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Katharine THE Johnson
NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

Elizabeth White 185
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. IV.

FOR THE YEAR MDCCXCI.

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

OVID.

HALIFAX:

Printed by JOHN HOWE, at the Corner of Barrington and
Sackville-Streets.

0733 — Feb. 2/21

To the Public.

HA V I N G completed the THIRD VOLUME of the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE, we cannot, on the commencement of the FOURTH, forbear expressing our gratitude for the encouragement and support we have hitherto received.

THE benefits to be derived to the Province from such a periodical Publication, are universally acknowledged; and though we can claim little merit from a bare selection from other Magazines, yet we own ourselves not a little gratified with the approbation we have met with in our endeavours to give satisfaction to the Public.

MANY of our Subscribers having suggested to us, that a reduction of the Size of the Magazine, so as to reduce the Price to FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per Annum, would be more acceptable to our Readers in general—would encrease the number of Subscribers—and thereby render the Publication more useful, by giving it a more general circulation; we cheerfully accede to the proposed alteration, from a wish to accommodate the Public, and to remove every obstacle to the permanent establishment of the Magazine.

EACH Number will, therefore, in future, consist of Sixty-four Pages. We should be glad to reduce the price without any alteration in the size; but the present number of Subscribers will not admit of it. In proportion, however, as the Subscribers increase, the Publication will resume its original size. It will still contain a greater quantity of matter than the English Magazines in general; and, comparing the extensive encouragement such Publications receive in Great-Britain, with the confined field this Country affords, we think no one can complain of the trifling difference in the price. It is not our intention, in this alteration, to diminish the miscellaneous part of our collection, which is generally admitted to be the most useful and entertaining; but we shall still continue to abridge the Article of Politics, by reducing the size of the Chronicle, omitting, occasionally, the Remarks on New Books, and selecting fewer Articles of Poetry.

THOUGH we cannot boast of numerous favours from Correspondents, yet we have received some Pieces, for which our sincerest thanks are due. We hope those gentlemen will continue their Communications;

munications ; and we are encouraged by others to hope that our succeeding Numbers will be enriched with some valuable Articles in Agriculture and Natural History.

THERE are few People in the Country who can afford to furnish themselves with extensive Collections of Books ; and still fewer who, having made useful discoveries, can find sufficient encouragement to defray the expence of giving them to the Public in separate Publications : In the Nova-Scotia Magazine those discoveries, without any expence, can be easily communicated, and which, without such a medium of communication, would otherwise be lost. To adapt this Publication to the taste of all descriptions of our Readers, we have endeavoured so to mix the *utile* with the *dulce*, that instruction and pleasure might by no means be separated, and that, by the variety of the matter, the want of many books might in a great measure be supplied.

WE cannot, on this occasion, forbear congratulating our Readers on that prospect of National Peace and Tranquility which our late intelligence from Europe opens to us : For though War might present partial benefits to interested individuals, yet it must have proved fatal to the Province. Peace has ever been found favourable to the Arts ; and whilst the scarcity of Cash in this Country, and the consequent wants of its inhabitants, have excited a spirit of industry hitherto unknown, it must afford pleasure to every one to observe the establishments for the education of youth keeping full pace with our other improvements ; and what still more must insure the future prosperity of the Province, is, that the temporary jealousies which have heretofore subsisted between old and new settlers are entirely done away, and a spirit of harmony and good humour universally prevails.

TO promote, as far as lies in our power, that harmony so essential to the welfare of the Country, and to assist the exertions of all descriptions of its inhabitants, by selecting from time to time the articles best calculated to throw light on their different pursuits, has been, and we trust will be, our uniform aim, convinced that our interests are involved in the prosperity of the Province, and that the future success of the Nova-Scotia Magazine, will ever be proportionate to the extension of learning and the increasing ability of the Country.

THE

NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1791.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF THE PRESENT KING OF NAPLES.

[From the *London Chronicle*.]

FERDINAND ANTHONY, the present King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, and who may perhaps one day grace the Spanish throne, certainly leads the most unstately life of any Monarch in Europe; not one of them possesses so much familiar jollity, or pursues mirth and pleasure with so much avidity, and with so much success: and while he resolves to be happy himself, he is equally determined that none of his subjects shall be miserable.

Stories of Monarchs are seldom interesting; one cannot, in general, give credit to tales told of persons to whom few people have access, and whose behaviour towards those few is circumscribed within the laws of insipid and dull routine; but this Prince lives among his subjects with the old Roman idea of a window before his bosom.

He rides and rows, hunts the wild boar, catches fish in the bay, and sells it in the market, as dear as he can too; but gives away the money they pay him for it, and that directly: so that no suspicion of meanness, or of any thing worse than a little rough merriment, can be ever attached to his truly honest, open, and undesigning character.

His subjects know, the worst of him is, that he shoots at the birds, dances with the girls, eats macaroni, and helps himself to it with his fingers: he frequently rows against the watermen in the Bay; and in a recent contest of that kind, one of the watermen, in his uncourtly efforts to out do the King, laboured so strenuously as to occasion a violent gush of blood from his nose. By this accident his Ma-

jesty won a trifling wager; he laughed, and leaped on shore amidst the acclamations of the populace, who huzzaed him home to the palace, from whence he sent double the sum he had won to the waterman's wife and children, with other tokens of kindness.

When the late Emperor, and the Grand Duke (now King of Hungary, talked to him of their new projects for reformation in the church, he told them, he saw little advantage they brought into their states by these new-fangled notions; that when he was at Florence and Milan, not a single Neapolitan could he find in either, while his capital was crowded with refugees from thence; that, in short, they might do their way, but he would do his; that he had not an enemy in the world, public or private; and that he would not make himself any for the sake of propagating doctrines he did not understand, and would not take the trouble to study: that he should say his prayers as he used to do, and had no doubt of their being heard, while he only begged blessings on his beloved people. So if these wise brothers-in-law would learn of him to enjoy life, instead of shortening it by unnecessary cares, he invited them to see him the next morning play a great match at tennis.

His Sicilian Majesty is now at Vienna, where his pleasing singularities engross the attention of the inhabitants of that city, and where his affability gains him universal affection. The two following traits of his conduct at Vienna will further illustrate the picture we have attempted to sketch.

In travelling towards that capital, the indisposition of one of the Princesses having constrained her to stop at Newstadt, the King asked, if there were in the neighbourhood hounds and people fond of hunting, with which he might amuse himself. An old butcher was mentioned to him, who was fond of fox-hunting. His Majesty desired that he might be brought. The butcher came, and expressed his happiness at being useful to his Majesty. "No Majesty for me," said the King, in very indifferent German, "I am a hunter as well as yourself—Come along." He accordingly took him by the arm, and desired him to hunt with him; after

which he made him a present of 50 ducats.

In the stables there is a young Polish saddle-horse, which has not yet been thoroughly broken, and which a few days ago he desired might be brought to him. The King of Naples hearing the order, came down stairs in his night-gown and slippers, and getting to the foot of the staircase, the moment the horse arrived instantly leaped upon his back, and managed him in all his leapings and turnings with as much ease as the most able jockey. So much ease surprised without displeasing, because the vivacity of this Prince is accompanied with great goodness of heart.

IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS ON MATRIMONY.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

Hail! wedded Love, mysterious law!

MILTON.

IT has ever been a complaint exhibited against moral writers, that they are too apt to blame the present times, and extol those that are past; to represent the one as the period of all vice, and the other as the blameless and golden age. Perhaps this observation may not be wholly unfounded; and the remark made by others, of more acute penetration, may be just—that all ages will, if accurately examined, be found equal in their virtues and their crimes; and that the world is neither better nor worse now than it was three or four thousand years ago.

It may, however, I think, be with much truth declared, that every age, though on the whole neither more virtuous nor more vicious than the preceding, has its characteristic faults and excellencies; which flourish and decay, and gradually give place to others of a newer fashion. It has been said, that the fashionable virtue of the present age is Charity; and which I sincerely wish may be true, since there are certainly a multitude of sins among us which require to be covered by her extensive mantle. Were I to venture to point out the prevailing vice (and which alone even Charity herself can scarcely be hoped to hide entirely) I should name that most heinous one, conjugal infidelity.

My proposition will perhaps be allowed to be just when I state, that under this term of infidelity I mean to include every breach, the least as well as the greatest,

of that solemn vow and promise which is made, before the altar of God, by both parties who enter into this important (let not my readers smile when I say) this *holy* state of life; and that I consider the smallest breach of love and duty, reciprocally due from the husband and the wife to each other, as almost undoubtedly introductory of the greatest crimes that either of them can be guilty of against God and mankind.

When a heart of true sensibility and feeling, trained up in the love of religion, of decency, of private domestic happiness, and of all those nameless innocent pleasures which the virtuous only know how to value, and which they alone are capable of enjoying; when such a heart places its unadulterated affections on a mind seemingly sympathetic, what chastened rapture does it not hope to experience in the obtaining that partner for life, without whom Adam in Paradise was acknowledged by his Creator to be destitute of complete happiness!—But how cruel is the sting, how bitter the disappointment, when, in lieu of an affectionate companion, the soother of his distresses, the calmer of his pains, he finds himself united to an artful woman, who, with sense enough to counterfeit for awhile the most engaging mildness of manners and tenderness of disposition, after marriage throws off the mask; and valuing herself on preserving her *virtue*, thinks herself at liberty to disregard

regard every other tie of love and duty. Such a woman perhaps sports with the misery she creates, and glories in it as a mark of her power over a man whom all her unkindness fails to alienate; and who may still continue true to his part of the engagement, from motives the most pure and praise-worthy.

Nor is the companion to this portrait less deserving our compassion; or (to the disgrace of the men be it spoken) less frequent. Here we shall see a mild and timorous female, unused to reproof, unhackneyed in the ways of the world, subject to the brutal ferocity, the unfeeling haughtiness, of some tyrannic lord and master; who, far from considering her as his equal, his dearest and best half, the confidential friend of his bosom, and the sacred repository of his nearest concerns, looks on her only as a slave, destined to obey his will and tremble at his nod; or perhaps as the mere vehicle by which his name and family are to be continued—the subject of his sensual pleasure and his capricious endearments, at those hours when he is tired of gaming, drinking, or other vicious though fashionable amusements.

If this be, as unhappily it is, the situation of many in the married state, it may be worth while enquiring from whence these evils spring; which indeed, threaten to put an end to the institution itself, or at least to destroy all hopes of happiness in it, in the eyes of every reasoning person of either sex.

With respect to the men, when we see how early boys are introduced into public life, and suffered to be witnesses of scenes 'which shame the conscious cheek of truth'—when we reflect to what language they are daily and hourly permitted to listen—when we see the state of youth entirely blotted out from the book of fashionable life, and the school boy suddenly start up into man—when vice is known before it can be practised—Are we any longer to wonder at the excesses into which they are carried headlong?—And when the bloom of virtue is destroyed, and debauchery has obtained complete possession both of his mind and person, rendering them equally disgusting to the eye and the heart of female delicacy, if at last, by the mediation and importunity of friends and relations, and by the hypocrisy of a few weeks, he obtains the hand of a virtuous woman in marriage—what must be expected to be the result, but distaste and disgust? And this will be resented by the offender with all that malignity which the vicious ever bear toward those they have injured.

As to the female sex, I wish to deliver my sentiments in a gentler way; and yet there are surely faults on their sides, which will not yield to gentle medicines. Among these stand foremost, as the leaders of those bands most hostile to connubial felicity, pride and affectation—A pride which induces them to consider themselves as degraded, by doing their duty—which looks on every concession made to their husbands as unbecoming a woman of spirit; the most dangerous, and let them forgive me when I add, the most detestable character, when carried to its full extent, ever assumed by those who were 'framed for the tender offices of love'—a pride which blinds them to their own defects, and emblazons their excellencies beyond even the flatteries of a lover—an affectation, which prevents them from acknowledging what they feel, and introduces a caprice destructive of their own and their husband's peace.—I will proceed no farther in this unpleasant description.

In addition to these failings, peculiar to each sex, ought to be mentioned—the thoughtless indifference with which this most awful engagement is entered into by the young, the old, and the middle aged—the utter ignorance before hand of what they are about to do—the inattention at the time as to what they are doing—and the forgetfulness, afterward, of what they have done.

For better for worse; for richer for poorer; in sickness and in health; till death us do part! Do these words mean any thing? And how are they consistent with separate maintenance, separate beds, separate pleasures, and that great root of all evils, divorces? If people come together with an intention, or even a consciousness of the possibility (not to say the probability) of violating every condition on which they are joined, except those contained in the marriage settlement, the performance of which may be compelled by law; it would be better at once to omit trifling with what is by some religions esteemed a sacrament, and to depend wholly on the Indenture Tripartite.

I know it is often alledged, by both parties, that the temper and disposition of the other are so bad, they cannot be borne with; and that it is better to part than to live in perpetual quarrels and uneasiness. But whence does this complaint arise? From hypocrisy before marriage, and want of patience and tenderness afterward. Let but every married person, husbands as well as wives, keep in mind one single maxim, and I will venture to insure an end to at least two thirds of the quarrels which arise between them. This maxim,

maxim, therefore, I shall give my fair readers as a charm; it consists of three Greek words, which I will present to them in the English pronunciation and translation; and which if they will repeat three times deliberately before they utter one intended hastily expression, they need not doubt of securing the love and tenderness

of their husbands; whom I enjoin reciprocally to practice it when it comes to their turn:

An-ekou kai Ap-ekou.

Bear and Forbear.

ACCOUNT OF THE GALLA, AN AFRICAN NATION.

[From Bruce's Travels.]

THE Galla are a nation of shepherds who formerly lived under or beyond the line. The cause is not known, but they have been, for many years, in an uniform progress northward. They were at first all infantry; when they penetrated to the north and conquered the Abyssinian provinces, and some Mahomedan districts, bordering on them, they acquired a breed of horses, with which they have mounted their troops, and are now a nation of cavalry. These Galla are of a brown complexion, with long, black hair; some, who live in the vallies, are perfectly black. At first, their chief food was milk and butter, but they have now learned of the Abyssinians to plow and sow their lands. They seem to affect the number seven, and have divided their immense multitude threefold by that number. They all agree, that when the nation advanced to the Abyssinian frontiers, they were then in the centre of the continent. The ground beginning to rise before them, seven of their tribes, or nations, filed off to the east, towards the Indian ocean; and, after making settlements there, and multiplying exceedingly, they marched forward, due south, into Bali and Doware, which they first wasted by constant incursions, then settled there in the reign of David III. in 1537.

Another division of seven tribes went off to the west, about the same time, and spread themselves in another semi-circle round the south side of the Nile, and all along its banks, round Gojam, and to the east, behind the country of the Agows, (which are on the east side of the Nile) to that of the Gongas and Gastas. The high, woody banks of this river have hitherto been their barrier to the southward; not but they have often fought for, and often conquered, and still oftener plundered, the countries on the Abyssinian side of that river; and, from this reign downwards, the scene of action with the Abyssinians

has constantly been on the east side of the river. All I mean is, they have never made a settlement on the Abyssinian side of the Nile, except such tribes of them as, from wars among themselves, have gone over to the King of Abyssinia, and obtained lands on the banks of the river, opposite to the nation they have revolted from, against which they have ever after been the severest bulwark.

A third division of seven tribes remained in the center, due south of the low country of Shoa; and these are the least known, as having made the fewest incursions. They have, indeed, possessed Walakka, a small province between Ambara and Shoa; but this has been permitted politically by the governor of Shoa, as a barrier between him and Abyssinia, on whose sovereign he scarcely acknowledges any dependance but for form's sake, his province being at present an hereditary government, descending from father to son.

All these tribes of Galla gird Abyssinia round at all points from east to west, making inroads, and burning and murdering all that fall into their hands. The privities of the men they cut off, dry, and hang them up in their houses. They are so merciless as to spare not even women with child, whom they rip up, in hopes of destroying a male. The western part of these Galla, which surrounds the peninsula of Gojam and Domot, are called the Boren Galla; and those that are to the east are named Bertuma Galla, though this last word is seldom used in history, where the Galla to the westward are called Boren, and the others Galla merely, without any addition. All these tribes, though the most cruel that ever appeared in any country are yet governed by the strictest discipline at home, where the smallest broil, or quarrel among individuals, is taken cognizance of, and receives immediate punishment.

Each of the three divisions of Galla elect

lest a king, that is, there is a king for every seven tribes: there is also a kind of nobility among them, from whose families alone the sovereign can be chosen. But there are certain degrees of merit (all warlike) that raise, from time to time, their Plebeian families to nobility, and the right of suffrage. No one of these nobles can be elected till past 40 years of age, unless he has slain with his own hand a number of men which, added to his years, make up forty.

The council of each of the seven tribes first meet separately in its own district. Here it determines how many are necessary to be left behind for the governing, guarding, and cultivating the territory, while those fixed upon, by most votes go as delegates to meet the representatives of the other nations, at the domicil, or headquarters of the king, among the tribe from which the sovereign of the last seven years was taken. Here they sit down under a tree, which seems to be sacred, and the god of all nations. It is called Wanzey; has a white flower, and great quantity of foliage, and is very common in Abyssinia. After a variety of votes, the number of candidates is reduced to four, and the suffrage of six of these nations go then no farther; but the seventh, whose turn it is to have a king out of their tribe, choose, from among the four, one, whom they crown with a garland of wanzey, and put a sceptre, or bludgeon, of that wood in his hands, which they call buce.

The king of the western Galla is styled Lubo, the other Mooty. At this assembly the king allots to each their scene of rapine and murder; but limits them always to speedy returns, in case the body of the nation should have occasion for them. The Galla are reputed very good soldiers for surprize, and the first attack, but have not constancy for perseverance. They encompass incredible marches, swim rivers, holding by the horses tails, (an exercise to which they and their horses are perfectly trained) do the utmost mischief possible in the shortest time, and rarely return by the same way they came. They are excellent light horse for a regular army in an enemy's country.

Iron is very scarce among them, so that their principal arms are poles, sharpened at the end, and hardened in the fire, which they use like lances. Their shields are made of bulls hides, of a single fold, so that they are very subject to warp in heat, or become pliable and soft in wet weather. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the report of their cruelty made such an impression on the Abyssinians, that, on their first engagement, they rarely stood

firmly the Gallas first onset. Besides this, the shrill and very barbarous noise they are always used to make at the moment they charge, used to terrify the horses and riders, so that a flight generally followed an attack made by Galla horse.

These melancholy and frantic howls I had occasion to hear often in those engagements that had happened while I was in Abyssinia. The Edjow, a body of Galla who had been in the late King Josa's service, and were relations to him by his mother, who was of that clan of southern Galla, were constantly in the rebel army, and always in the most disaffected part, who, with the troops of Begemder and Lasta, attacked the king's household, where he was in person; and, though they behaved with a bravery even to rashness, most of them lost their lives, upon the long pikes of the king's black horse, without ever doing any notable execution, as these horses were too well trained to be at all moved with their tricks, when they charged, though their bravery and fidelity merited a better fate.

The women are said to be very fruitful. They do not confine themselves even a day after labour, but wash and return to their work immediately. They plow, sow, and reap. The cattle tread out the corn, but the men are the herdsmen, and take charge of the cattle.

Both sexes are something less than the middle size, exceedingly light and agile. Both, but especially the men, plait their hair with the bowels and guts of oxen, which they wear likewise, like belts, twisted round their middle; and these, as they putrify, occasion a terrible stench. Both copiously annoint their heads and bodies with butter, or melted grease, which is continually raining from them, and which indicates that they came from a country hotter than that which they now possess. They greatly resemble the Hottentots in the filthy taste of dress. The rest of their body is naked; a piece of skin only covers them before, and they wear a goat's skin on their shoulders, in shape of a woman's handkerchief, or tippet.

It has been said, that no religion was ever discovered among them. I imagine that the facts upon which this opinion is founded, have never been sufficiently investigated. The Wanzey tree, under which their kings are crowned, is avowedly worshipped for a god in every tribe.— They have certain stones, also, for an object of their devotion, which I never could sufficiently understand to give farther description of them: but they certainly pay adoration to the moon, especially the new moon, for of this I have frequently

quently been a witness. They likewise worship certain stars, in particular positions, and at different times of the year, and are, in my opinion, still in the ancient religion of Sabaism. All of them believe that, after death, they are to live again; that they are to rise with their body as they were on earth, to enter into another life—they know not where; but they are to be in a state of body infinitely more perfect than the present, and are to die no more, nor suffer grief, sickness, or trouble of any kind.

They have very obscure, or no ideas at all of future punishment; but their reward is to be a moderate state of enjoyment with the same family and persons with which they lived on earth.

And this is very nearly the same belief with the other Pagan nations in Africa with which I have conversed intimately; and this is what writers generally call a belief of the immortality of the soul. Nor did I ever know one savage that had a more distinct idea of it, or ever separated it from the immortality of the body.

The Galla to the south are mostly Mahometans, on the east and west chiefly Pagans. They intermarry with each other, but suffer no strangers to live among them. The Moors, however, by courage, patience, and attention, have found out the means of trading with them in a tolerable degree of safety. The goods they carry are coarse Surat blue cloths, called *marocoty*; also myrrh and salt. This last is the principal and most valuable article.

The Galla sometimes marry the Abyssinian women, but the issue of these marriages are incapable of all employment. Their form of marriage is the following: the bridegroom, standing before the parents of the bride, holds grass in his right hand, and the dung of a cow in his left. He says, 'May this never enter, nor this ever come out, if he does not do what he promises;' that is, may the grass never enter the cow's mouth, to feed it, or may she die before it is discharged. Matrimonial vows, moreover, are very simple; he swears to his wife that he shall give her meat and drink while living, and bury her when dead.

Polygamy is allowed among them, but the men are commonly content with one wife. Such, indeed, is their moderation in this respect, that it is the women that solicit the men to increase the number of their wives. The love of their children seems to get a speedy ascendancy over passion and pleasure, and it is a noble part of the character of these savages that ought not to be forgot. A young woman, having a child or two by her husband, in-

treats and solicits him that he would take another wife; when she names to him all the beautiful girls of her acquaintance; especially those she thinks likeliest to have large families. After the husband has made his choice, she goes to the tent of the young woman, and sits behind it in a suppliant posture, till she has excited the attention of the family within; she then, with an audible voice, declares who she is; that she is a daughter of such a one; that her husband has all the qualifications for making a woman happy; that she has only two children by him, and, as her family is so small, she comes to solicit their daughter for her husband's wife, that their families may be joined together, and be strong; and that her children, from being few in number, may not fall a prey to their enemies in the day of battle; for the Galla always fight in families, whether against one another, or against other enemies.

When she has thus obtained a wife for her husband, she carries her home, puts her to bed with her husband, where having left her, she feasts with her bride's relations. Then the children of the first marriage are produced, and the men of the bride's family put each their hands upon these children's heads, and afterwards take the oath in the usual manner, to live and die with them as their own offspring. The children, then, after this species of adoption, go to their relations, and visit them for the space of seven days. All that time, the husband remains at home, in possession of his new bride; at the end of which he gives a feast, when the first wife is seated by her husband, and the young one serves the whole company. The first wife, from this day, keeps her precedence; and the second is treated by the first wife like a grown-up daughter. I believe it would be very long before the love of their families would introduce this custom among the young women of Britain.

When a father dies and leaves many children, the eldest succeeds to the whole inheritance, without division; nor is he obliged, at any time, or by any circumstance, to give his brother a part afterwards. If the father is alive when the son begins to shave his head, which is a declaration of manhood, he gives two or three milk-cows, or more, according to his rank and fortune. These, and all their produce, remain the property of the child to whom they were given by his father; and these the brother is obliged to pay to him upon his father's death, in the same number and kinds. The eldest brother is, moreover, obliged to give the sister, whenever she is marriageable, whatever other provision

provision the father may have made in his lifetime for her, with all its increase from the day of the donation.

When the father becomes old, and unfit for war, he is obliged to surrender his whole effects to his eldest son, who is bound to give him alimony and nothing else; and when the eldest brother dies, leaving younger brothers behind him, and a widow young enough to bear children, the youngest brother of all is obliged to marry her, but the children of the marriage are always accounted as if they were the eldest brother's; nor does this marriage of the youngest brother to the widow entitle him to any part of the deceased's fortune.

The southern Galla are called Elma Kilelio, Elma Gooderoo, Elma Robali, Elma Doolo, Elma Bodena, Elma Horeta, and Elma Michaeli; these are the seven southern nations which the Mahometan traders pass through in their way to Narca, the southernmost country the Abyssinians ever conquered.

The western Galla, for their principal clans, have the Djawi, Edjow, or Ayo, and Toluina, and these were the clans we principally fought with when I was in Abyssinia. They are chiefly Pagans. Some of their children, who were left young in court, when their fathers' fled, after the murder of the late king, their mother, were better Christians and better soldiers than any Abyssinians we had.

It is not a matter of small curiosity to know what is their food, that is so easy of carriage as to enable them to traverse immense deserts, that they may, without warning, fall upon the towns and villages in the cultivated country of Abyssinia. This is nothing but coffee roasted, till it can be pulverised, and then mixed with butter to a consistency that will suffer it to be rolled up in balls, and put into a leather bag. A ball of this composition, between the circumference of a shilling and half-crown, about the size of a billiard ball, keeps them, they say, in strength and spirits during a whole day's fatigue, better than a loaf of bread, or a meal of meat. Its name, in Arabia and Abyssinia, is Bun, but I apprehend its true name is Caffè, from Caffa, the south province of Narca, whence it is first said to have come; it is white in the bean. The coffee-tree is the wood of the country, produced spon-

taneously every where, in great abundance, from Caffa to the banks of the Nile.

Thus much for this remarkable nation, whose language is perfectly different from any in Abyssinia, and is the same throughout all the tribes, with very little variation of dialect. This is a nation that has conquered some of the finest provinces of Abyssinia, and of whose inroads we shall hereafter have occasion to speak continually; and it is very difficult to say how far they might not have accomplished the conquest of the whole, had not Providence interposed in a manner little expected, but more efficacious than a thousand armies, and all the inventions of man.

The Galla, before their inroads into Abyssinia, had never in their own country seen or heard of the small pox. This disease met them in the Abyssinian villages. It raged among them with such violence, that whole provinces, conquered by them, became half desert; and, in many places, they were forced to become tributary to those who before they kept in continual fear.

But this did not happen till the reign of Yafous the Great, at the beginning of the present century, where we shall take fresh notice of it, and now proceed with what remains of the reign of Sertza Denghil, whom we left with his army in the 9th year of his reign, residing at Dobit, a small town in Dembea, watching the motions of the rebels, Isaac Boharnagall, and others, his confederates.

The 10th year of his reign, as soon as the weather permitted him, the King went into Gejam, to oppose the inroads of the Djawi, a clan of the western or Borca Galla, who then were in possession of the Bucco, or royal dignity among the seven nations: but they had repassed the Nile, upon the first news of the king's march, without having time to waste the country. The King then went to winter in Bizamo, which is south of the Nile, the native country of these Galla, the Djawi.

If this nation, the Galla, has deserved ill of the Abyssinians, by the frequent inroads made into their country, they must, however, confess one obligation, that in the end they entirely ruined their ancient enemy, the Mahometan King of Adel, and reduced him to a state of perfect insignificance.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTES of GRATITUDE, GENEROSITY and ELEVATION of MIND, in the NEGRO RACE.

[From an Essay on the Treatment and Conversion of African Slaves: By the Rev. James Ramsay, M.D.]

IN spite of the disadvantages under which the Negroes labour, many individuals, on particular occasions, have shewn an elevation of sentiment that would have done honour to a Spartan. The Spectator, No. 215, has celebrated a rude instance in two Negroes, in the island of St. Christopher, which on enquiry I find to be true. I will confirm this by the relation of a deed, that has happened within these thirty years, for which I have no name. As I had my information from a friend of the master's, in the master's presence, who acknowledged it to be genuine, the truth of it is indisputable. The only liberty I have taken with it, has been to give words to the sentiment that inspired it.

Quashi was brought up in the family with his master, as his play fellow, from his childhood. Being a lad of towardsly parts, he rose to be driver, or black overseer, under his master, when the plantation fell to him, by succession. He retained for his master the tenderness that he had felt in childhood for his playmate; and the respect with which the relation of Master inspired him, was softened by the affection which the remembrance of their boyish intimacy kept alive in his breast. He had no separate interest of his own, and in his master's absence redoubled his diligence, that his affairs might receive no injury from it. In short, here was the most delicate, yet most strong, and seemingly indissoluble tie, that could bind master and slave together.

Though the master had judgment to know when he was well served, and policy to reward good behaviour, he was inexorable when a fault was committed; and when there was but an apparent cause of suspicion, he was too apt to let prejudice usurp the place of proof. Quashi could not exculpate himself to his satisfaction, for something done contrary to the discipline of the plantation, and was threatened with the ignominious punishment of the cart-whip; and he knew his master too well, to doubt of the performance of his promise.

A negro, who has grown up to manhood, without undergoing a solemn cart-whipping, as some by good chance will, especially if distinguished by any accomplishment among his fellows, takes pride in what he calls the smoothness of his

skin, its being unrazed by the whip; and he would be at more pains, and use more diligence to escape such a cart-whipping, than many of our lower sort would use to shun the gallows. It is not uncommon for a sober good Negro to stab himself mortally, because some boyish overseer has flogged him, for what he reckoned a trifle, or for his caprice, or threatened him with a flogging, when he thought he did not deserve it. Quashi dreaded this mortal wound to his honour, and slipped away unnoticed, with a view to avoid it.

It is usual for slaves, who expect to be punished for their own fault, or their master's caprice, to go to some friend of their master's, and beg him to carry them home, and mediate for them. This is found to be so useful, that humane masters are glad of the pretence of such mediation, and will secretly procure it to avoid the necessity of punishing for trifles; it otherwise not being prudent to pass over without correction, a fault once taken notice of; while by this method, an appearance of authority and discipline is kept up, without the severity of it. Quashi therefore withdrew, resolved to shelter himself, and save the glossy honours of his skin, under favour of this custom, till he had an opportunity of applying to an advocate. He lurked among his master's negro huts, and his fellow slaves had too much honour, and too great a regard for him, to betray to their master the place of his retreat. Indeed, it is hardly possible in any case, to get one slave to inform against another, so much more honour have they than Europeans of low condition.

The following day a feast was kept, on account of his master's nephew then coming of age; amidst the good humour of which, Quashi hoped to succeed in his application; but before he could execute his design, perhaps just as he was setting out to go and solicit this mediation, his master, while walking about his fields, fell in with him. Quashi, on discovering him, ran off, and the master, who is a robust man, pursued him. A stone, or a clod, tripped Quashi up, just as the other reached out his hand to seize him. They fell together, and wrestled for the mastery, for Quashi also was a stout man, and the elevation of his mind added vigour to his arm. At last, after a severe struggle, in which each had been several times upper-

most, Quashi got firmly seated on his master's breast, now panting and out of breath, and with his weight, his thighs, and one hand, secured him motionless. He then drew out a sharp knife, and while the other lay in dreadful expectation, helpless, and shrinking into himself, he thus addressed him: 'Master, I was bred up with you from a child; I was your playmate when a boy; I have loved you as myself; your interest has been my study; I am innocent of the cause of your suspicion; had I been guilty, my attachment for you might have pleaded for me. Yet you have condemned me to a punishment, of which I must ever have borne the disgraceful marks; thus only can I avoid them.' With these words, he drew the knife with all his strength across his own throat, and fell down dead without a groan, on his master, bathing him in his blood.

Had this man been properly educated; had he been taught his importance as a member of society; had he been accustomed to weigh his claim to, and enjoy the possession of the unalienable rights of humanity; can any man suppose him incapable of making a progress in the knowledge of religion, in the researches of reason, or the works of art? Or can it be affirmed, that a man, who amidst the disadvantages, and gloom of slavery, had attained a refinement of sentiment, to which language cannot give a name, which leaves the bulk of polished society far behind, could want abilities to acquire arts and sciences, which we too often find coupled with a fawning, a mean, a slavish spirit? Others may, I will not believe it.

This is a truly mournful instance of a nobleness and grandeur of mind in a negro. The following, though allied to distress, is of a less awful nature, but will shew, that all the nobler qualities of the heart are not monopolized by the white race.

Joseph Rachel was a black trader in Barbadoes; he dealt chiefly in the retail way, and was so fair and complaisant in business, that, in a town filled with little peddling shops, his doors were thronged with customers. I have often dealt with him, and found him remarkably honest and obliging. If any one knew not where to procure an article, Joseph would be at pains to search it out, to supply him, without making an advantage of it. In short, his character was so fair, his manners so generous, that the best people shewed him a regard, which they often deny men of their own colour, because not blessed with like goodness of heart.

In 1756, a fire happened, which burned

down great part of the town, and ruined many of the inhabitants. Joseph luckily lived in a quarter that escaped the destruction, and expressed his thankfulness, by softening the distresses of his neighbours. Among those who had lost their all by this heavy misfortune, was a man to whose family Joseph, in the early part of life, owed some obligations. This man, by too great hospitality, an excess common enough in the West-Indies, had involved his affairs, before the fire happened, and his estate lying in houses, that event entirely ruined him; he escaping with only the clothes on his back. Amidst the cries of misery and want, which excited Joseph's compassion, this man's unfortunate situation claimed particular notice. The generous, the open temper of the sufferer, the obligations that Joseph had to his family, were special and powerful motives for acting towards him the friendly part.

Joseph held his bond for sixty pounds sterling. 'Unfortunate man,' says he, 'this shall never come against thee. Would Heaven thou could settle all thy other matters as easily! But how am I sure that I shall keep in this mind: may not the love of gain, especially, when, by length of time, thy misfortune has become familiar to me, return with too strong a current, and bear down my self-love before it? But for this I have a remedy. Never shalt thou apply for the assistance of any friend against my avarice.' He got up, ordered a current account that the man had with him, to a considerable amount, to be drawn out, and in a whim, that might have called up a smile on the face of charity, filled his pipe, sat down again, twisted the bond, and lighted his pipe with it. While the account was drawing out, he continued smoking, in a state of mind that a Monarch might envy. When finished, he went in search of his friend, with the account discharged, and the mutilated bond in his hand. On meeting with him, he presented the papers, to him with this address: 'Sir, I am sensibly affected with your misfortunes; the obligations that I have received from your family, give me a relation to every branch of it. I know that your inability to satisfy for what you owe, gives you more uneasiness than the loss of your own substance. That you may not be anxious on my account in particular, except of this discharge, and the remains of your bond, I am overpaid in the satisfaction that I feel, from having done my duty. I beg you to consider this, only as a token of the happiness that you will impart to me, whenever

10 Curious Phenomena observable at the Cape of Good Hope.

‘ whenever you put it in my power to ‘do you a good office.’ One may easily guess at the man’s feelings, on being thus generously treated, and how much his mind must have been strengthened to bear up against his misfortunes. I knew him a few years after this; he had got a small post in one of the forts, and preserved a decent appearance.

But his hospitable turn continued even after he had lost the means of indulging it. He has often invited five or six acquaintances, or strangers, to spend the evening when he had not even a candle to light up before them. Whenever his servant saw him come home thus attended, and heard him call away, as in his better days, his resource was to run over to Joseph, and inform him that such and such gentlemen were to sup with his master. Immediately the spermaceti candle, and punch, and wine of the best quality were on the table, as if by magic; and soon after Joseph’s servants appeared, bringing in a neat supper and waiting on the company. All this was done without a prospect of return, purely to indulge his gratitude, and support his friend’s credit. And will any man pretend to look down with contempt on one capable of such generosity, because the colour of his skin is black?

Some readers, perhaps, may give Joseph

credit for the following story. A Colonel _____, a most penurious miser, used to call frequently at Joseph’s shop, on pretence of cheapening cocoa: he was always sure to carry away as much for a taste as his pocket would hold, but never bought any. Joseph, at first, was at a loss what to do. He knew, that, being a negro, his evidence would not be taken in court, even for the value of a penny, against a white man. But the Colonel continuing his depredations, he was loth to see his cocoa diminish daily before him without any thing in return for it. He therefore hired a white man for clerk, and ordered him to weigh out a bag of cocoa, and keep it particularly under his own care, to supply the Colonel with tastings whenever he should call. The Colonel soon emptied the bag, and then Joseph delivered in his account. The Colonel stormed, swore, and threatened till out of breath, when Joseph took the opportunity of informing his honour of the steps he had taken. His avarice now alarmed him with the expences of a law-suit: and suggested, that being so fairly taken in, there was nothing to be done, in prudence, but to pay the money peaceably. By this innocent stratagem Joseph got rid of the Colonel’s talking visits.

CURIOUS PHENOMENA attendant on the SOUTH-EAST WIND at the CAPE of GOOD HOPE.

[From *Vaillant’s Travels*.]

THIS wind, which prevails for three months, dries the earth to such a prodigious degree as to render it incapable of every kind of cultivation. It blows with such fury, that it is necessary, in order to preserve the plants, to surround all the beds of a garden with close palisades made of young elms. The same method is pursued with respect to young trees; which, notwithstanding these precautions, never shoot out branches on the windward side, and always incline to the other. Such are the ravages occasioned by this wind, that in the space of twenty four hours the best stocked gardens appear as if dug up and swept. This wind continues from January to April at this extremity of Africa, and extends even a great way into the country. In the course of my travels, it has sometimes overturned all my carriages; and no other alternative has been left me but tie them to large

bushes, to prevent them from being thrown topsy-turvey.

At the Cape, this wind is announced by a small white cloud, which at first attaches itself to the summit of the Table Hill, on the side next to the Devil’s Hill. The air then begins to become cooler; by and by the cloud increases, and expands till it grows so large that it covers the whole top of the mountain: it is then commonly said that the mountain has put on its peruke. The cloud, however, advances with a rapid motion, and hovers over the city: one would then say that it was about to be inundated and buried by a deluge; but, in proportion as it approaches the bottom of the mountain, it evaporates, and appears to be reduced to nothing. The heavens continue calm and serene, without any interruption; and the mountain alone, for a short moment, has a gloomy aspect, while it is deprived by that
veil

veil of the cheering presence of the sun.

I have spent whole mornings in examining this phenomenon, without being able to comprehend the cause of it; but afterwards, when I frequented the Bay of Falso, on the opposite side of the mountain, I have often enjoyed the pleasure of its commencement and progress. The wind at first announces itself very feebly, carrying slowly along with it a kind of fog, which it seems to detach from the surface of the sea. This being accumulated, becomes condensed by the Table Hill towards the south, an obstacle which opposes it in its way; and in order to overcome it, gradually rolling over itself, it rises by its efforts to the summit, and displays to the town that white cloud which announces the wind, which has already blown for several hours, in the harbour and its environs, towards the face of the Table Hill.

The ordinary duration of this kind of storm is three days: sometimes it continues, without remission, for a much longer space of time; often, also, it ceases suddenly; and during the three months when it prevails, if it happen to cease several times in this manner, it is a sure sign that great sickness will follow.

Though this wind is not absolutely dangerous for ships, there have been more

than one instance of its incommoding a great many. When it is too impetuous, from prudence, and to avoid even the fear of an accident, they make for the open sea; but, when it collects no fog, it is not perceived in the town, and blows only in the road. It is therefore the accumulation of the fog, which, moving forward with great velocity, occasions these dreadful hurricanes. Very often it is impossible to cross the streets; and, notwithstanding the care and attention with which doors and windows are shut, the dust penetrates even into trunks and chests of drawers. But, however inconvenient this wind may be, it still procures great advantages to the town; it frees it from mephitic vapours, occasioned by the filth, which is naturally collected on the borders of the sea, by that which the inhabitants throw into it, and still more by the bloody remains which the company's butchers (who use neither the heads, feet, nor intestines, of the animals they kill) throw away, and leave at the doors of their shops; where, being collected into heaps, they become corrupted, infect the air and the inhabitants, and add strength to those epidemical diseases common at the Cape in the season when the south-east wind has not prevailed.

ORIGIN OF THE PRIORY OF THE TWO LOVERS, NEAR ROUEN, IN NORMANDY.

IN the twelfth century lived one of those titled barbarians, who prided themselves in that prerogative of impunity, which was one of the characteristics of the feudal government, and which was indeed quite worthy of such a system. The sole delight of this haughty Baron seemed to be in frequent and capricious displays of savage despotism. He was continually conceiving the most absurd ideas of amusement; and his Gothic imagination ever selected that, which bordered most on the ferociousness of cruelty. To a brutal rage for singularity, like this, we may doubtless trace the origin of those whimsical services that were appendant to our ancient fiefs,*

and which the enlightened legislatures of modern times ought universally to eradicate.

Our Baron was happy in all those extravagant freaks, in which high birth and unbounded riches could enable him to indulge. An only daughter he had, named Genevieve, whom the chronicles of those times have handed down to us as a paragon of beauty. It may be imagined, in course, that a crowd of rivals contended for the honour and happiness of her hand. Nor can we suppose the peerless Genevieve herself unsusceptible of the tender passion. Baldwin, a young Chevalier in the neighbourhood, had certainly no reason to doubt

* In fact, nothing could be so absurd as all these triumphs, as we may call them, of the most stupid barbarity over human reason. Two or three instances of these we may select.

There was an estate in the province of Brittany, in which the vassals were obliged, on a certain day of the year, to go to the meat of the mansion house, and to take thence a

doubt it. Amiable he was, and amiable did he appear in the eyes of the charming maid.

Ardent and reciprocal was the passion they cherished. His, however, the young Chevalier studiously concealed from every eye. His patrimony was too slender to encourage aspiring hopes, and in conjugal alliances does interest too often preside with fatal sway. Through no other medium did the father of Genevieve view her lover. To a thousand exalted qualities, the liberal gifts of Nature, he was totally insensible.

Baldwin was convinced then, that he never could be the husband of the beautiful Genevieve. But does Love ever reason? He listens—he attends only to the tender sentiment, and no obstacles does that sentiment perceive. Has Love then sufficient resources in himself?—Every day the tenderness of the two lovers increased; and, increasing, it seemed to become irresistible.

The Baron is not long unacquainted with their mutual passion. He surprises the young Chevalier with his daughter. He could perceive the ingenuous frankness of modesty in the one, with ardour and inexpressible ecstasy in the other. In the first suggestions of fury, he would have sacrificed Baldwin to immediate vengeance.

Genevieve throws herself at her father's feet: she bedews them with her tears: she implores her lover's pardon: 'I will not survive him,' cries the beautiful maid: 'Save him, my father; hurt him not; or I die with him—I perish on the spot!'—The old Baron was not unaffected by her tears: yet still his savage temper had the ascendant. Pointing to a hill near his castle, 'Young man,' said he, 'you have been presumptuous enough to think a moment of my daughter. Nevertheless; she shall be your wife, if you will carry her, without stopping, to the top of yonder hill; but the least repose shall cost you the prize.'—The Chevalier does not suffer him to finish. He flies to his mistress, takes her in his arms, and runs towards the hill, exclaiming, 'You shall be mine, you shall be mine.'—A crowd of vassals assisted at a scene that was at once so barbarous and so singular.

Love has very justly been painted with a bandage over his eyes. Baldwin, in the excessive ardour of his passion, had not perceived the extreme difficulty of his undertaking. His eyes—his whole soul was fixed upon Genevieve.

He ascended the hill with inconceivable swiftness; he had wings: he felt the heart of his mistress palpitate against his own

ball of thread, which they were to carry to a pond at the distance of a quarter of a league. If they carried it to the appointed place, they were discharged from a pecuniary service; but if they failed, they were obliged to double it. The Lord of the Manor, that he might not be deprived of this double profit, hired a number of butchers, who endeavoured to prevent the vassals from carrying the ball; and it was by the argument of clubs and staves, that the point on either side was gained.

M. Dudon, Comptroller-general, passing a few days on one of his estates, a gentleman was introduced to him, who informed him, that he was his vassal; and that, as such, he came to announce to him the marriage of his eldest daughter. The Minister answered him by those empty expressions that are called the language of politeness; and, after a few compliments of course, imagined that he had got rid of his country gentleman. The latter, however, proceeds to inform him, that the wedding was to be celebrated the day after to-morrow; that all the plate that should appear at table would belong to him (Mr. Dudon) as Lord Paramount; and that he, on his part, was subject to the obligation of waiting upon the bride, in the dress of a Harlequin.—The Comptroller general appeared somewhat out of temper at this strange declaration. Such buffoonery he said was quite out of character. His vassal was not at all disconcerted by this answer. He produced writings, by which it appeared, that his claim was serious and well-founded. Mr. Dudon thought of immediately accommodating this matter, by voluntarily resigning his claim to the plate. But our country gentleman had too great a veneration for charters and titles to be affected by this generous offer. He insisted absolutely that his Harlequin should wait upon his daughter. Altercation could not end the dispute. The law was appealed to; but happily, Common Sense so far prevailed, that a decree was at length issued, commuting the claim in question for a sum of money.

The eldest son of a noble house, as first Canon of Auxerre, enters the cathedral of that city, in which he has a stall, with a helmet on his head, sur upon the arm, a belt over his surplice, gauntlets on his hands, and a bird on his wrist.

At Angers, or at Monforeau, the courtesans were obliged to come, on a certain day of the year, before the Lord of the Manor, to sing a song, and *faire un per*.

own. 'I tremble, my dear friend,' said she, 'you will not reach the top—moderate your impetuosity.'

'Fear nothing, fear nothing, my adorable Genevieve. You know not the power of Love. I could reach—I could gain the skies.'

'The whole assembly utter vows to Heaven for the amiable pair. In a thousand ways they express their encouraging approbation. But the lover's strength begins to fail—he perceives it himself:—'My dear, dear Genevieve, speak to me; repeat to me, repeat that you love me. Fix your eyes on mine—yes! I shall feel more than mortal powers—you revive me—you strengthen me again.'

Nature, however, abandons him. Love is now his only support; and what cannot Love achieve? Baldwin now looks towards the summit of the hill; and measures it with his eyes, which he had not done before.

'Ah! is it not very high?' said his terrified mistress.

'I shall reach it—I shall reach it.'

How justly it has been observed, that ardent Love is capable of performing miracles! Baldwin indeed was no longer a man. It was the Genius of Love that triumphed over insurmountable obstacles. The cries of the spectators resounded on every side. They trembled they mounted, they panted with the young Chevalier, who was now intently regaining the summit as the period of his efforts. The admiring multitude did not fail to observe all his motions. They saw every member working, struggling, vanquishing fatigue. Genevieve, the beautiful Genevieve was weeping.

At length the happy Chevalier gains the height. He instantly sinks, with his precious burthen on the earth, which he seems to embrace as the monument of his victory. A man of letters would here mention Cæsar, who embraced the earth in like manner 'and for an object of far less consequence' would add some enamoured lover. Acclamations of joy arise. 'Baldwin is victor—Baldwin has gained the prize.' 'My friend, my beloved,' exclaims Genevieve, 'will now be my husband.' She throws herself on his bosom—she lavishes the most tender expressions. Her

lover answers not—his eyes are closed—he is motionless: 'Oh! Heavens!' cries Genevieve, 'He is dead—Baldwin, my Baldwin is dead!—'

The young Conqueror had sunk under his fatigue. 'He is dead, he is dead!' mournfully passing from mouth to mouth. Consternation is visible in every countenance. The eyes, the looks of all are fixed on the fatal summit.

Genevieve, weeping, presses her lover to her bosom: she strives to recall him to life. Her kisses, her tears revive the Chevalier: he opens an almost lifeless eye: with a faltering voice he can only utter—'I die, Genevieve. Let them give me at least the name of thy husband on my tomb: the sweet idea consoles me—Oh! my only Love, receive my last sigh.'

The spectators, who did not a moment lose sight of Genevieve, had been restored with her to hope. They had easily understood that Baldwin had revived. They now as easily perceived, that it was only a rapid flash of hope. They were convinced of it by the dreadful shriek with which Genevieve again uttered, 'He is dead, he is dead!'—In a moment they saw her sink on her lover's corpse.

The inhuman Baron is now agitated by all the terrors of paternal love. He flies to the hill. The crowd hastily follow him. They gain the summit. They find Genevieve, with her two stiffened arms, embracing the unfortunate Baldwin. In vain would her wretched father revive her. Genevieve, Genevieve herself was now no more.

All the people loaded with reproaches the barbarian, who in vain pressed his daughter to his bosom. They raise the two bodies; they place them, weeping, in the coffin. Piety did not fail to consecrate the sentiments of nature and compassion. A Chapel was built on the fatal spot; and the father, desiring, in some measure to expiate his fault, erected a tomb, in which he ordered, that those whom he would have separated in life, should be united in death.—This place, as we have before observed, has ever since been called by a name, that will perpetuate their melancholy story—'The Priory of the Two Lovers.'

A TENDER PROOF OF CONJUGAL VIRTUE.

[From Letters to Honoria and Mariana, on various Subjects.]

HEAVEN forbid, that my beloved young friends should ever meet (if they ever enter the marriage state) with a

husband like Sir William S—: or, if they unfortunately should do so, may they be enabled to imitate the transcendent good-

ness of his admirable wife. I found her yesterday weeping over a letter which lay before her, and which, from the long intimacy she has been pleased to honour me with, she said I was entitled to read. I hastily ran over the contents; and could not help dropping a tear of compassion for the unhappy writer, who, I found, was an unfortunate young woman, who had been seduced by Sir William's—some years since; by whom he had two children; and now was so inhuman as to abandon both her and the little innocents to want.—I was particularly struck with this affecting letter; in which there was an air of plaintive tenderness, not usually met with from the unhappy wretches, cast out to infamy; as they too frequently acquire the most hardened degree of guilt.—I could not help feeling much, when I came to this line of the poor young woman's letter:—'Little Billy is now standing by me, crying for bread; alas! I have not a morsel either for him or for myself.'—The postscript, too, greatly affected me, in which were only the following words:—'You promised to pay for Tommy's schooling.'

I asked lady S—what she intended to do? It requires (said this excellent woman) not the least consideration. I shall order an handsome annuity to be settled on this unhappy object for her life:—and I will send immediately for the poor boys, and provide every necessary comfort for their relief: the children of my husband shall not perish, whilst I have the means to' A tear here forced its way. She that moment sent a bank bill to the unhappy mother, and ordered the children to be brought back by the bearer of this bounty. They were two fine boys. Their apparel being mean beyond description, Lady S—, with her own hands, began dressing with some suits she had procured for that purpose: and they were expressing their joy

and innocent surprize, at what they called their finery. 'Look, brother Billy, at my coat!—and 'see (said Tommy) what fine stockings this kind lady has given me.'—'Poor babes!' (said Lady S—, her eyes suffused with tender emotion, whilst with an angel's sweetness she continued) 'Alas! ye guilty parents of your neglected offspring, what a refined delight do you lose, by your shameful neglect of such engaging little prattlers!'—That moment the door opened, and Sir William entered; he started.—'See here my dear!' (said she)—'Whose brats are these?'—interrupted he.—'Alas! (replied this excellent woman) why do you neglect, and why have you left to perish, these lovely boys, with their unhappy mother? why, my dear, would you not inform me of these unfortunate little pledges?—I have a breast, I hope, enlarged enough to receive them as my own; for are they not my husband's?' 'Thou heavenly woman (returned he, lost in astonishment at her unequalled generosity) it is thus thou upbraidest me for my infidelity to the most amiable woman that ever existed?—O, my love, forgive:—but that's impossible! I am—I will be only yours.—But where is this unhappy woman, which'—'I have taken care of every thing, (replied the angelic lady S—) I shall remit her a very sufficient sum, yearly, for her support: as to these children, these lovely little ones, their education'—'Good God (interrupted Sir William) this is too much! O my Harriet! what a generous triumph have you gained!'—He fondly clasped her to his breast (on which he leaned) whilst a silent tear stole down her cheek.

But I was too much affected myself with this tender scene, not to take the first opportunity of retiring;—lost in admiration of a woman, who does honour to her sex.

Adieu for the present.

Ever yours, EMILIA.

ACCOUNT of a SINGULAR BANK in ITALY, called IL MONTE CIARETTO.

[From Swinburne's *Travels in the Two Scillies.*]

THE family of Caracciolo, Lords of Avellino, in Italy, acknowledge their grandeur was laid by the unshaken fidelity of John Caracciolo, who, being besieged by rebels in the castle of Ischia, of which he had been appointed Governor, by the Emperor Frederick, chose rather to perish in the flames that consumed the fortress, than surrender his trust. His

master was not insensible to such a proof of attachment, but expressed the warmest sentiments of gratitude for his memory; and conferred such honours and riches on his sons, as raised them to great consequence in the state. The family has ever since been much considered by its sovereigns; and the branches sent off from the main stock have become as wealthy and powerful

powerful as itself, and are at this day upon a par with the noblest and richest houses in the kingdom. Five of these branches are proprietors of a very singular Bank, called *Il Monte Ciarletto*, which secures a noble portion to their daughters, and of late to their younger sons. The story of its foundation is as follows:—Charles Caracciolo had an only daughter, whom he was determined to marry to one of his kinsmen that his rich inheritance might remain in the family. This match was contrary to the inclinations of the young lady, who positively refused to acquiesce in it. Her enraged father shut her up in a convent, where she took the veil by compulsion; but soon after, in a fit of despair, put an end to her existence. Charles, distracted with remorse and grief, did not long survive the child he had used so cruelly; and by way of atonement determined, if possible, to

prevent any Caracciolo from becoming a Nun, at least from a want of fortune: he therefore established a fund to accumulate for them. When any daughter of a family marries, she receives the interest and savings accruing from the bank since the last person was endowed. It never has been more than an hundred thousand ducats (18,750 l.). A chance has lately taken place, through the address and management of a lady married to one of these Caraccioli. The marriage portion of the women is limited to 70,000 ducats, and the remainder of the produce is to be appropriated to the education and maintenance of the younger sons. The director of this Bank has a house, table, and equipage for him. Several similar funds have been established by associated families, in imitation of the Bank of the Ciarletto.

PLEASING PARTICULARS IN HUSBANDRY, &c.

[From Letters from J. Hector St. John, a Farmer in Pennsylvania, to his Friend in England.]

PRAY do not laugh in seeing an artless countryman tracing himself through the simple modifications of his life. Remember that you have required it; therefore, with candour, though with diffidence, I endeavour to follow the thread of my feelings, but I cannot tell you all. Often, when I plough my low ground, I place my little boy on a chair which screws to the beam of the plow. Its motion and of that of the horses please him: he is perfectly happy, and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did for me: may God enable him to live that he may perform the same operations for the same purposes when I am worn out and old! I relieve his mother of some trouble while I have him with me; the odoriferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice. Can more pleasure, more dignity, be added to that primary occupation? The father, thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only to the Emperor of China ploughing as an example to his kingdom. In the evening, when I return home through my low grounds, I am astonished at the myriads of insects which I perceive dancing in the beams of the

setting sun. I was before scarcely acquainted with their existence; they are so small that it is difficult to distinguish them: they are carefully improving this short evening space, not daring to expose themselves to the blaze of our meridian sun. I never see an egg brought on my table but I feel penetrated with the wonderful change it would have undergone but for my gluttony. It might have been a gentle useful hen leading her chicken with a care and vigilance which speaks shame to many women. The sagacity of those animals, which have long been the tenants of my farms, astonishes me: some of them seem to surpass even men in memory and sagacity. I could tell you singular instances of that kind. What then is this instinct which we so debase, and of which we are taught to entertain so diminutive an idea? My bees, above any other tenants of my farm, attract my attention and respect. I am astonished to see that nothing exists but what has its enemy; one species pursues and lives upon the other. Unfortunately our Kingbirds are the destroyers of those industrious insects; but, on the other hand, these birds preserve our fields from the depredation of crows which they pursue on the wing with great vigilance and astonishing dexterity. Thus divided by two interested motives, I have long resisted the desire I had to kill them, until last year, when I thought they increased

increased too much, and my indulgence had been carried too far. It was at the time of swarming, when they all came and fixed themselves on the neighbouring trees, whence they caught those that returned loaded from the field. This made me resolve to kill as many as I could, and was just ready to fire, when a bunch of bees, as big as my fist, issued from one of the hives, and probably stung him, for he instantly screamed, and flew, not as before in an irregular manner, but in a direct line. He was followed by the same bold plianx, at a considerable distance, which unfortunately becoming too sure of victory, quitted their military array and disbanded themselves. By this inconsiderate step they lost all that aggregate of force which had made the bird fly off. Perceiving their disorder, he immediately returned, and snapped as many as he wanted; nay, he had even the impudence to alight on the very twig from which the bees had driven him. I killed him, and immediately opened his craw, from which I took 171 bees. I laid them all on a blanket, in the sun, and, to my great surprise, 54 returned to life, licked themselves clean, and joyfully went back to the hive; where they probably informed their companions of such an adventure and escape, as I believe had never happened to American bees? I draw a great fund of pleasure from the quails which inhabit my farm: they abundantly repay me, by their various notes and peculiar tameness, for the inviolable hospitality I constantly shew them in the winter. Instead of perfidiously taking advantage of their great and affecting distress, when nature offers nothing but a barren universal bed of snow, when irresistible necessity forces them to my barn doors, I permit them to feed uninclosed; and it is not the least agreeable spectacle which that dreary season presents, when I see those beautiful birds, tamed by hunger, intermingling with all my cattle and sheep, seeking, in security, for the poor scanty grain, which, but for them, would be useless and lost. Often in the angles of the fences, where the motion of the wind prevents the snow from settling, I carry them both chaff and grain; the one to feed them, the other to prevent their tender feet from freezing fast to the earth, as I have frequently observed them to do. I do not know an instance in which the singular barbarity of man is so strongly delineated, as in the catching and murdering these harmless birds at that cruel season of the year. Mr. **, one of the most famous and extraordinary farmers that has ever done honour to the province

of Connecticut, by his timely and humane assistance in a hard winter, saved this species from being entirely destroyed. They perished all over the country; none of their delightful whistlings were heard the next spring, but upon this gentleman's farm; and to his humanity we owe the continuation of their music. When the severities of that season have dispersed all my cattle, no farmer ever attends them with more pleasure than I do: it is one of those duties which is sweetened with the most rational satisfaction. I amuse myself in beholding their different tempers, actions, and the various effects of their instincts, now powerfully impelled by the force of hunger. I trace their various inclinations, and the different effects of their passions, which are exactly the same as among men. The law is to us precisely what I am in my barn yard, a bridle and check to prevent the strong and greedy from oppressing the timid and weak. Conscious of superiority, they always strive to encroach on their neighbours. Unsatisfied with their portion, they eagerly swallow it in order to have an opportunity of taking what is given to others, except they are prevented. Some I chide; others, unmindful of my admonitions, receive some blows. Could victuals thus be given to men, without the assistance of any language, I am sure they would not behave better to one another, nor more philosophically, than my cattle do. The same spirit prevails in the stable; but there I have to do with more generous animals; there my well known voice has immediate influence; and soon restores peace and tranquillity. Thus, by superior knowledge, I govern all my cattle as wise men are obliged to govern fools and the ignorant. A variety of other thoughts crowd on my mind at that peculiar instant, but they all vanish by the time I return home. If, in a cold night, I swiftly travel in my sledge, carried along at the rate of twelve miles an hour, many are the reflections excited by surrounding circumstances. I ask myself what sort of an agent is that which we call frost? Our minister compares it to needles, the points of which enter our pores. What is become of the heat of the summer? In what part of the world is it that the N. W. keeps these grand magazines of nitre! When I see, in the morning, a river over which I can travel, that in the evening before, was liquefied, I am astonished indeed! What is become of those millions of insects which played in our summer fields and in our evening meadows? They were so puny and so delicate, the period of their existence was so short, that one cannot help wonder-

dering how they could learn in that short space, the sublime art to hide themselves and their offspring in so perfect a manner as to baffle the rigour of the season, and preserve that precious embryo of life, that small portion of eternal heat, which if once destroyed, would destroy the species! Whence that irresistible propensity to sleep, so common in all those who are severely attacked by the frost! Dreary as this season appears, yet it has, like others, its miracles. It presents to a man a variety of problems which he can never resolve. Among the rest, we have here a set of small birds which never appear until the snow falls. Contrary to all others, they dwell and appear to delight in that element.

It is my bees, however, which afford me the most pleasing and extensive themes. Let me look at them when I will, their government, their industry, their quarrels, their passions, always present me with something new; for which reason, when weary with labour, my common place of rest is under my locust trees, close by my bee house. By their movements I can predict the weather, and can tell the day of their swarming; but the most difficult part is, when on the wing, to know whether they want to go to the woods or not. If they have previously pitched in some hollow trees, it is not the allurements of salt and water, of fennel, hickory leaves, &c. nor the finest box that can induce them to stay. They will prefer those rude, rough habitations, to the best polished mahogany hive. When that is the case with mine, I seldom thwart their inclinations. It is in freedom that they work. Were I to confine them, they would dwindle away and quit their labour. In such excursions we only part for a while. I am generally sure to find them again the following fall. This elopement of theirs only adds, to my recreations. I know how to deceive even their superlative instinct. Nor do I fear losing them, though 18 miles from my house, and lodged in the most lofty trees in the most impervious of our forests. I once took you along with me in one of these rambles, and yet you insist on my repeating the detail of our operations. It brings back into my mind, many of the useful and entertaining reflections with which you so happily beguiled our tedious hours.

After I have done sowing, by way of recreation, I prepare for a week's jaunt in the woods, not to hunt either the deer or the bears, as my neighbours do, but to catch the more harmless bees. I cannot boast that this chase is so noble or so famous among men, but I find it less fatiguing, and full as profitable; and the

last consideration is the only one that moves me. I take with me my dog, as a companion, for he is useless as to this game. My gun, for no man you know, ought to enter the woods without one, my blanket, some provisions, some wax, vermilion, honey, and a small pocket compass. With these implements I proceed to such woods as are at a considerable distance from any settlements. I carefully examine whether they abound with large trees; if so, I make a small fire, on some flat stones, in a convenient place. On the fire I put some wax; close by this fire, on another stone, I drop honey in distinct drops, which I surround with small quantities of vermilion, laid on the stone; and then I retire carefully to watch whether any bees appear. If there are any in that neighbourhood, I rest assured that the smell of the burnt wax will unavoidably attract them. They will soon find out the honey, for they are fond of preying on that which is not their own; and, in their approach, they will necessarily tinge themselves with some particles of vermilion, which will adhere long to their bodies. I next fix my compass, to find out their course, which they keep invariably straight, when they are returning home loaded. By the assistance of my watch, I observe how long those are returning which are marked with vermilion. Thus, possessed of the course, and, in some measure, of the distance, which I can easily guess at, I follow the first, and seldom fail of coming to the tree where those republics are lodged. I then mark it; and thus, with patience, I have found out sometimes eleven swarms in a season; and it is inconceivable what a quantity of honey these trees will sometimes afford. It entirely depends on the size of the hollow, as the bees never rest nor swarm till it is all replenished; for, like men, it is only the want of room that induces them to quit the maternal hive. Next I proceed to some of the nearest settlements, where I procure proper assistance to cut down the trees, get all my prey secured, and then return home with my prize. The first bees I ever procured were thus found in the woods by mere accident; for, at that time, I had no kind of skill in this method of tracing them.—The body of the tree being perfectly found, they had lodged themselves in the hollow of one of its principal limbs, which I carefully sawed off, and, with a good deal of labour and industry, brought it home, where I fixed it up in the same position in which I found it growing. This was in April. I had five swarms that year, and they have been ever since very prosperous. This business generally takes up a
week

week of my time every fall, and to me it is a week of solitary ease and relaxation.

The seed is by that time committed to the ground. There is nothing very material to do at home, and this additional quantity of honey enables me to be more generous to my home bees, and my wife to make a due quantity of mead. The reason, Sir, that you found mine better than that of others, is, that she puts two gallons of brandy in each barrel, which ripens it, and takes off that sweet, luscious, taste, which it is apt to retain a long time. If we find any where in the woods, no matter on whose land, what is called a bee-tree, we must mark it. In the fall of the year, when we propose to cut it down, our duty is to inform the proprietor of the land, who is entitled to half the contents. If this is not complied with, we are exposed to an action of trespass, as well as he who should go and cut down a bee-tree which he had neither found out nor marked.

We have twice a year the pleasure of catching pigeons, whose numbers are sometimes so astonishing as to obscure the sun in their flight. Where is it that they hatch? for such multitudes must require an immense quantity of food. I fancy they breed toward the plains of Ohio, and those about lake Michigan, which abound in wild-oats; though I have never killed any that had that grain in their craws. In one of them, last year, I found some undigested rice. Now the nearest rice-fields, from where I live, must be at least 560 miles; and either their digestion must be suspended while they are flying, or else they must fly with the celerity of the wind. We catch them with a net extended on the ground, to which they are allured by what we call *come wild pigeons*, made blind, and fastened to a long string. His short flights, and repeated calls, never fail to bring them down. The greatest number I ever caught was fourteen dozen, though much larger quantities have often been trapped. I have frequently seen them at the market so cheap, that, for a penny, you might have as many as you could carry away; and yet, from the extreme cheapness, you must not conclude that they are but any ordinary food; on the contrary, I think they are excellent. Every farmer has a tame wild pigeon in a cage, at his door, all the year round, in order to be ready whenever the season comes for catching them.

The pleasure I receive from the warblings of the birds in the spring is superior to my poor description, as the continual succession of their tuneful notes is for ever new to me. I generally rise from bed

about that indistinct interval, which, properly speaking, is neither night nor day; for this is the moment of the most universal vocal choir. Who can listen, unmoved, to the sweet love-tales of our robins, told from tree to tree? or to the shrill cat birds? The sublime accents of the thrush, from on high, always retard my steps, that I may listen to the delicious music. The variegated appearances of the dew drops, as they hang to the different objects, must present even to a clownish imagination, the most voluptuous ideas. The astonishing art which all birds display in the construction of their nests, ill-provided as we may suppose them with proper tools, their neatness, their convenience, always make me ashamed of the slovenliness of our houses. Their love to their dame, their incessant careful attention, and the peculiar songs they address to her while the tediousness incubates their eggs, remind me of my duty, could I ever forget it. Their affection to their helpless little ones, is a lively precept; and in short, the whole œconomy, of what we proudly call the brute creation, is admirable in every circumstance; and vain man, though adorned with the additional gift of reason, might learn, from the perfection of instinct, how to regulate the follies, and how to temper the errors, which this second gift often makes him commit.— This is a subject on which I have often bestowed the most serious thoughts. I have often blushed within myself, and been greatly astonished, when I have compared the unerring path they all follow, all just, all proper, all wise, up to the necessary degree of perfection, with the coarse, the imperfect systems of men, not merely as governors and kings, but as masters, as husbands, as fathers, as citizens. But this is a sanctuary in which an ignorant farmer must not presume to enter. If ever man was permitted to receive and enjoy some blessings that might alleviate the many sorrows to which he is exposed, it is certainly in the country, when he attentively considers those ravishing scenes with which he is every where surrounded. This is the only time of the year in which I am avaricious of every moment: I therefore lose none that can add to this simple and inoffensive happiness. I roam early throughout all my fields. Not the least operation do I perform which is not accompanied with the most pleasing observations. Were I to extend them as far as I have carried them, I should become tedious. You would think me guilty of affectation, and perhaps I should represent many things as pleasurable, from which you might not

not perhaps receive the least agreeable emotions. But, believe me, what I write is all true and real.

Sometime ago, as I sat smoking a contemplative pipe in my piazza, I saw, with amazement, a remarkable instance of selfishness displayed in a very small bird, which I had hitherto respected for its inefficiveness. Three nests were placed almost contiguous to each other in my piazza. That of a swallow was affixed in the corner next to the house, that of a phebe in the other; a wren possessed a little box, which I had made on purpose, and hung between. Be not surpris'd at their tameness. All my family had long been taught to respect them as well as myself. The wren had shewn before signs of dislike to the box which I had given it, but I knew not on what account. At last it resolved, small as it was, to drive the swallow from its own habitation, and, to my very great surpris'e, it succeeded. Impudence often gets the better of modesty, and this exploit was no sooner performed than it removed every material to its own box with the most admirable dexterity. The signs of triumph appeared very visible; it fluttered its wings with uncommon velocity; and an universal joy was perceivable in all its movements. Where did this little bird learn that spirit of injustice? It was not endowed with what we term reason! Here then is a proof that both those gifts border very near on one another, for we see the perfection of the one mixing with the errors of the other! The peaceable swallow, like the passive Quaker, meekly sat at a small distance, and never offered the least resistance. But, no sooner was the plunder carried away, than the injured bird went to work with unabated ardour, and, in a few days, the depredations were repaired. To prevent, however, a repetition of the same violence, I removed the wren's box to another part of the house.

In the middle of my parlour I have, you may remember, a curious republic of industrious hornets. Their nest hangs to the ceiling by the same twig on which it was so admirably built and contrived in the woods. Its removal did not displease them, for they find, in my house, plenty of food; and I have left a hole open, in one of the panes of the window, which answers all their purposes. By this kind usage they are become quite harmless. They live on flies, which are very troublesome to us throughout the summer. They are constantly busy in catching them, even on the eyelids of my children. It is surpris'ing how quickly they smear them over with a sort of glue, lest they might escape; and when thus prepared, they

carry them to their nests as food for their young ones. These globular nests are most ingeniously divided into many stories, all provided with cells and proper communications. The materials, with which this fabric is built, they procure from the cottony furze, with which our oak-rails are covered. This substance, tempered with glue, produces a sort of pasteboard, which is very strong, and resists all the inclemencies of the weather. By their assistance I am but little troubled with flies. All my family are so accustomed to their strong buzzing, that no one takes any notice of them; and, though they are fierce and vindictive, yet kindness and hospitality have made them useful and harmless.

We have a great variety of wasps. Most of them build their nests in mud, which they fix against the shingles of our roofs as nigh the pitch as they can. These aggregates represent nothing, at first view, but coarse and irregular lumps, but, if you break them, you will observe that the inside of them contains a great number of oblong cells, in which they deposit their eggs, and in which they bury themselves in the fall of the year. Thus insulated, they securely pass through the severity of that season, and, on the return of the sun, are enabled to perforate their cells, and to open themselves a passage from these recesses into the sunshine. The yellow wasps, which build under ground, in our meadows, are much more to be dreaded; for, when the mower unwittingly passes his scythe over their holes, they immediately fall forth with a fury and velocity superior even to the strength of man. They make the boldest fly, and the only remedy is to lie down and cover our heads with hay, for it is only at the head they aim their blows; nor is there any possibility of finishing that part of the work, until, by means of fire and brimstone, they are all silenced. But though I have been obliged to execute this dreadful sentence in my own defence, I have often thought it a great pity, for the sake of a little hay, to lay waste so ingenious a subterranean town, furnished with every convenience, and built with a most surpris'ing mechanism.

I never should have done, were I to recount the many objects which involuntarily strike my imagination in the midst of my work, and spontaneously afford me the most pleasing relief.

These may appear insignificant trifles to a person who has travelled through Europe and America, and is acquainted with books and with many sciences. But such simple objects of contemplation suffice me, who have no time to bestow on more extensive

tensive observations. Happily these require no study: they are obvious: they gild the moments I dedicate to them, and enliven the severe labours which I perform. At home my happiness springs from very different objects. The gradual unfolding of my childrens reason, the study of their dawning tempers, attracts all my parental attention. I have to contrive little punishments for their little

faults, small encouragements for their good actions, and a variety of other expedients dictated by various occasions: But these are themes unworthy your perusal, and which ought not to be carried beyond the walls of my house, being domestic mysteries, adapted only to the locality of the small sanctuary whereon my family resides.

ON THE HARMONY OF COLOURS IN PAINTING.

[From Sir Joshua Reynolds's Annotations on Mr. Mason's Translation of Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting.]

ALL the modes of harmony, or of producing that effect of colours which is required in a picture; may be reduced to three, two of which belong to the grand style, and the other to the ornamental.

The first may be called the Roman manner, where the colours are of a full and strong body, such as are found in the Transfiguration: the next is that harmony which is produced by what the ancients called the *corruption* of the colours, by mixing and breaking them till there is a general union in the whole, without any thing that shall bring to your remembrance the painter's palette, or the original colours; this may be called the Bolognian style: and it is this hue and effect of colours which Ludovico Carracci seems to have endeavoured to produce, though he did not carry it to that perfection which we have seen since his time in the small works of the Dutch school, particularly Jan Steen, where art is completely concealed, and the painter, like a great orator, never draws the attention from the subject on himself.

The last manner belongs properly to the ornamental style, which we call the Venetian, where it was first practised, but is perhaps better learned from Rubens. Here the brightest colours possible are admitted, with the two extremes of warm and cold, and those reconciled by being dispersed over the picture, till the whole appears like a bunch of flowers.

As I have given instances from the Dutch school, where the art of breaking colour may be learned, we may recommend here an attention to the works of Watteau for excellence in this florid style of painting.

To all these different manners, there are some general rules that must never be neglected; that the same colour, which makes the largest mass, be diffused, and appear to revive in different parts of the picture; for

A single colour will make a spot or blot. Even the dispersed flesh colours, which the faces and hands make; require their principal mass; which is best produced by a naked figure; but where the subject will not allow of this, a drapery approaching to flesh-colour will answer the purpose; as in the Transfiguration, where a woman is clothed in drapery of this colour, which makes a principal to all the heads and hands of the picture; and, for the sake of harmony, the colours, however distinguished in their light, should be nearly the same in their shadows; of a

————— simple unity of shade,
As all were from one single palette spread.

And to give the utmost force, strength, and solidity to your work, some part of the picture should be as light, and some as dark as possible: these two extremes are then to be harmonized and reconciled to each other.

Instances where both of them are used may be observed in two pictures of Rubens, which are equally eminent for the force and brilliancy of their effect; one is in the cabinet of the duke of Rutland, and the other in the chapel of Rubens at Antwerp, which serves as his monument. In both of these pictures he has introduced a female figure dressed in black satin, the shadows of which are as dark as pure black, opposed to the contrary extreme of brightness, can make them.

If to these different manners we add one more, that in which a silver-grey or pearly tint is predominant, I believe every kind of harmony that can be produced by colours will be comprehended. One of the greatest examples in this mode is the famous marriage at Cana, in St. George's church at Venice, where the sky, which makes

shakes a very considerable part of the picture, is of the lightest blue colour, and the clouds perfectly white; the rest of the picture is in the same key, wrought from this high pitch. We see likewise many pictures of Guido in this tint; and indeed those that are so are in his best manner. Female figures, angels, and children, were the subjects in which Guido more particularly succeeded; and to such the cleanness and neatness of this tint perfectly corresponds, and contributes not a little to that exquisite beauty and delicacy which so much distinguishes his works. To see this style in perfection, we must again have recourse to the Dutch school, particularly to the works of the younger Vandewelde, and the younger Teniers, whose pictures are valued by the connoisseurs in proportion as they possess this excellence of a silver tint. Which of these different styles ought to be preferred, so as to meet every main idea, would be difficult to determine, from the predilection which every man has to that mode, which is practised by the school in which he has been educated; but if any pre-eminence is to be given, it must be to that manner which stands in the highest estimation with mankind in general, and that is the Venetian, or rather the manner of Titian, which, simply considered as producing an effect of colours, will

certainly eclipse with its splendour whatever is brought into competition with it. But, as I hinted before, if female delicacy and beauty be the principal object of the painter's aim, the purity and clearness of the tint of Guido will correspond better, and more contribute to produce it than even the glowing tint of Titian.

The rarity of excellence in any of these styles of colouring sufficiently shews the difficulty of succeeding in them. It may be worth the artist's attention, while he is in this pursuit, particularly to guard against those errors which seem to be annexed to, or thinly divided from, their neighbouring excellence; thus, when he is endeavouring to acquire the Roman style, without great care, he falls into a hard and dry manner. The showery colouring is nearly allied to the gaudy effect of fan-painting. The simplicity of the Bolognian style requires the nicest hand to preserve it from insipidity. That of Titian, which may be called the Golden Manner, when unskillfully managed, becomes what the painters call Foxy; and the silver degenerates into the leaden and heavy manner. All of them, to be perfect in their way, will not bear any union with each other; if they are not distinctly separated, the effect of the picture will be feeble and insipid, without any mark or distinguished character.

ON THE USE OF OXEN IN HUSBANDRY.

[From the American Museum]

THE use of horses in husbandry would not be so general here, if farmers would think for themselves. That oxen would be of equal utility (beast for beast) in point of working, is a fact decided by the experience of old countries. This being granted, the four following proofs of the superior convenience and profit of cattle, must give an undoubted preference to them.

1st. To a new settler, the cost of stocking his farm with oxen is much less than with horses.

2d. The facility of feeding oxen, also gives them the preference—although clean, they will eat a coarser food than horses, and less in quantity.

3d. They are more hardy, and less subject to disease; and they can better endure labour, inclemency of weather, and the unavoidable exposure in new settlements.

4th. With loss of sight, old age, or broken limb, they will command, if fat, a price equal to their original value.

As the strength of your cattle, and their value to the butcher, depend entirely on their shape, strict attention must be observed in the choice of your breeding stock. The form which should be the criterion of a cow, bull, or ox, is that of a hoghead, truly circular, with small, and as short legs as possible: The smaller the bones, the truer will be the make of the beast—the quicker it will fatten—and the weight, we may easily conceive, will have a larger proportion of valuable meat. Flesh, not bone, is the butcher's object; and strength, not size, is the farmer's.

To make the ox most serviceable, you must begin with it when a calf; handle it frequently, treat it gently, and feed it well. If you have room, it should be housed with

with your cows, and should have a separate stall, early. It must be broken to labour by degrees, and early put into harness; but only used as leader to a light load for a year, before it shares the labour of a farm: By this means, their strength is entirely applied to the draft of the load, and not divided as with yokes. The slow-

ness of an ox appears to be the only objection; and this will be effectually removed by the above treatment and care, in breaking them.

Should the above only induce a few to adopt the use of cattle, experience of their superior utility must make it general.

DESCENT AND RISE OF THE EMPRESS CATHARINE OF RUSSIA.

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

SHE was born at Runghen, a small village in Livonia, of very poor parents, who were only boors, or vassals; her father and mother dying, left her very young in great want; the parish-clerk, out of compassion, took her home to his house, where she learnt to read. Dr. Glack, minister of Marienburgh, seeing her there, enquired of the clerk who she was; and being informed she was a poor orphan he had taken into his house out of charity what from a wish to relieve the poor clerk from a burthen he was not well able to support, and a liking to the little orphan, the doctor took her home to his house; notwithstanding he had a numerous family of his own. Here her company and opportunities for improvements were better, and her deportment such, that she became equally esteemed by the doctor, his wife, and children: her steady, diligent, and careful attention to all the domestic concerns, ingratiated her so much with the doctor and his wife, that they made no distinction between her and their own children. She ever after shewed her acknowledgment with the utmost gratitude, in richly providing for all those who could lay claim to any alliance to the doctor's family; nor did she forget her first benefactor the clerk of Rughen. In this happy situation she grew up to woman, when a Livonian serjeant, in the Swedish service fell passionately in love with her; she likewise liking him, agreed to marry him, provided it could be done with the doctor's consent, who upon enquiry into the man's character, finding it unexceptionable, readily gave it. The marriage day was appointed, and indeed came; when a sudden order came to the serjeant that very morning, to march directly with a detachment for Riga, who was thereby disappointed from ever enjoying his lovely bride. Soon after this, General Baur, at the head of an army, came before the

town and took it, in the year 1702, when all the inhabitants were made prisoners, and amongst the rest this lovely bride. In the promiscuous crowd overwhelmed with grief, and bathed in tears at her unhappy fate, the general observing her, saw a *je ne sçai quasi* in her whole appearance, which attracted him so much, that he asked her several questions about her situation; to which she made answers with more sense than is usual with persons of her rank. He desired her not to be afraid, for he would take care of her, and gave immediate orders for her safety and reception into his house, of which he gave her the whole charge, with authority over all his servants, by whom she was very much beloved from her manner of using them: the General afterwards often said, his house was never so well managed as when she was with him.

Prince Menzikoff, who was his patron, seeing her one day at the general's, observed something very extraordinary in her air and manner, and enquiring who she was, and on what footing she served him, the general told him what has been already related, and with due encomiums on the merits of her conduct in his house: the prince said, such a person would be of great consequence to him, for he was then very ill served in that respect; to which the general replied, he was under too many obligations to his highness to have it in his power to refuse him anything he had a mind to, and immediately calling for Catherine, told her, that was prince Menzikoff, and that he had occasion for a servant like herself, and that the prince had it much more in his power to be a friend to her than he had; adding, that he had two great a regard for her to prevent her receiving such a piece of honour and good fortune. She answered only by a profound courtesy, which shewed, if not her consent, that it was not then in her

her power to refuse the offer that was made: in short, the prince took her home the same day, and she lived with him till the year 1704, when the Czar, one day dining with the prince, happened to see

her, and spoke to her: she made a yet stronger impression on that monarch, who would likewise have her to be his servant; from whence she rose to be Empress of Russia.

THE HAPPY OMEN.

[From 'Pictures of Life; or, a Record of Manners, Physical and Moral, on the Close of the Eighteenth Century.' Translated from the French.]

HOW delicious is the first year of matrimony! Every moment is replete with new delights; the softest transports fill the bosoms of the happy pair!

In this manner the Marquis de S*** expressed the feelings of his heart, in conversation with his friend the Viscount de T*** R***.

The Marquis had been married about six months to a young and lovely wife, by whom he was adored. Her fortune had raised him to affluence; and, in return, his title had conferred nobility on her.

During his conversation with the Viscount, an idea occurred to his mind, which he determined to carry into immediate execution. Accordingly the next morning, as soon as the breakfast-table was removed, he entered his wife's apartment, and, seating himself by her side, asked her if it would be agreeable to see the—milliner lie had sent for.

'As you please, my love,' replied the Marchioness, with a smile of complacency.

The Marquis rung the bell.

A shrewd laughing *fille-de-chambre* entered the room. 'If it is for Mrs. Morgane, Sir, with the *baby-linen*,' said the young minx immediately, 'she is now waiting at the door.'

'Let her come in,' replied the Marquis.

Mrs. Morgane accordingly made her appearance, followed by a young girl carrying a rose coloured band-box, filled with ribbands, gauzes, laces.—

'This little dress is intended for a boy, is it not, Madam?' asked the Marquis.

'Yes, Sir,' replied Mrs. Morgane, and immediately presented him with a child's cap.

The Marquis placed it on the end of his finger, and holding it up exhibited it with some ostentation to the observation of his wife.—'It is extremely pretty,' said he.

The Marchioness, with those sweet delicious smiles which a wife never displays but to the eye of her husband, softly whif-

pered, 'I accept the happy omen!' for a false delicacy is incompatible with the glowing tenderness of youthful minds.

The lively *fille-de-chambre*, as she reclined on the back of her mistress's chair, observed what passed, and indicated by the significance of her smiles the satisfaction she felt at the discovery.

The various contents of the band-box were examined article by article; and when the inspection was finished, Mrs. Morgane was desired to leave the little wardrobe entire.

When the youthful lovers were alone—'This auspicious moment,' exclaimed the Marquis, 'is the happiest period of my life. I have the prospect of becoming a Father, and that exalted character is to be conferred on me by You! If I may indulge a wish upon this occasion, it would be for a son.—But among our future family I hope to number other children, whose sex and charms will multiply the image of their lovely mother.'

The Marchioness, crimsoned with modest blushes, tenderly replied, 'And will not a son afford me equal pleasure, by presenting to my view the picture of his father? I cannot describe how ardently I hope that your wishes may be gratified: and I am influenced in this hope by the most powerful motives.'

'May I ask, my charmer, what those motives are?'

'I figure to my mind, with pleasing expectation, that your son will be the perfect model of his father; and that I shall behold in him, at different periods of his life, a little transcript of the character you filled antecedent to our acquaintance. When he begins to speak, I shall fancy it in the style in which his father spoke. As he grows, I shall admire his boyish pranks, and think they were your own. His lively, honest, innocent delights will be the same which, at his age, occupied your mind; and all his little whims and humours will be compared to yours. On

the attainment of fifteen years, when the mind begins to take a firmer tone, and the heart to feel the fruits of well-engrafted sensibility, I shall anxiously explore his character, in hopes to find in him the excellencies of his father. But, oh! he *must* possess them; the character of your son cannot fail to be adorned with all his father's virtues. He must be educated with all imaginable delicacy, and every *soft and tender* feeling nourished in his soul.

The Marchioness was silent.

But the lips of the Marquis remained half opened, and he seemed still to hear the echo of her voice.—‘Speak, oh speak!’ he exclaimed, after listening a considerable time; ‘Angelic creature! divine being! formed to make my happiness complete—speak!—Oh! let me forever listen to your voice.—Favourite of heaven! wife! oh, how I pity the unfortunate being who is unacquainted with excellence like thine! But if your discourse be ended, let me repeat the charming sounds, by giving to your daughter the various excellencies you have too partially attributed to my son.’

At this moment the door opened, and the Viscount de T*** R*** entered the room.

‘My dear friend,’ said the Viscount, addressing himself to the Marquis, ‘we are in a situation capable of enjoying the highest felicity; every pleasure that fortune can purchase, or fashion can bestow, is at least within our reach. But, exclusive of these circumstances, we possess the superior advantages of improved minds and feeling hearts. The wise precepts we received from those experienced guardians under whose care we were educated, have increased and strengthened the natural virtues of our souls.’

‘Your observations are just, my friend,’ replied the Marquis; ‘education derives her greatest benefits from the maxims which a sage preceptor, by his long experience in the affairs of the world, is enabled to inculcate; and, thus, enlightened, youth commences the career of life with all the *knowledge* of maturer age. In this view it is truly said, that ‘education forms the man.’ ‘But if reason and knowledge protect us from danger, it is to sentiment and feeling that we are indebted for our happiness. They ought, indeed, mutually to inspire and regulate to each other.’

‘Very well,’ said the Viscount; ‘I perceive that you understand perfectly the meaning of my observation. As I passed, in my way here, through the narrow street, called St. Anastasius, I observed a man violently beating his wife, who appeared to be with child. The cause of their quarrel originated in the affection they enter-

tained for a daughter, a pert, lively girl, about six years of age. The mother, it seems, had thought it necessary to chastise her daughter for a fault she had committed; the girl complained to her father, who was a master cooper, of the punishment she had received; and the father, to avenge his daughter's cause, instantly attacked the person of his wife. I was astonished to observe that, while he was dragging the poor woman by the hair of the head, his little favourite was beating him with all her strength, to make him loose his hold. I immediately interposed and separated them; but my curiosity was so much excited by this circumstance, that I enquired of the child, What had induced her so warmly to espouse her mother's part?—‘Why, to be sure,’ said she, ‘because he beat her more than she beat me; and he ought only to have beat her as much.’—‘And for what fault was it your mother beat you?’—‘Indeed, you are very curious.’—‘Yes, my little girl, I wish very much to know.’—‘What, you think, I suppose, because you are a gentleman, that I must tell you?’—‘Yes; and if you don't, I shall have you whipped.’—‘I don't mind you; I defy you.’—Disappointed of gratifying my curiosity by this means, I applied for information to the mother. ‘Sir,’ replied the poor creature, sobbing with tears, ‘she is so spoiled by the indulgence of her father, who loves her too well, that I cannot manage her in any thing. She will not pay the least regard to what I say; she will not learn what I desire her, and thinks of nothing but running about and playing pranks with every boy she meets. It was for so doing that I gave her a slap with this little switch; and as her father had frequently told her that he would beat me as much as I beat her, she took the switch, and, threatening me that I should have it, went immediately and told her father.’—On hearing these circumstances, I fixed my eyes attentively on the man.—He appeared confused. I spoke to him; and, during the course of our conversation, perceived that he was a character guided rather by the sudden impulses of quick ungovernable passions, than by the dictates of a cruel and depraved heart; and whose mind only required temperaments of education to teach him to restrain the impetuosity of his feelings. I remonstrated with him in a friendly manner; and he received my admonitions with thanks. I made him sensible that his daughter would, in all probability, at some future period of her life become an abandoned character, capable of committing every enormity; and I advised him to place her at some school, where the prevalence of her evil

habits might be rigidly and effectually restrained. To this proposal, however, I could not persuade him to consent; but I made him agree, in the hearing of his daughter, that her mother should, in future, be the absolute mistress of her child. — My mind will profit by this incident; and I trust it will also suggest some useful reflections to you, since it was almost at your own door that I found it necessary to alarm the fears of this ferocious husband, to impose restraints upon the conduct of his daughter, and to give due authority to his deservng wife.

‘I tremble—’ said the Marchioness.

‘We have heard of *Hottentots*,’ interposed the Marquis; ‘but to live in the same city, in the very bosom of a civilized and well regulated metropolis, and to have *Hottentots* at our very doors!’

‘Let us be humble,’ said the Viscount; ‘it is education that forms the characters of men.’

‘Oh! my love,’ exclaimed the Marchioness to her husband, ‘be cautious and attentive in the education of your son! I wished to inspire his mind with *softness and sensibility*; but it is necessary that his reason should be strengthened and his passions subdued. I shall consult his interests, and submit to you. Do not permit the fond feelings of a mother’s heart to injure the education of her child. Mothers, my love, are sometimes too indulgent.’

The Marquis and his lady were invited to dine with the Viscount and his family. — Here they beheld a fond mother who, by inconsiderate tenderness, spoiled her children! The conscious father sighed to think what consequences might ensue, but submitted to his wife.

On their return home, ‘Let us, my love,’ said the Marquis, ‘think seriously on the story the Viscount has related to us, in order to avoid that which he suffers to be done.’

SCALE OF NATURAL BEINGS.

[Addressed to the Printer of the Edinburgh Magazine.]

SIR,
I HAVE sent you a scale of natural beings, which I should be glad any of your correspondents would improve or correct. If any one is offended at finding the monkey so near to ourselves, I beg he would observe, that we consider man here merely as an animal, not as a rational or moral being. Swift gave much offence by his voyage to the Houyhnhnms, because his design was totally misunderstood; and our unbounded folly and selfishness make us offended at whatever is designed to correct our vices or failings.

A Scale of Natural Beings.

MAN	Bat
Orang Outang	Ostrich
Monkeys	BIRDS
QUADRUPEDS	Water-Birds
Flying Squirrel	Amphibious Birds

Flying Fish	LITHOPHYTES
FISH,*	Asbestos
Eels	Talc, Gypsum, Sc-
Water-Snakes	lenites
Serpents	Slate
Naked Snails, or	Stones
Slugs	Figured Stones
Snails	Crystallisations
Shell-Fish	Salts
Scorpions	Vitriols
Moths	Metals
INSECTS	Semi-metals †
Gall Insects	Sulphurs
Tœnia, or Tape-	Bitumens
Worm	Earths
Polypes	Pure Earth
ZOOPLYTES	Water
Sensitive Plants	Air
VEGETABLES	Fire
Liverworts	Substances more
Mushrooms	subtile.
Truffles	

THE

* Whales, and other cetaceous fish, form the connecting link between quadrupeds and fish; as frogs, toads, and other reptiles, do between quadrupeds and serpents.
† Zinc is the connecting link between the metals and semi-metals; and black-lead, or wadd, connects these with the sulphurs. Innumerable points of union of the same kind may be observed in all parts of nature.

THE SILENT ACADEMY.

An Oriental Apologue.

THERE was at *Amadan*, a celebrated academy, whose first statute was conceived in these terms : ' The Academicians shall think a great deal, write little, and speak as seldom as possible.' It was called the *Silent Academy*; and there was not a philosopher in *Persia* who did not aspire to be admitted into it. Dr. Zeb, author of an excellent treatise, intitled *The Gag*, received information in a remote part of the country, that there was a place vacant in the silent academy. He departed immediately, arrived at *Amadan*; and presenting himself at the door of the hall in which the academicians were assembled, he begged the door keeper to give the president this billet : *Dr. Zeb humbly demands the vacant place.* The door keeper executed his commission directly : but the Doctor and his billet arrived too late ; the place was already filled.

The academy were much grieved at this disappointment : for they had, rather against their inclinations, received a wit of the court, whose lively and superficial eloquence was the admiration of all the fashionable circles ; and they found themselves obliged to refuse Dr. Zeb, the scourge of babblers, a man of abilities, and every way accomplished. The president, charged with announcing this disagreeable news to the Doctor, undertook it with reluctance, and was at a loss how to proceed. However, after having thought a little, he ordered a large cup to be filled with water, and filled so completely, that a drop more must have made the liquor run over ; then he made a sign for them to

introduce the candidate. He appeared with that simple and modest air which almost almost always announces true merit. The president rose ; and without pronouncing a single word, pointed, with an air of the greatest concern, to the emblematical cup, the cup so abundantly filled. The Doctor perceived at once that there was now no vacancy in the academy ; but, without losing courage, he endeavoured to make them comprehend, that a supernumerary academician would create no confusion. Spying a rose leaf at his feet, he picked it up, and laid it so gently upon the surface of the water, that not one drop run over. This ingenious answer occasioned general applause : the rules of the academy were for that day suspended, and Dr. Zeb was received with the loudest acclamations. They then presented to him the register of the academy ; in which the persons to be received behaved to inscribe their names. Having inscribed his name, these remained nothing for him but to pronounce, according to custom, an expression of thanks ; but like an academician truly silent, Dr. Zeb returned thanks without speaking a single word : He wrote on the margin the number 100 ; it was the number of his new brethren ; then putting a cypher before it, he wrote below, *Their value will be neither more nor less (0100).* The president answered the modest Doctor with as much politeness as presence of mind. He put the number one before the number 100, and wrote : *Their value will be ten times greater (1100).*

DIRECTIONS FOR RAISING FLAX ON OLD GROUND.

LET your land run over with grass, until the month of June ; then plough it in, and dung the ground with sheep's dung, or yard your sheep upon it ; plough it eight or nine times more before winter. Early in the succeeding spring, plough it three times more, and at the last time plough in your seed with some ashes, if you have any ; roll a roller over the ground to beat it down hard, and make it smooth.

To impregnate the ground with nitrous salts, and generate proper nourishment for the growth of the flax ; let the ploughing

be done early in the morning, before the dew is off by the exhalation of the sun. Wet land, where the water stands in the spring, or after a heavy rain, ought not to be ploughed until it is dry.

The ploughing of the land often prevents the generation of devouring insects. Part of the ground may be sown as early as the season will admit, and the rest at or near the full moon in May ; you may expect a good crop from both parts ; but if one should fail, you will, in all probability, have a good one from the other.

ACCOUNT OF A SPARROW TAKING POSSESSION OF A MARTIN'S NEST.

THE following singular circumstance happened near Kentish-town last summer.—A sparrow was observed to take possession of the nest of a Martin, who instantly flew to complain of the injury, and to get proper assistance to expel the little usurper. He returned, accompanied by near an hundred others, but the sparrow, placing himself in the nest; opposed his bill at the entrance, and proved superior to all their efforts. After some time the

Martins flew away, and were supposed to have forsaken the charge, but very shortly returned, each bearing in his bill a portion of that moistened earth with which they build their nests: each deposited artfully his burden at the entrance, which was still defended by the obstinate little intruder, and thus, since he would not be expelled, blocked him up and left him to perish.

FRIENDSHIP INCOMPATIBLE WITH A DISPARITY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

I KNOW few subjects more written upon and less understood than that of friendship; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the asswager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection; and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendship's which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy.

It is certain the best method to cultivate this virtue, is by letting it in some measure make itself. A similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds, and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation. Friendship is like a debt of honour, the moment it is talked of it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation.

From hence we find that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly with the terms of their connection more nearly equal, and where they even have the most virtue are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Encreasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only encreases

their burthen; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought by riches, and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits, and protestations of friendship. These in the usual course of the world he thought it prudent to accept, but while he gave this esteem he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed, for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts; which Plautinus soliciting by a variety of other claims could never think of bestowing. It may be easily supposed that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude, and such indeed in the common acceptance of the world it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the *ungrateful man*; he had accepted favours it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it

was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents both were at length placed in that station of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more taken from a Greek writer of antiquity. Two Jewish soldiers in the times of Vespasian had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army as the two friendly brothers; they felt, and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption until death had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a General under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish male-contents. From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquer-

able spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews, to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen burning alive within its circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now therefore returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The friend from above heard and obeyed, and casting himself from the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other being dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

ON FRIENDSHIP IN GENERAL, AND FEMALE FRIENDSHIP IN PARTICULAR.

[From Mrs. Griffith's Essays, addressed to Young Married Women.]

THE ancients ranked friendship in the second class of human virtues; and many are the instances recorded in history, where its energy has produced effects almost divine. Considered in its perfect strength and beauty, it certainly is the most sublime, because the least selfish, affection of the soul.

Honour is its very essence; courage, frankness, and generosity, its unalienable properties. Such is the idea delivered down to us of this noble sentiment, by its cotemporary writers, 'who together flourished, and together fell': for some centuries have elapsed since this exalted phenomenon has deigned to appear among the degenerate sons of men; and, like a mutilated statue, it is now become rather an object of admiration to a few virtuosi in philosophy, than a subject for general emulation.

Montaigne, amongst the moderns, seems to have felt a stronger emanation of this

virtue than any author I am acquainted with; and though the utmost stretch of his warm imagination gives us but a faint ray of its ancient lustre, yet even this slight resemblance appears too strong for our weak eyes, and seems rather to dazzle than attract our regards.

Our cotemporary, Dr. Young, has left us several very beautiful descriptions of friendship, which though deficient of that fire which not only blazed but burned in this ancient virtue, are, however, sufficient to form both our theory and our practice upon.

'True friendship warms; it raises, it transports,
Like music pure the joy, without alloy,
Whose very rapture is tranquility.'

This is a very pleasing and just description of friendship in the abstract; but it wants that energy which particular attachments

add to all our sentiments, and without which, like a winter's sun, they shine-but do not warm.

The same author has given us a more interesting, though perhaps less elevated idea of this affection of the mind, in his address to a particular person :

‘ Lorenzo, pride suppress, nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in
thee.’

This is a new, and I think a just light in which we may consider this sentiment; for though love may be formed without sympathy, friendship never can. It is even in its degenerate state, an affection that cannot subsist in vicious minds; and among the most virtuous, it requires a parity of sentiment, manners, and rank, for its basis. Of all the nice ties and dependencies which constitute the happiness or misery of life, it is the most delicate, and even the most fragile. Wealth cannot purchase, nor gifts ensure its permanence.

The chirping of birds in cages bear as much resemblance to the vocal music of the woods, as bought courtesies to real friendship. The great, alas! rarely enjoy this blessing; vanity and emulation prevent its growth among equals; and the humiliating condescension with which superiors sometimes deign to affect friendship for their inferiors, strikes at the very foundation of the sentiment; from which there can only arise a tottering superstructure, whose pillars, like those of modern composition, bear the gloss, but want the durable quality of the mental marble, sincerity. Yet there have been instances, though rare, of real friendship between persons of different ranks in life particularly Henry the Fourth and Sully; but the virtues of the latter placed him on a level with monarchs, and the magnanimity of the former made him sensible of their equality.

Yet how often are complaints uttered by disappointed pride against the ingratitude of those whom they have honoured with the title of friend, nay, and have even served and obliged as such; without reflecting that obligations to a generous mind are insults, when accompanied with the least slight or mortification.

On the other hand, we perhaps too willingly attach ourselves to our superiors. Our self love is flattered by their approbation, as it naturally imagines it can only be for our good and amiable qualities that they like or distinguish us. But though love, like death, makes all distinction void, friendship has no such levelling power. Superiority of rank or fortune is

generally felt by the person who possesses either; and they are entitled to some degree of praise, if they do not make others feel it too.

Let those then who have delicate minds, remember that equality is the true basis of friendship; let them set a just value on their own worth, as well as on the inebriating smiles of greatness, and not expose their sensibility to the pangs it must sustain, on discovering that neither virtues or talents can always keep the scale of friendship steady, when opposed to the adventitious circumstances of high birth or great fortune.

Thus far my remarks upon this subject are general. Let me now apply them to their use for whom this little work is designed, by earnestly recommending it to every young married woman to seek the friend of her heart in the husband of her affection. There, and there only, is that true equality, both of rank and fortune, strengthened by mutual interests, and cemented by mutual pledges, to be found. There only condescensions will not mortify, as they will be concessions but of kindness, not of pride. There, and there only, will she be sure to meet with reciprocal confidence, unfeigned attachment, and tender solicitude, to soothe her every care. The ties of wedded love will be riveted by the bands of friendship; the virtues of her mind, when called forth by occasion, will unfold themselves by degrees to her husband's perception, like the opening rose before the morning ray; and when its blooming colour fades upon her cheek, its sweetness shall remain within the very foldings of his heart, from recollection of her sense and worth. Happy are the pairs so joined; yea, happy are they who are thus doubly united!

As the word friendship is at present generally understood to be a term of little import, or at most extends merely to a preference of liking, or esteem; I would by no means exclude my fair readers from that kind of commerce which is now accepted under that title, in society. But even this sort of connexion requires much caution in the choice of its object; for I should wish it might be restrained to one; and that one ought to obtain this preference from the qualities of the heart rather than those of the head. A long and intimate acquaintance can alone discover the former; the latter are easily and willingly displayed; for love without esteem is as a shower, soon spent. The head is the spring of affections, but the heart is the reservoir.

For this reason, it always appears to me a proof of mutual merit, when two sit

ters, or two young women, who have been brought up together, are strongly attached to each other; and I will admit, that while they remain unmarried, such a connexion is capable of forming a pure and disinterested friendship, provided that the sympathy of their affections does not tend to make them like or admire the same male object; for though love may, friendship cannot exist with jealousy.

'Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy.'

That great master of the human heart, Shakspeare, has shewn us, that maidenly attachment is no match for the stronger passion of love.

'Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both ore slower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, our voices, and
our minds
Had been incorporate.'

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

If such an almost instinctive affection as that between Hermia and Helena was so quickly dissolved by the intruder love, I fear there are but few female friendships that will better stand the test. And to a delicate mind it may appear a breach perhaps of those 'sister vows,' when one of the parties enters into another and more forcible engagement; for love is an imperious and engrossing tyrant; of course the gentler affection must give way and retire within itself, as the sensitive plant shrinks back, oppressed by too intense a heat.

In my small experience I have never seen the same degree of attachment subsist between two ladies after marriage as before, excepting they were sisters. The bands of natural affection are not loosened by new engagements; but those of choice or casualty necessarily become relaxed by the addition of a new object, as extension lessens strength.

The minds of most young women seem, and indeed ought to, so in reality, to acquire a new bent after marriage: scenes different from those to which they had been accustomed open to their view; different objects engross their attention; every state

has its cares; and, from the queen to the peasant, every wife has duties to fulfil. Frivolous amusements are, or should be, renounced for the more pleasing and respectable avocations of an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a beloved and honoured matron of a family.

I hope it is impossible that I should be so far misunderstood, as to be thought to exclude married women from any innocent pleasure or rational amusement that is suited to their age, rank, or fortune. I would not only ensure but augment their happiness, and shall therefore say with Othello,

'Where virtue is, there are most virtuous.'

But still there is, or should be, a difference in the enjoyment of their pleasures; between the thoughtless gaiety of girls, and the decent cheerfulness of married women. The first is bright and transient as the youthful glow of health and vivacity that blooms upon the cheek; the latter should express that tranquil joy which flows from true content.

I may be thought to have somewhat wandered from the particular subject of this chapter, though, I hope, not from the general object of the work. I shall now conclude with observing, that as the characters and conduct of even her common acquaintance reflect honour or disgrace upon a young married woman, she will be an inevitable sharer in that degree of respect or contempt which her chosen friend possesses in the esteem of the world; and though its censures may sometimes involve the innocent with the guilty; yet in general there is no fairer way of forming our opinions of persons we do not know than from their intimate associates.

There is something still more alarming to be dreaded for a young woman who is thoughtless enough to form indiscriminate friendships. There is a lightness of mind and manners in many women, who, tho' free from actual vice, have lost that delicate sensibility which heaven has placed in female minds as the out-gard of modesty. The rosy blush that gives the intuitive alarm to decency, even before the perceptions of the mind are awake to danger, glows not upon their cheek; the snowy purity of innocence beams not upon their dauntless forehead, though it may still retain its whiteness. Their minds may be coarse, however delicate their form; and their manners unfeminine, even without being masculine.

An intimacy with such persons is, of all others, the most dangerous. The frankness and liveliness of their conversation

render them too generally agreeable, and they frequently undermine the principles of virtue, before we find it necessary to stand upon our guard.

As the Platonic system has been long exploded, it is almost unnecessary to warn my fair readers against particular intimacies with the other sex, when not closely connected with them by the ties of blood or affinity. The whole system of nature must change, and the tyger and the lamb live peaceably together, before a sincere

and disinterested friendship can subsist between an amiable young woman and a man not nearly related to her, who has not passed his grand climacteric. A man of such an age, possessed of sense and virtue, may perhaps be a kind useful Mentor: but if a married woman is happy enough to meet with a proper and affectionate return from the first object I have recommended to her choice, she cannot stand in need of any other friend,

A DISSERTATION ON THE CLIMATE OF RUSSIA.

[By Matthew Guttrie, M.D. Physician to the Imperial Corps of Noble Cadets at St. Petersburg, F.R.S. of London and Edinburgh.]

THE RUSSIAN SUMMER,

With the common Phenomena attending it.

OUR Russian summer, during a good season presents exactly the opposite extreme to winter, the former being nearly as hot as the latter is cold; an admirable arrangement of nature, if we consider the task the sun has to perform, with regard to vegetation, during that short space of time.

The influence of the sun during the period of a RUSSIAN SUMMER, is, no doubt, aided by that equally wise œconomy relative to the habits of plants; for whilst the northern ones run their course uniformly in the short space of time allotted to them, (even in Iceland, where, from its insular situation, the heat cannot be so considerable as with us) those imported from the south can by no means effect all their stages of vegetation, within the bounds of a Russian summer, until they have passed a few seasons in this climate, and thus acquired the habits of the indigenous plants of the country.

It is remarkable that the thermometer falls exactly to 24° and a half of Reaumur, below the freezing point, during our greatest cold in winter, and rises to the same number of degrees above it, during our greatest heat of summer, taking the mean of fifteen years. The sun's remaining so many hours above the horizon, or rather scarcely leaving it at all during a certain period of summer, affords one reason for the violent heat which a traveller meets with, to his no small astonishment, in the latitude of 60, as the air and earth have not time to cool in the short interval between his setting and rising again. Two

British travellers from Bengal, (where they are certainly accustomed to great heat) complain much of the present summer in St. Petersburg.

I take this opportunity of mentioning a curious fact, connected with northern vegetation. There is a dish to be found at the tables of Moscow, during winter, which will scarcely be credited by the rest of Europe, when it is remembered that the climate is nearly as severe as at Petersburg, viz. asparagus, reared in the open air, the production of a species of Russian gardening, which merits being known.

In autumn the asparagus beds are covered with mats, and buried by the falling snow, which is most abundant in this climate, so as to preserve the plants from being frozen, until they are wanted. When a bed of them is to be thrown into vegetation, during winter, it is done by cutting a deep and broad trench all around it, down to the unfrozen earth, which is filled with smoking dung, taken out of the middle of a large dunghill; the old mats, covered with snow, are then removed, and dry ones put in their place, and upon them a thick layer of warm dung, leaving only small apertures for the plants to push through.

Rain.

The quantity of rain that falls in the six months is 10 99-100, or about 11 Paris inches.

	Days.
Rainy	80.
Tempest during this season,	
from	11 to 12
Showers of hail	2 to 3
Aurora Borealis.	8 to 9
Fog	17

I should be happy in being able to give the

the heat of deep wells and springs in this province, to compare with the mean heat of our climate, which, according to a curious modern discovery, ought to be pretty nearly the same; but as our water lies within about four yards of the surface, at least in the district I inhabit, it may be supposed to be affected by the influence of the sun during summer, and the severe frost in winter. To avoid, then, as much as possible, both these causes of error, I have chosen for the time of my experiment, what, in my opinion, is the most favourable in the whole year, viz. the short interval which takes place between the rigorous season of winter and the heat of summer, when the water is most exempt from either influence. The epoch fixed upon, then, for my experiment was the 9th of May, whilst we had still a little floating ice in our river, the last of that which comes down from the lake Ladoga every spring, on its breaking up. At this time, the trees were still without a leaf except the birch, which was just budding; and Reaumur's thermometer stood at 10 deg. and a half above the freezing point, some degrees higher than it had yet done; so

that I think, from the small effect the sun had yet produced on vegetation, &c. we cannot well suppose, that the temperature of a thick covered well in my garden, excluded, as much as possible, from communication with the open air, by every precaution I could invent, could be so much affected by it as to produce an error on the side of heat.

May 9. Heat of the air 10 deg. and a half above 0.

Heat of the well in my garden, Imp. Cader Corps 2 deg. and 3 qrs above 0.

Now, as the mean heat of our climate is 2 deg. 7 10, there is a very remarkable coincidence between it and the heat of the water, even taken under all the disadvantages mentioned above. However, I by no means offer this as the absolute and exact temperature of deep wells and springs in this province, which may certainly be considerably different.

The mean heat of the only four countries determined in this manner, that have fallen under my cognizance, make a short but curious scale, as they are of temperate, torrid, and frigid climates. As for example:

St. Petersburg, N. lat. 59 deg. 26 min.
23 sec. Long. 30 deg. 25 E. from the
first merid. of Greenw.
London, N. lat. 51 deg. 31 min. Long. 0
Paris, N. lat. 48 deg. 50 min. Long. 2
deg. 25 E.

Kingston, Jamaica, N. lat. 18 deg. 15
min. Long. 76 deg. 38 min. W.

Mean heat
of the Cli-
mates.

Heat of Wells
and Springs.

2 deg. 7-10

2 deg. 3 qrs.

7 deg. 3 qrs.

7 deg. 3-qrs.

10 deg.

10 deg. 1 qr. in
the cave under the
observatory.

21 deg. 2-4.

21 deg. 1-qr.

The difference of temperature between London and Paris is more remarkable than their distance will account for, and, of course, is an illustration of the effect of insular situation, which was my reason for setting down two places so near to one another. Accident sometimes presents us with one interesting fact when in search of another. This was my case, in taking the heat of the earth in my garden, to contrast with that of my well, for a peculiar purpose. On the 19th of April, 1789, Reaumur's thermometer at 7 deg. above 0, I found the heat of the earth, in a foot bed one foot from the surface, only half a degree above the freezing point, and on the next day was astonished to find it at 5 deg. above it, although the thermometer in air had not altered its position, but was still at 7 deg. nor had the sun shone out in the interval; so that this surprising change of heat in the earth seems to have been effect-

ed by a shower of rain that fell between the two observations; a strong confirmation of the hypothesis that rain water contains a large portion of latent heat, and probably of electric matter; so that it is not surprising if plants should, under certain circumstances, start, as it were, suddenly out of the earth, after a shower of rain, as they receive so large a supply, not only of moisture, but likewise of heat, and possibly a vivifying principle, from the stimulus of the electric fluid carried down by the rain.

General Observations on the Summer Atmosphere.

The state of the atmosphere during the summer, is, in general, pretty fixed, and the air very serene and clear, both during the day and night, in spite of the heavy dew that falls from the setting to the rising

ging of the sun, which seems to serve, as before observed, for watering the plants during the hot dry season. I have been much struck with observing that an excellent hygrometer, sent me by the learned Professor Pictet, of Geneva, (having it within doors, with the windows open) indicated a greater degree of humidity on a fine summer's evening, than during the most rainy weather; so much higher is the saturation of the air with water, and so much greater is its diffusion through it than when it falls in the form of rain. This observation favours the modern hypothesis of the chemical solution of water in air.

I think also worthy of remark, the much greater effect this sultry debilitating period has upon foreigners, (from even warm countries) than on the natives of the north, as one should naturally think the former would support it better than a people accustomed, for so long a period of the year, to excessive cold. This, however, is by no means the case; for whilst foreign-

ers can scarcely take any exercise out of doors, with the sun high above the horizon, without feeling a species of faintish debility, the natives even carry on the hardest labour without much apparent fatigue. This may probably be accounted for by their constant use of the vapour bath, heated to a degree unupportable for many minutes to a foreigner; whilst they feel themselves perfectly at their ease in it, from habit, and are as fond of it as the Greeks and Romans were of the tepid water bath.

Another circumstance in the mode of life of this northern people, which may also contribute greatly to their supporting so well considerable degrees of heat, is their living at home, for eight months of the year, in a constant heat of from 16 deg. to 20, of Reaumur, or from 63 deg. to about 77 of Fahrenheit; nay, even during the summer, the ovens of their cottages are obliged to be pretty constantly heated, each peasant baking his bread at home, and dressing his victuals in them.

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

[Concluded from Vol. III. Page 441.]

THERE was a man, called Chally Zamar, a native of Grand Cairo, as he himself gave out, who had been often employed by the English ministers as a translator of papers from the Mahomedan courts, but had not for some time been engaged in that way, on account of the extreme debauchery of his manners, particularly drunkenness, which rendered him unworthy of confidence. This man was in the habit of attending the Royal Exchange every day, and preying on various pretences of service, on strangers of his own religion from different countries. He fastened on Ben Ali, decoyed him into a lodging house in the infamous environs of Petticoat-lane, and laid him, besides the extortions practised on him there, under heavy contributions, for his attendance, and letters which he wrote in his behalf, to persons in power, &c. Ben Ali, from extreme agitation of mind, occasioned by misfortune, and great sensibility of temper, fell into a nervous fever. By the time he had recovered from this, he found himself lying on a wretched sick-bed in a misera-

ble hovel, without a shilling. His sword, watch, rings, and other trinkets, brought a small supply from a pawn-broker, which the claims of apothecaries and nurses quickly exhausted. He was reduced to extreme want, and obliged to make his wants known to such of his countrymen as came in his way, and others.

The above mentioned Zamar brought him to Dr. W. Thomson, in Fitzroy Street, with a letter of introduction from Silvester Otway the poet, who, being master of the Arabic language, conversed with the unfortunate stranger, and, being of a sympathetic disposition, did all in his power to serve him. Dr. T. after much conversation with Ben-Ali in the French language, at his own house, always open to him, easily discovered that he was a man of uncommon talents, as well as most extensive and various observation on men and manners, in different countries in Africa, Asia, and Europe. Besides the Arabic, his native language, and the Turkish, and modern Greek, he spoke the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, with ease; and was

was now beginning to smatter a little English. He united the natural fire and subtlety of Africa with that accuracy and precision in thinking which a conversancy with Europeans of education and of rank inspires. He possessed quickness of observation, soundness of judgment, strength of memory, and an intuitive discernment of character. From the looks, manners, and even a few sentences pronounced in certain circumstances, he could form a shrewd conjecture concerning the disposition and turn of mind of the person by whom they were uttered. To all these qualities he added the utmost urbanity and pleasantry of manners. He professed a firm belief in the existence and providence of God, and patience and resignation to his will; but considered Mahomedanism, as well as all other species of religion, not so much as objects of faith, as subjects of respect and local accommodation.

It occurred to Dr. T. that such a man might find temporary support at Oxford, under the auspices of the learned, ingenious, and good natured Professor White, to whom he might act as second or assistant in teaching the oriental languages.— With a letter, accordingly from Dr. T. to his friend Professor White, Ben Ali set out for Oxford. It was unfortunately a time of vacation in the colleges; a circumstance which Dr. T. had overlooked. Dr. White was not in town, nor yet many of the students. Ben-Ali shewed Dr. T.'s letter to some of the young gentlemen that were, as well as masters in the University. A certain Vice-chancellor, with all the illiberality of a monk, treated him with unkindness, and seemed to take it amiss that it should be supposed to be possible, that any assistance in teaching languages should be wanted at Oxford. Very different from the behaviour of this pedant was that of Dr. Thomson, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Oxford; who sympathized with Ben-Ali's situation, paid his bill at the tavern, and furnished him with money to carry him back to London.

Dr. T. recommended Ben-Ali, for some small assistance, to some gentlemen of his acquaintance in town, and also, as Ben-Ali was a mason, to the Grand-Lodge, and other lodges of Free-Masons. From the Grand Lodge, where he went as a visitor on their great anniversary, he received not one farthing. Their secretary or treasurer, to whom he was recommended, treated him with the most cool indifference: nor could the respectable certificates which he laid before them from the Lodge of the Universe at Paris, signed by a great number of the first nobility of France, be recover-

ed out of his hands without great difficulty. In contrast to this stands the conduct of the Lodge of Antiquity, who invited him to a meeting, and a convivial entertainment, and made him a liberal present in the politest manner: happy in an opportunity of exhibiting a proof and example, that the true mason is not circumscribed in his beneficent regards by any peculiarity of manners, religion, or country.

Dr. T. desirous of ridding his Moorish friend of the pernicious society of Jews and others who hung about him, and plundered him even when he lived on charity, removed him to a room in his neighbourhood, hired at the low rent of three shillings per week, at Mr. Weston's baker in Clipstone-street. At Dr. T.'s he had the good fortune of becoming acquainted with a most amiable as well as ingenious gentleman, Mr. Cruden, through whom he was mentioned to Lord Rawdon, a member and ornament to the African Society. Lord Rawdon sent for him, discerned his merit, contributed generously to his relief, and conceived the design of uniting this with the grand object of the African Association, by lending him, in company with a gentleman of great profits, as well as ingenuoufness, who had resided fourteen years in Barbary, and with Dr. Swedian, a chymist and a mineralogist, to explore the interior parts of Africa. The only members of the Acting Committee of the society, in town, besides the nobleman already mentioned, were Mr. Beaufoy, the most active member, and Sir Joseph Banks. These gentlemen entered readily into the views of Lord Rawdon; but were not wholly without suspicion that Ben Ali might be an impostor. Mr. Dowdsworth, who had resided long at Algiers, and other Mahomedan ports, in the character of British Consul, was requested, by Mr. Beaufoy, to assist at a conference with Ben Ali, intended to discover whether he was a true man or no. The Moor, at the sight of Mr. Dowdsworth, bursting into tears, threw his arms around his neck, and fervently embraced him. Mr. Dowdsworth was affected in a similar manner. He knew Ben Ali, and had had some dealings with him at Algiers; and readily attested that he was, in reality, the person whom he pretended to be. With his testimony, that of the Secretary to the French Ambassador here, who was equally well informed concerning the history of Ben-Ali, whom he had known in France, perfectly concurred.

It was resolved that the African Association should settle a small pension on Ben-Ali of three guineas per week, while he should

should reside in London. And that he on his part, should contribute, for the information of the Society, all that he knew of Africa, and particularly of that part of it known by the name of Mount Atlas, which nearly intersects the peninsula. Measures were to be taken for sending him, with the gentleman already alluded to, on a mission into Africa: but if that design should miscarry, it was agreed on that Ben-Ali should be sent where he pleased, at the Society's expence; that they should desire Mr. Dowdsworth, who perfectly understands the Arabic, as well as the most improved languages of modern Europe, to take down in writing the reports of Ben-Ali, which undoubtedly form the most valuable part of that collection which has been superfluously printed by the AFRICAN ASSOCIATION, for the perusal of members, and is, as we are informed, soon to be printed on a common type and paper for the information of the world; for, altho' the Editor considers Ben-Ali's information as secondary, and chiefly valuable as it tends to confirm the description of the kingdom of Bornou, given by a Sherreef; he is, in this, guilty of the greatest solecism, as Ben-Ali's Travels are much more extensive, even by his own confession, than those of the Sherreef; and as the evidence of Ben-Ali was direct, whereas that of the Sherreef was second-hand and circuitous. The accounts given of such parts of Africa as had been visited by the Sherreef Imhammed were transmitted by Mr. Lucas, who met with him by accident at Mesurata, a town on the Mediterranean, not above an hundred and fifty English miles from Tripoli. Instead then of saying that the Sherreef's accounts were confirmed by those of Ben-Ali, would it not be equally proper, and more natural, to say, that the direct testimony of Ben-Ali was confirmed by the accounts that had been given, though indirectly, by the Sherreef Imhammed?

Various modes and terms were thought of and proposed for sending Ben-Ali on a tour through Africa; an object which would certainly have been accomplished if Lord Rawdon, had been the leading and most active member of the Society: for, as on the one hand his Lordship, who is versant in the Oriental languages, and possesses such a knowledge of men and things as enabled him to judge how fit an agent this Moor was for the Society; & on the other, the Moor discerned in the manners, conversation, and ideas of Lord Rawdon, something so just and noble, that he declared himself ready to undertake the proposed expedition; if Lord Rawdon would enter into a covenant with him of

bread and salt, that, on his return, he would use his influence, and the authority of his character, for obtaining such a recompence for his services as he might think they deserved: a condition to which his Lordship, with equal generosity and condescension, agreed.

The scantiness of the Society's fund is an apology for every attempt to march *à la mode* as much as possible. But here it may at the same time be observed, that it was an useless waste of money to lay it out in gorgeous books for the members of the Association. This is ill-judged, and even selfish munificence. A love of splendour is commendable, and in a manufacturing country, of great commercial utility. But the man desirous of information and amusement is more obliged by the facts and arrangement in the late magnificent publication of a pantheon, than the beauty, however great, of the type or of the pictures. What reader of taste but would wish for two books respecting the central parts of Africa, on a common type and paper, rather than one book printed on paper more costly than vellum? The money laid out, in this way, to no good purpose, with the addition of little more than as much would have sufficed to purchase presents and merchandize enough to carry Ben-Ali from west to east, across the peninsula of Africa, if disease, or captivity, should not have interrupted his progress.

Though Ben-Ali, confiding in Lord Rawdon, as already mentioned, was willing to undertake the expedition proposed, in company with the other gentleman, without exacting any formal stipulations of reward, the season was suffered to elapse; one member of the committee after another went out of town, and Ben-Ali, having communicated all that he knew, found himself alone and neglected; and this negligence, which occasioned the death of the unfortunate Moor, deprived the African Association of such an opportunity as they will never again enjoy, of exploring that continent from whence they take their designation, and added a new proof of the remissness with which societies act, and of the maxim that all great undertakings, are, for the most part, begun and achieved by individuals.

A number of vagabonds, Jews as well as Moors, into whose company Ben-Ali had fallen, soon after his arrival in London, as already mentioned, understanding that he had been fortunate enough to obtain the countenance and protection of the African Association, harassed him by repeated applications for money. Ben-Ali, who had known affluence as well as want, had experienced the inequalities of fortune,

tune, and was naturally generous gave them frequently, out of his weekly allowance, a crown, and sometimes even half a guinea; but the more he gave, the more extravagant their notions became of the sums that he must have received, and the more unreasonable their expectations and their demands of further contributions. Three men, among whom was a Moor who had, not many weeks before, got 50*l.* from the treasury, (either on account of distress, or for some secret service) came one evening to Dr. T.'s, and calling out Ben-Ali to a public house, threatened to report in his own, and in all Mahomedan countries, that he had turned Christian, which might probably prove fatal to him, should he ever return from Europe; and, in the heat of altercation and passion, even threatened to assassinate him themselves, if he would not give them a certain sum of money.

These threats having proved fruitless, they had recourse to other machinations: they engaged a common strumpet of Petticoat-lane to swear that she was with child by him. This woman, with a Jew, who was to act the part of a bully, came to Ben-Ali, and demanded a sum of money, threatening, in case of non-compliance, to put him immediately in the hands of certain parish officers. A scuffle ensued, in which the bully was wounded; so that Ben-Ali made his escape from him, and went immediately to Dr. T. then at Hamstead, to state what had befallen him. The bully procured from some justice a warrant for apprehending Ben-Ali for an assault. The strumpet swore that she was with child by him, before the vestry of some parish about Bishopsgate-street.

Dr. T. came immediately to town with Ben-Ali, procured an order from Sir Sampson Wright for arresting the Jew for a conspiracy, which was done, and was bail, together with the master of the Cross-keys, Wood-street, who stood forth, at the instance of Mr. Dowdsworth, (as it was necessary that two housekeepers should give security) for his unfortunate friend, to the vestry. The Jew also arrested Ben-Ali; so that they were both confined in Bow street together. The bully, finding that the stranger, whom he had marked for his prey, was not without friends, was terribly afraid, and on his knees supplicated his forgiveness, even with tears. Ben-Ali not only forgave him, but borrowed a trifle of Dr. T. to enable him to pay the officers fees and get out of confinement: yet the same wretch, not many days after, was an accomplice in a second conspiracy against Ben-Ali, and it was this, that, in its consequences, involved his death. He

came again to him, and told him that another woman, who sung ballads in the streets, was ready to swear that she was with child by him, unless she should be bought off from her intention, which, through his mediation, might be done, by a sum of money. Ben-Ali, on this, came again to Dr. T. to Hamstead, in the utmost dejection, and anguish of mind. His distress was the greater, that he had, but a few weeks before, been countenanced and supported by the society, and induced to believe either that he should be sent by them to assist in exploring the interior parts of Africa, or, at least, that he should continue to receive his weekly allowance when in England, and then be sent to Marseilles, or any other sea port he should fix on. All these hopes, he said, were now blasted; he was left to the mercy of the lowest rabble, who, he was convinced, would never suffer him to be at peace, and that his life was a burthen to him. Lord Rawdon had gone to the country, and it was uncertain when he would return.

Dr. T. endeavoured to comfort him, by explaining the laws of this country, which duly executed, made the protection of Lord Rawdon, or any other chief unnecessary. That it was impossible that the African Society would be so unjust as to throw him off all at once, after they had served their turn with him, and even in violation of their promise. He persisted in affirming that he had nothing else to expect. It was more than three weeks, he said, since he had heard from them, or received his weekly allowance; and Sir Joseph Banks, (whom he always called Sir Joshua Banker, and whom, from this confounding of names, perhaps, he seemed always to consider merely as a man of business) he had observed, had set his face against him from the beginning, and would assuredly mar Lord Rawdon's designs and his hopes.

Dr. T. reminded him of the just confidence which he had always professed to place in Lord Rawdon, who, whatever might be done by the Society, would never as an individual, depart from those gracious sentiments which were implied in his agreement to enter into a covenant with him, by eating bread and salt.

He was greatly consoled by this reflection, and dropped some hints of an intention to go to Lord Rawdon, wherever he should be, in the country. It was, on the whole, agreed between Ben-Ali and Dr. T. at this meeting, that he should change his quarters, and conceal himself for some weeks, until his prosecutors should, with the sight of these thoughts of him; or until Dr. T. by the counsel and

aid of Lord Rawdon, should be enabled to defend him against multiplied attacks, which involved, besides loss of time, pecuniary expences. It was also settled that Mr. Weston, his landlord, an honest and good man, who then accompanied him, should be entrusted with the secret of his temporary concealment, and that, through Mr. Weston, a correspondence should be carried on between him and Dr. T. while at Hampstead. Ben-Ali acquiesced in this proposal. He told the doctor that he had not any money. On an offer being made of half-a-guinea, he said, as he had frequently done before, on similar occasions, 'God forbid! you have a family. I will not take more than is necessary for one night: lend me three shillings.' Dr. T. made him take five. Ben-Ali went back to London; and Dr. T. never saw him more. These incidents happened towards the end of July, 1789.

Dr. T. after some weeks of great suspense and anxiety, recollecting the idea which Ben-Ali had once entertained of going, in his affliction, to Lord Rawdon, wrote to know if he had. His lordship's answer that he had not, was accompanied with an offer of immediate assistance to Ben-Ali, when and wherever he should be found.

Dr. T. offered a reward to some Jews, who knew Ben-Ali, for any intelligence they might procure concerning him. In consequence of this, he learnt, in November, that he had been set upon by some

banditti, who beat him in a very cruel manner on the head; and that soon after this, he was found dead, on the road side, near Belfort, in the parish of Higham, between Colchester and Ipswich. He was carried to the parish work-house, by the parish officers, Wm. Johnson, a butcher, and Passford Scott, a farmer. It appeared, from several circumstances, that he was on his return to London.

Thus perished Mahomed Ben-Ali, the greatest traveller of his times, Mr. Bruce not excepted. What is set forth by Mr. Bruce as wonderful and new, and learned by him at the expence of great hardships and sufferings, to Ben-Ali was familiar; and as he had taken a wider range than Mr. Bruce in Asia, and even in Europe, he was capable of making wider combinations and more comparisons. Had Ben-Ali's days been prolonged, a volume of facts and observations, taken down from his mouth, would have formed a most valuable addition to the stores of geographical knowledge and of civil history.

The fate of this unfortunate gentleman, for a gentleman he really was, both in sentiments and manners, is a proof that even in this island, this land of boasted liberty, a man may be harrassed even to death, if he wants money or powerful friends; since the combined efforts of Dr. T. and Mr. Dowdsworth proved insufficient to protect a stranger from the cruel stratagems of the lowest and most abandoned of mortals.

T H E S C E P T I C :

[Continued from Vol. III. P. 403.]

A SOLILOQUY.

WEAKE!—weak! shallow—inconstant man! How precarious is the tenure of thy boasted wisdom! In the pursuit of knowledge the lively fire of thy youth is fruitlessly expended; and having learned from toil, from study, and experience, that nothing can be known, how dost thou still continue to act, to prognosticate, to contrive, as if certainty existed in this world of incoherent visions; and expect and cause, instead of being unmeaning dogmas of scholastic ignorance, were real existences linked by the claim of necessity, to follow each other in perpetual gradation.

How more than futile is all my boasted philosophy, if every lisping girl can thus

cheat me of my dear-bought principles, and the tearful glance of beauty change to presumptuous enthusiasm my boasted wisdom of universal doubt.—And then to print my idle rhapsody! and call the world to witness my puerile aberration from the only true philosophy!—Rank me no more, ye favoured sons of the immortal Pyrrho!—rank me no more among your sage compar, but let Apathus be degraded to the rank of those insatuated pretenders, who, groping in the night of ignorance, and trusting to the borrowed rays of delusive opinion, mistake the glow-worm of Fancy for the star of Science, and worship the worthless mockery.

And yet, are we certain, that all things are doubtful?—Is not this a contradiction in terms? Having admitted the axiom,

that all is doubt, shall not Wisdom go one step farther, and doubt even the truth of that axiom? Why, what a wildering maze is this? What eye swims not, what brain turns not giddy while gazing round—'the palpable obscure' of this boundless—traceless void? 'Chaos is come again!' and all the bright creations of the mind are deranged—dissolved—annihilated.

THE FLALK.

'I will think no more.—The face of Nature smiles. The genial sun scatters the chilly mists of the autumnal morn, which curl into orient vapours as they rise, and variegate the azure robe of Heaven. Better to hail the splendours of this scene, and quitting this frozky den of avarice, folly, and dissipation, to court the breeze of health among the fertile meads that skirt it round, than thus to perplex the mind with a chaos of jarring thoughts. Glorious expanse! how dost thou glad the eye! sweet-smiling prospect! hill, and grassy field, and shady hedge-row, and thou glassy stream, who taught by laborious art, wrighest thy fertilizing waters through many a freshened meadow, to pour thy salubrious urn at proud Augusta's feet; how enchanting is the rich variety ye present! How richer still, ere yet the chilling-blast had stripped the waving foliage from these trees?

DEITY.

'What is it to happy man—what to the fantastic pride of presumptuous speculation, whether these beauties, this rich variety of tint and shade, dwell in the objects themselves, or originate only in our perceptions. If mortal sense is gratified, boots it to us if the creating hand formed these objects with qualities to afford delight, or so constructed the visual organs, as to be delighted with them? Contention of words proceeding from the confusion of ideas! The effect is felt; admit we then the FIRST GREAT CAUSE;—the medium how indifferent?—Cause!—*fiß* great Cause! Oh! what perplexity, what anguish overwhelms the soul, when doubt invades us here!

After pacing about on the banks of the New River, pondering upon this awful subject, till I began to think familiarly of terminating my doubts in the stream, I was happily roused by the conversation of three or four young people, who were disputing very audibly on the preference due to a Town or Country Life. This was an adventure so entirely to my taste, that I followed at such a distance as to overhear

their whole discourse, without attracting their particular notice.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

'Well, Mr. Urban,' said the lady, 'it does most wonderfully surprize me, how a man of your vivacity can prefer the tediousness of a country life to all the gaiety of London; where life, spirit, pleasure, and variety, throng in every street, and afford an eternal source of amusements.'

'Of head aches, disgusts, and perplexity, you mean, Pastora,' replied the youth. 'Variety!—I never could find any thing in London, but a constant tedious, and unvaried recurrence of brick walls, which almost exclude the cheerful rays of the sun, and shut us up, as in a prison, from the sweetest of all gratifications—the free breath of Heaven, and the loveliest of all prospects—the eternally varying face of the firmament; and the uninteresting throng of vain impertinence, and plodding avarice, which neither furnish variety to our senses, nor permit us to enjoy it in our own reflections. In the country (on the contrary) all is variety, beauty, and animation. The seasons do not change, as here, only to produce the different sensations of burning heat, and stagnating cold, but to refresh the eye and mind, with eternal novelty. The budding verdure of Spring, the luxuriance of Summer, the variety of Autumn, calculate alike to elevate the soul, by the smiling prospects of Heaven's copious bounties, and to spread a pleasing melancholy over the contemplative mind, by exhibiting the declining majesty of Nature, which fades but to be renovated, and blossoms to decay. Nor is Winter, spite of its desolations, destitute of its charms!—its extensive prospects—its glittering plains of ice—its mountains of snow, its splendid morning, and its awful eve, all have their charms.—

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!

How superior to the little toils of man.—Variety! where can be a richer variety than rural nature exhibits. Its valleys, harvests, pastures, running streams, and broad expansive lakes; its lofty swelling hills, range beyond range, interspersed with broken woodlands, up which, as you rove almost every step, by varying the scene, and shewing you the rustic spires and scattered villages, through different avenues, presents you with new prospects, with fresh varieties; while all the splendid changes of heaven's glorious face, contribute to heighten the beauty, and enhance the

the delight. These are the ever-varying pleasures which so naturally inspire the only true sublimity of soul!

As this conversation proceeded, I soon found that Urban was a youth, who, born and educated in London, knew very little more of the country than what he had seen in, now and then, a visit to a distant country for two or three weeks in the finest part of the summer, and what description and a strong imagination had kindly added to what he then observed; but who, captivated with the beauties of rural scenery, sighed for nothing but a shepherd's crook, and a cottage on the brow of some aromatic hill: while Pastora, on the contrary, educated in the midst of rustic life, and all the active bustle of rural housewifery, thinking of London, only as an assemblage of balls, play-houses, rarefairs, was as eager in preferring the social charms of the metropolis.

PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.

'SOCIAL charms, Pastora,' said Urban, 'if these are the objects of your pursuit, you have certainly travelled the wrong way: Society is not to be met with in this delusive maze of appearances—this rude wilderness of population. Associations of drunkenness and debauchery among the men I have met with—and congregations of vanity, scandal, and frivolity among the fair, are still more numerous. In short, all the intercourses of the one sex are only conspiracies against the peace and order of society, which, together with the unfortunate wretches who, for a shilling a night, are condemned to lose the blessings of repose for their protection, are nocturnally overthrown in the streets; and all the communications of the other are only countenanced as they tend to promote pride, vanity, extravagance, affected delicacy, and real licentiousness;—as they teach how to conceal the envy they perpetually feed, and to assume the extravagant appearance of that sensibility they inevitably destroy. Thus does one part of the rational creation rend the bonds of society, by a licentiousness of manners, destructive of every principle of religion and virtue; while the other, full as eager in pursuits which, if more feminine, are not less depraved, by corrupting the principles; and substituting an artificial gloss of refinement in the place of honour, truth and modesty, give to the most vicious and selfish conduct the fascinating charm of apparent virtue in the eyes of all who cannot penetrate the delusive veil, and read the real features of the mind through all the concealments of fashion and accom-

plishment. And, as for the communion between the sexes, this, like the intercourse of embassies of foreign courts, is only to be considered as a slow and fatal species of hostility, where each, under the flattering semblance of amity and disinterested zeal, endeavours to deceive, and ruin in the peace of mind of the other: they, by deluding us of our affections, and exposing us to disappointment, ridicule and contempt; we, by satiating a more natural, and not less generous appetite by short-lived transports, which leave the deluded objects a prey to infamy and repentance, to reproach us with treachery, of which themselves (though in another way) blush not to set the example, and to bewail that their passions were not as cool as their designs were ungenerous.

Such, my Pastora, are the envied charms of that society with which you are enamoured.—While in the country (dear charming scene of innocence and simplicity!) the tender ties of nature still continue to bind man to man, to unite the sexes by the pure sympathies of the heart, and to draw, with unresisted force, the affections to such virtuous pursuits as constitute real happiness, and are the only basis of genuine society. There kin with kin live in harmony together; and so far from the nearest relatives slighting every bond of consanguinity, every family is knit together by a kind of patriarchal union, and forms a society of its own.—'Which lives in a perpetual and selfish warfare with all the world besides,' exclaimed Florio, 'deems it injustice to let the affections stray beyond that narrow circle, and thinks all the praise, regard, and assistance, conferred on unrelated merit, treason to that interest which ought never to spread farther than a grand-child, or a second cousin. And then, as for their morals, manners and sobriety, let the noise, contentions, and broken heads at their wakes—let their merry-makings, and their public-houses, on the afternoon of their sabbaths, furnish you with pictures of these; while of the purity of their affections, the beadle (who is not unfrequently the matrimonial father of a whole village) can generally give you some account.'

DRESS AND CONVERSATION.

'Nor do I know,' said Candidus, 'on what foundation you will prefer the manners and conversation of country females to those of London. I am much mistaken if even you would not prefer a frivolous attention to fashionable elegancies, before the flaunting display of holiday gowns, and ribbons, huddled on without

taste, sandy without beauty, and calculated to inflame the pride of the stiffened rustic, without increasing her attractions.'

'Hold hold,' said Urban, 'before I allow any weight to this observation you must prove that the distortions of affectation, practised by the London Female, are not to the full as destitute of beauty and proportion as the awkwardness of rustic negligence.'

'Perhaps they may be,' said Candidus, 'but sure, even the frivolity of a tea-table conversation about gauzes, tiffany, and assemblies, would not more disgust you, than to hear a blooming girl of sixteen, out-talk a whole circle of ploughmen, and shake the sides of a whole company with double entendres, and broad indecency.'

'You forget gentlemen,' said Urban, 'before whom you speak. My Pastora, I think, but indifferently illustrates, by her example, the picture you have drawn of the rural fair.'

'And you, I hope,' replied she, 'are not a perfect specimen of your own description of men in this metropolis. There are exceptions, undoubtedly, in the country; and so, I hope, there are in London.'

RETIREMENT.

'But it is impossible to shun the noise, imperiuness and vanity of the metropolis,' rejoins he, 'if you mix not with them, they invade your peace, break in upon your enjoyments, and disturb your slumbers: in the country you may at least command the uninterrupted calm of retirement.'

'Yes,' said Pastora, 'if you are content to shut yourself up like a hermit, converse with nothing but your musty volumes, hear no voice but the screech-owl, perched every night upon your roof, and enjoy no society but that of the spiders, who weave their cobwebs round your cell. Nay, even then you will not be secure, for, as the clowns who never read them-

selves, have a formidable dread that books should drive people out of their senses, they may perhaps break in upon your retreat with a freight waistcoat, and convey you to a mad-house, as a timely preventative of the mischiefs produced by insanity.' Nay, even the charms of nature, of which you seem so enthusiastically fond, you must either forego, or gaze over with a tired and vacant eye, without a companion to participate in your enjoyments. The countryman looks upon walking only as a fatigue, and when compelled to move his cumbersome form from one place to another, always prefers the flat unvariegated road, because pursued with less trouble.'

'And as for the females,' said Florio, 'they are, from habit and necessity, perfectly domestic animals. Or should you meet with some charming fair one, whose affection had made romantic as yourself, and who could delight to rove with you, and contemplate the varied face of nature, even this innocent recreation, the tongue of slander will not permit her to enjoy, lest while, with pure and contemplative mind, she hails the wonders of creating power, points out the varying prospects as they rise, and with the true sublimity of soul, which pleasures like these so naturally inspire, bids you reflect, WHAT SCENE IN NATURE IS WITHOUT ITS CHARMS to dull groveling wretches, incapable even to comprehend such pleasures, should find a different motive for your excursion; and while the soul is thus feasting on the sublimest gratifications, the inventive tongue of malicious rumour should be reporting the very spot, and describing the very hawthorn beneath which you were indulging the criminal joys of appetite, and making the broad eye of day the witness of your wantonness.'

'And this, Mr. Urban, is a prospect of society in the happy retreats of rural Virtue and Simplicity.'

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MANNERS OF THE FRENCH NATION,

[Continued from Vol. III. Page 452.]

AN ABBE.

A N agreeable circumstance brought me into conversation with one of those amphibious beings that are called commendatory abbés, who often receive a hundred thousand livres yearly, as a re-

compence for serving neither church nor state. In a word they may be called *bon-nivable unseviciables*, except when they throw part of their fortunes into the bosom of an indigent family, which is seldom the case.

The Abbe of whom I am speaking, al-

though

though gaudy as the butterfly, fresh as spring, and light as a zephyr, had resolution enough to stay with me two entire hours. Without doubt, he was pleased with the singularity of a conversation with an Indian.

'I am, said the Abbe, with admirable candour, the cadet of an ancient family. Gifted neither with science nor conduct, I am provided with a title, by which I am authorized to make my heart merry, and to open my purse freely. All this, however, does not keep me ignorant of the pernicious tendency of my profession, nor does it prevent me from thinking that the forty thousand crowns which I receive at the end of every year, would give happiness to an hundred individuals whose existence is a thousand times more necessary than mine. I laugh, for instance, whenever we are called the first order of the state; we, who, according to our evangelical institution, ought to know no order but the order of humility; we, to whom the supreme lawgiver has formally declared that it should not be with us as with the princes of nations; that we should govern no one with insolence; that we should never assume the title of master; that we should possess neither gold nor silver; but that we ought to content ourselves with a staff in our hands, and the little contributions of the charitable.'

But the sovereigns of the earth, said I, have accorded these prerogatives to the clergy, out of respect to religion.

'Then, sir, their respect has been wrongly applied. Religion is never more venerable than when her ministers are as poor as the Messiah, who had not where to lay his head, as he himself informs us. Formerly they were not allowed to accept of honours, but were compelled to adhere literally to the title which is given to the pope, the only title indeed that strictly belongs to him—the *servant of servants*. Who can refrain from laughter, when he arrives at Rome, to see that very man served in the most magnificent manner, and in the bosom of the most splendid pomp, who ought to serve all the world! I have visited Italy, and have always been of opinion that strangers who kiss the toe of his holiness, have a better claim to the appellation of *servant of servants*, than he who is attended by domestics of all denominations, habited in gold lace.'

I could not refrain from hinting to the Abbe that I should not have suspected him of speaking so strongly against the interests of the clergy.

'Against their interests? quite the contrary, he replied:—a regard for their real welfare and true glory has induced me to

advance these opinions. The clergy will never be more formidable or better respected than when they shall possess no patrimony but that of the apostles, who lived upon charity and the labour of their hands:—than when they shall cease to interfere in secular affairs, and banish themselves from every assembly where interest is, in the least, concerned.'

If this be the case, said I, you ought to quit your abbey, procure a linen habit, and live like a saint.

'Truly I should do much better than at present,—but, in the mean while, I preach the truth, and that is always something. I have an uncle, a bishop, who is a good man, but who abhors me when I support my favourite thesis.—He imagines that temporal possessions are attached to religion, and that it is his duty to permit his throat to be cut rather than suffer it to utter a contrary opinion. Yet Jesus Christ has said, 'If a man demands your coat, give him your cloak also.'

At least, said I, you make a good use of your income?

'Nothing very extraordinary.—Altho' convinced that I am doing wrong, I permit myself to be led away; and really, with my hair dressed and powdered in all the elegance of fashion, my reasons have more weight than if I were meanly clothed. In the latter case it would be said that I was an idiot whose brain had been turned by devotion:—at present my auditors exclaim 'What he says must certainly be true, since he is forced to make confessions so incompatible with his conduct.' As to the rest, here I am, and like the Jansenists I wait for prevailing grace for the purpose of being converted.

AVARICE.

France is actually in a most alarming crisis with regard to ready money; and this is often the case with the most flourishing empires. Relying too much upon their strength, they find themselves insensibly overwhelmed with debt. But where there are immense possessions, there are great resources; and I have thought of one in particular, by means of which I could procure a seat among the ministry, if I were admitted to enterprize. I communicated it, lately, to a financier.—'It is beyond a doubt, monsieur, said I, that among twenty-four millions of inhabitants, the kingdom contains at least three hundred thousand misers. The greater part of these do not spend one eighth part of their income; by seizing, therefore, what they keep in reserve, you would neither diminish their subsistence, nor alter their manner

manner of living. I would have an exact list taken of these singular men, who should be classed agreeably to their wealth, which might be ascertained without much difficulty. A person, for instance, whose revenue is fourscore thousand livres, and who spends but six thousand, should retain the latter sum, and be obliged to forget the remainder. His heirs would not be injured, because the principal would still remain untouched.

By means of this plan, a considerable sum might be collected, which would come opportunely enough to the relief of the state. It is hardly credible how avarice is increased, and to what an excess it is carried. I have been assured that a man exceedingly rich, who occupied apartments in the house of a tradesman, with whom he lived in habits of friendship, descended, every morning, into the kitchen, under colour of speaking to the cook; but no sooner was his back turned than, with a syringe which he had ordered to be made in the form of a walking-stick, he dexterously stole a sufficient quantity of soup for his breakfast, which he always ate in private.

Ecclesiastics are particularly attached to this sordid vice: as if God were inclined to punish them for holding benefices against his will. Let us return thanks to our prophet for preserving us from this dreadful wickedness. If men really understood their own interests, both with respect to this world and the next, they would exercise themselves in acts of beneficence. The very virtues of the avaricious man are held in derision, while the vices of him who gives with a smiling countenance, are excused. If the great really wish to sell their own inhumanities with impunity, said a wise man, a few days ago, let him scatter liberalities.

A woman lately died in this city who had been a beggar all her life time. She had desired with much earnestness that she might be interred in a tattered dress which she particularised, and which, on being produced, was found to be exceedingly weighty. It was examined, infixed, in short—it was lined with gold!

The unhappy wretch had indulged a wish that her money might accompany her to her coffin; and, what was still more shocking, she had been ranked among the poor, and had eaten of their bread.

I have not strength to tell thee more. My heart trembles at the idea,—my senses are frozen! Adieu.

TIME.

Whence comes time, that insensibly destroys us? Whither does it return? Ex-

hausting itself imperceptibly, and renewing its existence in similar way, it remains a mystery that we cannot unfold. The new century that advances is nearer to us than yesterday:—the one will exist, the other is no more. I never hear the clock strike without regarding the stroke as a diminution of myself. 'Another hour is taken from my life!' I sorrowfully cry. At length, however, I console myself by reflecting that, through good works and useful books, we may, in our turn, snatch something back from time, that robs us of our all. He wears away mighty rocks, said one of our philosophers, but he is able to consume neither our soul nor our virtue. I may say the same with regard to my friendship. I defy him to make the least breach in it, notwithstanding all his subterfuge and evasion. Friendship is unchangeable because, unlike love, it depends neither on beauty, that fades, on fortune, that varies, nor on youth, that quickly passes away.

THE WOMEN.

What gentleness! what good nature! what loveliness!—These were the exclamations I made, in quitting a charming woman with whom I had passed several days in the country. Her disposition, pleasant as her gardens which left no sense ungratified, diffused through the family an air of cheerfulness that pervaded every bosom. Her gaiety was reflected even upon the countenances of her domestics.

I was ruminating, in a retired walk, upon the good effects that flow from the example of an amiable woman, engaged in acts of philanthropy, when the matter of the house accidentally joined me. My first care being to extol the charms of his lady, he interrupted me as follows:—'During the first years of my marriage I found myself the most wretched of beings. I chose a wife, well born, exceedingly rich, and beautiful as the star of the morning. Still I should have perished with grief had not heaven been compassionate:—

'A fit of sickness,' said I, 'was on the point of snatching her from your bosom?'

'No such thing. Her beautiful figure had turned her brain, and caprice had rendered insupportable. She had a thousand idle whims, particularly that of returning no answer to those who spoke to her, of paying no regard to her husband, of remaining, frequently, three days together without speaking to him:—in short, abounding in pride and disdain, she acted the fine lady, and every body around her murmured. I complained of her beauty, and earnestly wished the might be deprived of

of it; more especially as she had an excellent heart. My prayer was granted. The small-pox came to my relief, and backed, almost into piece-meal, that fine face which I had formerly adored. A single glance into her looking-glass evinced that her charms were no more! During the first few days of this crisis, she was overwhelmed with tears, which at length subsided; and reason came to console her. A pleasing affability succeeded to those haughty and disdainful airs that had before been insupportable. This was the only expedient by which she could now render herself amiable, and she hastened to put it into practice. This happy metamorphosis was soon made known to my neighbours, who, under the pretext of business paid me a visit for the purpose of seeing my once beautiful wife. 'It is not she,' said they, 'but an arrogant woman humbled, which is a miracle.'

'Heaven, said she to me, one day, has punished me for my pride and ingratitude. I have neglected that duty and respect which I owed to you as a husband, in a thousand different instances. At length, however, warned by the best lesson that I could possibly receive, I am become as modest and unassuming, as I was once insolent and presumptuous. My remonstrances and seditions have ceased with my beauty, which is fled, and from this moment I rest my reputation upon my character. You will find me always the same, and every body shall say, 'If she is not handsome, at least she is agreeable.'

He added that, since the accident, he had been, as it were, in heaven; that his house had assumed an air of gaiety and pleasantness; that it was visited with regret; and that his lady received more homage than when her beauty made her arrogant.

A fine woman in Paris is always the

torment of her husband, either by the jealousy the occasions; or by the caprice that she obliges him to endure. Her toilet alone is sufficient to drive the most phlegmatic man to distraction. Madame is never ready either to take an airing or to dine; and Monsieur is forced to wait, and kick his heels like a servant in livery. Nay—he must excuse all this indignity with a smile lest he should be severely scolded.

We should be wretched indeed were our wives to take upon themselves such airs of consequence. We, who perhaps reign over them with too much severity.

Women of quality, that marry tradesmen for their wealth, are another sort of scourge to their husbands. Beside the shame they have to appear in their company, they affect to mortify them by the most intolerable manners. One of these in order to thank her husband for the immense fortune with which he had enriched her, said to the good man, a few moments before she was delivered, in the presence of half the family, 'This is suffering too much, merely to bring a plebeian into the world!' But mark the reverse.—A man who came from the very dregs of the people, but who possessed millions, married a German princess, hoping by this manoeuvre, to raise his reputation. He was quickly afterwards held in the most sovereign contempt; but he found means to retaliate. Whenever the princess expatiated on the genealogy of her ancestors, he covered the table with pieces of gold, and while he counted them, exclaimed, 'This is my father, this is my grandfather, this is my great grandfather, and this is my great grandfather's grandfather.' The princess, was presently softened, and eagerly sought the acquaintance of such useful relations!

May thy grey hairs be preserved in sublimity.—Adieu.

AN INHABITANT OF HERSCHEL: A VISION.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

I WAS yesterday at Horatio's charming villa, in company with Leonora. The fineness of the evening invited us to a pleasant summer-house in the garden, where Horatio, whose favourite study is astronomy, keeps an excellent telescope. The clear azure of the firmament, the serenity of all nature, and the undecorated beauties of this rural scene, inspired me

with a sort of celestial sensation; and I almost imagined, that I had escaped from our world and its tumultuous cares, to enjoy in Elysium, the tranquility of the just. We had no other light than what the Heavens diffused: any other would have seemed profane. The moon, 'walking in brightness,' shed on every object the softest rays of mitigated lustre. Ho-

ratio desired us to view, through his telescope, 'the beauty of Heaven,' this 'glory of the stars.' He mentioned to us her mountains, their altitudes, and their names; and he described many of the principal phenomena that distinguish this our sister orb, our faithful and inseparable companion. In the course of his observations; I could not help smiling at what he related of a German astronomer, who, offended that the signs of the zodiac should have names invented by pagans, had fancied it would be more edifying to distinguish them by the names of the twelve apostles: so that, according to this pious arrangement, the sun is now in the constellation of St. Matthew.* The conversation then turned upon the great discovery of Dr. Herschel; and I could not forbear expressing my veneration for him, and the other illustrious astronomers, to whose sublime discoveries the world is so much indebted.—'And could you undertake,' said Horatio, 'to follow them through their learned calculations?—' No, certainly,' I answered, 'but I am delighted to meditate on the noble themes which result from them.' 'And are you satisfied with your situation in the universe now you have learned how immense it is?— Are you not humbled at the consideration of the comparative minuteness and insignificance of our planet?—' I know that the earth is but a point in the vast empire of the creation, which contains millions of worlds, that have not an idea of the existence of our globe; but I know that it cannot escape the notice of Him who made it; and if the Supreme Being beholds, in the immensity of space, this point which is invisible to the greatest part of created beings; can I imagine that he will not notice also its inhabitants? insignificant as I am, yet I am the object of His attention; and it is my glory that I am the work of his hand. If He created me, it was to make me happy; I must, therefore, be the object of his protection; and I find consolation and joy in my confidence in Him. When I consider myself alone, the consciousness of my weakness fills me with terror; but when I recollect that I form a part of the Great Whole, the creation of Infinite Power and Goodness, every uncomfortable thought vanishes, and my heart rejoices in the most sublime and unutterable hopes. The interests of this world, which absorb the attention, and corrupt the virtue of mortals, have no longer any charms for me: they vanish at the idea of the Most High, in

the consideration of whose perfection my weakness finds an immoveable support.

'I am happy also,' I continued, 'in the reflection, that in multiplying worlds, the Divine Being hath multiplied, at the same time, his rational and intelligent creatures; and I have a benevolent pleasure in imagining that there is a fraternal tie, which unites us, as it were, to the inhabitants of those innumerable worlds, enlightened by other suns to which we have given the name of stars. No doubt, their forms, their faculties, their senses, their wants, very different from ours, are infinitely varied: but it is probable, that the most excellent gifts of the Creator, the capacity of knowing and of loving Him, are conferred on mankind alone? Let us rather believe, that the hearts of all his creatures are attracted toward Him; by a law similar to that by which the planets perform their revolutions round one common centre; and that, from every point of the creation, those tributes of adoration rise, which, united, form one magnificent hymn, one universal *Te Deum*.'

'You remind me,' observed Leonora, 'of what an ancient philosopher has said of the harmony of the spheres. Alexander,' she added, 'wished for other worlds, that he might have the glory of conquering them: you seem to have the same desire, in order to find new objects of benevolence and affection.'

'I imagine,' said Horatio, with a smile, 'that after you have established their existence, you will find no difficulty in supposing them immortal.—' Your conclusion is right,' I answered, 'since I suppose them to be worshippers of the Most High.'

'I sometimes conceive,' resumed Leonora, 'that one of the pleasures reserved for the virtuous, when they leave their perishable bodies, is to travel from planet to planet. Ours, perhaps, has spectators to contemplate it, some as naturalists, and others as moral philosophers.—' I am apprehensive,' said Horatio, 'that the latter will be very little edified by what passes here.—' The conversation continued some time longer in the same strain; but it grew late; we were obliged to part; and I left my friends and the stars with reluctance. Sleep closed my eyes, but did not dispel the ideas with which my soul was filled: they were predominant in my dreams.

Methought I perceived two celestial beings. One of them, in particular, who resembled one of Raphael's angels, inspired

pired me with veneration. He appeared to be a guide to the other, and, with a heavenly voice, thus addressed him: 'Inhabitant of Herschel*, the time of your probation is finished. You have fulfilled the part allotted to you on the planet that gave you birth. The remembrance of your fidelity is the commencement of your happiness. Henceforth you will enjoy all the rewards assigned to virtue. The works of Nature, for ten successive ages, were the object of your study; but, in so short a period, it was impossible to explore all her wonders. Now you will behold new scenes in the grand theatre of the creation. Go from world to world; traverse the vast empire of Nature; in every part you will behold the goodness of its Author.— Endeavour to know him better, and you will not fail to love him more.'—'Celestial being,' said the inhabitant of Herschel, 'deign to be my guide.'—'Behold that planet which forms the third circle round the sun. The rational beings that inhabit it are called *men*; and they have named their planet *the earth*. Already have I endued you with the power of understanding their language; you will be invisible among them; study their nature, their destination, and their manners.'—Here I suddenly awoke, and regretted the illusion of sleep. I revolved in my mind, however, some of the scenes which must strike a spectator of the human race, exempt from our passions, errors, and weakness; and I considered also the various emotions of joy, surprise, or indignation, which he would feel in the contemplation of such different scenes. Full of these ideas, I dropped asleep again, and once more thought I saw the inhabitant of Herschel.—'What a world is this!' exclaimed he to his guide: 'what a strange assemblage of wisdom and folly, of truth and error, of grandeur and meanness among these men, who are blessed with such inestimable gifts, and almost constantly abuse them! Here Virtue mourns, Innocence is oppressed, Guilt triumphant; and these *men*, these disinherited brethren, incessantly forget alike their Common Parent, their duties, and their destination. I have seen the powerful crush the weak: I have seen Poverty expire with hunger at the gate of insatiated Opulence, whom Riot and Excess were conducting to the tomb. Why this unequal distribution among beings who have the same origin, the same wants, and

the same rights?'—'Their life,' answered the angel, 'is short, and their souls are immortal. Besides, in considering the lot of mankind, you must be careful not to judge from mere appearances. To ascertain whether they are happy or miserable, you must examine their hearts. *Virtue mourns*, you say; but Hope supports her, and Pity mitigates her sufferings.' 'Great God!' said a wise man among them, 'I implore thee only for the wicked: I pray not for the good: Thou hast done enough for them in making them good.'

'Is Guilt triumphant?' continued the angel: 'It is the short and illusive triumph of folly. Happiness ever flies from the guilty man; and Remorse, which incessantly pursues him, destroys the enjoyments to which he had madly sacrificed his virtue.'—Alas! interrupted the inhabitant of Herschel, 'are these insatuated mortals ignorant then, that every day of their lives is a step toward eternity? Why is not this *consolatory* yet *terrible* word ever present in their thoughts? Why— — — — — Forgive my presumption, celestial being; why did not the Beneficent Creator reveal the mysteries of futurity more clearly to them? A more perfect idea of everlasting felicity would make a deeper impression on their hearts, and would deprive every temptation of his seductive power.'

'This life,' answered the angel, 'was intended for man as a state of trial and improvement. His preparation for a better world required a gradual purification, carried on by steps of progressive discipline. The situation, therefore, assigned him here, was such as to answer this design, by calling forth all his active powers, by giving full scope to all his moral dispositions, and bringing to light his whole character. Hence it became proper, that difficulty and temptation should arise in the course of his duty. Ample rewards were promised to virtue; but these rewards were left, as yet, in obscurity and distant prospect. The impressions of sense were so balanced against the discoveries of immortality, as to allow a conflict between faith and sense, between conscience and desire, between present pleasure and future good. In this conflict, the souls of good men are tried, improved, and strengthened: In this field, their honours are reaped. Here are formed the capital virtues of fortitude, temperance, and self-denial; moderation in prosperity, moderation in adversity,

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submission

* The name unanimously given, by the foreign astronomers, to a primary planet of our solar system, first discovered by Dr. Herschel, March 13, 1781, and by him named the Georgium Sidus.

submission to the will of God, and charity and forgiveness to each other, amid the various competitions of worldly interest. In a word, on the competition between time and eternity, depends the chief exercise of human virtue; and the obscurity which at present hangs over eternal objects, preserves the competition.

'I acknowledge, said the inhabitant of Herschel, 'I adore the Supreme Wisdom in this admirable plan. I perceive also that the inequality between men is only seeming disorder; that it serves to increase their opportunities of exercising virtue, and to conduct them, by degrees, to a state of perfection and felicity.'—'The Divine Goodness,' resumed the angel, 'hath established a just balance between the necessities of his creatures, and the assistance he affordeth them. It is necessary to remind men often of their primitive equality and their glorious destination: a wise and excellent institution has accomplished this double end. Follow me: let us enter that spacious structure, whence sacred hymns ascend, and so many mortals are assembled. There, the children of dust repeat the songs of celestial spirits, which inspire the sublime idea that they are equal by nature, being all created for eternity. Here, all distinctions are annihilated. The sovereign and the subject, the powerful

and the weak, adopt the same language, aspire to the same good, and cherish the same hopes. To the sovereign, the preacher declares, that the King of Kings is his Judge; and to the oppressed, that the Omnipotent is his Protector. The great are reminded that they are mortal; and the unfortunate, that there is another life after death: Here, the rich perceive the poor, and recollect that all men are brethren. Here, the weeping widow addresses her prayers to the Father of Orphans, and her grief subsides. Observe that blind man; his heart is susceptible of joy: he hears that his present darkness is temporary, and that the light of Heaven will be his everlasting portion. Behold his companion, his guide to the temple: he is still more to be pitied: he laments the inconstancy of a friend; but he learns, that the God whom he adores, loves all his creatures. This idea fortified his heart, dispels his sorrows, sooths every anxious thought, and his tears are no longer the tears of bitterness and grief.'

The bells of a neighbouring steeple interrupted my dream and my sleep: they awoke me to the duties of the day. I instantly rose, and prostrating myself before the Divine Majesty, uttered the effusions of a devout and grateful heart.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

THE memory of Queen Caroline is revered for the excellence of her domestic character. As a mother, she shone in a conspicuous manner, by the attention which she paid to cultivating the dispositions of her children. Of her Majesty's superior talent for that tender office, of her adroitness in seizing the happy moment to instil virtuous principles, the following anecdote records an instance, which ought never to be forgotten. The Princess Royal was accustomed, at going to rest, to employ one of the ladies of the Court in reading aloud to her, till she should drop asleep. It happened, one evening, that the lady who was appointed to perform this office, being indisposed, could not, without great inconvenience, endure the fatigue of standing; yet the Princess was inattentive to her situation, and suffered her to continue reading till she fell down in a swoon. The Queen was informed of this the next morning. Her Majesty said nothing upon the subject; but at night,

when she was in bed, sent for the Princess, and saying that she wished to be lulled to rest, commanded her Royal Highness to read aloud. After sometime, the Princess began to be tired of standing, and paused, in hope of receiving an order to seat herself. 'Proceed,' said her Majesty. In a short time a second stop seemed to plead for rest. 'Read on,' said the Queen. Again the Princess stopped; again she received an order to proceed; till at last, faint and breathless, she was forced to complain. Then did this excellent parent exhort her daughter to beware how she indulged herself in ease, while she suffered her attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue.

A GIRL of the town in Paris found a pocket book in the street, which on inspection she found to contain notes of the Caisse d'Escompt, to the amount of one hundred and eighty two thousand livres, payable to the bearer. Struck with the importance

importance of the loss—which the owner must sustain, the girl carried the pocket-book with its contents to M. le Noir, Lieutenant of the Police. The magistrate, surprised at such an instance of generosity, asked her who she was? she said she was of a good family whom she had disgraced. M. le Noir, delighted with her openness as well as generosity took her address. The proprietor of the book lost no time in repairing to the magistrate to assist him in the recovery of his property. M. le Noir sent for the girl, and presented her and the book together to the gentleman, relating to him at the same time her behaviour. The gentleman demanded in rapture what reward she would receive for her generosity, and truth? 'The enlargement,' replies she, 'of three of my unfortunate companions, who are now imprisoned in the house of Salpêtrière, for having yielded, like myself, by hard necessity, to the prostitution which they abhor.' This new demonstration of virtue still exalted her in their esteem. Her companions were released, and the gentleman further insisted on her acceptance of a pension of 12,000 livres, with which she declared she would settle in some of the provincial convents, for her family would not receive her.

A SHORT time since a person was dismissed the custom-house, owing to some dispute; and soon after his dismissal he petitioned the board, stating, that if they would replace him, he would point out how a saving of 6000l. per annum might be made, without any injury to the public business. The commissioners pledged themselves to reinstate him, on condition of his proving the allegation set forth in his petition; on which he addressed them as follows: 'Gentlemen, There are nine of you, each receiving a salary of 1000l. per annum; seldom more than three of you attend;—and the business might with care be done by three; therefore my plan is to dismiss six of you, which would be a clear saving of 6000l.'

ONE of the Parisian courtisans, whose name was Paulina, had inspired a young gentleman of some rank, an officer in the army, with so much love, that his parents, fearing lest he should disgrace his family by a disproportionate alliance, solicited and obtained leave to have him shut up. The unfortunate girl no sooner heard of the young soldier's confinement, which she apprehended would last as long as his friends apprehensions should subsist, than she resolved to remove the principal obstacle to his liberty, by making away with herself. Accordingly one evening, with

the utmost composure and resolution, she swallowed a wine-glass full of aquafortis, which put an end to her existence in less than a quarter of an hour. The following letter she intrusted to a friend, charging her not to deliver it to the father of the young gentleman till her corpse had been laid in the grave:

'SIR, Your son did love me—I felt for him a mutual inclination—you feared lest this growing passion should end in his disgrace; and this motive you have deemed sufficient to justify your acting in a more barbarous manner than is perhaps consonant with the character of a parent. I should look upon myself as more cruel than you, were I not to give that beloved man a convincing proof that his happiness has constantly been the sole object of the woman he loved. His confinement must be at an end as soon as you learn that I no longer exist. These are the last lines my hand shall ever trace; and my friend is directed to present them to you with an authentic certificate of my death. You have hastened that period; but I abstain from reproaches. Read this with as much coolness and unconcern as I feel at writing it. Restore your son to freedom; do it generously, and forbear embittering the gift by acquainting him at what price I have purchased it—the fatal tale will reach him but too soon; he will then know how I have punished myself for an attachment which was to endure to this the last day of the unfortunate—PAULINA.'

CARDINAL De RETZ, says, that going once with the Pope to view a very fine statue, his Holiness fixed his attention entirely upon the fringe at the bottom of the robe: from this the Cardinal concluded that the Pope was a poor creature. The remark was shrewd. When you see an ecclesiastic in an high station very zealous and very troublesome about trifles, expect from him nothing great and nothing good.

JOANNES SCOTUS ERIGENA was a man of considerable parts and learning in the ninth century. The Emperor Charles the Bald had a great esteem for him and used to invite him to dinner. As they sat together at table, one on each side, the Emperor said to him, *Quid interest inter Scotum et Satum?* In English—Between a Scot and a Fool? Scotus boldly replied, *Mensa tantum*: and Charles took it not amiss.

THE Popham family were Lords of Burnham in the last century, and we have a tradition among us, that an ancestor of this

this family, when a young university blood, in company with two jovial companions, made too free with a gentleman's purse upon the road. Soon after Popham repented, and his companions thought nothing less than a discovery would follow, which in order to prevent they led him into a wood, fastened his hands behind him, fixed one end of a halter round his neck, the other end to a limb of a tree, and in this situation left him seated upon his horse. Popham was under dreadful apprehensions of his approaching fate, and so much the more as the grass grew short on which the horse had for a time very quietly fed; but he now began to stretch the rope by extending his circuit, and Popham, who had been humouring him with a jockey-whistle, began to cry out in great agony of soul, 'Ho! Ball! ho! Ball!' but at the very instant he was about to swing off, he was relieved by one of his companions who had divided from the other, and was returned back for that purpose. It happened that in a series of years Popham became a judge, before whom his companion who had saved his life was convicted for a capital offence, and being asked why judgment of death should not pass, he mimicked the judge's former tone of voice, and cried out, 'Ho! Ball! ho! Ball!' The judge, who now recollected his face, told the court that the prisoner appeared to be insane, and that he would respite sentence till next assizes, before which he found means to get the culprit pardoned and provided for.

A MAN seeing a king's horse making water in a river, 'This creature,' said he, 'is like his master; he gives where it is not wanted.'

AMONG the many anecdotes related of M. Rousseau, the following may with certainty be relied on:—In a little country town in France, where he took up his residence when he was persecuted for his opinions, the curate of the parish no sooner heard who he was, than he publicly preached against him, and in several of his sermons branded him with the appellation of an Infidel. The unblamable tenor of his conduct, however, prevented those invectives from taking any effect, and the people in general were regardless about the tendency of his writings, when they found nothing to condemn in his life. The priest, finding that he could do but little in this way, changed his battery, and insinuated, wherever he went, that Rousseau had asserted in several parts of his works, that women had no souls. This report gaining an universal belief, the women, one and

'all exclaimed against him as a monster and never suffered their husbands nor relations to rest, till they had driven him out of the neighbourhood.'

A VIRTUOUS friendship is the sweetest charm of life; the source of every thing that is great, good and excellent on earth.

Rousseau, equally celebrated for his genius and for his misfortunes, was honoured with the patronage of Prince Eugene, who was his zealous protector; but the friend of his heart was the Count de Bonneval, who, in the sequel, having unfortunately involved himself in a quarrel with the Prince, 'the disinterested Rousseau did not hesitate a moment between his patron and his friend. He warmly defended the latter, and lost the favour of the Prince.'

M. LA MOTTE, author of many tragedies, comedies, and operas, and a translation of Homer, in French heroic verse, was remarkable for a most retentive memory, of which the following story is a striking instance:—

A young author read a new tragedy to him, which he heard all-through with great seeming pleasure. He assured the writer that his piece was excellent, and that he would engage for its success. But says he you have been guilty of a little plagiarism. To prove this, I will repeat to you the second scene of the fourth act of your play.—The young poet assured him that he was mistaken, for he had not borrowed a line from any body.

La Motte said, that he asserted nothing which he could not prove; and immediately repeated the whole scene with as much animation, as if he himself had been the author of it. Those who were present looked at one another with astonishment, and knew not what to think. The author himself was more especially disconcerted. When La Motte had for some time enjoyed their embarrassment, he said,—'Gentlemen, recover yourselves from your surprise:—Then addressing himself to the author;—'The scene, Sir, is certainly your own, as well as the rest of the play; but it appeared to me so beautiful and so affecting, that I could not help getting it by heart, when you read it to me.'

THE celebrated Charles Anthony Domar, author of a voluminous treatise on the Civil Law, was promoted to the office of a judge of the Provincial Court of Clermont, in the territory of Auvergne, in the South of France, in which he presided, with the public applause, for twenty-four years.

years. One day a poor widow brought an action of process against the Baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of possession of a mill which was her whole dependence. Mr. Domat heard the cause, and finding by the clearest evidence, that she had ignorantly broke a covenant in the lease, which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the Baron for a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any material injury. But Nairac being inexorable, the Judge pronounced a sentence of expulsion from the farm, with the damages mentioned in the lease, and the costs of the suit. In delivering his conscience, Mr. Domat wiped his eyes, from which tears of compassion began plentifully to flow. When an order of seizure both of person and effects was decreed, the poor widow exclaimed, 'O just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!' and immediately fainted away. The compassionate Judge assisted in raising the miserable woman, and after enquiring into her character, number of children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with two louis d'ors, the amount of her damages and costs, which he prevailed with the Baron to accept as a full recompence, and the widow again entered on her farm. 'O my Lord,' said the poor woman, 'when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?'—'When my conscience,' replied Domat, 'shall tell me I have done an improper act.'

A GENTLEMAN lately returned from Africa relates the following extraordinary story of a Mandrill, a species of animals of the Ape kind, which very much imitate the habits of that country. An English sailor happened to be left upon an uninhabited island of the River Gambia, where he was upon the point of expiring for want of provisions, when he was seen by a female Mandrill, who supplied him with whatever wild provisions that desert situation afforded. With this creature he lived for three years, and had by her two children. At the expiration of that time, a boat accidentally putting on shore he prevailed with the sailors to take him with them. At the time he was taken on board the Mandrill was in quest of provisions, and returning when it was too late, she flew down to the coast with one of their young, making the most expressive lamentations at his departure. Finding him, however, sailing from the shore, she threw the young from the rock into the sea, and then ran for the other, which she served in

the same manner, and while the boat was yet in view she plunged herself after her offspring and expired with them.

SOME years ago a certain divine of quarrelsome memory being charged with somewhat in the Convocation, rose up to justify himself, and laying his hand upon his breast began thus: 'I call God to witness,' &c. A Brother Dignitary said to his next neighbour, 'Now do I know that this man is going to tell a lie; for this is his usual preface on all such occasions.—Æschines (*contra Ctesiph.*) said the very same thing to Demosthenes, who was perpetually embellishing his orations with oaths. 'This man,' (said he) 'never calls the Gods to witness with more confidence and effrontery than when he is affirming what is notoriously false.'

ABOUT the year 1414, Brickman, Abbot of St. Michael, being at the Council of Constance, was pitched upon by the Prelates to say mass, because he was a man of quality. He performed it so well, that an Italian Cardinal fancied that he must be a Doctor of Divinity or of Canon Law, and desired to get acquainted with him. He approached, and addressed himself to him in Latin. The Abbot, who knew no Latin, could not answer; but, without shewing any concern, he turned to his own Chaplain, and said, 'What shall I do?' 'Can you not recollect,' said the Chaplain, 'the names of the towns and villages in your neighbourhood? Name them to him, and he will think that you talk Greek, and he will leave you.' Immediately the Abbot answered the Cardinal, '*Sturzwelt, Hase Gisen, Biersche Rarastiede, Drispfenstede, Itzem.*' The Cardinal asked if he was a Greek, and the Chaplain answered, 'Yes;'—and then the Italian Prelate withdrew.

ONE of Pere Simon's favourite paradoxes was his hypothesis of the *Rouleaux*. He supposed that the Hebrews wrote their sacred books upon small sheets of paper, or something that served for paper, and rolled them up one over another, upon a stick; and that these sheets not being fastened together, it came to pass in process of time, that some of them were lost, and others displaced. We might as well suppose, that the artist who invented a pair of breeches, had not the wit to find some method to fasten them up; and that men walked, for some centuries, with their breeches about their heels, till at length a genius arose, who contrived buttons and button holes.

VOUTI, Emperor of China, was passionately fond of the occult sciences. An impostor, availing himself of this foible, brought him an elixir, exhorting him to drink it, and assuring him that it would render him immortal. One of his Ministers, who was present, having in vain attempted to undeceive him, hastily snatched the cup, and drank the liquor. The Emperor, enraged at this insult, ordered the Mandarin to be put to death. The

honest Minister, not in the least disconcerted, said to him, 'If the elixir bestows immortality, all your efforts to put me to death will be useless; and if it does not, surely you will not be guilty of such an act of injustice for so insignificant a theft.'—This speech pacified the Emperor, who afterwards highly commended him for his fortitude in the cause of truth, in opposition to imposture.

SENTIMENTS AND SIMILIES.

[By Helen Maria Williams.]

FASHIONABLE conversation is not very extensive: it goes on rapidly for a while in a certain routine of topics, and reminds us of our street musicians, who, by turning a screw, produce a set of tunes on the hand organ; but when they have gone through a limited number, the instrument will do no more, and the performer hastens to a distant street, where the same sounds may be repeated to a new set of auditors.

Envy is a malignant enchanter, who when benignant genii have scattered flowers in profusion over the path of the traveller, waves the evil rod, and converts the scene of fertility into a desert.

What so wretched as a neglected beauty of the *zen*, when the gay images of coronets, titles, and equipages, which have long floated in her imagination, and seemed within her grasp, at length vanish, as the luxuriant colours of an evening sky fade by degrees into the sadness of twilight? Her feelings are more acute than those of a losing gamester, as she is compelled in secret to acknowledge some deficiency in her own powers of attraction, to cast an oblique reflection on nature, as well as fortune, and has no hope of retrieving her disappointments, since the fairies have long ago used every drop of that precious water which would renew expiring beauty.

The joys of dissipation are like gaudy colours, which for a moment attract the sight, but soon fatigue and oppress it; while the satisfactions of home resemble the green robe of nature, on which the eye loves to rest, and to which it always returns with a sensation of delight.

There are persons who, while they def-

cant with energy on benevolence, conceal a mind, the sole view of which is self-interest; and they remind those who know their real character, of a swan gracefully expanding his plumes of purest whiteness to the winds, and carefully hiding his black feet beneath another element.

While foresight and policy are so common, let us forgive those few minds of trusting simplicity, who are taught in vain the lesson of suspicion, on whom impressions are easily made, and who think better of human nature than it deserves. Such persons are for the most part sufficiently punished for their venial error.

The forms of ancient ceremony must have been burdensome in the intercourse of society; yet in an old person this kind of manner still appears respectable. We are charmed with the light and graceful accompaniments with which the taste of Brown has decorated our modern villas, and rejoice that each valley has no more 'a brother'; but when we visit an ancient mansion, who can wish that its long avenues of venerable trees, sanctified by age and their connexion with the days of former years and the generations that are past, should feel the destroying axe, and give place to new improvements.

That kindness which flows from the heart, is like a clear stream, that pours its full and rapid current cheerfully along, for ever unobstructed in its course; while those acts of beneficence which are performed with reluctance resemble shallow waters supplied by a muddy fountain, retarded in their noisy progress by every pebble, dried by heat, and frozen by cold.

There is a deviation, which is more than

than habitual; when the good man has attained that state in which reflection is but a kind of mental prayer, and every object around is to him a subject of adoration, and a motive for gratitude. Praise flows from the lips of such a person like those natural melodies, to which the ear has long been accustomed, and which the voice delights to call forth.

The contemplation of a venerable old man sinking gently into the arms of death, supported by filial affection, and animated by religious hope, excites a serious yet not unpleasant sensation. When the gay and busy scenes of life are past, and the years advance which 'have no pleasure in them,' what is left for age to wish, but that its infirmities may be soothed by the watchful solicitude of tenderness, and its darkness cheered by a ray of that light 'which cometh from above?' To such persons life, even its last stage, is still agreeable. They do not droop like those flowers which, when their vigour is past, lose at once their beauty and their fragrance; but have more affinity to the fading rose, which, when its enchanting colours are fled, still retains its exhilarating sweetness, and is loved and cherished even in decay.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between a beautiful cultivated valley and its savage boundaries. It seems like beauty reposing in the arms of horror; and sheltered in its safe retreat from the tempests which spread their force above.

In those moments, when employed in the contemplation of Nature, we utter the exclamations of admiration and wonder, the soul becomes conscious of her native dignity; we seem to be brought nearer to the Deity; we feel the sense of his sacred presence; the low-minded cares of earth vanish; we view all nature beaming with benignity and with beauty; and we repose with benign confidence on Him who has thus embellished his creation. In the country, the mind borrows virtue from the scene. When we tread the lofty mountain, when the ample lake spreads its broad expanse of waters to our view, when we listen to the fall of the torrent, the awed and astonished mind is raised above the temptations of guilt; and when we wander amid the softer scenes of nature, the charms of the landscape, the song of the birds, the mildness of the breeze, and the murmurs of the stream sooth the passions into peace, excite the most gentle emoti-

ons, and have power to cure 'all sadness but despair.' 'Can man forbear to smile with nature? Can the stormy passions in his bosom roll, while every gale is peace, and every grove is melody?'

It will ever be found that great talents derive new energy from the virtue of the character; as when the sun-beam plays upon gems, it calls forth all their scattered radiance.

Perfect good-breeding undoubtedly requires the foundation of good sense; as the oak, which is the most solid and valuable, is also the most graceful tree of the forest.

There is a tranquility of soul which is not like the sweet glow of a summer morning, enlivened by sunshine, and the exulting song of the birds; it has more affinity to the pensive stillness of the evening, when the mildness of the air, and the fading charms of the landscape, excite in the mind a soft and tender sensation, which has a nearer alliance to melancholy than to joy.

The occasional acts of beneficence, which proceed either from ostentation or fear, resemble those scanty spots of verdure to which a sudden shower will sometimes give birth in a stony and sterile soil; which pure genuine philanthropy flows like those unseen dews which are only marked in their benign effects, spreading new charms over creation.

Fondness for children, even in one not a parent, is an affection very natural to a tender heart; for what is more interesting than the innocence, the helplessness, the endearing simplicity of childhood?

In the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, the charms of friendship, and the delightful intercourse of elegant and cultivated minds, the stream of time flows not like the turbulent torrent which rushes in unequal cadence, as impelled by the tempestuous winds, nor like the sluggish pool, whose waters rest in dull stagnation; it glides cheerfully along, like the clear rivulet of the valley, whose surface is untroubled by the blast of the mountains, and whose bosom reflects the verdant landscape through which it passes.

Many people have an everlasting propensity to speak, from the want of sufficient understanding to be silent.

P O E T R Y.

V A R I E T Y : A T A L K .

[From the Edinburgh Magazine.]

A Gentle Maid, of rural breeding,
By Nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.

The morning sun beheld her rove
A Nymph, or Goddess of the grove !
At eye she pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown the faw, a fawn !
Then scudding homeward, lock'd her
door,

And turn'd some copious volume o'er,
For much she read ; and chiefly those
Great Authors, who in verse, or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.
These much she read, and thought she
knew

The human heart's minutest clue ;
Yet shrewd observers still declare,
(To shew how shrewd observers are)
Tho' Plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And Novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh and fresh from France,
She only read the heart's Romance.

The world no doubt was well enough
To smoothe the manners and the rough ;
Might please the giddy and the vain,
Those tinsell'd slaves of Folly's train :
But, for her part, the truest taste

She found was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,
On every thorn instruction grows,

Not that she wish'd to ' be alone,'
As some affected Prudes have done ;
She knew it was decreed on high
We should ' increase and multiply ;'
And therefore, if kind Fate would grant
Her fondest wish, her only want,

A cottage with the man she lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd ;
In some delightful solitude
Where step profane might ne'er intrude ;
But Hymn guard the sacred ground,
And virtuous Cupids hover round.

Not such as flutter on a fan,
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
(Who scatter myrtles, scatters roses,
And hold their fingers to their noses,)
But sim'ring, mild and innocent,
As angels on a monument.

Fate heard her prayer: a lover came,
Who felt like her, th' innoxious flame ;
One who had trod, as well as she,

The flow'ry paths of Poesy ;
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could every line of Pope repeat,
Or chant, in Shenston's tender strains,
' The Lover's hopes,' ' the Lover's pains.'

Attentive to the Charmer's tongue
With him she thought no ev'ning long ;
With him she saunter'd half the day ;
And sometimes in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not.
Consider, Sir, we're near relations
' I hope so in our inclinations.'
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent ;
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went ;
And ev'ry matron that was there,

With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said, for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days ! 'Twas Nature's reign
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enima's plain
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing Sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting streams ;
And the pale Regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight.

'Twas Transport not to be express'd ;
'Twas Paradise ! — But mark the rest.
Two smiling Springs had wak'd the
flow'rs

That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,
(Ye Lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years,)
Two smiling Springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude and love ;

When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The Seasons sure were chang'd ; the place
Had, some how, got a different face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene ;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,

Became a sluggish, needy pool ;
The days grew hot, the ev'ning cool.
The Moon with all the starry reign
Were Melancholy's silent train.

And then the tedious winter night —
They could not read by candle-light,
Full-oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.

A faithful favorite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus)
Amus'd their steps ; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a smile.
The Kitten too was comical,
She play'd so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleas'd to find

Another.

Another cat, and peep'd behind,
 A courteous neighbour at the door
 Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
 For rural visits, now and then,
 Are right, as men must live with men.
 Then cousin Jenny, fresh from Town,
 A new recruit, a dear delight!
 Made many a heavy hour go down,
 At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
 Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
 She was so sprightly, and so clever!
 Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
 What joy, alas! could converse bring
 With aukward creatures bred at home—
 The dog grew dull, or troublesome;
 The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
 And, with her youth, had lost her spirit;
 And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
 Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
 —' And then, my dear, I can't abide
 This always sauntering side by side.—
 Enough, he cries! the reason's plain:
 For causes never rack your brain.
 Our neighbours are like other folks;
 Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
 Are still delightful, still would please,
 Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
 Look round, with an impartial eye,
 On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
 The azure cope, the flowers below,
 With all their wonted colours glow:
 The rill still murmurs; and the moon
 Shines as she did, a softer sun:
 No change has made the seasons fail,
 No comet brush'd us with his tail,
 The scene's the same, the same the wea-
 ther—

We live, my dear, too much together.

Agreed: a rich old uncle dies,
 And added wealth the means supplies
 With eager haste to town they flew,
 Where all must please; for all was new.

But here, by strict poetic laws,
 Description claims its proper pause.

The rosy Morn had rais'd her head
 From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
 And embryo sunbeams from the east,
 Half chok'd, were struggling thro' the
 mist,

When forth advanc'd the gilded chaise;
 The village crowd'd round to gaze.
 The pert postilion, now promoted
 From driving plough, and neatly booted,
 His jacket, cap, and baldrick on,
 (As greater folks than he hath done,)
 Look'd round; and, with a coxcomb air,
 Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair,
 Bow'd graceful from a separate door;
 And Jenny from the stool before.

Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
 New objects ev'ry moment rise.
 Each carriage passing on the road,
 From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
 To the light car, where mounted high

The giddy driver seems to fly,
 Were themes for harmless satire fit,
 And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
 Whate'er occur'd, 'twas all delightful,
 No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
 The dash and splash, thro' thick and thin,
 The hair-breadth scapes, the bustling inn,
 (Where well-bred landlords were so rea-
 dy

To welcome in the squire and lady,)
 Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
 Determin'd to be pleas'd, and please.

Now nearer Town and all agog
 They knew dear London by its fog.
 Bridges they cross, thro' lanes they wind,
 Leave Hounslow's dang'rous heath be-
 hind,

Thro' Brentford win a passage free,
 By roaring loud for Liberty!
 At Knightsbridge bless the short'ning
 way,

(Where Bays's troops in ambush lay)
 O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
 (With palaces to grace its side)
 Till Bond-street with its lamps a-blaze
 Concludes the journey of three days.
 Why should we paint in tedious song,
 How ev'ry day, and all day long,
 They drove at first with curious haste
 Thro' Lud's vast Town; or as they
 pass'd

Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
 Of streets on streets, and squares on
 squares,

Describe how strong their wonder grew
 At buildings—and at builders too.

Scarce less astonishment arose
 At Architects more fair than those—
 Who built as high, as widely spread
 Th' enormous loads that cloath'd their
 head.

For British dames new follies love;
 And, if they can't invent, improve.
 Some with erect Pagodas vie,
 Some nod, like Pisa's tow'r, avry;
 Medusa's snakes, with Pallas's crest,
 Convolv'd, contorted, and compress'd;
 With intermingling trees; and flower's,
 And corn, and grass, and shepherd's
 bow'rs,

Stage above stage the turrets run,
 Like pendent groves of Babylon,
 Till nodding from the topmost wall
 Otranto's plumes envelop all!
 Whilst the black ewes, who own'd the
 hair,

Feed harmless on, in pastures fair;
 Unconscious that their tails perfume,
 In scented curls, the Drawing-room.

When night her murky pinions spread,
 And sober folks retire to bed,
 To ev'ry public place they flew,
 Where Jenny told them who was who:
 Money was always at command,

And tripp'd with Pleasure hand in hand.

Money was equipage, was show,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho;
The *passé par tout* thro' ev'ry vein
Of Dissipation's hydra reign:

O London, thou prolific source,
Parent of Vice, and Folly's nurse!
Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births;—and all with
flings:

But happiest for the lie, or she;

I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contriv'd the Corerie,
'To crush domestic bliss at once.

Then grinn'd, no doubt, amidst the
dames.

As Nero fiddled to the flames.

Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
With rev'rence, tho' in numbers weak;
Thy beauties Satire's frown beguile,
We spare the follies for the pile.

Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for
show,

With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taste desy'd,
They could not spoil thee, tho' they try'd.

Ah, pity that Time's hasty wings
Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!

Let architects of humbler name
On frail materials build their fame,
Their noblest works the world might
want,

Wyatt should build in adamant.

But what are these to scenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,

And baffle all the pow'rs of song?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue,

(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength)
Would shun the task. Our humbler
Muse

(Who only reads the public news,

And idly utters what she gleans

From chronicles and magazines)

Recoiling feels her feeble fires,

And blushing to her shades retires.

Alas! she knows not how to treat

The finer follies of the Great,

Where ev'n, Democritus, thy sneer

Were vain, as Heraclitus' tear.

Suffice it that by just degrees

They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease;

(But beauty wins its way, uncall'd,

And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd.)

Each gambling Dame she knew, and he

Knew ev'ry Shark of Quality;

From the grave, cautious few, who live

On thoughtless Youth, and living thrive,

To the light Train who mimic France,

And the soft Sons of Nonchalance.

While Jenny, now no more of use,

Excuse succeeding to excuse,

Grew piqu'd, and prudently withdrew

To shilling Whist, and chicken Lu.

Advanc'd to Fashion's way'ring head,
They now, where once they follow'd; led.

Devis'd new systems of delight,

A-bed all day, and up all night,

In different circles reign'd supreme,

Wives copied her, and Husbands him;

Till so divinely life ran on,

So separate, so quite bon ton,

That meeting in a public place,

They scarcely knew each other's face.

At last they met, by his desire,

A tete-a-tete across the fire;

Look'd in each other's face a-while,

With half a tear, and half a smile.

The ruddy health, which went to grace

With manly glow his rural face,

Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak;

So fallow was his leathern cheek.

She, lank, and pale, and hollow ey'd,

With rouge had striven in vain to hide

What once was beauty, and repair

The rapine of the midnight air.

Silence is eloquence, 'tis said,

Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head.

At length it burst—'Tis time,' he cries,

'When tir'd of folly, to be wise.

Are you too tir'd?'—then check'd a

groan.

She wept consent, and he went on.

'How delicate the married life!

You love your husband, I my wife.

Not ev'n satiety could tame,

Nor dissipation quench the flame.

True to the bias of our kind,

'Tis happiness we wish to find.

In rural scenes retir'd we sought

In vain the dear, delicious draught.

Tho' blest with Love's indulgent store,

We found we wanted something more.

'Twas Company, 'twas friends to share

The bliss we languish'd to declare.

'Twas social converse, change of scene,

To sooth the fullen hour of spleen?

Short absences to wake desire,

And sweet regrets to fan the fire.

We left the lonesome place; and found,

In Dissipation's giddy round,

A thousand novelties to wake

The spring of life and not to break.

As, from the nest not wand'ring far,

In light excursions thro' the air,

The feather'd tenants of the grove—

Around in mazy circles move,

(Sip the cool springs that murmur'ing flow,

Or taste the blossom on the bough)

We sported freely with the nest;

And, still returning to the nest,

In easy mirth we chatted o'er

The trifles of the day before.

Behold us now, dissolving quite

In the full ocean of delight:

In pleasures ev'ry hour employ,

Immiers'd in 'all the world calls joy.

Our affluence easing the expence
Of splendour and magnificence.
Our company, th' exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great ;
Nor happy yet !—and where's the wonder ?—

We live, my dear, too much afunder.

The moral of my Tale is this,
Variety's the soul of blifs.
But such Variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours its genial store ;
Tho' taking each a various way,
The active streams meand'ring play
Thro' ev'ry artery, ev'ry vein,
All to the heart return again ;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and center there :
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow ;
Nor list'ning to the Syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend ;
Must there begin, and there must end ;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

S O N G .

BY WENTWORTH CHATTERTON.

AS with Stella, my love! the fond
pride of my heart!
I was straying by moonlight, one night
through the grove,
On my shoulder she lean'd, and, a stranger
to art,
She echo'd, with rapture, my accents of
love.

'Now tell me,' said she, 'by what
charm o'er the rest—
(For thy fond flattering tongue says I'm
charming all o'er)
Did I first gain possession of Damon's
kind breast?
And that charm for the future I'll value
the more.'

With ardour I press'd the dear maid in my
arms,
'Thy eyes would not suffer my heart to
be free :
'Thy eyes shone the brightest of all thy
bright charms,
For I thought those bright eyes languish'd
fondly on me.'

Then with blushing confusion, she made
this reply :
' If fondness can give them the lustre you
say,
The charms of thy Stella no time shall de-
stroy,
But her eyes shall grow brighter, and
brighter each day.'

H O P E .—A S O N G .

[By Dr. Goldsmith.]

THE wretch condemn'd with life to
part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

M E M O R Y .

[By the same.]

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd op-
pressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe !
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

T H E D Y I N G I N D I A N ,

OR THE LAST WORDS OF SHALUM.

[By Philip Freneau.]

O N yonder lake I spread the sail no
more !
Vigour and youth, and active days are
past—
Relentless demons urge me to that shore,
On whose black forest all the dead are
cast,

Ye solemn train prepare the funeral song,
 For I must go, to shades below,
 Where all is strange, and all is new—
 Companion to the airy throng,
 What solitary streams,
 In dull and dreary dreams,
 All melancholy, must I rove along ?

To what strange lands must Shalum take
 his way !

Groves of the dead, departed mortals
 trace ;

No deer along these gloomy forests stray,
 No huntsmen there take pleasure in the
 chase :

But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,
 That ramble through these visionary glades ;
 No spongy fruits from verdant trees de-
 pend,

But sickly orchards there
 No fruit as sickly bear :

And apples a consumptive visage shew,
 And withered hangs the hurtle-berry blue.
 Ah me ! what mischiefs on the dead at-
 tend.

When bring a stranger to the shores below,
 Where shall I brook, or real fountain
 find ?

Lazy and sed deluding waters flow—
 Such is the picture of my boding mind !
 Fine tale—indeed they tell
 Of shades and poring rills,
 Where our dead fathers dwell,
 Beyond the western hills :

But when did ghost return his state to
 shew—

Or who can promise half the tale is true ?

I, too, must be a fleeting ghost—no more—
 None—none but shadows to these man-
 sions go :

I leave my woods—I leave the Huron
 shore—

For emptier groves below !
 Ye charming solitudes,
 Ye tall ascending woods,
 Ye glassy lakes, and prattling streams,
 whose aspect still was sweet,
 Whether the sun did greet,
 Or the pale moon embrac'd you with her
 beams—

Adieu to all !

To all that charm'd me where I stray'd,
 The winding stream, the dark frequented
 shade ;

Adieu to triumphs here !
 Adieu to the mountain's lofty swell,
 Adieu to the vale's verdant hill,
 And last, the trees, and skies—farewell,
 For some remote sphere !

Perplex'd with doubts and tortured with
 despair,

Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep ?
 Nature at last these ruins may repair,
 When death's long dream is o'er, and
 she forgets to weep :

Some real world once more may be assign'd
 Some newborn mansion for th' immortal
 mind !

Farewell, sweet lake ! farewell surround-
 ing woods ;

To other groves through midnight
 glooms I stray,
 Beyond the mountains, and beyond the
 floods,

Beyond the Huron-bay.
 Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me
 low,

My trusty bow and arrows by my side,
 The cheerful bottle, and the venison store ;
 For long the journey is, that I must go,
 Without a partner, and without a
 guide.—

He spoke ; and bid th' attending mourn-
 ers weep :

Then closed his eyes—and sunk in endless
 sleep.

S O N N E T.

TO TRANQUILITY.

[By W. H. Reid.]

TRANQUILITY, balm of the toil-
 worn breast,
 Oh say, where now at ease thou sit'st
 reclin'd,

Fann'd by the balmy whispers of the
 wind,

Where Peace and Innocence alone's ca-
 res'd !

Still art thou seen upon the mountain's
 brow

Ere breaks the mist from the translucent
 tide,

And heard blythe chaunting to the
 delving plough ?

But baneful luxury, and modern pride,
 I have now the sweets of rural life deny'd,

To swell the city of enormous size,
 Where pleasure fades upon the sickly
 brow :

Ah me ! what plaints for thy lov'd bo-
 som rise,

That never, never shall their wish obtain
 Till death, undecayed, chills the breast of
 pain.

C H R O N I C L E.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Vienna, Nov. 13.

PRINCE Gallitzin, the Russian Ambassador, received a courier the day before yesterday from Prince Potemkin, with the news of a complete victory gained the 10th of October by the troops of the Empress of Russia, over the Seraskier Batal Bay, Pacha of three tails, who commanded an army of 40,000 Turks, with which he was ordered to penetrate into the Southern provinces of Russia.

Prince Potemkin being informed that the enemy's army had already moved from Anapa, gave orders to the different corps in the Cuban, and the neighbourhood of Mount Caucasus, to march forward and give them battle. One of these corps, commanded by General Herman, met with the enemy at a small distance from the river Cuban, which Batal Bey had just passed; he attacked the Turkish army, notwithstanding its great superiority, with such impetuosity as totally to defeat it.

The whole of the enemy's camp, with all the artillery, consisting of more than 30 pieces, all the ammunition and provisions, tents, and baggage, fell into the hands of the victors; and the Turkish General himself, with all his suite, were made prisoners of war.

The Russian General had chosen a most advantageous position, from which he sprung on the enemy, and killed at one onset more than five thousand on the spot, and forced the rest of the Ottoman army to a precipitate flight, in which a great many were drowned in the Cuban.

This is undoubtedly the most important victory gained by the Russians over the Turks this war; and it will deliver the Court of Petersburg from its fears for the Southern provinces, occasioned by the Seraskier.

The Russians have not obtained so cheap a victory in mastering the intrenchments before Kilia, their Commander, Lieutenant General Muller, who so much distinguished himself in the assault of Oczakow, in 1789, was dangerously wounded at the head of his troops, while he was encouraging his men not to give way to the impetuosity of the Turks, who were at length obliged to abandon their intrenchments, and retire into the fortress of Kilia, which is seated on a rising ground on the bank of the Danube, and to which the Russians

were defended on that side by a number of Turkish zaïques. Prince Potemkin having ordered his flotilla into the mouth of this river, to drive them off, and by that means facilitate the reduction of Kilia, we expect daily to hear some important accounts.

The Emperor set out from hence on the 9th inst. for his country palace at Schloßhof, and the next day his Imperial Majesty made his public entry into Presbourg, amidst the acclamations of his Hungarian subjects.

On the 11th inst. the Emperor proposed to the Diet (in conformity to the fundamental laws) four persons proper to fill the high office of Palatine of the Kingdom, the choice amongst these being left to the States. The Diet, by unanimous consent, seized on this occasion to manifest their loyalty and hearty attachment to the family of the Monarch, by making it their earnest request, that he would be graciously pleased to indulge their wishes, by granting to the Nation, as their Palatine, the fourth Arch-Duke Leopold, who was immediately confirmed in that high employment.

Their Sicilian Majesties arrived here in good health on the 8th instant, and departed for Presbourg on the day following, with the Arch-Dukes and Arch-Duchesses, in order to assist at the above-mentioned ceremony.

Paris, Nov. 15. All the reports of a Counter Revolution have evaporated like so many bubbles, and the National Assembly gaining daily fresh vigour, continue establishing their new code and fixing it on a firm basis, and which it fully appears the King of the French heartily and fully accedes to. In fact, it is his best interest to preserve peace, and prevent the spilling more blood.

All is as well as can be expected in the arrangement of so great a change.

Hague, Nov. 24. Four new Deputies arrived at the Hague on the 13th inst. to solicit fourteen days longer to give an answer to the Emperor's Manifesto; the terms stated in the Plenipotentiaries' declaration having expired the 21st; but they were refused. It appears, however, that only the dregs of the people, through the insatiation of Van Eupen and Van der Noot, remain obstinate; and we have very little doubt that all the Provinces have, ere this, accepted the terms offered by King Leopold.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Nov. 27.

YESTERDAY his Majesty went in state to the House of Lords, and being seated on the Throne, with the usual ceremonies, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was sent to desire the immediate attendance of the Commons, and they having come to the bar, his Majesty addressed them in the following most gracious speech from the throne :

My Lords and Gentlemen,

It is a great satisfaction to me to inform you, that the differences which had arisen between me and the Court of Spain have happily been brought to an amicable termination.

I have ordered copies of the declarations exchanged between my Ambassador and the Minister of the Catholic King, and of the Convention which has since been concluded, to be laid before you.

The objects which I have proposed to myself in the whole of this transaction, have been to obtain a suitable reparation for the act of violence committed at Nootka, and to remove the grounds of similar disputes in future; as well as to secure to my subjects the exercise of their navigation, commerce, and fisheries in those parts of the world which were the subject of discussion.

The zeal and public spirit manifested by all ranks of my subjects, and the disposition and conduct of my allies, had left me no room to doubt of the most vigorous and effectual support; but no event could have afforded me so much satisfaction, as the attainment of the objects which I had in view, without any actual interruption of the blessings of peace.

Since the last session of Parliament, a foundation has been laid for a pacification between Austria and the Porte, and I am now employing my mediation, in conjunction with my allies, for the purpose of negotiating a definitive treaty between those Powers, and of endeavouring to put an end to the dissensions in the Netherlands, in whose situation I am necessarily concerned, from considerations of National interests, as well as from the engagements of Treaties.

A separate peace has taken place between Russia and Sweden, but the war between the former of those Powers and the Porte still continues. The principles on which I have hitherto acted, will make me always desirous of employing the weight and influence of this country in contributing to the restoration of general tranquillity.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have ordered the accounts of the expences of the late armaments, and the estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you.

Painful as it is to me at all times to see any increase of the public burthens, I am persuaded you will agree with me in thinking that the extent of our preparations was dictated by a due regard to the existing circumstances, and that you will reflect with pleasure on so striking a proof of the advantages derived from the liberal supplies granted since the last peace for the Naval service. I rely on your zeal and public spirit to make due provision for defraying the charges incurred by this armament, and for supporting the several branches of the public service on such a footing as the general situation of affairs may appear to require. You will at the same time, I am persuaded, shew your determination invariably to persevere in that system which has so effectually confirmed and maintained the public credit of the nation.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

You will have observed with concern the interruption which has taken place in the tranquillity of our Indian possessions, in consequence of the unprovoked attack on an ally of the British Nation. The respectable state however of the forces under the direction of the Government there, and the confidence in the British name, which the system prescribed by Parliament has established among the native Powers in India, afford the most favourable prospect of bringing the contest to a speedy and successful conclusion.

I think it necessary particularly to call your attention to the state of the province of Quebec, and to recommend it to you to consider of such regulations for its Government as the present circumstances and condition of the province may appear to require.

I am satisfied that I shall on every occasion receive the fullest proofs of your zealous and affectionate attachment, which cannot but afford me peculiar satisfaction after so recent an opportunity of collecting the immediate sense of my people.

You may be assured, that I desire nothing so much on my part as to cultivate an entire harmony and confidence between Me and my Parliament, for the purpose of preserving and transmitting to posterity the invaluable blessings of our free and excellent constitution, and of concurring with you in every measure which can maintain the advantages of our present situation, and promote and augment the prosperity and happiness of my faithful subjects.

Dec.

Dec. 3.

His Majesty's frigates, the *Thames* and *Leopard*, commanded by Captains *Turnbridge* and *Blunkett*, have sailed from *Portsmouth* for the *Pacific Ocean*; they are to join company with the *Pandora* at *Madeira*, and proceed from thence round *Cape Horn*, to *Nootka Sound*, to see proper indemnification made to the British subjects for the injuries they received there from the Spanish Government. It is said, they have orders to erect a fortress at *Nootka*, and take those erected by the Spaniards, and to take possession, in the name of the King of Great Britain, of that immense tract of country, situated to the northward of *Santa-Fee*.

By the last accounts from thence, the Spanish forces consisted of about 300 men, exclusive of the crews of a forty gun ship, and a small sloop of war, stationed there for the protection of their trade? but we understand, the Court of Madrid, during the late disturbance, ordered two frigates into the South Seas, from *Algerira*, and it is thought they have a fort, mounting 21 guns, and have lately erected a strong redoubt, with other detached works.

Captain *Turnbridge* has, we understand, received orders to explore the country both on the North and South of the *Straits of Juan de Fuca* and, if possible, an extensive sea, lately discovered, stretching to the Eastward. Should this sea (as there is at least a probability) have any communication with the *Atlantic Ocean*, by means of *Wager Straits*, or *Nelson River*, and *Hudson's Bay*, a tedious and dangerous voyage round *Cape Horn*, or through the *Straits of Magellan*, would in future be avoided.

Notwithstanding the Court of London made no formal complaint respecting the insult offered to Captain *Macdonald*, the Spanish Court has given orders to put under arrest the Commander of the Frigate who was guilty of that unnecessary cruelty. A Council of War has already been appointed to try him, consisting of five Lieut. Generals, and four Commodores.

It is a circumstance of high honour to the late British fleet, and deserving of record, that though consisting of 40,000 people, such was the strict discipline enjoined, and such the regularity and order preserved, that but one Court Martial was assembled during the time of their continuing together.

Warsaw seems at present the seat of the Northern Congress—and the late victory over the *Turks* will soon cause a development of plans only known to the Cabinet of *Peterburg*.

Letters received yesterday from *Brussels* announce the final adjustment of their disputes with their new Sovereign, who

has given to his revolted provinces nearly all that they could possibly desire. They are to keep their National troops, and their revenues are to be under the controul of their Assembly.

A very melancholy occurrence happened lately at *Nismes*, in France. *M. d'Avejan* had espoused not long since a daughter of *M. de Sauves*. The father-in-law and his new son entertained different political opinions. Some time ago they, it seems, quarrelled in presence of the *Cure*, a good man, friendly to the revolution. The priest a few days after paid a visit to *M. d'Avejan*, conceiving that a casual difference of opinion could not dwell upon the mind, or fill it with rancour and hatred. The good man, however, was mistaken; he was literally cased out of the house. Such a mode of *congé* exasperated the villagers, and they assembled to punish the insulter. *Madame d'Avejan*, some months advanced in her pregnancy, in terrors for the life of her husband, fainted, and shortly after expired: Her unhappy husband, at this sad sight frantic and desperate, drew his sword, and in sight of the crowd approaching him, stabbed himself several times, and expired upon the body of his wretched lady.

When the Emperor *Joseph* and the late King of *Prussia* met at *Nesse*, they happened to come together to the bottom of a flight of stairs; neither would go up first, and take precedence of the other. They stood, bowed, and complimented—each politely willing to give way to the other. At last the King of *Prussia* got behind the Emperor, and pushed him gently forward. 'Ho, ho!' said the Emperor, 'if you begin to manœuvre with me, I must unavoidably go where you please!' and then walked up first.

History of six busy days of a young fellow in Suffolk.—Monday apprehended, on a charge of bastardy—Tuesday married—Wednesday scolded by his wife—Thursday broke his head—Friday he enlisted—and on Saturday marched with the party to *Chichester*, to be put under a new commander.

War-Office, Nov. 22, 1790.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint
LIEUTENANT-COLONELS

F. Richmond Humphreys, late 97th Foot—*William Fawcett*, Quarter Master-General in Ireland, *Robert Donkin*, late *Garrison Battalion*, *James Balfour*, 77th Foot, *Norman Macleod*, 73d Foot, *Alexander Campbell*, 95th Foot, *Francis D'Oyly*, 1st Foot Guards, *William*

William Crosbie, 22d Foot,
 Sir James Duff, Knt. 1st Foot Guards,
 Hon. Henry Phipps, 1st Foot Guards,
 Grice Blankeney, 14th Dragoons,
 Paulus Æmilius Irving, 47th Foot,
 John Small, late 24th Foot,
 Edmund Eyre, 64th Foot,
 George Harris, 76th Foot,
 Richard Vyse, 1st Dragoon Guards,
 William Lord Cathcart, 29th Foot,
 Charles Talbot, 1st Foot Guards,
 Nassau Thomas, 3d Foot Guards,
 Kingsmill Evans, 1st Foot Guards,
 Colin Campbell, 1st Foot Guards,
 Banastre Tarleton, late American Dragoons
 Sir Hugh Dalrymple, Knt. 1st Foot Guards
 Gordon Forbes, 74th Foot,
 Andrew Gordon, 26th Foot,
 John Floyd, 19th Dragoons,
 Oliver Delancey, Major 17th Dragoons,
 John Graves Simcoe, late 1st American
 Regiment,
 Robert Johnstone, 3d Foot Guards,
 James Henry Craig, 16th Foot,

To be COLONELS in the Army :

As likewise MAJORS

Richard Brooke, 3d Dragoon Guards,
 Alexander Hart, 6th Dragoons,
 Henry Hafford, 1st Dragoons,
 Joseph Duffaux, late 86th Foot,
 Colin Mackenzie, late 92d Foot,
 Alexander Blair, late 88th Foot,
 Mackay Hugh Baillie, late 94th Foot,
 John Joyntour Ellis, 41st Foot,
 William Owen, 61st Foot,
 George Mackenzie, 72d Foot,
 Samuel Wildey Roberts, 28th Foot,
 Bryan Blundell, 44th Foot,
 John Dickson, late 81st Foot,
 Miles Staveley, Royal Regiment Horse
 Guards,
 Hon. John Knex, 36th Foot,
 Ralph Ramsay, Captain 61st Foot,
 Samuel Knollis, Captain 51st Foot,
 Daniel Vaughan, 39th Foot,
 John M'Gill, 19th Foot,
 Archibald Campbell, 29th Foot,
 William Montell, Captain 29th Foot,
 John Bridges Schaw, 63th Foot,
 Hugh Maginnis, Captain 38th Foot,
 John Meney, Half-pay, 91st Foot,
 John Kay, 22th Foot,
 Thomas Murray, late 34th Foot,
 James Campbell, late 2d, 71st Foot,
 Henry Lyfaght, 22d Foot,
 George Churchill, 15th Dragoons,
 Eyre Power Trench, 35th Foot,
 Henry Farrington Gardner, 16th Dragoons
 George Beckwith, Captain 37th Foot,
 Thomas Hewetson, late 71st Foot,

To be LIEUTENANT COLONELS in
 the Army :

As likewise CAPTAINS

William St. Clair, of 25th Foot,
 Edward Handfield, 22d Foot,
 Jonas Watson, 65th Foot,
 John Blake, 24th Foot,
 Archibald M'Allester, 35th Foot,
 Robert Irving, 70th Foot,
 James Wiseman, 53d Foot,
 John Smith, 10th Foot,
 William Browne, 14th Foot,
 John Baird, 53d Foot,
 Robert Will. Wincheller, 20th Foot,
 William Ramsay, 14th Foot,
 Robert Lennett, 1st Foot,
 Hugh Dixon, 29th Foot,
 William Harris, 40th Foot,
 John Barker, 10th Foot,
 John Peryn, 12th Foot,
 Frederick Cornwallis, 32d Foot,
 Sir Henry Mair, Knt. 47th Foot,
 Gustavus Edford, Royal Regiment Horse
 Guards,
 Jasper Palmer, 21st Foot,
 Noah Simpson, 31st Foot,
 George Petrie, 21st Foot,
 Rice Price, 56th Foot,
 Samuel Steele, 54th Foot,
 John William Aug. Rimer, 60th Foot,
 Adam Hay, 31st Foot,
 Andrew Ross, 31st Foot,
 James Campbell, 72d Foot,
 Alexander Fraser, 34th Foot,
 Edward Madden, 15th Foot,
 John Skerrett, 19th Foot,
 John M'Kinnon, 63d Foot,
 Hildebrand Oakes, 33d Foot,
 Alexander Baillie, 9th Foot,
 Colin Campbell, 44th Foot,
 Robert Lindsay, 22d Foot,
 Barton Flood, 1st Dragoon Guards,
 Harry Ditmas, 15th Foot,
 John Rose, 50th Foot,
 John Wilson, 28th Foot,

To be MAJORS in the Army :

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

DEATHS.

Jan. 11. Mrs. Sarah Lawson, Wife of
 Mr. John Lawson.

16. Mrs. Jenner Ferguson, Wife of Mr.
 Henry Ferguson, aged 80.

MARRIED.

Jan. 13. Edward Brabazon Brenton,
 Esq. to Miss Catharine Taylor, Daugh-
 ter of William Taylor, Esq.