winter; the animal we are speaking of keeps itself ever confined to a single spot, waiting with the most amazing degree of patience and perseverance for the supply of the present moment, as chance shall throw it in its way;

nay, even when that chance has so far favoured him as to bring some devoted victim towards his cell, he, instead of advancing forwards to lay hold on it, constantly retires from it, as if he seemed to make it a point that the destruction of it should be entirely its own act, or unavoidable misfortune.

The body of the lion-pismire is of an annular texture, by which means the tail is rendered extremely pliable and apt for the use which we shall hereafter describe. It has six legs, placed, as those of most insects are, in the thorax. Its head is small and flat, and from the forepart of it two  
pretty

pretty long horns shoot out, and between them a pair of serrated or saw-like forcipes, wherewith it destroys and tears to pieces those creatures which are unfortunate enough to fall within its reach. The horns are about the sixth part of an inch in length, and bend like hooks in the extremity. Towards their insertion appear two small eyes very black and lively, and which are extremely serviceable to the creature, for he starts from the smallest objects he discovers. Other animals are furnished with wings, or feet at least, to render them expeditious in the pursuit of their prey. But this creature seems to make use of his legs for little more purpose than to bear him backwards from his prey, which as we have before observed, must come to him. He is, however, provided with means of causing it to fall into the ambuscade he prepares for it. This is the only resource he has for subsistence, the only piece of skill that he is master of. That power, however, which has provided for every one whatever may be needful, has rendered this one knowledge sufficient for all his purposes whilst in his terrestrial state; for this creature undergoes many metamorphoses. His method of obtaining food is as follows.

The place which he always chuses as fittest for the scene of action, is a bed of dry sand, at the foot of a wall, or under some shelter where no rain can come at it, either to disconcert his work, or prevent the effect of his operations; which could by no means answer their intended purpose, were they to be attempted either in a solid soil, or in a moist sand, neither of which would be tractable to his tools, or become serviceable to the completion of his design.

He begins to work then, by bending the hinder part of his body which tapers into a point, and then plunging it like a ploughshare into the sand, which he throws up in his rear with a backward motion of his body; and thus by repeating his efforts, and taking several rounds, he at last traces out a circular furrow, whose diameter always equals the depth which he intends to sink it. Near the edge of the first furrow he opens a second, and then a third, and so on to a great number, every one of which is smaller than the preceding one; sinking himself from time to time deeper and deeper in the sand, which he throws wide with his horns, still casting it up behind him with his tail as with a spade, and by the repeated strokes of his head whirling it out of the circle till he has completely formed his cell, which is a cavity in the form of an inverted cone, or the inside of a funnel.

This cell is larger or smaller in proportion to the growth, and consequently to the size of the animal; but in a full grown one, is sometimes upwards of two inches in diameter and as much in depth.

When this loose and unstable fabric is thus finished, he forms his ambuscade in the centre of it, concealing himself in such a manner under the sand, that his horns form an exact circle round the central termination, or apex of the cone. In this situation he remains entirely motionless, watching for his prey, which is composed of small insects of many kinds, more especially the female ant; who being unprovided with wings, like the generality of insects, is less able to escape when once she falls into the snare. Other animals, however, are far from being safe from the dexterity of this skilful hunter. Fatal is the moment in which any one is so indiscreet as to venture near the edge of this precipice, which descending in a steep slope, and that formed of light loose sand immediately gives way, and hurries it down instantly to the centre. But lest its own weight should not be sufficient to prevent its recovering a first false step, no sooner does our ambuscader perceive by the fall of some grains of sand that a prize is near, than by shrinking back he removes the lower sand, and, undermining the more extreme parts, obliges the bank to bank to break and roll down, bringing down with it, and at the same time overwhelming, whatsoever happens to be near its verge.

It sometimes, however, happens, that the insect thus entrapped, being endowed with peculiar agility, or provided with wings, is able to rise above this first envelopment. In this case the lion pismire defeats its efforts by whirling a large quantity of sand into the air, by means of his tail, above the height of the rising animal. This falling again, in what to so tender a creature as a goat, fly, or emmet, is equal to a dreadful shower of stones, the unfortunate insect, beat down, overwhelmed by the tempest that pours down from every quarter, and hurried away by the instability of the sand which rolls from under his feet, falls between the serrated forcipes of his enemy, who plunging them into his body, drags it under the sand, and there triumphantly feasts on his thus devoured victim.

This great end being brought about, and our voracious animal thus sated with an ample meal, sucked from the juices of his prey, his next care is to remove the carcase, lest the appearance of a dead body should alarm others, and give notice of the fatal and treacherous nature of this  
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seemingly inoffensive cavern. He therefore extends his horns, and with a sudden spring tosses the light exuvium of the slain to at least half a foot beyond the borders of his trench. And in case his habitation should in the course of one of these exploits be any way disconcerted or filled up, if the aperture becomes too large for the

depth, or the declivity loses its proper slope, he instantly sets himself to work and repairs the whole, rounding, deepening, and clearing the cavity with a most amazing expertness; which done, he again conceals himself in the sand, and waits in an apparent state of inactivity for whatever shall fall next into his snare.

## ACCOUNT OF EXTRAORDINARY SPRINGS IN ICELAND.

[From *Horrebow's Natural History of that Island.*]

ACCORDING to him, the island is in length 720 English miles, from east to west, and in breadth, from south to north, in general about 300 miles; and Bested from his observations, lies in 64 degrees 4 minutes north latitude, and in 25 degrees west longitude from the meridian of London. Among many other extraordinary phenomena, with which this island abounds, he gives us the following description of a hot spring in the district of Husefveg.

This extraordinary spring is to be met with in the north shire and parish of Husefveg, near a farm called Reykum, about 50 or 60 miles from the mountain Kraffe, which has been before spoken of. At this place are three springs which lie about 30 fathom from each other. The water boils up in them by turns in the following manner. When the spring or well at one end has thrown up its water, then the middle one begins, which subsiding, that at the other end rises, and after it the first begins again, and so on in the same order by a continual succession, each boiling up three times in about a quarter of an hour. They are all in a flat open place, but the ground hard and rocky. In two of them the water rises between the cracks, and boils up about two feet only above the ground. The third has a large round aperture, by which it empties itself into a place like a basin, as if formed by art, in a hard stone rock, and as big as a brewing copper. On discharging itself here, it will rise, at the third boiling, ten or twelve feet high above the brim, and afterwards sink four feet or more in the basin or reservoir. At this interval it may be approached near enough, to see how deep it sinks; but those who have this curiosity, must take care to get away before it boils up again. As soon as it has sunk to the deepest ebb, it immediately rises again, and that in three boilings. At the first, it rises half way up to the edge

or brim; in the third, as before observed, 10 or 12 feet high. Then it sinks at once four feet below the brim of the reservoir, and when sunk here, rises at the other end, and from thence proceeds to the middle one, and so on by a constant, regular rotation.

Having now given a description of these springs, and the surprizing manner of their rising, I shall add a short account of some extraordinary effects of the water. If the water out of the largest well is poured into bottles it will still continue to boil up twice or thrice, and at the same time with the water in the well. Thus long will the effervescence continue after the water is taken out of the well, but this being over it soon quite subsides and grows cold. If the bottles are corked up the moment they are filled, so soon as the water rises in the well they burst in pieces: This experiment has been proved on many score bottles, to try the effects of the water. Whatever is cast into the well when the water subsides, it attracts with it down to the bottom, even wood, which on another like fluid would float: But when the water flows again, it throws every thing up, which may be found at the side of the basin. This has been often tried with stones as large and as heavy as the stoutest fellows have hardly been able to tumble in. These stones made a violent noise on being plunged to the bottom; but when the water rose again they were ejaculated with force beyond the edge of the well. A vast many stones lie about, that have been used in such experiments.

The water by continual flowing over, has formed a little brook, which, it seems, grows cool by degrees, and at last falls into a little river. It is a pleasant water to drink, when cold, and hardly tastes of any mineral. On the neighbouring plain there is generally a fine growth of grass, but within three or four yards of this well, or spring, the place being generally wet, by  
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the splashing of the water, all the mould is washed away, and nothing but the naked stone rock appears. There is a farm at a small distance, and close by it this water runs from the well. It is here but just warm. The cattle water in it, and the cows yield a much greater quantity of milk than others that do not water at that place. This is a thing universally known, and is a very extraordinary effect of the water. Such are the strange and remarkable properties of these wells or springs, of which there are several others much of the same kind, but the alternate boiling up of the water is entirely peculiar to these three. Where any of these hot springs are, they continually exhale a vapour or steam, which is greater or less, according as the water is agitated, or the air lighter or heavier. This steam is sometimes seen at a very great distance.

The use the inhabitants make of these springs.

They that live near these hot baths, of which in this island there are many, whose water is continually boiling hot, employ the same for several uses. They sometimes take a pot, or any vessel filled with cold water, put the meat or whatever they have to boil in it, and the vessel at a certain depth in the well. It presently boils, and, in this manner they dress their boiled victuals without being at any expence for fuel.

I have met with travellers, who having their tea-kettle with them, filled it with water, and boiled it instantly in one of these baths; and I have seen people sit the whole day bending of hoops for barrels at the edge of these boiling hot baths, by the heat of which they bent some of an extraordinary thickness. Every two hours or less, they are obliged to set aside their work, and to take fresh air to prevent any ill effects from the sulphureous and other bad smells of the steam which expands itself to a considerable distance. The stench has been so strong at some of them, that I was not able to bear it. The ground about these hot wells is generally of various colours, and contains some sulphur, alum, and salt-petre.

Besides the benefit the inhabitants have of boiling their victuals and water at these places, they make use of them to wash or bathe in. The water that continually overflows and runs at some distance is of proper heat for bathing. Sometimes they contrive to bring cold water to the basons: For, as before observed, they are actually basons at the mouth of some of the springs as if they were hewn out and fashioned by a stone-cutter. By this means they as-

suage the heat of the water, and make it fit for bathing. I have seen one of these basons most remarkably capacious, smooth within, and well shaped for the purpose. It was in a solid rock without any cracks, the bottom very smooth, and at any time could be covered with a tilt-cloth. It had, besides this advantage, an aqueduct to it from hot and cold, some so hot that one could not bear a finger in them, others as cold as ice, and both conveyed to or from the bason at pleasure, by which means the water in the bason could be brought to any desired degree of warmth. At the bottom of this reservoir, so formed by nature, was a hole made, thro' which the water could easily be carried off into a little adjoining rivulet. A fresh supply of clean water was always at hand, to fill it again on stopping up the hole. The people that live here, bathe frequently in it, and chiefly on this account are a very healthy people, and generally live to a good old age.

The common people are full of a superstitious notion that some strange birds are continually hovering and harbouring about these hot wells.

They relate this, as matter of fact, and believe it, though on hearsay only, from their fathers and great grandfathers; but upon enquiry not one is to be met with, that ever saw any of these strange birds.

Besides, it is highly improbable, that birds should harbour about or swim on water, so hot that a piece of beef may be boiled in it. Very likely birds may resort to the water that overflows and runs in a continual stream, cooling by degrees, and at last emptying itself into some river: But it cannot be said, that birds particularly harbour about any of these places. In the rivers, which the different streams of these hot wells flow into, is found the same kind of fish, as in most other rivers, such as salmon, trout, and a variety of other fish, which is a convincing proof, that the waters have no strong mineral quality in them, it being known, by experience, that fish will not live in water that is any way tinctured with sulphur, or any other mineral quality.

The waters, in general, are very good in this island; but this is not owing to any mineral quality in them, having found myself, by repeated experiments, that they retain but very little of any mineral, except in a few parts, where they seem impregnated with small portions of a chalybeate, or vitriolic substance. In most places they are quite pure, without the least foreign tincture, any way discoverable by common experiments, or by the taste. It is therefore evident, that the earth all over the

the island does not abound with sulphur, falt-petre, and other salts; the waters in the district, as I have before related, where

the ground is full of sulphur, have a strong sulphureous taste and smell.

A remarkable INSTANCE of the FALL of a vast MASS of SNOW from the ALPS, and wonderful ESCAPE of a FAMILY who were buried under it.

[From the *Philosophical Transactions.*]

IN the neighbourhood of Demonte, as one descends through the upper valley of Stura, on the left hand, about a mile and an half distant from the road leading to the castle of Demonte, towards the middle of the mountain, there were some houses in a place called by the inhabitants Bergemolletto, which on the 19th of March, 1755, in the morning, (there being then a great deal of snow) were entirely overwhelmed and ruined by two vast bodies of snow that tumbled down from the upper mountain. All the inhabitants were then in their houses, except one Joseph Rochia, a man of about 50, who with his son, a lad of 15, were on the roof of his house, endeavouring to clear away the snow, which had fallen, without any intermission, for three preceding days. A priest going by to mass, advised him to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling not far distant from the said Rochia's house, but which being not large had done no harm. The man imagining this small mass would be followed by larger ones, got down from the roof with great precipitation, and fled with his son he knew not whither; but scarce had he got 30 or 40 steps, before his son, who followed him, fell down; on which looking back, he saw his own house and those of his neighbours covered with an high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and then, reflecting that his wife, his sister, two of his children, and all his effects were buried under this vast heap of snow, he fainted away; but soon after recovering, got safe to a friend's house.

Twenty-two persons were buried under this vast mass of snow, which was sixty English feet in height, insomuch that many men, who were ordered to give them all possible assistance, despaired of being able to do them the least service.

After five days, Joseph Rochia having recovered of his fright, and being able to work, got upon the snow (with his son, and two brothers of his wife) to try if they could find the exact place under which his house and stable were buried;

but tho' many openings were made in the snow, they could not find the desired place. However the month of April proving very hot, the snow beginning to soften, and indeed a great deal of it melted, this unfortunate man was again encouraged to use his best endeavour to recover the effects he had in the house, and to bury the remains of his family. He therefore made new openings in the snow, and threw earth into them, which helps to melt the snow and ice. On the 24th of April, the snow was greatly diminished, and he conceived better hopes of finding out his house, by breaking the ice (which was six English feet thick) with iron bars, and observing the snow to be softer underneath the ice, he thrust down a long pole, and thought it touched the ground; but the evening coming on, he proceeded no farther.

His wife's brother, who lived at Demonte, dreamed the same night, that his sister was still alive, and begged him to help her. Affected by this dream, he rose early in the morning, and went to Bergemolletto, where he told his dream to Joseph and his neighbours; and after resting himself a little, went with them to work upon the snow, where they made another opening, which led them to the house they searched for; but finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was about 240 English feet distant, and having found it, they heard a cry of 'Help, my dear brother' Being greatly surprized as well as encouraged by these words, they laboured with all diligence till they had made a large opening, thro' which the brother, who had the dream, immediately went down, where the sister, with an agonizing and feeble voice told him, 'I have always trusted in God and you, that you would not forsake me.' The other brother and the husband then went down, and found still alive the wife about 45, the sister about 35, and a daughter about 13 years old. These women they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as it were, from the grave, and carried them to a neighbour-  
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ing house; they were unable to walk, and so waited that they appeared like mere shadows. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel made with rye flour and a little butter was given to recover them. Some days after the intendant came to see them, and found the wife still unable to rise from her bed, or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasiness of the posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed in hot wine, could walk with some difficulty; and the daughter needed no farther remedies, for she was quite recovered.

On the intendant's interrogating the women, they told him, that their appetite was not yet returned; that the little food they eat (excepting broths and gruels) lay heavy on their stomachs, and that the moderate use of wine had done them great good: They also gave him the account that follows.

In the morning of the 19th of March we were in the stable, with a boy of six years old and a girl about 14; in the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the evening before, we went to carry her a small vessel full of rye flour gruel; there were also an ass and five or six fowls. We were sheltering ourselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church bell should ring, intending to attend the service.

The wife relates, that wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house for her husband, who was then clearing away the snow from the top thereof, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, on which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes they heard the roof break over their heads, and also part of the ceiling of the stable. The sister advised her to get into the rack and manger, which she did very carefully. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and tho' it did not break the manger, it threw down the little vessel, which the sister took up, and used afterwards to hold the melted snow which served them for drink.

Very fortunately the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and thereby resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to eat: The sister said she had in her pocket 15 white chestnuts; the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day: They remembered there were 30 or 40 loaves in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able, by reason of the vast quantity of snow. On this they called out for help as loudly as they possibly could, but were

heard by nobody. The sister came again to the manger, after she had tried in vain to come at the loaves, gave two chestnuts to the wife, and eat two herself, and they drank some snow water. All this while the ass was very restless, and continued kicking, and the goats bleated very much, but soon after they heard no more of them. Two of the goats however were left alive, and were near the manger; they felt them very carefully, and knew by so doing that one of them was big, and would kid about the middle of April; the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives.

The women affirmed, that during all the time they were thus buried, they saw not one ray of light, nevertheless, for about 20 days, they had some notion of night and day; for when the fowls crowed, they imagined it was break of day; but at last the fowls died.

The second day, being very hungry, they eat all the remaining chestnuts, and drank what milk the milch goat yielded, which for the first days was near two pounds a day, but the quantity decreased gradually.

The third day, being very hungry, they again endeavoured to get to the place where the loaves were, near the stable, but they could not penetrate to it through the snow. They then resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats, as very fortunately, over the ceiling of the stable, and just above the manger, there was an hay-loft, with a hole through which the hay was put down into the rack. This opening was near the sister, who pulled down the hay and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, which when she could no longer do, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves.

On the sixth day the boy sickened, complaining of the most violent pains in the stomach, and his illness continued six days, on the last of which he desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding it likewise very cold, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried, 'O my father in the snow! Oh! father! father!' and then expired.

The mother told the sister the boy was dead, and then laid him in the manger near where the sister was. In the mean while the quantity of milk given by the goat diminished daily, and the fowls being dead they could no more distinguish night and day; but according to their calculation the time was near when the other goat should kid, which, as they computed,

would happen about the middle of April : At length they found the goat was kidding by its cries ; they killed the kid to save the milk for their own subsistence ; and now they knew it was the middle of April. Whenever they called this goat it would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day two pounds of milk.

They say, during all this time, hunger gave them but little uneasiness, except on the first five or six days ; but their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of the melted snow water, which fell on them, from the stench of the dead ass, dead goats, fowls, from lice, &c. but more than all from the very uneasy posture they were

obliged to continue in ; for though the place in which they were buried was 12 English feet long, 8 wide, and 5 high, the manger in which they sat, squatting against the wall, was no more than 3 feet 4 inches broad.

For 36 days they had no evacuation by stool after the first days ; the melted snow water (which after some time they drank without doing them harm) was discharged by urine. The mother said she had never slept, but the sister and daughter declared they slept as usual.

The above account was attested by the said women before the Intendant, on the 16th of May, 1755.

## A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF THE EMPIRE OF MOROCCO.

[From the Modern Universal History.]

**U**NDER heaven there is not a more despotic and more tyrannical government than Morocco, since the shariffs first subdued that empire. Religion, laws, ancient customs, and inbred prejudices, all conspire to render the monarch arbitrary, and the subjects abject. His authority extends not only over their lives and property, but their consciences too, of which, as the representative of Mahomed, he is the spiritual guide. From their infancy the people are tutored in a notion, that perishing in the execution of the imperial orders entitles them to a place in paradise ; but the honour of dying by the hand of their prince to a superior degree of happiness. After this need we wonder at the instances of cruelty, oppression and tyranny in the one or of servility, submission, and misery, in the other !

The Emperor assumes the titles of, *Most glorious, mighty, and noble emperor of Africa, king of Fez and Morocco, Taphilet, Suz, Dobra, and all the Algarbe, with its territories in Africa, grand sharif or xarif, i. e. vicegerent of the great prophet Mahomed, &c. &c.* He is the framer, judge, interpreter, and, when he pleases, sole executioner of his own laws ; heir to the estates and effects of all his subjects, assigning such a pittance to the relations of the deceased as he thinks proper ; yet does he allow a shadow of power in spirituals, to the musti, and liberty to the meanest subject of suing him in courts of law ; a mere phantom of freedom, which, when claimed, involves inevitably in ruin and destruction the rash plaintiff.

Morocco and Fez compose one empire, situated on the western borders of Barbary, bounded on that side by the the ocean, on the east by the river Maluya, which parts it from Algiers ; on the north by the Mediterranean, and on the south by the great Atlas, or rather the river Suz, that divides Morocco from the province of Darhas. Some indeed extend its boundaries southward to the river Niger, which would give it an extent of twelve hundred miles from north to south ; whereas the best geographers diminish to little more than half these dimensions. As it lies from twenty seven to thirty six parallel north latitude, the climate is necessarily warm, but healthy, and pleasantly moderated by the cooling sea breezes, from the Atlantic, which fan it on the west, and diversified by a variety of mountains, plains, springs, and rivers. The soil is so excellent, that, if cultivated with tolerable skill and industry, it would yield the products of most other parts of the globe ; but this is not to be hoped for in a country groaning under the galling yoke of oppression.

All Barbary and Morocco, in particular, has ever been famed for its breed of horses, inferior in size, but excelling all other in elegance of symmetry, fleetness, and peculiar docility. Nor have the inhabitants been less celebrated in all ages, for their dexterity in breaking, training, and performing extraordinary feats of horsemanship. Even in these times they are allowed to be inimitable in this art ; particularly the wild Arabs, who live in the mountains, and make this their chief employment.

ployment. The dromedary and camel, animals peculiarly adapted to the nature of the climate and soil, are no less abundant and excellent in Morocco. Almost incredible stories are related of the journeys these creatures will perform, without sustenance of any kind, for several days.

The inhabitants of this country are a mixture: 1st, of Berbers, or ancient natives, who live in the utmost poverty in the mountains, for the sake of preserving their liberty. 2d, Arabs, a roving and wandering people, whose wealth consists in their cattle, horses and grain. 3d, Moors, the descendants of those driven out of Spain. 4th, Negroes, or the woolly-headed blacks, made prisoners in war, or driven by intestine commotions from the western coast. 5th, Jews, the most fraudulent people under the sun, who, however, have engrossed the chief trade, and are, in fact, the brokers, coiners, and bankers of the realm; and, sixthly, the renegadoes, or those apostates from christianity, who rise to the highest preferments of the state, by that peculiar rancour and animosity they express against the subjects of European kingdoms, their own immediate countrymen in particular, and all Christians in general. To these

we may add the class of slaves, treated with a severity and rigour here, unknown even in the piratical States of Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli. All are the property of the Emperor, employed without ceasing in the hardest and meanest occupations, fed with a pound cake of coarse barley-meal, soaked in oil, which they often cram with one hand greedily down their throats, while the other is busied in some grievous drudgery, to avoid the discipline of the knotted whip. Their lodging at night is a subterraneous dungeon, five fathoms deep, into which they descend by a rope-ladder, afterwards drawn up, and the mouth of the prison fastened with an iron grate. They are dressed in a kind of uniform, consisting of a long coarse woollen coat, with a hood, serving for cap, shirt, coat, and breeches. To crown their misery, these ill-fated persons are harnessed in carts, with mules and asses, and more unmercifully lashed than their brute companions, for every the least fault or intermission from labour, though owing, perhaps, to fatigue and languor, from the severity of business, hunger, and thirst. But the cruelties exercised over these unfortunate wretches exceed all power of belief or description.

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#### BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

**E**VERY one, who is acquainted with Westminster school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A Youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above mentioned curtain: The severity of the master was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend, who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides, one of them followed the Parliament, the other the Royal Party.

As their tempers were different, the youth, who had torn the curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military: The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a Judge under the Protector. The other

was engaged in the unhappy enterprize of Penruddock and Groves in the West. Every one knows that the Royal Party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain-champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot, at that time, to go the Western circuit: the trial of the Rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the Judge, hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him, if he was not formerly a Westminster scholar? By the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and, without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where employing all his power and interest with the Protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

The gentleman, whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church,

church, and who deservedly filled one of the highest stations in it.

THE famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expences thither, had recourse to the following stratagem:— This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, *Poison for Monsieur*, upon a second, *Poison for the Dauphin*, and on a third, *Poison for the King*. Having made this provision for the Royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired: The host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the King's expence with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder, upon examination, being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent Drole would have been sent to the galleys.

A GREAT Dignitary of the Church in France, upon reading these words in the fifth chapter of Genesis, 'And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth, were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty nine years, and he died;' immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

CICERO, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of learning which he designed him for, sent him to Athens, the most celebrated academy at that time in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations, could not but furnish the young gentleman with a multitude of great examples, and accidents that might insensibly have instructed him in his designed studies: He placed him under the care of Cratippus, who was one of the greatest philosophers of the age; and, as if all the books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him: Notwithstanding all this, history informs us, that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that nature, (who it seems

was even with the son for her prodigality to the father), rendered him incapable of improving by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens.

THE celebrated Clavius was entered into a college of Jesuits, and, after having been tried at several parts of learning, was upon the point of being dismissed as an hopeless blockhead, until one of the fathers took it into his head to make an essay of his parts in geometry, which it seems hit his genius so luckily, that he afterwards became one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. It is commonly thought that the sagacity of these fathers, in discovering the talent of a young student, has not a little contributed to the figure which their order has made in the world.

THEMISTOCLES, the great Athenian General, being asked whether he would chuse to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate? replied, That he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man.

POMPEY, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher Possidonius; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him: But you may, answered Possidonius; and immediately entered into the point of stoical philosophy, which says, pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, 'Pain, pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil.'

AS Mr. Wesley was one day riding in the north of England, he met a Quaker Preacher, who coming up to him, accosted him after the following manner: 'How does thee do, friend John? I respect thee, but I do not like thy gown, thy robes.' 'Friend,' replied he, 'the preaching comes not out of the gown.' 'But I do not like thy singing,' rejoined the Quaker. 'Friend,' said Wesley, 'I sing *before* and *after* sermon, but thou singest *all* the time.'

WHEN Racine persuaded the celebrated Arnauld to read his *Phædra*, 'Why, said that severe critic to his friend, 'have you falsified the manners of Hippolitus, and represented him in love?' 'Alas!' replied the poet, 'without that circumstance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my piece?'

## P O E T R Y.

## A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

An Elegy. Written a hundred and fifty Years ago, and now first published from a Manuscript found among the Papers of a late noble Lord.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,  
Where mid-day sun had seldom  
shone,

Or noise the solemn scene invaded,  
Save some afflicted Muse's moan,  
A swain t'wards full ag'd manhood wend-  
ing

Sate sorrowing at the close of day,  
At whose fond side a boy attending,  
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,  
But on the smiling prattler hung,  
Till what his throbbing heart suggested,  
These accents trembled from his tongue.

My youth's first hope, my manhood's  
treasure,  
My prattling innocent attend,  
Nor fear rebuke, nor sour displeasure,  
A father's loveliest name is friend.

Some truths, from long experience flow-  
ing,  
Worth more than royal grants receive,  
For truths are wealth of heav'n's bestow-  
ing,  
Which kings have seldom power to give.

Since from an ancient race descended  
You boast an unattained blood,  
Be yours by their fair fame attended,  
And claim by birth right to be good.

In love for ev'ry fellow creature,  
Superior rise above the crowd,  
What most ennobles human nature  
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

Be thine the generous heart that borrows  
From others joys a friendly glow,  
And for each hapless neighbour's sor-  
rows  
Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

This is the temper most endearing;  
Tho' wide proud pomp her banners  
spreads,  
An heav'nlier pow'r good nature bearing,  
Each heart in willing thralldom leads.

Taste not from fame's uncertain foun-  
tain

The peace destroying streams that flow,  
Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain  
Look down upon the world below.

The princely pine on hills exalted,  
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,  
By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,  
Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie;

Whilst the mild rose more safely grow-  
ing  
Low in his un aspiring vale,  
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,  
Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

With not for beauty's darling feature's  
Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r,  
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures  
Shine but the pageants of an hour.

I saw the pride of all the meadow,  
At noon, a gay narcissus blow  
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow  
Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,  
The waters as they pass'd, complain'd,  
At eve its glories all were blasted,  
And not one former tint remain'd.

Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory  
Lead you from wisdom's path astray,  
What genius lives renown'd in story,  
To happiness who found the way?

In yonder mead behold that vapour,  
Whose vivid beams illusive play,  
Far off it seems a friendly taper,  
To guide the traveller on his way:

But should some hapless wretch pursuing,  
Tread where the treach'rous meteors  
glow,  
He'd find, too late, his rashness rueing,  
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

In life such bubbles nought admiring,  
Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,  
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,  
To peace-in-virtue's cot repair.

There seek the never wasted treasure,  
Which mutual love and friendship give,  
Domestick comfort, spotless pleasure,  
And bless'd and blessing you will live.



If heaven with children crowns your dwelling,  
As mine its bounty does with you,  
In fondness fatherly excelling,  
'Th' example you have felt pursue.

He paus'd—for tenderly caressing  
The darling of his wounded heart,  
Looks had means only of expressing  
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading,  
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,  
And dank dews from her tresses shedding  
With genial moisture bath'd the ground.

When back to city follies flying,  
'Midst custom slaves he liv'd resign'd,  
His face, array'd in smiles denying  
The true complexion of the mind :

For seriously around surveying  
Each character, in youth and age,  
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,  
That play'd upon this human stage.

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)  
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,  
And felt each secret wish inclining  
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,  
Obediently he bow'd his soul,  
For, what all bounteous heav'n created,  
He thought heav'n only should controul.

#### ESTIMATE OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

*In Imitation of a French Epigram.*

ONE night I dream'd, and dreams  
may oft prove true,  
That to this foolish world I bad adieu :  
With solemn rites, and decent grief de-  
plor'd,  
My friends to mother-earth restor'd her  
gift,  
But O ! eternal insult to my shade,  
Close by a vile Plebian corse was laid !  
Enrag'd, confin'd, I try'd to shift my  
ground,  
But all attempts were unsuccessful found.  
Be gone, gross lump, I cry'd, in high dis-  
dain,  
No slave of abject birth shall here remain !  
Be distant far—to nobler names give way,  
And mix with vulgar dust thy sordid clay !

Thou fool ! thou wretch ! a hollow voice  
reply'd,  
Now learn the impotence of wealth and  
pride ;  
Hereditary names and honours here,  
With all their farce, and tinsel disappear.  
In these dark realms, death's reptile he-  
ralds trace,  
From one sole origin all human race :  
On all the line one equal lot attends,  
From dust it rises, and to dust descends.  
Here pale ambition quitting pomp and  
form,  
Admits her last—best counsellor a worm.  
Here nature's charter stands confirm'd  
alone,  
The grave is less precarious than the  
throne.  
Then seek not here pre-eminence and  
state,  
But own and blest th' impartial will of  
fate ;  
With life its errors and its whims resign,  
Nor think a beggar's title worse than  
thine.

#### TRANSLATION of an EPISTLE from the KING of PRUSSIA to VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now,  
In private life's calm station plac'd,  
Let heav'n for nature's wants allow,  
With cold indiff'rence would I view  
Departing fortune's winged haste,  
And at the goddess's laugh like you.  
Th' insipid farce of tedious state,  
Imperial duty's real weight,  
The faithless courtier's supple bow,  
The fickle multitude's cares,  
And flatterer's wordy emptiness,  
By long experience well I know ;  
And, tho' a prince and poet born,  
Vain blandishments of glory scorn.  
For when the ruthless sheers of fate  
Have cut my life's precarious thread,  
And rank me with the unconscious dead,  
What will't avail that I was great,  
Or that th' uncertain tongue of fame  
In mem'ry's temple chaunts my name ?  
One blissful moment whilst we live  
Weighs more than ages of renown ;  
What then do potentates receive  
Of good, peculiarly their own ?  
Sweet ease and unaffected joy,  
Domestic peace, and sportive pleasure,  
The regal throne and palace fly,  
And, born for liberty prefer  
Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,  
To, what we monarchs buy so dear,  
The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.  
My pain or bliss shall never depend

On fickle fortune's casual flight,  
 For, whether she's my foe or friend,  
 In calm repose I'll pass the night;  
 And ne'er by watchful homage own  
 I court her smiles, or fear her frown.  
 But from our stations we derive  
 Unerring precepts how to live,  
 And certain deeds each rank calls forth,  
 By which is measur'd human worth.  
 Voltaire, within his private cell,  
 In realms where ancient honesty,  
 Is patrimonial property,  
 And sacred freedom loves to dwell,  
 May give up all his peaceful mind,  
 Guided by Plato's deathless page,  
 In silent solitude resign'd  
 To the mild virtues of a sage;  
 But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage  
 Fierce war with wreck denouncing wing,  
 Must be, to face the tempest's rage,  
 In thought, in life, and death a king.

A MORNING SOLILOQUY

ON DEAFNESS.

**N**ATURE, thy genial voice I hear,  
 Which wakes the morn and me,  
 And seems to strike upon my ear,  
 Tho' deaf to all but thee;  
 To me the hours in silence roll away,  
 No music greets the dawn, or mourns the  
 close of day.

To me the sky lark pois'd aloft  
 In silence seems to play;  
 And hail no more in warbling soft  
 The rising dawn of day;  
 For me in vain they swell their liquid  
 throats,  
 Contemplative I muse, nor heed their jo-  
 cund notes.

To me the shepherd pipes in vain,  
 In vain the milk-maid sings;  
 Lost are the bleatings of the plain,  
 The gurgling of the springs;  
 No more I hear the nightingale complain,  
 When to the moon she chaunts her sad  
 love-laboured strain.

And when with me Lucinda strays  
 Along the breezy grove,  
 In transport on her charms I gaze,  
 And think she talks of love:  
 Ah cease, dear maid, to talk of love in  
 vain:  
 Thy smiles alone to me the voice of love  
 explain.

Pygmalion thus, when he survey'd  
 The work his hand had form'd,  
 Enamour'd, wish'd to see the maid  
 With mutual passion warm'd;  
 And as he woo'd, his ear he oft inclin'd,  
 Whilst yet no voice of love reliev'd his  
 anxious mind.

Whence these complaints? methinks e'en  
 now  
 The voice of reason cries,  
 Dispel the gloom that clouds thy brow,  
 Suppress thy heaving sighs:  
 What fate decrees 'tis folly to bewail,  
 Weigh then the good and ill in wisdom's  
 equal scale.

No more in friendship's thin disguise  
 Shall flattery sooth thy ear;  
 Experienc'd kindness makes thee wise  
 To know the friend sincere?  
 No more shalt thou attend to faction's  
 cries,  
 The taunts of jealous pride, or envy's  
 blasting lies.

No more shall now thy mind be tost  
 By ev'ry breath of praise;  
 No more thy reason shall be lost  
 In controversy's maze:  
 Thou safe thro' life's sequester'd vale shalt  
 go  
 And learn from nature's works, her wise  
 decrees to know.

The MISER and the BLACK-BIRD.

A TALE.

**T**WICE ev'ry year old Gripus went  
 To see his farm, and take his rent:  
 Full fifty miles from home it lay,  
 Which still he travell'd in a day.  
 A meagre paltry steed he prefs'd,  
 And in a thread-bare coat was dress'd.  
 At noon, beside some hedge he tarry'd  
 To dine;—his food he with him carry'd:  
 Mean time, hard by, his hungry steed  
 Cropp'd the green herbage of the mead.

Cheap journies thus he often made:  
 But, ah! what caution can evade  
 Ills unforeseen? A storm, one day,  
 By chance o'ertakes him on the way:  
 The clouds discharge their liquid stores,  
 And o'er his head loud thunder roars:  
 With terror seiz'd, and wet to skin,  
 He hastens to a neighb'ring inn:  
 There while he waits, the sun its light  
 Withdrew, and fast came on the night.

In vain the rigour of his fate  
He curs'd ; to go 'twas now too late :  
By the fire-side he took his seat ;  
For nothing call'd to drink or eat.

It chanc'd the landlord knew his guest,  
And, archly sneering, thus address'd :  
' Sir, you are wet—may I be bold—  
I greatly fear you'll get a cold :  
'Tis needful to take something warm ;  
A dram would surely do no harm.'—  
' Drams,' cry'd the Miser, ' are my hate ;  
They breed disease and hasten fate.'  
' What shall I get you then to eat ?  
My larder's alway's stor'd with meat :  
Chuse you a beef or mutton steak ?'—  
' Flesh suppers, Sir, I seldom make :  
At present *indispos'd*, I think  
I'm not inclin'd to eat or drink ;  
But, if a *Black-bird* you could get,  
Perhaps a morsel I might eat :  
*Let suppers little be, and light :*  
This maxim I held always right.'

His rising wrath the host suppress'd, }  
A scheme revolving in his breast,  
To punish his penurious guest :  
Hard by, a *Cobler's* stall he sought :  
His *tame* and fav'rite *Black-bird* bought :  
In idle words no time he lost ;  
Five shillings was the sum it cost.  
Almighty gold ! what can restrain  
Thy boundless pow'r ? The bird was slain,  
(O cruel deed ! ) and dress'd in haste,  
Before the hungry miser plac'd.  
He supp'd, retiring went to rest,  
And golden dreams his mind possess'd.

The morn, with blushes overspread,  
Now o'er the world its lustre shed :  
He rose, impatient of delay,  
Demanded what he had to pay :  
When on the bill he fix'd his eyes,  
How great his wonder and surprize !  
He rav'd with fury unrestrain'd,  
And of the injury complain'd.

' Your rage,' the host reply'd, ' forbear ;  
The mystery unfolded hear !  
My house, with various plenty stor'd,  
The Bird you chose could not afford :  
That a *sick* guest should be debarr'd  
From what he lik'd, I thought 'twas hard.  
A neighb'ring friend I therefore try'd,  
And his *tame* Thrush my want supply'd :  
A crown it cost—'twas dear, 'tis true ;  
But that's a trifle, Sir, to you.'

The *Cobler*, summon'd, strait, appear'd ;  
And now the Miser's doubts were clear'd :

The bill reluctantly he paid,  
And, mingling imprecations, said,  
' Henceforth to inns I bid adieu,  
And all their vile imposing crew :  
Should thunder, lightning, hail, or rain,  
O'ertake me on the road again,  
Beneath some friendly hedge I'll lie,  
And their severest rage defy ;  
Or in a barn, on straw, my bed,  
With wand'ring *Gypsies* lay my head.

ODE to the TIBER, on entering the CAM-  
PANIA of ROME at OTRICOLI.

HAIL sacred stream, whose waters roll  
Immortal thro' the classic page !  
To thee the muse-devoted soul,  
Tho' destin'd to a later age  
And less indulgent clime, to thee,  
Nor thou disdain, in runic lays  
Weak mimic of true harmony,  
His grateful homage pays.  
Far other strains thine elder ear  
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,  
When he who strung the Latian lyre,  
And he who led th' Aonian quire  
From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers  
crown'd,  
Taught echo from thy banks with trans-  
port to resound.  
Thy banks ?—alas, is this the boasted  
scene,  
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,  
Where sick'ning nature wears a fainter  
green,  
And desolation spreads her torpid reign ?  
Is this the scene where freedom breath'd,  
Her copious horn, where plenty wreath'd,  
And health at op'ning day  
Bade all her roseate breezes fly  
To wake the fons of industry,  
And make their fields more gay ?

Where is the villa's rural pride,  
The swelling dome's imperial gleam,  
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,  
And tremble in thy golden stream ?  
Where are the bold, the busy throngs,  
That rush'd impatient to the war,  
Or run'd to peace triumphal songs,  
And hail'd the passing car ?  
Along the solitary \* road,  
Th' eternal fount by confuls trod,  
We muse, and mark the sad decays  
Of mighty works, and mighty days !  
For these vile wastes, we cry, had fate de-  
creed,

That

\* The Flaminian way.

That Veii's sons should strive, for these  
 Camillus bleed ?  
 Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,  
 The musing shepherd from Soracte's  
 height  
 See towns extend where'er thy waters  
 glide,  
 And temples rise, and peopled farms  
 unite ?  
 They did. For this deserted plain  
 The hero strove, nor strove in vain ;  
 And here the shepherd saw  
 Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,  
 While Rome majestic rear'd her head,  
 And gave the nations law.

Yes, thou and Latium once were great,  
 And still, ye first of human things,  
 Beyond the grasp of time or fate,  
 Her fame and thine triumphant springs.  
 What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,  
 And strow the desert earth beneath,  
 Tho' ivy round each nodding wall  
 Entwine its fatal wreath,  
 Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast  
 The num'rous glories thou hast lost ?  
 Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,  
 Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,  
 Produce from old records of genuine fame  
 Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy  
 name ?  
 Ev'n now the muse, the conscious muse is  
 here ;  
 From every ruin's formidable shade  
 Eternal music breathes on fancy's ear,  
 And wakes to more than form th'  
 illustrious dead.  
 Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos rise,  
 The great, the virtuous and the wise,  
 In solemn state advance !  
 They fix the philosophic eye,  
 Or trail the robe, or lift on high  
 The light'ning of the lance.

But chief that humbler, happier train  
 Who knew those virtues to reward,  
 Beyond the reach of chance or pain  
 Secure, th' historian and the bard.  
 By them the hero's gen'rous rage  
 Still warm in youth immortal lives ;  
 And in their adamantinè page  
 Thy glory still survives.  
 Thro' deep Savannahs wild and vast,  
 Unheard, unknown thro' ages past,  
 Beneath the sun's directer beams  
 What copious torrents pour their streams !  
 No fame have they, no fond pretence to  
 mourn,  
 No annals swell their pride, or grace their  
 storied urn.  
 Whilst thou, with Rome's exalted genius  
 join'd,  
 Her spear yet lifted, and her corset  
 brac'd,

Can't tell the waves, can't tell the passing  
 wind  
 Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the  
 list'ning waste.  
 Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling north  
 Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,  
 Yet still thy laurels bloom ;  
 One deathless glory still remains,  
 Thy stream has roll'd thro' Latian plains,  
 Has wash'd the walls of Rome.

---

H O R A C E. Book II. Ode X.

He recommends a Steadiness of Mind in  
 either Fortune, preferring a middle State  
 of Life.

*Rectius vivet, Licini, neq; altum.*

**B**E rul'd dear friend and learn from me  
 Not far to dare life's faithless sea ;  
 Nor yet, when threat'ning billows roar,  
 To creep too near the dang'rous shore.

Who wisely court the golden mean,  
 And each extreme alike disdain,  
 Live free from filth of tatter'd cells,  
 And courts, where envy'd greatness dwells.

The stately pine-trees treach'rous height  
 Does but more frequent storms invite :  
 The downfall's great of structures high,  
 And thunders loftiest hills annoy.

A well pois'd mind, in either state,  
 Or hopes, or fears, a turn of fate :  
 The self same power rough winter brings,  
 And thaws its ice with milder springs.

If things at present badly go,  
 Yet fear not 'twill be always so ;  
 Sometimes the lyre Apollo plies,  
 And then his bow neglected lies.

If fickle fortune proves unkind,  
 Take heart, and shew a fearless mind ;  
 If she sends too indulgent gales,  
 Beware and reef your bloated sails.

---

H O R A C E, Book II. Ode 16.

A quiet mind is not to be had but by re-  
 straining our desires. *Otium divos rogat, &c.*

**F**OR ease the sailor heav'n implôres,  
 Whene'er the angry ocean roars,  
 H 2 When

When no kind star, no moon appears  
To cheer his heart, or lull his fears.

For ease steel'd soldiers face their dooms,  
And fierce thro' fields of slaughter roam;  
Ease, Friend, which can't be bought or  
fold,  
For costliest robes, or gems, or gold.

'Tis not in pow'r or wealth, we find,  
To calm the tumults of the mind;  
And swarming cares, that ever wait  
Beneath the gilded roofs of state.

Happy the swain, who, far from noise,  
His small paternal means enjoys:  
No fears his soft repose molest,  
No sordid lust disturbs his breast.

What folly 'tis our views t'extend  
Since life's so short, so soon will end!  
Why would we distant regions find?  
Fools! Can we leave ourselves behind?

Care will the swiftest troops out-see,  
And climb the stoutest ships at sea;  
They'll still be dogging us behind,  
Nimble as roes, and fleet as wind.

So you enjoy the present day,  
Drive fears of future ills away,  
And wisely temper sour with sweet,  
There is no good on earth complete.

Swift death Achilles snatch'd away;  
Old Tython felt a slow decay:  
And who can tell but time to me  
May lend the hours deny'd to thee!

Your flocks and herds around you graze,  
While in your coach you loil at ease,  
In splendid robes of purple drest,  
Purple the richest and the best.

A competence fate gives to me,  
A little knack of poetry,  
And pride enough to be above  
The vulgar odium, or their love.

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### THE PLAN. A S O N G.

[From the London Magazine.]

**N**O lass on fam'd Hibernia's plains,  
Where beauty all triumphant reigns  
Dear Jenny can outvie:  
Her artless charms, no Muse can tell,  
Nor can the rising sun excel,  
The radiance of her eye.

Unnumber'd graces round her move,  
At once inspiring awe and love,  
How heav'nly is her smile:  
With what a sweet bewitching mien,  
'Not to be told or safely seen,  
She can the hours beguile.

Good nature, cheerfulness and ease,  
Improve the fair one's power to please,  
Which no vain pride destroys:  
While meaner beauties, gain by arts,  
Of vulgar growth, the coxcombs hearts,  
She scorns the worthless toys.

Be bold my Muse, and tell the fair,  
No tinsel charms can e'er ensnare,  
A heart that's worth the pains:  
A short liv'd flame, indeed, may raise,  
Which rapid as it grows decays,  
And scarce a day remains.

But wou'd you fix the real love,  
Of swains of worth and sense approve,  
Pursue my Jenny's plan:  
No other way you can succeed,  
For tho' you may the monkey lead,  
You'll ne'er secure the man.

---

### S O N G.

**A**S Daphnis reclin'd by her side he  
lik'd best,  
With a sigh her soft hand to his bosom he  
prest,

As his passion he breath'd in the grove:  
'As the bird to his nest still returns for re-  
pose,

As back to its fountain the constant stream  
flows,

So true and unchang'd is my love.

If e'er this heart roves, and revolts from  
its chains,

May Ceres in rage quit the vallies and  
plains,

May Pan his protection deny;  
In vain wou'd young Phillis or Laura be  
kind,

On the lips of another no rapture I find,  
With thee as I've liv'd so I'll die.

More still had he said, but the queen of  
the May,

Young Lucy the wanton, by chance pass'd  
that way,

And beckon'd the swain to the shade;  
With sorrow, young lovers, I tell the sad  
tale,

The nymph was alluring, the shepherd  
was frail,

And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,  
 In the shape of Alexia young Cupid drew nigh,  
 Of shepherds the envy and pride;  
 Ah! blame not the maid if, o'ercome by his truth  
 She yielded her hand and her heart to the youth,  
 And next morning beheld her his bride!

Learn rather from Silvia's example, ye fair,  
 That a pleasing revenge shou'd take place of despair,  
 Leave sorrow and care to the wind;  
 If faithful the swain, to his passion be true,  
 If false, seek redress from a lover that's new,  
 And pay each inconstant in kind.

P A S T O R A L .

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove  
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,  
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,  
 Since Susan no longer is here!

My flocks, if at random they stray,  
 What wonder, since she's from the plain!  
 Her hand they were us'd to obey,  
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swain.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd  
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,  
 To the bower we had built in the shade,  
 And the river that runs by the mill!

Then sweet, by my side as she lay,  
 And heard the fond stories I told,  
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,  
 And the bleatings of lambs from the fold!

How oft wou'd I spy out a charm  
 That before had been hid from my view,  
 And as arm was enfolded in arm  
 My lips to her lips how they grew!

How oft the sweet contest wou'd last  
 Till the hour of retirement and rest,  
 What pleasures and pains each had past,  
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best!

No changes of place or of time  
 I felt while my fair one was near,  
 Alike was each weather and clime,  
 Each season that chequers the year.

In winter's rude lap did we freeze,  
 Did we melt on the bosom of May,

Each morn brought contentment and ease,  
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes cou'd ask,  
 She had all the kind gods can impart,  
 She was nature's most beautiful stalk,  
 The despair and the envy of art.

There all that was worthy to prize  
 In all that is lovely was dress'd,  
 For the graces were thrond in her eyes,  
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast!

T H E T U R T L E ' S .

A T A L E .

SAY, why, companion, thus confin'd,  
 And to your fortune so resign'd?

Venus, to whom I did belong,  
 Gave me to Damon for a song,  
 Where, artless, in his humble lays  
 Adonis he attempts to praise.

In sport by Chloe, t'other day,  
 From Damon I was stole away;

The shepherd begs, and prays, and faints  
 Wou'd have her give me back again;  
 But Chloe I to him prefer,  
 And wish, to lead my life with her;  
 For here I sport, and feed at will,  
 And think, I dwell with Venus still.

On her fair hand I sit, and eat;  
 'Tis she herself prepares my meat;  
 When I wou'd drink I mount, and sip  
 Pure nectar from her fragrant lip;  
 Then overjoy'd, I spread my wings,  
 Soon as she talks, or plays, and sings,  
 But when she sleeps I take my rest  
 Upon her warm and downy breast.

Wou'd you not give, for her care,  
 The savage freedom you possess;  
 The musty grains which chance must  
 yield

On mountain tops, or in the field;  
 Amidst alarms of guns and kites,  
 Expos'd to cold and stormy nights?

Adieu, companion, I'll away;  
 It may not here be safe to stay:  
 I own, you are a happy dove,  
 While you your gilded cage can love;  
 Yet give me still my musty grains  
 On barren hills and fallow plains,  
 With danger, cold, and storms of wind;  
 But let my flight be unconfin'd

## C H R O N I C L E.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

*Vienna, Oct. 15.*

**B**ARON Burier, Envoy of the Duke of Wirtemberg, is preparing a house for the reception of Prince Potemkin, who is expected here to meet the Emperor on his return the latter end of this month.

According to accounts from Bucharest, the Grand Vizier strongly insists with Prince Reppin, that excepting the cession of the territory between the Bog and the Dniester, all the remainder of the pacification should be regulated on the basis of the peace of Kiarnadgi.

But the Russians, on the contrary, insist on the following points:—

1. That the fortrefs of Choczim shall be demolished.

2. That Bender and Akierman shall be left in their present state, and that the Porte shall add no new fortresses.

3. That as soon as the Porte shall once have appointed a subject for the principality of Moldavia, she shall not depose him at her own will and pleasure; but that, when accused, he shall be judged by the Divan, in the presence of a Russian consul.

4. That the Porte shall enlarge, in a gratuitous manner, all Russian prisoners.

5. That Russia shall not be obliged to furnish the Turkish subjects with salt from the salt works at Kenburn, unless it be for ready money.

6. That the Porte shall acknowledge Russia to have a right of protection over Georgia, Mingralia, Imeretre, and also of all the free nations of Mount Caucasus who voluntarily submitted to the sceptre of Russia.

7. That Russian ships mounting 36 guns, shall be permitted freely to pass through the canal of Constantinople.

8. That Russia shall have the liberty of entertaining consuls in the Turkish ports, though none had been there before the breaking out of the war.

9. That the Russian merchantmen shall be allowed to deposit their goods in a private store house, even in the Ottoman metropolis.

10. That the Russian productions shall pay, in the Ottoman dominions, five per cent. only of the duty of consumption, and two per cent. of transits, which are to be paid once for all.

The Grand Vizier perceiving these pro-

posals were wrote in an imperious style, is said to have exclaimed, that they resembled the ten commandments of *Moses*, also that he should oppose them with ten other on the part of *Mahomed*.

This is sufficient to make us believe, that the negociations are likely to be protracted.

## BRITISH NEWS.

*London, Oct. 21.*

**T**HE King of Sweden has complimented the magistrates of Stockholm, by yielding several branches of jurisdiction to them. They are, however, of the sort, by which trouble more than power is conveyed.

At Tano, in Italy, a town in the Ecclesiastical territory, a very serious insurrection took place on the 8th instant. The nobility, exempted from paying taxes, have there the monopoly of corn. The people, to the number of from twentyfive to thirty thousand, opposed this monopoly, and, elated with a review of their own strength, demanded an equality of rights and conditions.

The Governor, unable to oppose them, was obliged to transmit their petition to Rome, and the Papal Court granted equality of rights with respect to taxes.

The people evacuated the citadel which they had seized upon, on the faith of this concession, and a promise of a general amnesty, but observing that troops were assembling from all parts, and unable to attack the citadel again, they took possession of the ramparts, and particularly of a half moon, on which they found cannon. On being menaced by the troops they fired upon the town, and it became necessary to save it from destruction, to suspend the attack. Such was the state of things when this account came away.

There can be little doubt that the mutineers will be reduced. But men claiming rights, and arming to support them, is an example that alarms the whole papal dominions.

Some grenadiers at Vienna were lately ordered to be whipped for ridiculing the Treaty of Peace with the Porte. On their being brought out to punishment, the rest of the troops refused to assist; the commanding officer was obliged to carry them back

back to their quarters, and inform the Court of what had happened; whose determination on the subject is not yet known.

No people at present are getting more money than the West Indian Merchants; they are determined to fill their pockets before the Abolition of the Slave Trade; for they are now selling sugars at double the prices they were before the American war, and rum, at full 2s. per gallon more than at that time.

It is now just twenty eight years since Hyder Ally, at the head of the Mysore army, dethroned his lawful Sovereign; and under the specious title of Regent, assumed the absolute government of his country. Soon after which he extended his dominions on every side, the Carnatic excepted. The fine province of Bedanore, and the Nabobships of Cuddapah, Canoui, &c. besides some Mahratta provinces towards the river Khistoa, the country of the Nairs, and other smaller states, were added to his conquest, until at length his territories were in extent larger than Great Britain, and produced a gross revenue of 4,000,000.

Tippoo Saib, son to the above usurper, from being a potentate, whose arms were dreaded, and whose alliance was courted only but a year and a half ago, by all the native powers of Indostan, is now reduced to most extreme neglect.—Deserted in his need.—(We cannot pursue the Poet's idea further.) No power pities his present difficulties, or offers him assistance. He is almost completely ruined, and must, there can be little doubt, purchase upon ignominious terms that peace for himself, which avarice, and inhumanity, deprived others of.

#### AMERICAN OCCURRENCES.

*New York, Dec. 12.*

**L**AST Saturday died, at his apartments in King Street, Major THOMAS MONCRIEFFE, in the service of his Britannic Majesty. His remains were yesterday interred in the family vault at Trinity Church, attended by a number of his relations and friends. His death was occasioned by the rupture of an artery in the lungs. He was bred at Trinity College, Dublin, where at an early age he distinguished himself by the brilliancy of his genius, and a rapid progress through the Classics and the Belles Lettres. His *entree* on public life was in 1749, when he landed in Nova-Scotia, where General Cornwallis, observing his admirable requisites for a military life, soon adopted and pro-

moted him. In the war with France; from 1755 to 1763, he had the honour to be distinguished by the attachment and confidence of the Generals Prideaux, Amherst, Monckton and Gage, who severally appointed him their Aid de Camp. In the whole course of his services, he approved himself a discerning, experienced and an intrepid officer, possessing universal esteem whenever he was employed. In civil life he always secured the sincere regard of an elegant circle of friends in Europe, and on this Continent, where the loss of him will be long and unfeignedly lamented, for the urbanity of his nature, the genuine zeal of his honest heart, and his unremitting exertions to delight and accommodate his friends.

#### DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

*Halifax, Jan. 14.*

**T**HE Quebec Gazette, of Nov. 24, contains a Proclamation issued by Lieut. Governor Clarke, for dividing that territory into two Provinces, to be distinguished by the names of Upper Canada, which division was to take place on the 26th of December last.—The respective boundaries of each, are described in the following manner, viz.

To commence at a Stone Boundary on the North Bank of the Lake St. Francois, at the Cove West of Pointe au Bœuf, in the Limit between the Township of Lancaster and the Seigneurie of New Longueuil, running along the said Limit in the Direction of North thirty-four Degrees West to the westernmost Angle of the said Seigneurie of New Longueuil, thence along the North western Boundary of the Seigneurie of Vaudreuil, running North twenty-five Degrees, East, until it strikes the Ottawa River, to ascend the said River into the Lake of Tomiscanning, and from the Head of the said Lake by a Line drawn due North until it strikes the Boundary Line of Hudson's Bay, including all the Territory to the Westward and Southward of the said Line to the utmost extent of the country commonly called or known by the name of Canada.

We have it from good authority, that the following gentlemen are the Members who are to compose the Executive and Legislative Councils for the Province of Lower Canada.

#### EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The Honourable William Smith, Paul Roc de St. Ours, Hugh Finlay, François Baby, Thomas Dunn, Joseph de Longueuil, Adam Mahane, Pierre Panet, Adam Lymburner, Esquires.



## LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The Honourable William Smith, J. G. Chaussegros de Lery, Hugh Finlay, Picotte de Beletre, Thomas Dunn, Paul Roc de St. Ours, Edward Harrison, Francois Babby, John Collins, Joseph de Longueuil, Adam Mabane, Charles de Lanaudiere, George Pownall, R. Amable de Boucherville, John Fraser, Esquires.

Jan. 19.

On Sunday last sailed, with a favourable wind, the Sierra Leone Fleet, consisting of fifteen sail, under the charge of Lieut. John Clarkson, of the Royal Navy, having on board 1,200 free Blacks, that have chosen to emigrate from this country to Africa, in the hope of its being more congenial to their habits and constitutions, under the protection of the Company lately incorporated by Charter in Great Britain, for the establishment of a free Colony there.

We cannot help remarking, on this occasion, the favourable circumstances that have concurred to enable the Government here to carry into effect, so expeditiously, the orders from home respecting this business, which did not arrive until the 7th of October last. Since then one thousand of those people have been apprized of the benevolent intentions of Government, to set them down free of expence, at Sierra Leone; they have been collected and brought, coastways, from New Brunswick and the out ports of this Province, for embarkation, without meeting any accident, or extraordinary delay. The arrangements made for transporting them in a comfortable manner, and the constant attention paid to their situation and circumstances, from their arrival until their departure, reflects the highest honour upon the President and Council, and the Gentlemen who have acted as Agents in this benevolent undertaking.

We had the curiosity to go through the fleet, the day previous to their sailing, with the Agent of Government, who we learned was going for the purpose of enquiring, whether any of the Blacks had changed their minds, and were inclined to remain in the country, and likewise to know, whether they were satisfied with their accommodations and the treatment they received on board the transports since their embarkation; and we were both pleased and surpris'd to find, that a perfect consistency and uniformity in their conduct prevailed, throughout the whole: Not one among them discovered any other inclination than a desire of proceeding, as soon as the wind should permit; at the same time expressing, in the warmest manner, their gratitude to Government and

the Agents of the Sierra Leone Company, with three cheers from each vessel.

Notwithstanding the inconveniences that must unavoidably attend a removal from their habitations, on ship board, at this season of the year, and the number of aged people among the free blacks that have rendezvoused here for embarkation, only 18 have died, chiefly from colds, and two thirds of those have been upwards of 50 years old.

The following is a list of the fleet which sailed for Sierra Leone:

Ship Venus, Evans—Ship Parr, Kelly—Ship Sierra Leone, Tufton—Ship Eleanor, Redman—Brig Betsey, Ray—Brig Beaver, Rundle—Brig Mary, Mattocks—Brig Lucretia, Coffin—Brig Somerset, Brown—Brig Mary, Barnard—Brig Morning Star, Fullerton—Brig Catharine, Nicholas—Brig Prince William Henry, Coffin—Schooner Felicity, Wickham—Schooner Two Brothers, Smith.

Jan. 21.

Wednesday being the anniversary of her Majesty's birth, at 12 o'clock, a Royal Salute was fired by the Artillery, which was followed by three volleys from the troops of the garrison, drawn up for that purpose on the Parade. At half past 12, there was a Levee at the House of the Commander in Chief. At one, Royal Salutes were fired from his Majesty's Ships in the harbour.

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Bermuda, to his friend at New-York, Nov. 10.*

"Last week a small yawl about 14 feet keel came into this harbour with the Captain and crew of a French ship, which foundered and sunk about 1100 miles to the eastward of this island. They, in number 15, with the Captain, took to this little boat, with one small sail, and in a most wonderful manner were preserved thirteen days, during which time they navigated at least 700 miles on the ocean, and were at last picked up by an English brig from Nova-Scotia, to Grenada, and brought so near this island that they again took to their boat, and arriving here were treated with great humanity and tenderness."

## MARRIED.

Jan. 17. Mr. John Ross to Miss Susanah M'Nab, daughter of Mr. Peter M'Nab of this town.

## DIED.

Jan. 30. Mrs. Hannah Townsend, aged 47 years.

7. Mr. Walter Wilkins, aged 92.

10. Mrs. Mary Rowe, aged 27, wife of Capt. Edward Rowe, of this town.

22. Mr. William Harrison, aged 36.

30. Mrs. Jane M'Culloch, aged 46.