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T H E

Nova-Scotia Magazine,

FOR OCTOBER, 1790.

T H E S C E P T I C .

[Continued from page 165.]

THE greater part of the day, succeeding to that evening of adventures which gave rise to my preceding paper, was spent in lassitude. The weather was not particularly fine to tempt me abroad; and men who have attained the summit of wisdom—that is to say, who know that nothing can be learned, have no curiosity to gratify, either by mixing with mankind, or by poring over books. And who shall then say but that *Epicurus* might be right, when he denominated *rest the greatest possible good*? At least since all mankind are but, like himself, blind gropers in the regions of conjecture, can it be worth the trouble of an effort to examine his assertion?

THE REPROOF.

In this state of mental as well as corporeal inaction, I was lolling on a couch, when the name of Mordant was announced. He was the last man in the world I could have wished to see in my present state of mind. 'Yet for what reason?' said I to myself. 'Fool! how should I know what visitor will be agreeable, or who will not? Let things take their course.' I ordered him to be shewn up stairs, and received him without changing my posture.

'I blush for you, Apathus,' said he, as soon as he had seated himself; 'you of all men in the world, to be seduced to such disgraceful aberrations from the paths of decency and rectitude, by an abandoned trumpeter—You to desert the society of your friends for the purpose of conducting to brothels and scenes of licentiousness, wretches who are abhorrent for their infamous profligacy, who are execrated for

their impiety, from the presence of their creator; and detestable, for their depredations on society, in the eyes of all good men!'

In how different a light, said I to myself, would Lewson paint these poor wretches. How would he soften these harsh lines with the mildest tints of sorrow and of commiseration! Yet adverse as the portraits would appear, each would argue and insist, with equal arrogance, that their pencils were dipped in the colours of truth; and each, with the confidence of folly, would call their respective assertions, argument and demonstration.

From this reverie I was awakened by the increased asperity and loudness of Mordant's voice. 'How infamous beyond toleration,' continued he, 'is the abandoned depravity of the day! Having thrown down all sense of shame, with what gigantic strides does Vice hasten to the zenith of her profligate dominion, when men (whose maturity of years should stimulate them to allure the youth of the age from the thoughtless career of headstrong folly, by the influence of a melliority of example) by the dissipation of their own conduct sanction those infamous practices, which are diurnally stripping mankind of its boasted dignity, and debasing it below the brute creation!'

'This reproof I heard with the passive attention of perfect indifference. Why should I take the trouble to undeceive him? Perhaps he has a pleasure in railing, or perhaps he is prompted by mere curiosity, which I have no inclination to gratify.'

'Well may you droop,' continued he,

‘under the burthen of recollected depravity! Well may you brood over your painful reflections! Guilt is the seed which folly is perpetually scattering from her idle hand, and she seldom fails to reap in repentance an abundant crop of perturbation and of anguish. But perhaps I mistake,’ added he, turning his eye towards the fragment which still lay on the table, ‘this despondence is not the anxiety of repentance for past offences, but the consequence of regret that *they are past*.—What, *writing* to the abandoned and vicious object of your depraved attachment!’

How such a supposition entered his mind; I presume not to judge. Lewson would perhaps have said it was the effect of that cynical severity which constantly led him to put the worst construction on every thing. Fanaticus would have lifted up his eyes, perchance, and exclaimed that the devil had put the malicious thought into his head. Gaylove, it is probable, would have snapped his fingers, and said, he was a little cracked in the pericranium; Proverbius might have talked about the old woman and the oven; and Gravely might, very likely, have supposed, that some word had caught his eye which bore some analogy to his fuscation. For my part, I told him with the coolest indifference, he might read what I had written.

He cast his eye over the fragment.—‘Bombast!’ said he, ‘absurdity!—Ridiculous prostitution of time and thought! if the rayings of madness may be dignified with an appellation; which ought to be held sacred to the calm ratiocinations of learning and judgment, I can wonder at no licentious irregularity of passion,’ muttered he, ‘no gross barbarity of taste, no unbridled wantonness of practice in him who prostitutes the awful deposit of time in blotting paper, which might have been better employed by the grocer or the butter man, with such absurd and wanton tales of vanity and enthusiasm!’

The once darling passions of boyish infatuation rushed back upon my mind; and my philosophy yielded.

‘Yes, Sir,’ said I briskly, ‘these Gothic legends were among the dearest literary pleasures of my earlier youth; and I do not know that those years of fleeting happiness were marked with any enormous blemishes.’

‘No!’ said he, ‘you were then imbibing the poisons from these romantic extravagancies, and you had last night a specimen of the influence they have had upon your mind.’

‘I started as he spoke thus: I laid my hand as if by instinct on my heart—it vibrated with a long forgotten transport.—

Perhaps he hath spoken truly, whispered the little flutterer, as it reminded me what had really been my conduct at the time alluded to. Is not this glow of secret satisfaction a proof of the assertion? Yes—yes—these romantic legends may have had their influences, though so opposite to what this cynic suspects. Thus was my philosophy for a moment overthrown by an idle and random conjecture.

Mordant remarked how I was startled at his words, and had perhaps observed that they awakened reflection. He cast at me what the physiognomist would perhaps have called an intelligent glance. I conceived that he deemed my conduct a confirmation of his suspicions; and I felt myself confused and abashed.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

I was presently relieved from my embarrassment by the appearance of young Melville, a youth whose zealous attachment to the muses, and whose fervency of disposition, are esteemed the leading traits of his character: and who, according to Lewson, has, on these accounts, been as much loved by the moral votaries of generosity and sensibility, and hated by the children of dissipation, avarice, and worldly prudence, as any one could possibly expect who knows no bounds to the ardour of his attachment, and grants no mercy to the sordid qualities so opposite to his nature.

Melville seized the fragment, and read it with avidity. His eyes sparkled, and his spirits appeared ‘on the tiptoe of expectation.’ When he had got to the end, ‘Where is the remaining part,’ exclaimed he eagerly.—‘There is more,’ returned I, ‘it was never designed but as a fragment.’ ‘Fragment!’ exclaimed he, ‘Fragment!—Do you deal out such compositions in fragments?—the fellow ought to be massacred who tantalizes one with specimens of such delightful tales, and then refuses to gratify the expectations he has roused. I shall never forgive Miss Aikin for breaking off her delightful tale of Sir Bertrand in so abrupt a manner.’

‘What you relish this delightful kind of fictions, do you, Sir?’ said Mordant with a sneer.

‘Relish them!’ adds he, ‘what man of sense, of spirit, of feeling, can help admiring them? Who but the selfish, sordid monk—the surly cynic—the cold blooded child of apathy can read without delight these enchanting pictures of Gothic manners and Gothic superstitions? How sordid, how frivolous, how vain, how futile have mankind become, since these

these glowing, these energetic compositions, these noble effusions of creative fancy, have yielded to the dull ridiculous race of novels! which have made affected sentimental puppets of our females, mere vain pretenders to sensibility, which they are too frivolous to feel; and which have debased into dauling fops and effeminate coxcombs, a race of men who used to be the glory of Europe, the assertors of human virtue, and of human dignity. Oh happy, glorious age!

'When the provencal lyre, with roses
'drest,
'Waked into life the Genius of the West!
'When chivalry, her banners all unfurl'd,
'Charmed with her bold exploits the
'splendid world.'

Or as our ancient bard Lydgate, on another occasion, beautifully expresses himself:

'Fortitude then stode stedfast in his
'night,
'Defended wydowes, cherished chastity;
'Knyghthood in prowes gave so clere a
'light,
'Girte with his sword of truth and
'equity.'

'Yes, these were the days of virtue and of honour, when sublimity of sentiment blended with generous simplicity, and martial ardour was wedded to hospitable freedom—when the gem of chastity was prized according to its worth, and man considered himself not as the spoiler, but as the guardian of innocence; when the smiles of beauty were at once the beacons and the rewards of generous fortitude—and the hands of the fair one entwined the wreath of fame to crown the brows of the hero whom her charms had stimulated in the glorious chase! Then too it was that modest simplicity taught refinement to accord with dignity; and gallantry, now the pest of society, was regulated by the laws of innocence. Why was I not doomed to live in this age of splendid hospitality? why did I come loitering into the world when its spirit and energy were extinct, and affectation had smothered all the glowing feelings of nature? Yet even now the perusal of those writings which picture the manners of that lamented age, and renew to our imaginations, the amusements and the fictions which delighted our godlike ancestors, imparts to us some proportion of the heroism and the generosity of the age perhaps without the alloy of its ambition, or the contamination of its ruder faults.—How do these compo-

sitions restrain the licentious passions, by shewing us, in strong and forcible colours, the trials and the triumphs of determined innocence! How do they sublime the soul, and lift it above, fordid and grovelling objects, by displaying those images of fortitude and perfection, which (how far so ever they may be beyond the reach of human imitation) certainly infuse dignity of sentiment; and, as Hayley expresses it,

'New model nature on her noblest
'plan,
'And give fresh sinews to the soul of
'man!'

How do they restrain from vicious indulgence, by giving to vice its most horrid form!—Where the sublime geniuses of the present æra to dress narrations, of this kind in a regular system, of that moral allegory of which they are so susceptible, and reduce them to those classical rules by which they might be conducted, how lasting and advantageous would be the impressions they might make on the youthful fancy! and how much more might they tend to sublimate and delight the heart

'Than all which charms this laggard
'age!'

Thus saying, he bade us a hasty adieu, and departed in a fit of enthusiasm, leaving me not a little delighted with this striking portrait of my boyish ardour.

'Fool!' exclaimed Mordant with a sulky frown, as soon as he was gone.—Then after muttering for some time to himself, 'And all this rhodomontade,' said he, 'about cutting people's throats for a foolish puppet of a girl! and then dressing out the affair with incomprehensible lies about dragons and enchanters, and such like stuff!'

THE BEAUTY.

While he was yet speaking Melville returned. He cast an indignant look at the cynic, and turning gaily to me, 'Well but my dear Apathus,' said he, 'I forgot the very purpose of my visit. You must go with me to-morrow to see the loveliest girl! And if you do not lose all your scepticism, and swear by the bright star of Hesperus and the sigh which stole from the bosom of Venus when first she tasted love, that she is a very angel of a girl, by Heaven, that robbed thee of all the sense of beauty, I will turn sceptic too.'

'Well, Sir,' said Mordant, departing, 'I will go and endeavour to find some
man

mad enthusiast, who, when you and your friend have run one another through about this angelic puppet, shall convert her guardian into an enormous necromancer, her pride into an invincible dragon, her affectations into attendant loves and graces, and your insatuated selves into the most redoubted heroes of the court of Arthur, or of Charlemagne.

'Cynic!' exclaimed the enthusiast, following Mordant with his eye, and repeating with pointed energy from Virgil

Obliqua invidia, stimulusque agitabat erroris!

Which for the sake of the English reader I shall thus venture to paraphrase:

Malicious envy rankling at the heart
Alone this bitter fury could impart.

He then burst out with an enthusiasm equal to that displayed in his harangue upon romances, extolling beauty to the skies, and execrating those who were insensible to its power.

'You must know,' said Melville, when he called, according to appointment, to conduct me to the place where we were to meet this terrestrial angel, 'you must know, that the busy world (that is to say, about half a dozen people of my acquaintance) will have it that I pay my addresses to this charming Flavia: but I assure you it is no such thing; nothing but the purest friendship, I assure you. But the world you know, will be talking about what it knows nothing about.'

'True,' said I, 'or else there would be a great many more quakers meetings among us than there are now.'

'Nay, not so,' rejoins he smartly, 'they might talk about *their doubts*, you know; and diffuse the spirit of scepticism, till they had driven one half of the town to suicide, and peopled the cells of Bedlam with the other; leaving only a few obstinate rustics, who are not refined enough to plunge into the labyrinths of their philosophy, to bury the fools, and keep watch over the lunatics.'

THE OPINIONS OF THE WORLD.

'The world, depend upon it my friend Apathus,' said Gravely, who was of our party, 'is not so wild in its conjectures as we frequently imagine; and were it not for the mists of passion which blind the human intellect, and the biases of early prejudice which mislead it, we should not find mankind advancing such opposite opinions upon the same subjects. Let any two men of cool dispassionate judg-

ment set themselves down to the investigation of truth; let them but explain to each other the premises upon which they proceed, and examine if those premises are really just, and whatever be the subject matter in dispute, they will presently agree as to the conclusion; though, when the discussion commenced, they, perhaps, entertained opinions distant as the poles themselves. And as for the conclusions which people form about the conduct and characters of mankind—various as these conclusions are, they do not arise from the want of data from which they might argue; neither are their errors to be attributed to the want of capacity in mankind to dive properly into the human heart, and develop the real sources of conduct. On the contrary, the mischief results from the want of observation and thought. To know human nature, though not an unattainable, is a difficult science; people therefore generally content themselves with a slight acquaintance with some few actions which have been thrown by chance into their way, and a still more superficial knowledge of their own hearts; and this (when a few years have sauntered over their heads) they call, with equal arrogance and obstinacy, knowledge of the world. Where is the wonder, if with sentiments like these, and searching for discoveries by so imperfect a light, they should meet with nothing but the fancies of error, and be encountering for ever with delusions instead of realities. Yet, after all, they are frequently not so wide of the mark as they were reputed; and I believe my friend here, if he deals fairly with you, can inform you that though, in the very affair we are talking of, his acquaintance retain an opinion which is not true, yet that opinion was not adopted entirely without reason. In fact, our actions are sometimes more inconsistent than the judgment of the world; and then (to adopt a legal phrase) *we take advantage of our own wrong*, and accuse the world of pronouncing false sentences, because we have changed our conduct since our trial.'

'I confess the bill,' said Melville gaily, 'but I bar all libellous interferences. Of my inconstancy, as you call it I am proud. Pardon me my humour—You know I have vanity—and (unlike some half-blustering fellows, who conceal their liquorish palates under the affectation of loathing the honey-comb) I dare to avow that I have. I tell you therefore honestly, I look upon my inconstancy, as some of you are pleased to call it, in this particular, as an affair which reflects honour upon the feelings of my heart, rather than

as one which fixes the imputation of levity upon my mind.—Why the deuce should a man lay springs in his own park to trap his own deer, when he has a right to seize them boldly by the horns, and take them home in the eye of the day.

‘So according to this fine allegory,’ answered Gravelly, ‘we are to run about the town trumpeting forth our own praises; and instead of receiving in silence the meed of our good deeds, are to endeavour to seize, by violence, the applauses of mankind, whenever we think we are entitled to them.’

‘Plague take all your matter-of-fact-men,’ replies Melville, ‘who take our meanings by the express compass of our phraseology; and expect us to measure our thoughts ere we accommodate them with language; just as a taylor takes the dimensions of a man’s back before he proceeds to make his coat. Do, prithee, give nature scope, and permit us, eccentric lads, to deal a little in the hyperbolic. You know I meant not to get half the length. I only meant to say—but I’ll not tell you what I meant.—You have known me long enough to read my meaning in my conduct.—Let those who know me look upon that, and judge if they can with charity.’

‘And how,’ rejoins Gravelly, ‘are they to find out your meaning who do not know you?’—‘Tut,’ says Melville, ‘we shall be late, Allons! and I’ll give you a history of this affair as we walk along.’

THE RIVAL FRIENDS.

‘As a history is nothing,’ said Melville, ‘without a genealogy I shall begin with telling you that this lovely girl is the grand daughter of a gallant officer, who distinguished himself by his loyalty and valour during the rebellion in the year 1715. Though the respect which the brave officer left behind him would have secured his son some promotion in the

service of his country, yet the youth possessed too much sensibility to think, without horror, of making slaughter a profession. He had also a mind too noble to seek for civil promotion by flattering the great, and a soul too much elevated by genius to submit to mercantile engagements; and, which was worse than all, he had not prudence enough to make the best of the little property his father had left him. To crown the whole, he married a lady without any fortune, who died, when Flavia, his only child, was about seven years of age. This, and the shattered state of his finances, conspired to overwhelm his sinking spirits; and the darling of feeling and of genius sunk broken-hearted to an early grave.

‘When a man of fine talents is no more, the world, which has suffered him to starve in obscurity, begins with eager zeal to testify its admiration, and even a little fragment of those works which, while the author lived, would not procure him a bit of bread (oh, Chatterton! most injured youth, how does thy story illustrate this melancholy truth) is sought for with avidity, and treasured with a veneration like that with which ancient superstition pondered over the relics of saints and martyrs. This veneration, if well managed, is however sometimes productive of advantage to the family of the deceased—though, shame to say, this can scarcely be allowed to be the case with the dear-loved relatives of the unfortunate youth I have just mentioned. Flavia, however, fell in better hands; the papers of her father were tolerably well disposed of, and upon the whole, a little income of about fifty pounds a year was secured to her, for her future subsistence.

‘How, and when I became acquainted with this bird of Cyprus—this monarch of Paphos—this blushing fragrance of the morn of love.’

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of a REMARKABLE CONSPIRACY formed by a NEGRO in the ISLAND of ST. DOMINGO.

Le crime a ses héros, l'erreur a ses martyrs.

VOLTAIRE, HEN.

THE history of illustrious villains ought to be effaced from the annals of nations, did not a faithful picture of their crimes serve to render them more odious. Writers who have deigned to employ their

talents in exposing the depravity of some monsters, have perhaps, contributed no less to the happiness of mankind, than those who have exhibited only virtues.

The negro who is the subject of the following

in relation, was not so fortunate as Cromwell; but from what he the reader may judge what he would have done, had he been placed in the same situation as these two ambitious fanatics. There is no need to exaggerate the truth, to show how horrible and dangerous his projects were; for about twenty-five years past, the people of St. Domingo have always shuddered at the name of Makandal.

Born in Africa, in one of those countries which border on Mount Atlas, this negro appeared to have been of illustrious rank, as he had received a much better education than what negroes generally have. He could read and write the Arabian language, and he is not the only negro, reduced by bad fortune to a state of slavery, who has possessed the same talents. Makandal had also a strong natural turn for music, painting and sculpture; and though only twelve years of age when carried to the West-Indies, he was well acquainted with the medicine of his own country, and with the virtue of plants, so useful, and often so dangerous in the torrid zone.

Transported to St. Domingo, and sold to a planter in the neighbourhood of Cape Francois, Makandal soon gained the esteem of his master, by his knowledge and industry, and made himself respected by his fellow slaves, on account of the care which he took to procure them amusements, by multiplying their festivals, and to cure their disorders, after they had baffled the skill of the European physicians. In a short time, he was the soul of all their assemblies and dances, and from one end of the island to the other, the sick who were deemed incurable, invoked the name of Makandal, sending to ask from him the leaf or root of some herb, which for the most part relieved them.

Young Makandal was known then only by his beneficence, and his great taste for pleasure. Happy! had he always employed his talents for innocent purposes; but they soon became the source of the greatest crimes.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, love began to inflame his breast, and to rule with the most astonishing impetuosity. He did not, however, entertain an exclusive passion for one object, but every woman who possessed any charms, received part of his homage, and inflamed his senses. His passion acquired energy and activity in proportion as the objects which inspired it were multiplied. In every quarter he had a mistress. It is well known, that among the negroes, enjoyment soon follows desire; and that satiety and indifference are the usual consequences; but Makandal,

on the contrary, appeared always to be more enamoured of those who had contributed to his felicity, and a proud jealousy defended the empire of his love.

The overseer of the plantation to which he belonged fell in love with a beautiful young negro girl, who had attracted the notice also of Makandal. The reader may readily imagine how much embarrassed such a female must be, to fix her choice between a rigorous and despotic master, and the most distinguished of all the negroes in that part of the country; her heart, however, inclined towards her equal, and the offers of the overseer were rejected.

Enraged at this affront, he discovered that Makandal had been the cause of it, and he vowed to be revenged; but Makandal, notwithstanding his nocturnal peregrinations, and the time which he devoted to pleasure, discharged his duty with so much punctuality and zeal, that he was never exposed to the least chastisement; a circumstance rather astonishing in a country where the lash is continually lacerating the bodies of the unhappy negroes, and where the soul of the European not yet enured by custom to the most horrid spectacles, is filled with both terror and pity.

The overseer, eagerly desirous of surprising Makandal in some fault, redoubled his vigilance, but in vain; the slave was always irreproachable. His rival, however, seeing that he could find no cause for punishing him, endeavoured to invent a pretext; and one day, in the middle of a new plantation of sugar canes, he ordered him to be stretched out on his belly, and to receive fifty lashes. The pride of Makandal revolted at this act of injustice. Instead of humbling himself, and imploring the prayers and intercession of all the other slaves, who were filled with astonishment and pity, he disdainfully cast his implements of husbandry at the feet of his rival, telling him, that such a barbarous order was to him a signal of liberty, and immediately running towards the mountains, escaped, spite of the overseer's fury, and the pretended pursuit of the negroes, who gave themselves little trouble to overtake him.

When he had thus saved himself from the unjust punishment of an European despot, he united himself to the maroons; that is to say, runaway slaves; and twelve years elapsed before he could be apprehended. He still, however, kept up a correspondence with his former companions; never was there a festival of any consequence celebrated, at which he was not their Corypheus. But how came the negroes to betray their friend, their comforter, and their prophet? for he had address enough

enough to make them at length believe that he had supernatural virtues, and divine revelations. Having carved out with much art upon the head of a stick made of the orange tree, a human figure, which when pressed a little on the back part of the head, moved its eyes and lips, and appeared to be animated, he pretended that this puppet answered whatever questions were put to it, and uttered oracles, and when he made it predict the death of any one, it is certain that he was never mistaken.

The great knowledge which Makandal had of simples, enabled him to discover in St. Domingo several poisonous plants; and by these above all he acquired great reputation.—Without explaining the means which he made use of, he would foretel that such or such another male or female negro, who sometimes lived at the distance of fifty leagues from him would die that very day, or next morning; and those who heard him utter this denunciation, soon learned with terror that his prediction was accomplished.

The manner in which he committed crimes which were not discovered till carried to excess, was as follows: The negroes in general are very fond of commerce. In our colonies there are great numbers of them who go about with European goods to the different plantations, like our pedlars. Among these Makandal had his disciples and his zealous partizans; and it was by their means that he executed whatever good or bad action he wished to accomplish. The negroes are accustomed also to exercise the hospitable virtues with the most religious care, and to partake of some food together when they see one another after the shortest absence. When Makandal was desirous of destroying any one, he engaged one of these pedlars who was his friend, to present the person with some vegetables or some fruit, which he said would occasion death to whoever tasted it. The person, instead of imagining that Makandal had poisoned the fruit, trembled at the power of the image which he had on his stick, and executed the orders of the pretended prophet, without daring to speak to any one; the victim expired, and the prescience of Makandal was every where extolled.

His friends always found in him a formidable avenger, and his rivals, his faithless mistresses, and above all, those who refused to grant him favours, were sure to fall a prey to his barbarity. But love, which had favoured him so much—love, for which he incessantly committed crimes without number, at length caused his de-

struction, and brought him to just punishment.

Makandal had with him two accomplices or assistants, who blindly devoted themselves to his service. One of them was named Teyffelo, the other Myombe; and it is very probable that they alone were in part acquainted with the secret means which he employed to make himself feared and respected.

It was generally to the high mountains of Margaux that he retired in the day time, and there, with those two chiefs, he assembled a number of maroons. Upon the summit of the mountains, almost inaccessible, they had their wives and children, with well cultivated plantations; and armed troops of these plunderers came down sometimes under the command of Makandal, to spread terror and devastation through the neighbouring plantations, or to exterminate those who had disobeyed the prophet.

Besides this, he had gained over several young negroes, who were able to give him an account of whatever passed upon the plantations to which they belonged, and among the number was Senegal Zami, aged eighteen, beautiful in shape as the Apollo of the Belvidere, and full of spirit and courage.

One Sunday, Zami having gone to an entertainment, which was given at a plantation at the distance of three leagues from that of his master, saw on his arrival, that the dancing was begun. A number of slaves, who stood in a ring, were beholding with transports of pleasure and admiration a young female of Congo, named Samba, who danced with delightful grace, and who, to enchanting looks, united the most engaging and timid modesty. Her figure was elegant, and in her motions, which were graceful and nimble, she resembled the tender and flexible reed, agitated by the freshening breeze.—Her sparkling eyes, half concealed by long eyelids, shot forth killing glances; the whiteness of her teeth exceeded that of snow, and her complexion, as black as ebony, still added to her incomparable charms. No sooner had Zami beheld her, than he felt in his bosom the first impressions of love. At the same instant chance directed the beautiful eyes of Samba towards Zami, and she was wounded by the same dart which had just pierced the heart of the young negro.

When the dance was ended, these lovers sought each other's company, and enjoyed a few happy moments together, and when they were obliged to separate, they promised to visit one another as often as they possibly could. Labour employed each of them

them during the day, but when the sun sunk below the horizon, they met at a private place, where, amidst a grove of odoriferous orange trees, on the turf, ever crowned with verdure, under a serene sky, never obscured by clouds, in the presence of the sparkling orbs of heaven, and favoured by the silence of night, they renewed the ardent testimonials of their affection, and comforted each other by the tenderest caresses for the necessity to which their situation reduced them of separating before returning Aurora should gild the skies.

This happiness continued for near six months when Samba perceived that she was about to become a mother. It would be impossible to describe Zami's joy when he heard this news. He was still in the delirium of his intoxication, when on quitting Samba, at the break of day, and entering his hut, he found Makandal, who was waiting for him. Makandal, who was ignorant of Zami's passion and good fortune, addressed him in the following manner:

Zami, you know the formidable power of my image. Rejoice then that you have found grace in its sight, and that you have merited its confidence. Go to such a plantation, seek for the beautiful Samba, who has hitherto disdained the vows of all her admirers, and who for more than a year, has mortified me with continued refusals. Ask her to partake of some refreshment with you, and when she is about to eat, dextrously put this powder into her *caillou*. It will deprive Samba of life.

Zami, struck with these words, threw himself at the feet of Makandal, and bursting into tears, said, "O! Makandal, why shouldst thou require me to sacrifice to thy vengeance the most perfect beauty, and the purest heart that can honour our country? Know that I adore Samba; and that I am tenderly beloved by her, and that her love will soon give the unfortunate Zami a title to the appellation of father."

Whilst he was uttering these words, he embraced the knees of the ferocious Makandal, who fired with indignation at seeing a happy rival, had drawn his cut-throat, and would have doubtless sacrificed him to his vengeance, had he not heard the voices of some Europeans, who were calling the slaves to their labour. He had time, therefore, only to save himself with precipitation, and, without reflecting on the consequences, left the poisonous power in the hands of Zami.

Zami immediately resolved to make a full discovery to the overseer; but he

still feared Makandal, whose image he dreaded, and on that account he thought it prudent to be silent.

The day appeared to him to be insupportably long. He was oppressed with sadness and uneasiness; but, at length, when his labour was ended, he flew to meet his beloved Samba, and repaired to the orange grove.

Samba had not yet arrived. Her lover waited a long time with inexpressible impatience, agitated between hope and fear. Every moment he imagined he heard the sound of steps; the least noise, the slightest agitation of the trees heightened his illusion, and made his heart beat with joy. But perceiving that the hour of appointment was passed, the most dismal forebodings took possession of his soul; he gave himself up to the most terrible conjectures, and he at length lost all hopes of seeing the dear object of his love, when the great bear announced that it was midnight. Stimulated by impatience, he hastened to the habitation of Samba; the fear of alarming a strange plantation did not repress his ardour, and he could no longer delay to inform himself what had become of his mistress.

But who can describe the terror, the grief, and the despair of the unfortunate Zami, when, on approaching the hut of his adored Samba, he heard the lamentations of several negro women. He entered, and beheld Samba stretched out on a mat; he threw himself towards her, upon which, lifting up her dying eyes, she stretched out her hand and expired, pronouncing the name of Zami.

Zami fell motionless by her side; he was carried away senseless, and was not informed till next morning that a female negro hawker had been on the plantation, and had dined with Samba. He then discovered what he knew of Makandal's design, and he shewed the powder, which a chemist at Cape Francois examined, and found to be violent poison.

It was then suspected what had been the cause of an immense number of sudden deaths which happened among the negroes. People shuddered at the thoughts of the danger which threatened the whole colony: the officers of justice were dispersed throughout the country to seize Makandal; but they despaired of being able to succeed, when Zami offered to secure him.

He armed himself only with a club made of the wood of the guava tree, and lay hid to watch him in a narrow pass of the mountain to which Makandal had retired. There he waited for five days, but on the sixth, before the dawn of day, he

heard

heard him marching along with two or three other maroons. Zami immediately starting up, knocked down Makandal's two companions. Makandal drew his cutlafs to make a stroke at Zami, who, with a blow of his club, made him drop it from his hand, and immediately rushing upon him, held him fast, and having tied his hands behind his back with his long girdle, conducted him to the Cape.

Some of Makandal's accomplices were arrested also, and when put to the rack, confessed the secret of the poison. They did more—they declared that Makandal's intentions was to destroy privately the greater part of the planters, or to ruin them, by poisoning all those slaves who appeared to be attached to them; and lastly to exterminate the whole race of white men by a general massacre, which would render him the deliverer and sovereign of the whole island. The truth of this dreadful conspiracy was confirmed by the evidence of several other confidants of Makandal; but he himself would never confess any thing; he retained his audacity and fanaticism even in the midst of the flames. He declared haughtily from the top of the pile, that the fire would respect his body; that instead of dying, he would only change his form; and that he would always remain in the island, ei-

ther as a large gnat, bird, or a serpent, to protect his nation. His discourse made the ignorant negroes believe that his image would save him; a singular circumstance appeared even for a moment to favour such an opinion. A post had been driven into the earth, around which a pile of faggots was raised, and Makandal was fixed to the stake by means of a wooden collar. The efforts which he made when fire was put to the pile were so violent that he tore up the stake, and walked ten or twelve paces with it in the midst of the spectators. All the negroes immediately cried out, a miracle! but a soldier who happened to be near, soon shewed by a stroke of his sabre, that he was more powerful than the pretended prophet; and he was once more thrown into the pile, where he suffered the punishment which he so justly deserved.

Such was the origin of the devastations occasioned by poison in the island of St. Domingo, where such practices are become more rare, though they are not yet entirely eradicated.

As for Zami, when he had avenged the unfortunate Samba, he put himself to death, in hopes of meeting with a lover, without whom he considered life as an insupportable burden.

REMARKS on the MANUFACTURING of MAPLE SUGAR; with Directions for its future Improvement.

[From a late Philadelphia Publication.]

HE who enables another to obtain any necessary of life, either cheaper or more independently than heretofore, adds a new source of happiness to man; and becomes more or less useful, in proportion to the number of those who participate in the benefits of his discovery. The transitions, however made from one stage of improvement to another, are not sudden, but gradual; which probably arises from that strong and almost universal disinclination, in the mind, at departing from the beaten path, or from long established customs. Hence men, frequently, at first, treat with neglect or contempt, that, which afterwards, on better information, and a thorough knowledge of facts, they believe, and without reserve, adopt in their subsequent practice. Were we to introduce, and embrace as a maxim—That every new proposition, merely on account

of its novelty, must be rejected—our knowledge would no longer be progressive, and every kind of improvement must cease. That the juice of the Sugar Maple would produce a saccharine substance, answering the purposes of sugar has been known many years, and particularly by the inhabitants of the Eastern States;—but that there was a sufficient number of this kind of tree, in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, only, to supply the whole of the United States with this article, is a fact which was not so well ascertained, or so satisfactorily authenticated, until within a year or two past;—and that the sugar of this tree was capable of being *grained*, and produced, in quality, equal to the best imported—was in some measure, problematical until within even two or three months past, when the arrival of several chests in the city of Philadelphia

delphia, made last spring on the Delaware, removed every doubt in the minds of those who have seen it, as to the truth of this last fact.

The object which this publication has particularly in view, is, A communication of such observations and directions on *manufacturing the Maple Sugar*, as will be most useful to those, who, from situation, interest or patriotism, may be induced to engage in and carry on this business. — A person who had, many years, been acquainted with the usual way of making this article being desirous of improving the method—obtained the instructions of a refiner of sugar in this city, and, with these before him, began his experiments, in February last, at Stock-port, about three miles below the junction of the Moolock and Popatchunck branches of the Delaware. He soon discovered that the business was yet in its infancy, that great and even essential improvements might be made therein, which would require a departure from the methods heretofore in general use, in boiling down the green sap, graining the syrup, &c. and which if attended to and adopted, would enable him to produce sugar, in colour, grain and taste, equal, if not superior in reputation, to any imported. His sentiments and hopes, on this head, have been fully confirmed, by the result of his experiments; for the sugar he has made, and sent down to this city, is equal to the best sugars imported from the West India islands.

The person above mentioned, whose judgment on this subject is much to be relied on, as well from his experience in the business, as his established character for candour and integrity—is clearly of opinion—that four, active, industrious men, well provided with materials, and conveniences proper for carrying on the business, may turn out, in a common season, which lasts from four to six weeks, forty hundred weights of good sugar, that is, ten hundred to each man. If four men can effect this, how great must be the product of the separate or associated labours of the many thousands of people who now inhabit, or may inhabit the immense tracts of lands, which abound with the Sugar Maple tree! What a new and extensive field opens from these considerations! What an interesting and important object to the cause of Humanity, presents itself to our view! An object that deserves the countenance of every good citizen, and that likely merits even national encouragement.

The buildings, implements, and utensils needful for this manufacture, and suited

for the use of four good hands; it is thought may, together with the best process yet known for boiling the sap, graining the syrup &c. be usefully pointed out, that those persons, who incline to enter upon it in the next year, may proceed on the best information to be had, and timely provide themselves with every thing necessary for the purpose; particularly, with such articles made of wood, as require seasoning—Where a larger number than four men are intended to be employed at one *Sugar Camp*, the kettles and other articles to be provided, as well as the number of trees to be tapped, may be increased accordingly.

Detail and description of the necessary Utensils and Materials.

KETTLES; Sixteen, of about fifteen gallons each.

IRON LADLES; Two, the bowls to contain three or four quarts, each, for shifting the syrup. The handles to have sockets, which may be extended with wood to any convenient length.

TRAMMELS or POT-RACKS; Sixteen, one for each kettle, eighteen inches long, the flat part, and the round, or lower piece of the same, so as to lengthen to about three feet occasionally.

SCREW AUGERS; Four, of an-half, three quarters, and one inch, for boring the trees.—Although it has been found that the Sugar Maple tree will bear much hardship and abuse; yet the chopping notches into it from year to year, should be forborne; an auger hole answers the purpose of drawing off the sap, equally well, and is no injury to the tree.

BUCKETS; Eight or ten, of three gallons each, at least, for collecting the sap.

BOARDS; Eight or ten round pieces, to lay on the surface of the sap, at the top of the Buckets, to prevent its splashing over.

COOLERS; Three or four tubs, of about fifteen gallons each (kettles will answer the purpose) to receive the syrup from the boilers; when, upon trial from the proof stick, it draws into a thread between the thumb and finger, as hereafter described.

YOKES; Four, to go across the shoulders of the persons employed in collecting the sap, having a bucket suspended at each end.

TROUGHS; Eight hundred should be made of white pine, white ash, water ash, aspen, linden or bass wood, poplar, common maple, or Sugar Maple. Avoid for this use, the butter nut, chesnut and oak.—these would either discolour the sap, or give it an improper taste.—A person, acquainted with the business, can cut down

down the timber proper for the purpose, and hollow out about twenty of these troughs in a day; they generally hold from two to three gallons: The largest should be placed to receive the sap of those trees that are most thriving, and which yield the greatest quantity.—It may also be noted, that white-ash and white-pine will make the troughs when green; the other kinds of timber abovementioned, should be seasoned, or they will be liable to leak.

STORE TROUGHS: Where large cisterns, fit for the purpose, cannot be had, which will generally be the case in a new country, troughs may be had of the white-pine, by felling a large tree of that kind, and fixing it in a level position; the upper side to be dug out in the shape of a manger for feeding cattle.—The larger it can be made for receiving the green sap, the better. White-ash and linden or balswood will also answer the purpose, should any of them split and leak they may be caulked tight.—These troughs should be at a convenient distance from the boilers, in a cool place, and under cover, to prevent snow, rain, &c. mixing with the sap.—A linen strainer should be so fixed that the sap, when collected in buckets, may pass through such strainer into these troughs, at one end, and at the other end, room should be left to dip out for feeding the boilers.

SHEDS, WALLS, &c. The exposed manner in which sugar has been usually made, in the back country, is attended with many inconveniences, especially in windy weather, when the ashes, leaves, &c. may be blown into the boilers, and thereby discolour the syrup, or injure its flavour: neither can the keeping up a proper degree of heat be always effected in an exposed situation. To remedy these inconveniences it is recommended that a back wall, for the fire-place, be erected eighteen or twenty inches high, and to extend a sufficient length for all the boilers employed. This wall may be made of stones laid in clay or loam, where lime-mortar is not readily to be had. For saving the ashes, and the greater conveniences in making and continuing a regular fire under the boilers, a hearth of flat stone, about three feet wide, should be made to extend an equal length with the back wall. And further to obviate the ill effects, which too open an exposure is subject to, (it being observed where a number of boilers are placed in a range, those at and near the outer ends, do not succeed so well as the more central ones) it is strongly recommended that sheds be erected, to extend over and cover the

whole length of the hearth, and so formed that the smoke may pass off, and be at the same time a shelter from high winds, rain, snow, &c. For graining the syrup, after it is brought to a proper state in the boilers, it will be right to have a separate shed, or building in which two of the sixteen kettles should be fixed; for this service, charcoal is much better than wood, as the heat or flame should be confined to the bottoms of the kettles, and be uniform and regular, to guard against burning or scorching. A wall, as above described, should be made at the fire-place, as well as at each end; and the hearth or bottom laid with flat stones, on which charcoal is to be placed.

AND IRONS: Pieces of cast-iron, something like andirons, and to serve the same purpose, will be very useful: They should, in the long part, be two feet and an half, and two inches square; the turn at the inner end, four inches downwards, and a small turn upwards, at the outer end of about two inches, to prevent the wood from rolling. Of these, there should be a number to suit the extent of the fire-place, to be placed at the distance of five or six feet from each other.

SUGAR MOULDS. These moulds should be made of seasoned boards, or of such wood as will not impart a taste to the sugar. To answer the end of earthen moulds, used in the West-Indies, and in our refining houses, the use of sugar moulds has been, in the present year, well supplied, by making them of wood, somewhat resembling a millhopper, about twenty-seven inches long, and ten or twelve inches wide, at the top, and tapered to the width of one inch, at the lower end.

FRAMES, to place the moulds in, as above described, should be formed so as to admit the moulds to rest in them, about half their depth.

GUTTERS, spouts, or narrow troughs, should be fixed within the frames, under the moulds, in a descending position; the lower ends to enter covered casks or vessels, so that when the plugs or stoppers are drawn from the bottom of the moulds, which may be done in about twenty-four hours after they are set, the molasses that will run therefrom, may fall into these gutters and pass readily into the covered vessels, which, if open, would be exposed to dust and dirt.

PRICKERS. So termed by the sugar-bakers, about twelve inches long, and half an inch diameter, at one end, and the other brought to a point; for want of iron, they may be made of hard wood.—A few hours after the moulds are untopped, the prickers should be run up the bottom

bottom of them, three or four inches, to make way for the whole quantity of molasses to pass off.

SEASON for TAPPING:—By trials, made in the month of February, it will readily be discovered, when this valuable tree ought to be bored, for the purpose of extracting the sap, as in that month, either earlier or later, according to the season, it generally begins to yield a sufficient quantity for commencing the business.

TAPPING or BORING:—Four hundred trees, each tree bored with two holes, as nearly as may be on the south side; and also with two holes on the north side of the tree, in the early part of the season, with screw augers from two to four quarters of an inch, according to the size of the tree; and towards the middle of the season, a like number of trees to be bored in the same manner, is recommended, as a better mode for the management of four hands, than if the whole number of eight hundred trees were tapped at the first running of the sap. The sap of the second parcel tapped, will be found richer and more productive, than if a part had been extracted earlier.—The auger should enter the tree at first, not more than three quarters of an inch: The holes may at several times, be deepened to the extent of two inches and a half, as the manner of the sap's running may render necessary. The hole should be made slanting or descending, so that the sap may run freely in frosty weather, and not, by a slow motion, be liable to freeze in the mouth of the orifice. In these holes, spouts should be fixed, to project from the tree, from eight to twelve inches, and not to enter the tree more than about half an inch: as the farther they enter, the more the running of the sap is obstructed: They should be prepared, in readiness for the season, of elder or sumach.

PRESERVING the SAP:—It is observed, that in the early part of the season, the sap will keep two or three days without injury; but as the spring advances, and the frost becomes less intense, it will be necessary to boil the sap the day after it is collected, or it may ferment and sour.

LIME:—To every half barrel, or fifteen gallon kettle, a table spoonful of slack'd lime, should be put in, while the sap is warming, and before it boils; this promotes the rising of the scum and forming of the grain.

BOILING:—A smart fire should be kept up, while the sap is boiling, and the watery part evaporating.—As the scum rises to the top, be careful to skim it off. When the liquor is reduced one half

in quantity, lade the second kettle from the end, into the end one; and when the contents of three or four kettles can be contained in one, then let the whole be laded into that, at the end; filling up the empty kettles, without delay, with fresh sap. As the liquor in the end kettles, removed from those which have been mentioned, becomes a syrup, it should be strained through a good blanket, or woollen cloth; and care must be taken, not to suffer it to boil too long, so to be too thick to be strained in this manner. It should, when thus cleaned from its impurities, stand in buckets or other suitable vessels, twelve hours or more, that the particles of lime, and other remaining sediment, may settle to the bottom; after which, it should be so gently poured off into a kettle or boiler, as not to carry with it any of these settlings. However, they need not be wholly lost; they will mostly contain a considerable quantity of sugar or syrup; by pouring fresh sap on them, stirring them well together, and suffering them to stand a while to settle, a great part of this valuable sweets contained in such sediment may be saved. It may be further noted, that when the sap is weak, which is generally the case towards the latter part of the season, it requires more boiling and a higher proof than that collected earlier and of greater strength.

N. B. The method before described was pursued in the last year, and appeared to answer well; it is nevertheless believed, by a judicious sugar-boiler, that it would be best to avoid letting the syrup stand twelve hours after being strained through a blanket: When the process is begun, the sooner it is completed, in his opinion, the better:—the design of its so standing, for twelve hours, being chiefly intended to give sufficient time, for the particles of lime and other sediment to collect at the bottom of the kettle.—It is proposed that lime should be mixed with a quantity of fresh sap, in the evening, and be well stirred; the large particles of lime, in this case, will be likely to subside before morning, and the clear sap so impregnated may be mixed, the next morning, in proper proportions, in the several kettles; observing, however, that in this mode, more lime will be necessary, as less of its strength will be extracted by cold than by hot water.

GRAINING.—The syrup, having stood twelve hours, or upwards—is then to be gently poured into a kettle or boiler, as above-mentioned; which would be best placed over a fire made of charcoal, as before hinted; unless the kettle is so fixed in a furnace, or in such a situation, that the

the flame can be confined to the bottom ; for if it be suffered to pass on the sides, it endangers the syrup's being burned.— This operation should also be performed with a smart fire, to be uniformly and equally kept up—in which, as well as in boiling the green sap, the use of butter, hog's lard, or other fat, is not only very useful and advantageous, but absolutely necessary.—When, in the course of boiling, the fat rises towards the top, a piece of fat equal in size to a nutmeg, thrown in, will keep it down. Particular care should be taken to prevent, by these means, the rising of the syrup when graining, which may require a larger proportion of butter, &c. It is found that the evaporation is much more expeditious, and is believed the quantity of sugar made, is larger, when a careful guard is kept to prevent the sap, and particularly the syrup, when graining, from rising, by the timely introduction of a piece of fat, as above described.—To form a judgment when the syrup is sufficiently boiled, take out with quickness the stirring-stick, which is constantly kept in the boiler, for the purpose of taking the proof, rub some of the syrup off the lower end of it, with the thumb, and if on applying the finger thereto, it draws into a thread, it may be deemed in a proper state to be laded into a tub or cooler. Then it should be forthwith stirred, and that incessantly, with a stirring stick, about three inches broad, until the grain can be felt between the finger and thumb, when it is in a fit state to be poured into the moulds. The managing a sugar-works in the West-Indies, and in the refining houses in North America, has been found to require much judgment and experience, to conduct the business to the best advantage ; indeed, it seems hardly possible, to communicate to persons who have little knowledge of the matter, and in terms clearly to be understood, full information, as to the different appearances of the syrup, in the time of boiling, and to point out the moment when some material movements or changes ought to be made ; nevertheless, from the foregoing hints and directions, which are grounded on observation and experience, it is hoped, much use may be derived, and that from year to year, greater advances and improvements may be made in this valuable business.

CLAYING or WHITENING the SYRUP.—To promote the molasses passing more freely from the sugar, when draining in the moulds, and to improve its colour, in two or three days after the moulds are unstopped at the lower end, mix white clay with water, so as to reduce it to a

thin mortar ; with this cover the top of the moulds one inch and a half thick, when this covering appears dry, remove it, and supply the place with a fresh covering of about two inches thick.

Although it is apprehended the use of clay, as above set forth, particularly in the latter part of the season, will be found beneficial, it may, however, be prudent to continue or decline the practice, according to the effect or use it appears to be of, on a careful trial : The quantity of clay must be proportioned to the manner in which the sugar has been boiled ; if high boiled, it will require much more clay than if boiled low. It is also thought that the use of clay lessens the quantity of sugar, perhaps one fifth part, and may be more or less according to the knowledge of the person who undertakes the business. And it may be further remarked, that if the quantity of sugar be lessened in weight, by claying, one fifth part, it is not to be concluded that the whole of the fifth part will be eventually lost ; there will be more syrup than there otherwise would have been, independent of the water from the clay that passes through the sugar.

MOLASSES and VINEGAR.—When the trees of the second tapping become poor, in quantity and quality, which may be about the tenth of April, or perhaps sooner, then a number of fresh tapped trees will yield a sap, of which may be made good molasses, and also excellent vinegar.

In all sugar plantations, it will be advantageous to cut out the different sorts of timber, which grow intermixed with the sugar Maple, and even those of that species which are not thriving, promising trees. The timber so cut out will serve for fuel for the boilers, and leave greater openings for the rays of the sun to enter, which will have a tendency to improve and enrich the remaining trees. The ground so cleared of all except the maple tree, it has been observed, is particularly favourable for pasture and the growth of grass. Whether this tree is injured or impoverished by repeated tappings, is an enquiry to be expected, and has been frequently made, of late, by persons, who have anxiously wished for the success of this business. It has been before observed, that it will bear much hardship and abuse, and it may be added, that there are instances, particularly among the old settlements on the North-River, of trees which have been tapped for fifty years or upwards, and continue to yield their sap in the season, equal to any brought in use of later time ; indeed it is asserted, with confidence, by persons who have had some years' experience, that these trees, by use, become more valuable,

valuable; yielding a sap of a richer quality. How far a careful cultivation of them, the stirring and manuring the soil in which they stand, may improve their value, remains to be ascertained in future, though it may be expected that this, like almost all other trees and plants, may from a natural state be greatly and essentially improved by the hand of art. Experiments, therefore, will not be unworthy the attention of those citizens, situated in the more

interior parts of the States, if it shall, thereby, be found that these trees can be readily propagated, either from the seed or young plants, and be brought to thrive, so as to be equal in their produce, if not superior, to those who have been strewed over the country, without the aid of man. To what an extent of cultivation may not this lead! There will be no risk or disadvantage attending the experiment; and it certainly deserves encouragement.

THE AFFECTING HISTORY OF CAROLINE MONTGOMERY.

(Continued from page 192.)

I HAVE no power, Sir, to adjust differences; answered I, much alarmed at his look and manner. 'Indeed you have, my charming girl,' cried he, attempting very rudely to kiss me; 'and if you will only be sensible of the same friendship for me, as your mother had for my brother, every thing he left in her possession shall be her's. Nay, I will make you sole mistress of my fortune, and she shall enjoy all the claims with her beloved Montgomery.' I cannot describe what I felt at that moment. I knew not what I said; in the first emotion of terror and anger, I flew to the door, but it was fastened. I then attempted to reach that which led to the garden, but he caught me in his arms. I shrieked; I struggled to disengage myself, while the wretch exclaimed—'Violent airs these, for the daughter of Mrs. Douglas to give herself! Pretty affection in a girl who has been brought up on the wages of prostitution! I heard this cruel insult, but, unable to answer, I could only redouble my cries. The monster endeavoured to argue with me; but, incapable of hearing, I tried only to escape him, when the door was broke open with great force, and Montgomery burst into the room.

Without staying to enquire into the cause of my shrieks, he flew at Lord Pevensy, whom he pinioned in a moment to the wainscot. A scene followed so terrifying, that I cannot do it justice. Lord Pevensy, far from apologizing for his conduct, had the brutish audacity to repeat to Montgomery his insulting sarcasm against my mother; and dared to intimate that he himself had taken the place of the deceased Lord. The agony into which I was thrown by the violence of Montgomery's passion, was the only thing capable of restraining it. Seeing me to all appearance

dying on the floor, where I had fallen, he quitted his adversary, and came to raise and reassure me. Lord Pevensy took that opportunity to depart, threatening however personal vengeance against Montgomery, and that he would redouble every attempt to ruin my mother, whom he again insulted with such epithets, that Montgomery was with difficulty withheld from following him, and demanding an immediate reparation. Dreadful as this scene had been, it was succeeded by one which would have made me forget all its bitterness, had not other consequences followed. When Lord Pevensy was departed, Montgomery returned back to me; and while I thanked him as well as I was able for the protection he afforded me, he confessed, with agitation almost equal to mine, that from the first moment he had seen me, he had loved me: that his affection, which had since increased every hour, had made him extremely attentive to every thing that related to me; and that he had been long convinced of the designs of Lord Pevensy, and foreseen that to obtain me he would affect delays, and hold out hopes of compromise. 'Ill, however, as I thought of him,' continued he, 'I could not have believed that his villainy would have gone such lengths, or have been so unguardedly betrayed. Now we have every thing to apprehend that money or chicanery can execute.

This was no time for reserve or affectation. I answered, that I feared only what might affect his personal safety; that the threats of Lord Pevensy in that respect distracted me with terror; and that I should not have a moment's tranquility till I saw a life secure which I very frankly confessed was infinitely dearer to me than my own.

'It would be uninteresting to you, my dear Miss Chesterville, were I to describe the raptures of Montgomery on the discovery of my sentiments. A scene too tender to be related followed; and we were recalled from the delightful avowal of mutual passion, by a message from my mother, who had been awakened by the confusion which had happened below, and whose servants had indiscreetly told her what they knew of its occasion. As she had been informed of so much, it was impossible to conceal from her any part of what had passed. Though Montgomery softened as much as he could the opprobrious speeches which Lord Peversey had made relative to her, they sunk deeply into her mind; he saw how much she was affected, and ended the conversation as soon as he could. But when he had left us, my mother desired I would return to her, and thus spoke to me:

'Caroline, I will attempt no longer to deceive you. I feel myself dying. A few days, I am convinced, will terminate my life and my sufferings. I leave my poor boys with few friends to contest the will of their father against all the weight of influence and power. And you! oh child of my first affections, I leave you, with all that fatal beauty of which my weak heart has been so foolishly proud, to encounter not merely indignity, but the baseness of a world, where your mother's character, justified as I hope and believe it is in the sight of Heaven, will expose you to the insolent addresses of the profligate; where you will be told, that as the mother deviated from the narrow path of rectitude, the daughter cannot pursue it. My errors will be urged to betray my Caroline to destruction; and when she reflects on the example of her mother, she will perhaps learn to desert her precepts.'

The bitter anguish inflicted by these cruel reflections here stifled her voice. I was myself more dead than alive; yet as I hung trembling over her on the sofa on which she lay, I attempted to say something that might console her, and with difficulty articulated the name of Montgomery. 'Montgomery!' cried my mother, as soon as she recovered her speech—'oh! he is the worthiest, the most generous of human creatures! To him I have, in a will which this paper contains, given the care of my two boys. But you! oh, Caroline! is a man of his age a guardian proper for a lovely young woman of yours? I have therefore addressed myself in another paper to your father's family, and have besought them to pity and protect my Caroline. The present you received from my deceased Lord on your last birth-day

will preserve you at least from the indignity I once experienced—To Providence, to your own good principles and strong understanding, I commit the rest.'

I had not courage to say, that Montgomery desired only to have the strongest claim to become my protector, by receiving my hand. But in the evening, when I saw him, I told him all that had passed. Eagerly seizing on hopes so flattering to the ardour of his passion, he besought of me to allow him to go to my mother and propose our immediate marriage. She heard him with gratitude and delight; and though she knew he had nothing but his commission in the French service, and that, being a catholic, he could never rise to that rank in England, which his high birth would have entitled him otherwise to expect, she hesitated not to give her consent. 'Yes, my dear child,' said she, at the end of this affecting scene—'In his virtues you will find fortune—in his honour and his courage protection. In leaving you to the care of such a man, I die contented.' She grew daily weaker; but was anxious, even to a degree of impatience, to see us united before her death. Montgomery therefore, to conquer every scruple and every difficulty, procured a clergyman of the church of England, who married us in her presence; and at my desire (who wished, to shew Montgomery that I knew how to value his complaisance) the priest who officiated in his regiment performed the ceremony a second time.

But forms could do nothing towards uniting our hearts more closely; and the happiness of a marriage where love only presided was perhaps too great for humanity; for those happy days were greatly obscured by the increasing illness of my mother, who declined rapidly for almost a fortnight, and then died in the arms of Montgomery, commending, with her last breath, her two boys to his protection. Her death, which long as I had expected it, appeared utterly insupportable now it arrived, threw me into a state of languor and dejection, from which I was suddenly roused by hearing that Lord Peversey, who had quitted France immediately after his disgraceful dismissal from the house, was now returned, and enraged to find that Montgomery was actually my husband, had determined to pursue, with all the eagerness rage and hatred could inspire, the process by which he hoped to deprive me and my brothers of our legacies. Nor was this all; the personal affront he had received from Montgomery he could not bear, though he had deserved it; and he now sent him a challenge, which Montgomery readily

readily accepted; but to evade the strictness of those laws which are in force in *Fessice* against duelling, the place where they were to meet was fixed in the dominions of the Pope; a little beyond *Avignon*.

Montgomery, anxious only to conceal this from me, found a pretence for his journey; and, telling me he had some military business to transact at *Marsilles* which would detain him for some days, he parted from me, concealing with courage truly heroic the anguish he felt in knowing that we were perhaps to meet no more.

Providence yet preserved him to me. He dangerously wounded his adversary; and returned himself in safety. Then he related the cause of his absence; and the happiness I felt at his safety, was augmented, when a few days afterwards we received from Lord *Pevensey*, who believed himself dying, and was visited with the reproaches of a troubled conscience, an acknowledgment of the justice of my brother's claim to the provision made for them by their father, and an order to his *procureur* at *Paris* to put an end to every suit depending against us. In a few months Lord *Pevensey* recovered; we were put in possession of our rights; and my beloved *Montgomery*, to whom I owed every thing, studied not only how to make me happy, but to pursue as near as possible that line of conduct which my mother would have done had she lived. A war was raging with great violence between *France* and *England*, and I was unwilling to send the two dear boys to a country where it would be now difficult to me to see them. But as I knew it was the desire of my mother and my benefactor to have them brought up in the protestant religion, I sent them with their tutor to *Geneva*. I had hardly recovered the pain of this parting, before one much more grievous was inflicted. The regiment in which *Montgomery* had a company, was ordered into *Germany*. The situation I was then in made it seem madness to think of following him; but I was convinced that I should not survive his departure. He was to me, father, brother, lover, husband; I had no other earthly happiness; and without him the universe was to me nothing. At first his fears for my safety made him resist my importunities; but he was compelled at length to consent, and I followed him, residing wherever he was encamped; and, however horrid the scenes were to which I thus became a witness, I feared nothing but for his life; that one dreadful apprehension having the effect of all violent passions, and making me forego, without missing

them, every convenience to which I had been accustomed, and meet without apprehension a thousand dangers to which I was hourly exposed.

In a small village on the banks of the *Weser*, near the camp of *Marschal de Contades*, my dear *Charles* was born, towards the beginning of the campaign of 1759. But he had not above six weeks blessed my eyes, and those of his deoting father, before that dear father went out to the fatal field of *Minden*. I cannot describe what I felt during the action. My faculties were suspended by the most dreadful apprehensions that could agonize the human heart; this frightful suspense was terminated only by the certainty of all I dreaded. The *English* were victors; and the servant who had long attended on *Montgomery* had only time to tell me that he fell as the head of his company, his arm broken by a musket shot, and receiving a thrust from a bayonet in the breast. The man added, that, with a party of soldiers who adored their captain, he had attempted to bring his master off the field; but that they were cut down by a body of *Hessian* horse, who, driving every thing before them, had compelled him to abandon the enterprize. I believe that my senses for some hours forsook me, during the horrors of a night too terrible to be described; the *English* took possession of the village where I was; but, fortunately for me, a young officer of that nation was the first who, in endeavouring to prevent the excesses of the troops, entered the house where I remained with my infant in my arms.

Roused by my fears for my child, I seemed suddenly to acquire courage. I demanded protection of the young officer, which, with the generous ardour of the truly brave, he instantly granted me; and being himself compelled to quit me, he gave me a corporal's guard, recommended me to the men as an *English* woman; and, having secured my safety, promised to return to me when the confusion of the hour a little subsided. The stupor of my grief being thus shaken off for a moment, I recollected, that if I suffered myself to sink, my boy, deprived of the nourishment which sustained him, would perish miserably; I took therefore the sustenance my servants offered me; but I neither spoke nor shed tears, nor heeded any thing that was said to me; my mind dwelling on the plan I had formed to avail myself of the generosity of the *English* officer, and to engage him to assist me in finding *Montgomery*, whether living or dead. It was late before this gallant young man returned to me: the moment he entered, he in-

quired eagerly after my health and safety. I thanked him as well as I could for the preservation I owed to him: but added, that to give it higher value, he must yet add another favour, and enable me to find the body of my husband, who had fallen in the field.

He seemed amazed at my design; and represented to me, that besides the terrifying circumstances attendant on such an undertaking, so unfit for my age and sex to encounter, my endeavours would very probably be fruitless.—‘Nor should you, Madam,’ added he, ‘so implicitly yield to grief: he, whose death you lament as certain, may be a prisoner.’

This ray of probability would have cheered for a moment the blackness of my despair, had not the particulars related by Montgomery’s servant left me nothing to hope. I related these circumstances to the English officer, with that gloomy desperation which precludes the power of shedding tears. He saw the state of my mind, and generously resolved not only to gratify me, but himself to protect me with a party of his men.

With my little boy in my arms (for I refused to leave him as obstinately as to relinquish my project), I went forth on this dreadful errand, to a scene of death and desolation so terrible, that I will not shock you by an attempt to paint it: livid bodies covered with ghastly wounds, from whom the wretches who follow camps, making war more hideous, were yet stripping their bloody garments; heaps of human beings thus butchered by the hands of their fellow creatures, affected me with such a sensation of sick horror, that I was frequently on the point of fainting. But Montgomery among them! left to be the food of wolves or dogs—that beloved face, that form on which my eyes had so doated, disfigured and mangled by birds of prey!—This horrid image renewed from time to time my exhausted strength; and the pity of my noble conductor, more and more excited in my favour, suffered him not to tire in the mournful office of attending me.

We had however travelled in vain so much of the bloody field that my search seemed to be at length desperate; and my protector entreated me to consider, that by a longer perseverance I should injure my own health, and perhaps destroy my child, without a possibility of being of the least use to the lost object of my affection. It was now indeed night; but the moon shone with great lustre: and just as he had agreed to indulge me with ten minutes longer, on condition that I would then descend the rays of the moon fell on some-

thing white a few yards from me, which glittered extremely. An impulse, for which I cannot now account, made me suddenly catch it up; it was part of the sleeve of a shirt, and in it was a button set with brilliants, that had once belonged to Lord Pevensey, and which, as the diamonds surrounded a cypher formed of her hair, had been, after his Lordship’s death, given by my mother to Montgomery.

This well known memorial convinced me of one fatal truth—that Montgomery was among the dead; but it revived the wretched hope of finding his body, which I imagined could not be far off. My conductor allowed that it was probable, and accounted for this remnant of his shirt being found, by supposing that it had been torn, and dropped in a dispute for the spoil, which had happened among the plunderers of the deceased.

Animated by this melancholy certainty, I more narrowly examined every ghastly countenance near the spot; and at length, half concealed by the blood that had flowed from his arm, which was thrown across his face, I discovered those well known features so dear to my agonized heart.

Then, that grief which had hitherto been silent and sullen, suspended perhaps by a latent hope of his being a prisoner, broke forth in cries and lamentations. I threw myself on the ground; spoke to Montgomery, as if he was yet capable of hearing me; and in the wildness of my phrenzy, protested that I would never move from the spot where he lay, but would remain there, and perish with my infant, by the side of my husband. The young officer, with all that humanity which characterizes the truly brave of every nation, bore with my extravagance, and with the most patient pity attempted to soothe and appease me, by calling out my thoughts from the dead, to whom I could be no longer serviceable, and fixing them on my child; to whom my existence was so necessary: but a new idea had now struck me—I insisted upon it, that Montgomery was not dead; that I felt his heart palpitate; and that if I remained there and watched by him, he would recover. I laid my hand close to his mouth; I fancied that, though feebly, he still breathed. My generous friend, who impured all I said to the delirium of extravagant sorrow, yet condescended to humour, in hopes of allu- saging it, but when, in compliance with my earnest entreaty, he enquired into the reality of my hopes, he fancied, with mingled astonishment and pleasure, that he really found a slight pulse in the heart, and that the body had not the clayey coldness of death. Tearful, however, of in-
dulging

dulging me in a hope which, if found fallacious, might drive me into madness, he only said, that though he thought it improbable that any life remained, yet that to satisfy me the body should be removed to the house where I lodged, where a surgeon should attend to examine it; and if, as he greatly feared, there was indeed no chance of the vital powers being reanimated, I should at least be gratified in seeing the last offices performed; and should as long as I remained where I was left, receive, both in regard to executing that mournful duty, and to my own safety, every good office he could render me.

The guard which he had directed to follow us through the field, now approached on his signal; they were directed to raise the body he pointed out, and to carry it to the village from whence we came. Fatigue and terror were now equally unfeeling; for though I had been too much agitated to discern those symptoms of life which my protector had really found, and had merely asserted it as an excuse to remain by the body of my husband, I was now sure that I should be indulged in my grief, and that Montgomery would receive the rights of sepulture. The body was no sooner placed on a bed in the room I inhabited, than throwing among the soldiers my purse, unseen by their commander, I hastened to give myself up to the dreadful luxury of sorrow. I found the young Englishman already there, gazing attentively on the disfigured face, with looks rather of doubt than of despair. On my entrance he retired saying, 'Though I would not have you, Madam, too sanguine in encouraging hopes which will make a painful uncertainty doubly cruel, yet I cannot wholly discourage them: that wound on the head, which seems to have been done by the hoof of a horse, gives me the most apprehension, for the rest appear not to have been mortal; the surgeon, who shall attend you the moment he can be spared from his duty, will be better able than I to tell you whether you have really any reason to flatter yourself.'

Before the surgeon arrived, I had with the assistance of the French maid who attended me, washed the blood from the face, and from the various wounds he had received. The ideas which had occurred only in the ravings of a disordered imagination now became real hopes: a slight pulsation appeared in the artery of the temples: his heart certainly, though languidly, beat. Ah! imagine my transports, for words cannot paint them; imagine what I felt when the surgeon, who soon after arrived, declared that Montgomery

was not dead. Far, however, was he from pronouncing that he would recover. Besides the fracture in his arm, which was a very bad one; a wound made by a bayonet in the breast, which was not very deep; and a violent wound on the head, where however the skull had escaped; he had lost so much blood, that it was almost impossible to suppose he could survive it; and his weakness was so excessive, that he remained wholly insensible, supported only by drops of nourishment which I conveyed into his mouth with a spoon; and the surgeon dared not proceed immediately to the necessary operation of setting his arm, lest the shock should disperse the feeble spirit which seemed every moment ready to depart from its mangled abode.

Let me be brief in an account which I see has affected you too much.—At the end of a week, Montgomery, restored from the grasp of death, recovered his recollection, and knew me and his boy; and as the surgeons could not conveniently attend him where he was, my generous friend had him removed, as soon as it was possible, into Minden, now in possession of the English. There at the end of a month, he was out of danger; but yet confined to his bed: and there, at the termination of that period, he parted from his noble preserver (for whom he felt all the friendship his generosity and personal merit deserved,) as he was then ordered to another part of Germany, and soon after returned to England. Before he went, he assisted Montgomery to procure his exchange; which was attended with some difficulty, because there was doubt of his being a British subject. Having however, by the instruction of this excellent friend, procured sufficient testimony of his being, though the son of Scottish parents, a subject of the French king's, his exchange as such was admitted, and at the end of five months we returned to Paris. But Montgomery returned a cripple; for his arm, which had been with difficulty, and only by the extraordinary skill of the English surgeon, saved from amputation, was rendered wholly useless, and he wore it always in a sling. The extraordinary circumstance of his escape from death, as well as his great military merit, procured him the notice of the King of France; who gave him, with a pension considerable at that time and in that service, the cross of St. Louis.

It was now that I reasonably hoped for some portion of happiness. Adoring Montgomery; having been the fortunate instrument in the hands of Providence to rescue him from death; with a lovely boy on whom we both doted; and a fortune equal

equal to our wants (for with what arose from the interest of Lord Pevensey's gift to me, and his pension, we had near four hundred pounds a year,) I seemed to have nothing left to wish for; and some years did indeed pass, during which my felicity could hardly admit of encrease. The early promise of merit which Charles's industry gave, every year seemed to confirm; it was the principal pride and pleasure of his father to be his instructor in every liberal science, as well as in tactics; for, born in a camp, he seemed a predestined soldier. Though brought up himself in the Catholic religion, Montgomery was to little of a bigot, that he suffered me to educate my son a protestant; and that circumstance only had prevented his early entrance into the French army. Measures however, were taking to procure him a commission among the Swis in that service, when a violent and sudden illness deprived him of his parent and protector, and me of the most beloved of husbands, and the tenderest of friends.

Pardon me, my dearest Miss Chester-ville! Though I have long been familiar with sorrow; though almost five years have passed since this lamented event; I cannot always conquer these unavailing tears. But wherefore should I distress you? I have only to add, that at the death of my husband great part of our income ceased; and, though I solicited a continuance of at least part of his pension, I found that under a new reign his services had been superseded by newer claims. So many difficulties arose, and so uncertain seemed my success, that, after an expensive application at Paris and Versailles for some months, I gave up all hope, and determined to go to England; which, notwithstanding my long separation from it, I still considered as my country.

On my arrival in London with my son, I made myself known to some of my own and of Montgomery's relations, who were established in employments about the court; and they, having understood my situation, promised that they would immediately apply for a commission for my son in the army, where I was compelled to suffer him to be placed, not only because his own inclinations led him to prefer a military life, but because our income, now reduced to less than two hundred a year, did not enable me to support him without a profession.

Allured by these promises, and piqued

at the neglect I had met with in France, I relinquished all thoughts of returning to that country. But if I found solicitation and attendance irksome there, these circumstances were at least equally painful in England; and after many months of fatiguing and incessant endeavours to obtain a confirmation of their promises, I was weary of the task, and went to my friends in Scotland. My relations at least were very numerous there; but many of them looked upon me and my son as foreigners and aliens, about whom it no longer concerned them to be interested. I staid however a few months among them; and then, determining to fix on some cheap retirement, I found this cottage; to which, expending a small sum of money on it, I removed my books and effects, and I have ever since lived here with my son; regretting nothing but that his talents and his virtues are lost to society.—Yet why should I regret it? He here still cultivates his excellent understanding; the virtues of his heart are preserved in all their purity; and his passions, naturally too warm and violent, have here no objects likely to render them too powerful for his reason. From the little I saw of modern young men of fashion during my short stay in London, perhaps I ought rather to rejoice that my son is thrown at a distance from the contagion of their example, and that, with all their spirit, he is free from their vices. Far from murmuring at his lot, his whole study is to make me happy, by convincing me he is so himself. As we equally understand several languages, our reading is pretty extensive and books are almost our only indulgence. Charles is a proficient in music. He understands tolerably every other science, and in drawing is almost a master; and by these resources he contrives to pass without weariness, those hours when the weather forbids his going abroad. We have been twice to spend a few weeks with my relations in Scotland; but shall I own to you, that society such as I generally meet with, serves only to make my return to this solitude more delightful; that my heart is now wedded to it; and that I have no wish for any other enjoyment than that I have found: indulging in this remote hermitage the tears which the memory of Montgomery render sacred and fulfilling, at least as well as I am able though not so well as I wish, my duty towards our beloved Charles.

FOR THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

ESSAY ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

NATURAL Philosophy is well directed, in every branch of it, if it tend ultimately to make Man wiser or better. The wisdom, thence to be derived, consists in knowing how to adapt the best means to acquire the ends for which he was designed, and secure both the comforts, as well as the necessaries of life: and man is thereby rendered better, when he becomes sensible of the station he really occupies in the extensive chain of Being, feels his connection with the superior, as well as inferior orders of creation, and acts in conformity therewith, his own dignity and dependance upon the first, great Cause. These objects, which are in fact the just ends of every species of genuine knowledge, are not more readily or advantageously acquired, by explaining the distant regions of indefinite space, tracing the periods of the various systems, and investigating the causes and laws of their motion, than by attending to objects of less magnitude, and more within the compass of our sphere. The first cause is equally apparent in small, as in large productions; in the organization of a plant which vegetates, as the formation of a planetary world, which differs only in the magnitude of its revolutions. Experiments and observations upon these nearer objects, in which man feels naturally more interested, are attended with some advantages peculiar to themselves. They are more upon a level with the common apprehension, more intimately concerned in the functions of his existence, and require not the Lynx-eye of a Galileo to discover, nor the abstruse calculations of an Euler, a Walling, or a Newton, to ascertain. Every person, who has the use of reason, and a small portion of time to allot for the purpose, may make, at small expence, a variety of useful as well as pleasing experiments. Chemistry now lends her hand to the most common observer; and, freed from the jargon which obscured its genuine principles in the dogmas of ancient authors, appears open, simple, and to be apprehended by every suitor. But experiments, thus conducted, upon the principles of true Philosophy, to investigate the texture of bodies, analyze their component parts and combine them variously for the different uses of life, however productive of utility, fails of that variety, which characterizes the first branch of natural knowledge. Upon analysis, all plants exhibit the same chemical principles, and yet na-

tural history exhibits a prodigious, nay, almost infinite variety in their form, colour, structure, obvious qualities, production and uses. Mineralogy is founded upon few principles, and yet all the metals offer a fund of variety to the historian. The chemical analysis of animal substances terminates in the same principles, and yet, in no kingdom of nature is the power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator more variously exhibited, and more forcibly expressed: This class of beings exhibits lessons of œconomy, prudence and affection to its species, even in its rude state, as ought to shame the practice, in many instances, of cultivated man.

Natural history, which comprehends all the objects of terrestrial creation, is then by no means so contemptible a part of Philosophy, as some are apt to suppose. A man is not less ridiculous for spending his time in chasing of butterflies, than one who wears his days in trying to discover the perpetual motion: nor is he more contemptible, who lives to ascertain the cause of the incubation of birds and germination of plants, than he who pretends to have discovered the number of impossible roots in a general equation, or the physical cause of the planetary motions, and refrangibility and efflux of the rays of light. Had Aristotle confined himself to Natural History, he would not have terminated his existence in the Ægean. It seems then, that at least Natural History has variety to recommend it, and I may safely add, utility also: for it tends more directly than any other branch of natural knowledge to make man wiser and better. There is no one part of the animal, fossil or vegetable kingdoms which has not its use, and does not exhibit the power as well as wisdom of the first cause in an obvious manner. It is the abuse of this, as of other branches of science, which only is contemptible. To promote natural history then is certainly an object, worth the attention of the student. The life of man is too short, his existence too much circumscribed also in space to apprehend the various productions of nature, in the different climates of the earth, and observe them as they exist. Some require ages, all require time to come to perfection: and some the cold of the frigid, others the fervour of the torrid zone. To remedy this inconvenience, natural history affords its aid by description or picture, which gives a kind of perpetu-

try in time and place, to these changeable creatures, and exhibits them to observation. Man thus lives beyond himself, and, in the retirement of the cloister, may master the observation of former ages, and admire the productions of every quarter of the earth.

But, no description or picture can possibly convey the same impression, as the original. The works of nature are too refined for language to describe, or image to depict. No one can describe the motion of the sensitive plant, impress upon the mind any just idea of the form of the humming bird, and so of all the works of nature; at least not so truly as the senses will convey them.

To exhibit therefore to the senses, the various productions of nature, and unite in one Magazine, as it were, for the ready inspection and information of the inquisitive, whatever is rare, curious or instructive in its various kingdoms must certainly promote natural history in a very essential degree: and consequently tend to the true end, as far as that does, of all genuine philosophy. Such is the intention of the present Essay. I wished first to rescue this amusing part of knowledge, from the obloquy of the abstruse philosopher, and put it upon a just footing: I wished also to recommend it, to the inquisitive of all ages, sexes and denominations; and to have it acknowledged, that great progress may be made in the collection and preservation of fossils, plants, and animals, at a very small expence both of time and money: and that attention to it will not disgrace any character or profession, as the wisdom of God is in all his works.

I wished also to have it understood, that rare animals, plants, and fossils, are not confined to the old world only; but that the new discovered world contains wonders in every class, and exhibits daily, the more it is cleared and inhabited, a new variety: and having these points admitted, I wish also to make known a summary method of knowing what to collect, and what is of the most importance, how to preserve the collection.

For it seems, that nothing is vile or contemptible in the works of nature: and therefore that the preservation of them is the chief object. Let the following be observed then in the researches of the curious—

Of fossils—let earth, stones, ores, gems, chrystals, spars, ambers, metals, incrustations, petrifications, and minerals in general be collected.

Of vegetables—Let all rare plants with their roots, flowers, seeds and fruits, woods, gums and fungusses, bark and its moss.

Of animals—Let beasts entire, or their skins, horns or limbs.

Birds entire, or their heads, beaks, feet, nest and eggs.

Fishes entire, or their heads, jaws and fins.

Reptiles—such as tortoises, lizards, frogs, snakes and worms of all sorts.

Insects—those which inhabit the land of every sort with their caterpillars and transformations, nests or habitations. Those of the sea—as worms, crustaceous fishes, cray-fish, coral and corallines.

Nothing of the fossil tribe requires to be preserved otherwise than in boxes, and to be packed, if for transportation to any distant quarter, in bran or any soft substance, being wrapped closely in paper.

Specimens of the vegetable kingdom are to be collected when dry, and spread between folds of absorbant paper and kept, till the moisture be taken up in a cool place.

More care is requisite for the preservation of Animals—Large beasts should be skinned, with the horns, tail, and feet entire and the skins preserved with the preparation. Large birds may be treated similarly.

Small beasts and fishes may be put into a cask of spirit, as well as reptiles and insects, except moths and butterflies, which should be pinned down in a box with their wings expanded.

Large fishes should have the entrails taken out and be filled with the preparation—so also should small birds: but care must be taken to scoop out the brains thro' the mouth, and to hang the body in a cool airy place, first by the feet, then by the lower mandible of the bill—afterwards to dry it in the sun or by a fire, and fill the body with oakum or some soft substance.

The time, place, name, vulgar use, and properties of each article should also be, if possible, procured and written down on a label annexed, or book with reference to the specimen. More specimens than one should be also procured, and, if animals, the male, female, young, eggs and nest.

The preparation found necessary, and sufficient is made of the following articles, according to the annexed proportions: one pound of salt, four ounces of alum, and two ounces of black pepper, pounded together.

D. O.

Campo-Bello, July 8, 1790.

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

[From the European Magazine.]

THE following account of very important discoveries made in the interior parts of Africa, is abridged from 'The Proceedings of the African Association' written by Mr. Beaufoy, and accompanied by a map from the hand of Major Rennel. The Association sent two Missionaries to Africa; Mr. Ledyard, who died of a bilious disorder at Cairo, and Mr. Lucas, who returned to England last July. The materials furnished by the latter, authenticated by other documents, that have since been transmitted to the Association, acquaint us that to the South-east of Tripoli, and about 350 geographic miles from the Mediterranean coast, stands Mourzouk, the capital of the small but compact and wealthy kingdom of Fezzan, formerly dependent on Tripoli, but now delivered from foreign jurisdiction by the abilities of the reigning Prince. Agriculture and pasturage form the principal employment of the inhabitants of Fezzan, whose territory, a cultivated speck in the midst of deserts, presents on all sides smiling fields and populous villages. But what principally distinguishes the Fezzaners above other nations of Africa, is the enterprising spirit of their merchants, who often travel 3000 miles inland, and who form, by their caravans, the great bond of communication and intercourse in a continent, which is not, like other parts of the world, indented by lakes or seas, or intersected by navigable rivers and harbours. About 700 miles right south from Mourzouk, and at nearly the same distance South-east, are the cities of Cashnah and Bornou; each larger than Tripoli, and respectively the capitals of two great empires, bounded towards the south by the Niger, and forming the chief central powers of Africa. In both countries the natives are perfectly black, but their features are not of the Negro cast. Cashnah, which is inferior in extent and fertility, contains 1000 towns or large villages, built in nearly the same rude style with the towns in South Barbary. The subjects of Bornou are an assemblage of various natives speaking thirty different languages. The capital is surrounded by a wall fourteen feet high; the streets are irregular, and the houses are uniformly mean, like those of the Mahometans in all parts of the world. In both Cashnah and Bornou, the ruling nation professes the religion of Mahomet; but the paganism of the dependent tribes does not appear to subject them to any hard-

ship. In both countries the government is elective monarchy; and in both, the most distinguished senators are the electors. After the king's death, his sons, of whom, as polygamy prevails, the number is generally very considerable, are shut up in separate cells, till one of them is chosen to fill the vacant throne. The fortunate candidate is then conducted by the senators to the vault of the palace, where his father's corpse still remains uninterred; where he listens with attention and reverence, while the virtues of the deceased are extolled, or his vices arraigned; the orator concluding with peculiar earnestness—'You see before you the end of your mortal career; the eternity which succeeds toil, will be happy or miserable, in proportion as your reign proves a blessing or a curse.'

The inhabitants both of Cashnah and Bornou are more cultivated than the natives of Africa have hitherto been described. They possess innumerable herds of tame animals; they cultivate Indian corn, horse beans, and the common kidney bean: from the iron of their country, they fabricate slight tools for the purposes of agriculture; and in their current money, gold and silver are mixed with a due proportion of baser metals. Their military force consists entirely in cavalry: the nations on the coast, jealous of their power and numbers, carefully conceal from them the knowledge of fire-arms. Their capitals are adorned by mosques, and schools are every where established, for teaching to read the Koran. Drafts and ches are their principal amusements. In their houses, the higher ranks of people recline on cushions, stuffed with wool: they are furnished with brass and copper utensils, handsome carpets, and candlesticks in which they burn a composition of bees-wax and tallow, instead of a vegetable oil, which is used only by persons of inferior rank. Ali, the present king of Bornou, has 500 wives, and 500 horses, and 350 children, of whom 300 are males. Their principal exports are salt, civet, gold-dust, and slaves, the last of which they obtain in the following manner: South-east of Bornou is the Mahometan kingdom of Begarmee, the natives of which are black, but not of the Negro cast; and beyond this kingdom are many Negro nations, idolaters, and feeding on human flesh. The Begarmese, mounted on fleet horses, annually invade these cannibals, driving them before them like cattle. From Begarmee

they are sent to Bornou, and thence to Fezzan, from which, by the Port of Tripoli, they are transported to the Levant.

The Continent of Africa has been compared by geographers to a leopard's skin. The prevailing colour is that of a desert of sand, blended with a vegetable mould, in the neighbourhood of springs or rivulets, in some places broken by naked rocks, in others swelling into mountains; and the rivers, which in other countries flow into each other, and finally disembogue in the sea, for the most part losing themselves in Africa in the sandy desert. Such is the obscure termination of the majestic Niger, which, after watering the great central empires of Cashnah and Bornou, gradually diminishes to a scanty stream, and finally disappears in the sands of Tombuctoo.

Having before given some account of the nations more north of the Niger, which, in the language of Africa, is called *NEEL IL ABERD*, that is, the Nile of the Negroes, we now proceed to mention the new information that has been obtained concerning the countries to the south of this great inland stream.

The Niger abounds in fish, which the Africans, careless of such food, leave altogether unmolested. What is equally remarkable, they never navigate the river; and the merchant, for the transportation of himself and his goods, finds but one solitary ferry an hundred miles south of Cashnah, where, instead of boats, he embarks on an ill-constructed raft, for the planks are fastened to the timbers with ropes, and the seams are closed with tough clay. In travelling southward from the Niger, the face of the country assumes an entirely different appearance, and a different mode of transportation must therefore be adopted. High mountains and narrow vallies, extensive woods and miry roads, succeed to the vast plains and sandy soil of the Zaehra and its neighbouring kingdoms. The traveller now finds abundance of animal and vegetable food; but the raging heat of the torrid zone, increasing as he proceeds, requires the application of wet cloths to the mouth, especially in the woods, to allay, for the purpose of respiration, the violence of the burning sun. The broad and soft foot of the camel, which treads with security on the yielding sand, slides on a wet surface, and is injured by the resistance of stones. Though he moves with singular safety on a level plain, his hoof is incapable of fastening, with any strength on the ground of a steep ascent, and in a shelving declivity, furnished not any solid or sufficient support, the merchant, therefore, must lay aside

the use of those humble companions of his toll, whom he had hitherto found so serviceable, and have recourse to mules and horses, which the country supplies in great abundance.

From the banks of the Niger to the Coast of Guinea, the Africans are divided into many small nations, some Pagan and some Mahomedan. From Major Rennel's map, it would appear that Mahomedanism prevails till the sixth parallel of North latitude; so that the acknowledgement and worship of one God has penetrated much further in this great Continent, than the accounts, or rather conjectures of preceding travellers afforded reason to believe. Time, probably, has introduced very important alterations; and many African tribes, whom Leo describes two hundred years ago as pagans, sacrificers of human victims, and cannibals, have gradually embraced the comparatively milder faith of Mahomet. The natives of this vast region, whether Pagans or Mahomedans, are now harmless and inoffensive; and travelling through their country is so perfectly secure, that a Sherreef of Vezzan (a Sherreef is a dignified and sacred person, descended from Mahomet, and often a merchant by profession) offered to conduct Mr. Lucas by the way of Cashnah, across the Niger, to Assenti, which borders on the Coast of the Christians.

The articles of export from these countries consist in slaves and gold-dust, cotton cloth, goat skins of beautiful dyes chiefly red or yellow, hides of cows and buffaloes, and a species of nut called Goo-roo, highly prized by the nations to the North. Fire arms are unknown here, as well as to the people beyond the Niger; and for the same cause; the inhabitants of the Coast dreading to furnish them with an article which might render them dangerous neighbours and formidable enemies.

The information communicated by the African Society is equally interesting to the philosopher and the merchant. The former will rejoice that while Mr. Bruce is publishing his description of Abyssinia and other Eastern parts, and Mr. Gordon, another Scotch gentleman, who is Dutch Governor at the Cape, is preparing his journey from the land of the Hottentots through Caffraria, the munificence and discernment of this English Association has used, and is still using the properest means for exploring the great Northern parts of Africa, and discovering the secrets of those vast inland provinces, which have hitherto been considered as inaccessible. The attention and enterprise of the merchant will be excited by the discovery of

a new and boundless market; an hundred millions of Africans eagerly coveting his commodities, for which they can make him the most valuable returns, but not able at present to obtain them, except by the land conveyance of 3000 miles from the Mediterranean, subjected to the complicated disadvantages of a high price, inferior quality, and various exactions from the despotic governments of Barbary.

Yet from the highest reaches of the Gambia the English trader might arrive, by a journey of some hundreds of miles from his ships, to the same markets, which the Fezzaners find it their interest to frequent notwithstanding the abovementioned inconveniences; a new prospect of commercial intercourse the most interesting and most magnificent that the history of the world has ever at any time presented;

LIFE OF JOHN HOWARD, F. R. S.

[From the Biographical Magazine.]

Good, wise, and just, benevolent, humane,
His heart no malice knew, his life no stain;
At others' woes his breast with pity glow'd,
And virtue fix'd in him her last abode.
Long had he roam'd abroad, from coast to coast—
All Europe's glory, and Britannia's boast;
Until he reach'd that distant happy shore,
Whence nature seems us to return no more.
Oft have the feeble and th' imprison'd bless'd
The generous zeal that glow'd in Howard's breast;
With painful care and pious steps he trod
The path prescrib'd by virtue and his God.
On earth's soft lap now rests his peaceful head,
Yet, though he slumbers, Howard is not dead;
Still shall his soul to heaven immortal rise,
And angels waft him to his kindred skies.

THIS distinguished character is said by some, how truly we do not pretend to say, to have been descended from a collateral branch of the house of Norfolk. Be this as it may, his family was certainly respectable; his father, an eminent upholsterer and carpenter-warehouseman in Long-Lane, Smithfield, being related to the Tatnalls, the Cholmleys, and the Barnardistons. The benevolent character of whom we are now about to write the life, and one sister, were the only children of this reputable trader who survived him. Mr. Howard was born about the year 1724; and it has been reported that Enfield, in Middlesex, had the honour of his birth: but this is probably a mistake, since no such entry is to be found in the parish-register; and the register of the Presbyterian congregation there does not go so far back. When he had arrived at a proper age, his father, desirous perhaps that he should increase the fortune which parental industry had been labouring to procure, fixed upon the profession of a wholesale grocer as eligible for his future

establishment in life: Mr. Howard was accordingly apprenticed to Mr. Nathaniel Newnham, of Watling-street (grandfather to the present alderman of that name), with whom he served his time. In the meanwhile his father had died; and besides bequeathing his sister a handsome fortune, left him in circumstances narrow indeed, when compared with the ample generosity of his soul, but sufficient of itself to have secured respect, even if his distinguished virtues had not called forth a sentiment more warm and more honourable. Indeed, when we consider with how small an income this amiable philanthropist has dispensed more benefits to mankind than the power and affluence of princes ever bestowed, we are taught to excuse ourselves no longer for the little good we do towards society, on account of the want of affluence, or the crowns of fortune; and are instructed, how considerable a proportion of the happiness imparted by charity depends upon the benevolence of the heart, and the industry and attention with which that benevolence is carried

carried into execution.—Mr. Howard does not seem ever to have been very earnest in the pursuit of that increase of fortune which trade might have procured; and as his health appeared considerably injured by his attention to business during his apprenticeship, he now forsook an avocation which he was no longer bound in duty to follow, and, consulting the restoration of his health, took an apartment in Church-street, at Stoke Newington, Middlesex. Not satisfied, however, with his accommodations, he some time after, probably about the time he came of age (which according to his father's will was not till he was twenty-five), removed to an apartment in another house, but in the same street. The mistress of this house, Mrs. Sarah Lardeau, though afflicted with the infirmities of advanced life, and troubled with the gout, was nevertheless an agreeable and amiable woman, endowed with a good understanding and a feeling heart. She was a widow, and her husband had been clerk at the lead works of Sir James Creed. While Mr. H. resided here, he was seized with a violent indisposition, of which he languished for a considerable time. Mrs. Lardeau watched and attended him during his illness with a tender assiduity, to which he attributed his recovery. The grateful heart of Mr. Howard knew not how to render a return equal to the obligation, without making his careful hostess mistress of his fortune. And as gratitude, in tender and benevolent minds, is closely allied to love, he seems to have made his proposal in terms which shew all the ardour of that passion; telling her, that if she did not consent to marry him, he should immediately quit his friends and his country, never to see them more. The lady remonstrated on the difference of their ages, she being turned of fifty, and himself, at that time, not above twenty-eight. To this he replied, that he could by no other means make a proper return for her kindness, and that his resolution was immovable. Having given her twenty-four hours to consider of his proposal, she consented, and they were accordingly privately married in the year 1752. Mr. Howard, to complete his generosity made a present to her sister of the little fortune to which his bride was entitled. For upwards of three years, this eccentric couple enjoyed a degree of happiness which system-builders would have considered—as totally inconsistent with the disparity of their years. In the meantime, domestic happiness did not make our philanthropist negligent of further acts of generosity. Being bred a dissenter, and desirous of supporting the respectability of

the preachers in the sect to which he always firmly adhered, he set on foot a subscription, to which he himself advanced 50*l.* for the purpose of purchasing the lease of a tenement in the vicinity of the meeting-house, to be assigned as a dwelling for the minister.

On November 10, 1755, his domestic happiness was terminated by the death of Mrs. Howard; and though (as will be seen hereafter) Mr. Howard again entered into the matrimonial state, the loss of this his first partner was lamented by him with the sincerest tenderness. He erected a monument to her memory in Whitechapel church, and has often been heard to say, that to her excellent example he owed much of his desire to be serviceable to his fellow creatures. To another adventitious circumstance Mr. Howard, perhaps with justice, ascribes the particular direction towards which his active benevolence was so uniformly biased; though certainly a mind like his could never have been inert in a community where sorrow was to be found dropping the dejected tear, or where pain and anguish were heard to breathe their affecting moan. In the year 1756, being desirous of making the tour of Portugal, that he might view the awful ravages made by the earthquake (Nov. 1. 1755) in the city of Lisbon; and having been much dissuaded by his friends from a design which they deemed presumptuous, he held several consultations upon the subject with a dissenting minister, with whom he was in terms of intimacy. Having at last settled his conscience upon the point, he, about midsummer, set off and embarked as a passenger on board the Hanover Lisbon packet. But France and England being at that time in a state of war, the Hanover packet was captured by a French privateer, and carried into Brest. On this occasion Mr. Howard was not only a witness to those hardships to which prisoners are frequently exposed, but he was also a sharer in all their sufferings. 'Before I reached Brest,' says he, 'I suffered the extremity of thirst, not having, for above forty hours one drop of water, nor hardly a morsel of food. In the castle of Brest I lay six nights upon straw; and observing how cruelly my countrymen were used there, and at Morlaix, whether I was carried next; during the two months I was at Morlaix upon parole, I corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinnan. I had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds had perished; and that thirty six were buried in a hole at Dinnan in one day. Perhaps what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy

sympathy with the unhappy people, whose case is the subject of this book." *Howard on Prisons*. R. 1. When Mr. Howard afterwards came to England, still on his parole, he communicated those particulars, with which his sufferings or his observation had supplied him upon this subject, to the commissioners of sick and wounded prisoners. The information was received with the attention due to the authenticity and the humanity with which it was given; the commissioners returned their thanks to the informant, caused a remonstrance to be made to the French court, and thus procured redress for the captives; those at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinan, being brought home in the first cartel-ships. Nor did Mr. Howard satisfy himself with merely redressing those miseries of which he had been partly an involuntary spectator; the circumstances of distress sunk deep into his mind, and made so indelible an impression, as to influence his conduct through every future stage of his life. He soon found that France was not the only country in which there was cause for like complaints, and that prisoners of war were not the only sufferers by the loathsome inconveniences which give additional horrors to the loss of liberty. In England—in his own country, he found that the debtor and the felon were equal sharers in the diseases and distresses incident to confinement, unsoftened by humanity, and unalleviated by any of those attentions by which health might be preserved. And though he plainly saw the injustice of classing both these descriptions of unhappy beings together under the same general punishment, yet his strong benevolence would not admit that even guilt ought to suffer beyond what justice and necessity demands. "I grant," says he, after speaking of prisoners of war, "there is a material difference in the circumstances of foreign and domestic prisoners; but there is none in their nature. Debtors and felons, as well as hostile foreigners, are men, and by men they ought to be treated as such. Those gentlemen who, when they are told of the misery which our prisoners suffer, content themselves with saying, *Let them take care and keep out*, preface perhaps with an angry prayer, seem not duly sensible of the favour of Providence, which distinguishes them from the sufferers; they do not remember that we are required to imitate our gracious heavenly Parent, who is kind to the unthankful and the evil: they also forget the vicissitudes of human affairs, the unexpected changes to which all men are liable: and that those whose circumstances are affluent, may in time be reduced to indigence, and themselves become

debtors and prisoners. And as to criminality, it is not impossible, that a man who has often shuddered at hearing the account of a murder, may on a sudden temptation commit that very crime. *Let him that thinks he stands, take heed lest he fall*, and commiserate those that are fallen."

But to return to the narrative. After the disgraceable affair at France, Mr. H. again visited the Continent, and made the tour of Italy, from whence he returned about the beginning of the year 1758; and on the 25th of April ensuing married Miss Harriet Leeds, only daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq; of Croxton, in the county of Cambridge, king's serjeant, and sister to E. Leeds, Esq; master in chancery, and late M. P. for Ryegate. He then retired to the sequestered villa of Brokenhurst, in the New Forest, near Lymington in Hampshire, where for some time he fixed his residence. Seven years after this, Mrs. Howard was delivered of a son, the only child of Mr. H. and shortly after expired. This unfortunate child has been the cause of much anguish of heart to the benevolent object of these pages; and, what is still more cruel, his misfortunes have been the cause of much unmerited calumny and reproach; but of this we shall speak in its proper place. After the loss of his second wife, Mr. Howard removed from the villa of Brokenhurst to an estate which he purchased at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, in the vicinity of that possessed by Mr. Whitbread, M. P. who is his relation by the father's side. We believe we may truly say, that wherever Mr. H. fixed his residence, the blessings of the poor were sure to be heard, and the wiped eye of misery infallibly proclaimed his benevolence; at least, this is well known to have been the case while he remained at Cardington, where he furnished employment for many for the mere purpose of affording them subsistence; built cottages for others, and extended his kind solicitude to all. The only condition he ever imposed upon those whom he thus favoured with his assistance was, that they should attend every Sunday at some place of public worship, according to the religion which they professed. This he always religiously performed himself, walking on the morning of every Sabbath to Bedford, that he might attend one of the meeting-houses there, and returning home on foot at night. His son, in the meanwhile, had been consigned to the mistress of a lady's boarding-school for instruction, where by mismanagement he had contracted an impediment in his speech. Notwithstanding this, the eccentricity of Mr. H. prompted him to form the design of bringing him up to

the ministry; and for that purpose he removed the unfortunate youth to an academy for the instruction of the children of dissenters, at Pinner, kept by Mr. Magie. But every prospect which parental partiality might have formed was clouded by the visitation of Providence, and this unfortunate youth was obliged to be consigned to the care of Dr. T. Arnold, who kept a house for the reception of lunatics at Leicester. Whether this derangement of intellects, from which the unhappy youth has never recovered, took place before or after Mr. Howard had entered upon that eager career of benevolence to which the remainder of his life was devoted, we cannot say for a certainty; but it is probable that it happened a little before. The private affections of his heart had now no longer any cheerful claim upon his attention; and, naturally as the dissipated fly from sorrow to the bustle of noisy pleasure, so instinctively do the benevolent endeavour to lose the remembrance of private anguish in exertions for the public good.

In order that he might be the better enabled to examine into those evils, of which there was so much cause to complain, and to impower himself to redress them as far as the sphere of his ability could be extended, in the year 1773, Mr. Howard took upon himself the office of sheriff for the county of Bedford, although the circumstance of his being a dissenter would have excused him from so troublesome a situation. On this account there were some few scruples in his bosom relative to the safety with which he might discharge the office, and the danger of incurring the penalties of non-conformity. But having consulted some friends of eminence in the law, he did not find so much reason to dread that the act would be enforced, as was sufficient to deter him from his benevolent designs. This is not the only instance in which Mr. Howard has exposed his fortune to injury, and endeavoured (though always averse to popularity) to bring himself forward into public life, for the sake of advancing those great interests of humanity which were the grand objects of pursuit through his busy life. At the general election, the following year, he endeavoured to secure a seat in parliament for the borough of Bedford, that he might be the better enabled to effect a national reformation of our prisons, hospitals, &c. It will hardly be credited in a future period, that what should have made all mankind anxious for the security of his election, was the very circumstance which rendered his design abortive. There were persons whose prejudices, or whose

want of feeling, rendered them desirous of disappointing his liberal designs; and Sir William Wake, Bart. was brought into parliament in opposition to the interest of this great philanthropist, though supported by his relation, Mr. Whitbread, and by the prayers and wishes of so many benevolent characters.

But to return: during his sheriffalty he made a particular and anxious scrutiny into the state of prisons in the county of Bedford, and also occasioned very considerable reformations of the many abuses which he discovered. In these and his future visits to the various loathsome dungeons which vindictive justice has invented, and which negligence and inhumanity have contributed to render noxious and abhorrent, his only precautions to preserve himself from infection were, never to enter an hospital or prison before breakfast, and in an offensive room never to draw his breath deeply, to smell at vinegar while he was in those places, and to change his apparel afterwards; the last two of which precautions, after habit had rendered him less timid, he entirely omitted. When he was interrogated how he could venture to expose himself to such dangers, it was his usual answer, 'That, next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of his being, temperance and cleanliness were his preservatives; and that trusting in *divine providence*, and believing himself in the way of his duty, he visited the noxious cells; and while thus employed he feared no evil.' While we admire the genuine piety which dictated this sentiment, short-sighted mortals cannot but lament that such are the inscrutable ways of Providence, that humanity and conscious rectitude could not at all times preserve the philanthropist from the fatal influence of tainted vapours; but that, after having avoided all infections, till in the year 1783, at his last visit to the *Tour de St. Pierre* at Lisle, he should not only then have caught the fever there, but should at a future period have imbibed a fatal distemper, which has finally deprived human nature of its noblest ornament, and society of its truest friend.—The object which most affected the mind of the philanthropist in surveying the English prisons, was the cruel practice of detaining prisoners, after acquittal, for their fees, and other oppressive demands of a similar nature. To remedy this, he applied to the justices to assign to the gaolers and others certain salaries in lieu of fees; but as no precedent for this could be recollected, Mr. Howard, unwilling his design should be prevented by such an excuse, visited the neighbouring counties

counties in quest of one: but he only found additional scenes of horror and distress. These exertions soon attracted the notice of the nation; and in March, 1774, he was examined in the House of Commons upon the subject. Happily Mr. Howard was endowed with great fluency of speech; and as this circumstance enabled him to communicate his observations with ease and success, the information he afforded, and the humanity with which he had collected, and with which he now illustrated his remarks, drew upon him the thanks of the House; and, which to his heart afforded far superior satisfaction, was productive of serious regard to the situation of the unhappy prisoners.—Soon after, Mr. Popham, member for Taunton, repeated the humane attempt which had miscarried a few years before, and brought in a bill for the relief of prisoners who should be acquitted—respecting their fees; and another bill for preserving the health of prisoners, and preventing the gaol-distemper; both of which passed that session. But as acts of parliament are usually printed in black letter, which many (especially in country places) cannot read, Mr. Howard, aware of how much importance it was that the humane decrees of the senate should be properly disseminated, had these two bills printed in the Roman character at his own expence, and sent them to the keepers of every county gaol in England. ‘By these acts,’ says the philanthropist, ‘the tear was wiped from many an eye; and the legislature had for them the blessings of those

that were ready to perish.’ The abuses, the miseries, and the extortions which he discovered in the gaols within his own and neighbouring counties, prompted him to examine those in other parts of the kingdom; and in the years 1773, 74, and 75, he travelled all over England, Ireland, and Scotland, and visited all the prisons in each, examining with that anxious curiosity which a desire to benefit the most miserable of his fellow creatures had inspired, into every abuse, and carefully noting down every circumstance which required redress, or which, on the contrary, might appear worthy of imitation. In one of these visits to Hortham gaol, with the keeper, he saw a heap of stones and rubbish lying in such a manner as to excite suspicion; and upon examination found that the felons had been undermining the cells. They had been at work two or three days, and that very night was fixed upon for a general escape. So far had they proceeded in their plan, that had they been resolute or abandoned enough when they found that they were discovered, to have murdered their detectors, nothing could have prevented their rushing out and making their escape. But perhaps, since there is no condition of humanity so debased or abandoned as to be entirely dead to the impressive sentiment of gratitude, the eye of him who had braved for their sakes the dangers of the loathsome cell, might overawe those who were equal to the perpetration of any crime but that which would have shortened the life of Howard. (To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ANNUAL PASSAGE OF HERRINGS,

[By Mr. J. Gilpin. Amer. Phil. Society.]

AS this very useful part of the finny race has never been found in the fresh rivers, or waters of Europe, it has been a query among naturalists, where they spawn. This Mr. G. accounts for by tracing their annual progress, and describing them as a fish of passage, shifting their climate with the sun, so that the same school is found at different times about Britain and America. This opinion is founded on those which are caught at Whitehaven, and those off the American coasts displaying no visible difference, except that the former are rounder and fatter; which may be accounted for from the time of year and manner in which

they appear on each coast. In the favourable month of June they are found in the north sea, from whence they proceed down to the Orkneys, and then dividing, they surround the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and unite again off the Lands-end in the British Channel in September, from whence they steer S. W. and are found no more on that side, or in the Atlantic, until the same time the ensuing year, but appear next on the American coasts. They arrive at Georgia and Carolina the latter end of January, and in Virginia in February; and coasting from thence eastward to New-England, they divide, and go into all the bays, rivers, creeks,

streams, and even small streams of water, in amazing quantities, and continue spawning in the fresh water until the latter end of April, when the old fish return into the sea, where they change their latitude: by a northward direction, and arrive at Newfoundland in May; after which, nothing is either seen or heard of them in America, until the ensuing spring. Their coming sooner or later up the American rivers depends on the warmth or coolness of the season; and if a few days invite them up, and cool weather succeeds, it totally checks their passage until more warm weather returns; so that probably there is a certain degree of warmth particularly agreeable to them, which they endeavour to enjoy by changing their latitude. From various observations of the places where they are found at different times of the year, and the calculations founded thereon; it seems the degree of temperature in which they reside is the

mean warmth between 57 to 43 degrees; except while they are spawning; during which time, the depositing their eggs in shallow water, and securing their young fry from the fish of prey, obliges them to remain a short time in a greater degree of heat. The young fry do not follow the old ones the first season, but are found in great schools in all the American bays during the summer, and disappear in the fall. Hence it is likely that, from their natural propensity to keep at a certain distance from the sun, the season leads them to a different course from the old ones, and meeting with them about 22° N. and 70° W. long. they there tack about and follow the parent school; which being larger and stronger than the younger, come earlier into the American harbours, but fewer in numbers, in consequence of those hostilities by which they have suffered in their route from fishermen and fishes of prey.

LETTER ON THE CULTURE OF CARROTS.

[By Major Spooner, of Roxbury, Massachusetts.]

IT is not long since carrots have been first raised in Europe, for the use of cattle. Since the introduction, however, of this culture, it has rapidly spread, and is now universally attended to by the graziers there.

Knowing this, and that great quantities were raised in gardens, upon small pieces of land, I conceived they might be made advantageous in this country, by the field culture; and concluded to try the experiment.

Accordingly, I chose a piece of land, measuring about a quarter of an acre, in a corn field, that had been in culture the preceding year, on the top of a hill, and the soil somewhat gravelly. It was ploughed in the same manner, and had the same proportion of manure with the other parts of the field. I sowed my carrots two rows in a furrow made by the plough, leaving a space of two feet between the furrows, for room to plough. On the fifteenth of June, the sowing was completed. My attention was then called to my hay. The carrots were neglected, until they had got buried in weeds. A severe drought at the same time came on; and I despaired of getting any carrots from this land.

About the fifteenth of July, (being the first opportunity I could possibly spare

from my hay), I directed my people to plough and weed them: and in a few days they were perfectly clean. The first part of August, I transplanted between five and six hundred cabbages in the spaces left. The necessary hoeing for these, kept the the carrots also in tolerable order. This was all the labour and attention bestowed on them, till dug.

My expectations were small respecting them, considering the soil (not the most suitable) and the little attention paid to them. But, on digging them in the fall, I was agreeably disappointed, on finding them generally of the middle size of garden carrots. After cutting the tops, I had them carefully measured, and the produce was but little short of forty bushels. They stood the drought better, and were much larger and sweeter, than those I had in my garden, on a rich soil, and well tended.

It would be hardly doing justice to this valuable root, to estimate the product of an acre by this little experiment: for in rich deep soils, and in well-cultivated gardens, the product has been frequently known to be at the rate of four and even five hundred bushels per acre. On the other hand, we must not estimate them in the field culture, (where, comparatively, the labour and expence are small), at this

rate;

rate: but, I have no doubt, in common fields, with a common proportion of manure, taking the diversity of soils, and difference of the seasons, the average produce of an acre would amount to two hundred bushels: and if this is the fact, there is no kind of husbandry can be practised, that will keep so many cattle on a given quantity of land, and at so little expence. That this is not idle speculation, will appear from the experience of Britain, and of those persons here, whose observation has led them to attend to it. It is further to be observed, that cattle of all kinds are exceedingly fond of them, and prefer them to the best hay: this I can assert from my own knowledge. Swine will eat them greedily, and fatten fast upon them. They will increase the milk of cows, and even keep horses in as good condition as grain.

My own experience has so far satisfied me of the truth of these facts, that I have

determined to sow at least one acre with carrots, having prepared a field, part of which I have already trench-ploughed.

I cannot but wish, that the practice of raising carrots, was more general, than it appears to be: for I am clearly of opinion, that a much greater number of cattle might be kept in the commonwealth, upon the same lands, by introducing this and other vegetables to universal culture.

A calculation of the weight of the carrots and cabbages, on this piece of ground, may be of service. Carrots are supposed to weigh fifty-five pounds per bushel. Estimating them at fifty pounds, the weight is two thousand pounds. Five hundred cabbages may, at a very low computation, be estimated at fifteen hundred pounds: so that the total weight on a quarter of an acre, is three thousand five hundred pounds, and for fodder equal to the same quantity of hay, intrinsically.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THE ELDER PLINY.

[In a Letter from the Abbé Dupaty to his Son.]

MY DEAR SON,

IN my last letter but one to your mother, my dear Charles, I mentioned the death of the elder Pliny, that is to say, the first *Buffon*. I imagine this may have awakened your attention and curiosity, but without enabling you completely to gratify either. Were you a little more advanced in the study of the Latin language, I would assure you to gratify them yourself, by reading two letters of Pliny the younger, to Tacitus, on that fatal event. But as a translation of these, my dear boy, would be beyond your powers, it is my duty to attempt one for you.

The following then is an abridgement of Pliny's narrative.

But first endeavour to impress your mind, my dear Charles, with a just sense of the value of a letter in which the panegyrist of Trajan, relates to the historian Tacitus, the death of the great philosopher Pliny, who fell a victim at the beginning of the reign of Titus, to the first eruption of Vesuvius.

You ask of me the particulars of my uncle's death, in order to transmit it, you say, with all its circumstances, to posterity: I thank you for your intention. Undoubtedly the eternal remembrance of a calamity, by which my uncle perished with nations, promised immortality to his name; undoubtedly his

works also flattered him with the same. But a line of Tacitus censurés it. Happy the man to whom the gods have granted to perform things worthy of being written, or to write what is worthy of being read. Happier still is he who at once obtains from them both these favours. Such was my uncle's good fortune. I willingly therefore obey your orders, which I should have solicited.

My uncle was at Misenum, where he commanded the fleet.

On the 25^d of August, at one in the afternoon, as he was on his bed employed in studying, after having, according to his custom, slept a moment in the sun and drank a glass of cold water, my mother went up into his chamber. She informed him that a cloud of an extraordinary shape and magnitude was rising in the heavens. My uncle got up and examined the prodigy; but without being able to distinguish, on account of the distance, that this cloud proceeded from Vesuvius. It resembled a large pine-tree: it had its top, and its branches. No doubt a wind proceeding from the subterraneous cavities of the mountain, drove it violently forward and supported it in the air. It appeared sometimes white, sometimes black, and at intervals of various colours, according as it was

more

more or less loaded with stones or cinders.

My uncle was astonished; he thought such a phenomenon worthy of a nearer examination. He ordered a galley to be immediately made ready, and invited me to follow him, but I rather chose to stay at home and continue my studies. My uncle therefore departed alone, and embarked with his tablets in his hand.

In the interim I continued at my studies. I went to the bath: I laid down, but I could not sleep. The earthquake which for several days had repeatedly shaken all the small towns, and even cities in the neighbourhood, was increasing every moment. I arose to go and awake my mother, and met her hastily entering my apartment to awaken me.

We descended into the court, and sat down there. Not to lose time, I sent for my Livy. I read, meditated, and made extracts, as I would have done in my chamber. Was this firmness or was it imprudence? I know not now; but I was then very young! (he was then eighteen.) At the same instant one of my uncle's friends, just arrived from Spain, came to visit him. He reproached my mother with her security, and me, with my audacity. I did not so much as lift my eyes from my book. The houses however were shaking in so violent a manner, that we resolved to quit Misenum. The people followed us in consternation; for fear sometimes imitates prudence.

As soon as we had got out of the town we stopped. The shore, which was continually extending itself, and covered with fishes left dry on it, was heaving every moment, and repelling to a great distance the enraged sea which fell back upon itself; whilst before us, from the limits of the horizon, advanced a black cloud loaded with dull fires, which were incessantly rending it, and darting forth large flashes of lightning.

The friend of my uncle now recommenced his importunities. Save yourselves, said he, it is your uncle's will, if he be living; and his wish, if he be dead.—We know not the fate of my uncle, replied we, and shall we be concerned about our own!—At these words the Spaniard took his leave.

At the same moment the cloud descended and enveloped all the sea, it was impossible any longer to discern either the isle of Caprea or the promontory of Misenum. Save yourself, my dear son, cried my mother; save yourself, it is your duty, for you can, and you are

young; but as for me, bulky as I am, and enfeebled with years, provided I am not the cause of thy death, I die contented.—Mother, there is no safety for me but with you.—I took my mother by the hand, and drew her along.—O my son, said she in tears, I delay thy flight.

Already the ashes began to fall; I turned my head; a thick cloud was rushing precipitately towards us.—Mother, said I, let us quit the high road; the crowd will stifle us in that darkness which is pursuing us. Scarcely had we left the high road before it was night, the blackest night. Then nothing was to be heard but the lamentations of women, the groans of children, and the cries of men. We could distinguish through the confused sobs, and the various accents of grief, the words: my father!—my son!—my wife!—there was no knowing each other but by the voice. One was lamenting his destiny; another the fate of his relations: some were imploring the gods; others denying their existence; many were invoking death to defend them from death. Some said that they were now about to be buried with the world, in that concluding night which was to be eternal:—and amidst all this, what dreadful reports! What imaginary terrors! Fear exaggerated and believed every thing.

In the mean time a glimmering penetrated the darkness; this was the conflagration which was approaching; but it stopped and extinguished; the night grew more intensely dark, and the shower of cinders and stones more thick and heavy. We were obliged to rise and shake our cloaths. Shall I say it? In the midst of this scene of horror, not a single complaint escaped me. I consoled myself amid the fears of death, with the reflexion that the world was about to expire with me.

At length this thick and black vapour gradually dispersed and vanished. The day revived, and even the sun appeared, but dull and yellowish, such as he usually shews himself in an eclipse. What a spectacle now offered itself to our yet troubled and uncertain eyes! The whole country was buried beneath the ashes, as in winter under the snow. The road was no longer to be discerned. We sought for Misenum, and again found it; we returned and took possession; for we had in some measure abandoned it. Soon after, we received news of my uncle. Alas! we had but too good reason to be uneasy for him.

I have told you, that after quitting Misenum, he went on board a galley.—

• He directed his course towards Retina,
 • and the other towns which were threat-
 • ed. Every one was flying from it; he
 • however entered it, and, amidst the ge-
 • neral confusion, attentively observed the
 • cloud: remarked all the phenomena,
 • and dictated as he observed. But already
 • a cloud of thick and burning ashes
 • beat down on his galley: already were
 • stones falling all around, and the shore
 • covered with large pieces of the moun-
 • tain. My uncle hesitated whether he
 • should return from whence he came, or
 • put out to sea. *Fortune favours courage,*
 • (exclaimed he) *Let us turn towards Pom-*
 • *ponianus.* Pomponianus was at Stabia.
 • My uncle found him all trembling: em-
 • braced and encouraged him, and to
 • comfort him by his security, asked for a
 • bath, then sat down to table and supped
 • cheerfully; or, at least, which does not
 • shew less fortitude, with all the appear-
 • ances of cheerfulness.

• In the mean time Vesuvius was taking
 • fire on every side, amid the thick dark-
 • ness. It is the villages which have been
 • abandoned that are burning, said my
 • uncle to the crowd about him, to endeav-
 • our to quiet them. He then went to
 • bed, and fell asleep. He was in the pro-
 • foundest sleep, when the court of the
 • house began to fill with cinders; and
 • all the passages were nearly closed up.
 • They run to him; and were obliged to
 • awake him. He rises, joins Pomponia-
 • nus, and deliberates with him and his
 • attendants, what is best to be done, whe-
 • ther it would be safest to remain in the
 • house or fly into the country? If they
 • remain, how might it be possible to e-

• scape from the earth which is opening
 • beneath their feet, and if they fly, from
 • the stones which are falling every where.
 • They chose the latter measure; the
 • multitude following the dictates of fear,
 • my uncle convinced by reason.

• They departed instantly therefore from
 • the town, and the only precaution they
 • could take was to cover their heads with
 • pillows. The day was reviving every
 • where else; but there it continued night;
 • horrible night! the fire from the cloud
 • alone enlightened it. My uncle wished
 • to gain the shore, notwithstanding the
 • sea was still tremendous. He descended,
 • drank some water, had a sheet spread,
 • and lay down on it. On a sudden, violent
 • flames, preceded by a sulphureous odour
 • shot forth with a prodigious brightness,
 • and made every one take to flight. My
 • uncle, supported by two slaves, arose;
 • but suddenly, suffocated by the vapour,
 • he fell:—and Pliny was no more

It is a remarkable circumstance, my son,
 that some naturalists walking amid the
 flowers, on the summit of Vesuvius, the
 very day before this eruption, were discus-
 sing whether this mountain was a volca-
 no.

What a narrative, my dear Charles; it
 displays to you at once, the first known e-
 ruption of Vesuvius, one of the most la-
 mentable scenes, one of the most deplorable
 deaths, one of the most intrepid instances
 of a passion for knowledge, one of the fin-
 nest wits of antiquity; and it might still
 further teach you what is the tenderness
 of a mother, might you not learn that from
 your own.

HINTS BY THE LATE DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

REMEMBER that Time is Money.
 He that can earn ten shillings a day
 by his labour, and gets abroad, or sits idle
 one half of that day, though he spends but
 six pence during his diversion or idleness,
 ought not to reckon that the only expence;
 he has really spent, or thrown away, five
 shillings besides.

Remember that Credit is Money. If a
 man lets money lie in my hands after it
 is due, he gives me the interest, or so much
 as I can make of it during that time. This
 amounts to a considerable sum, if a man
 has good and large credit, and makes
 good use of it.

Remember that Money is of a prolific,
 generating nature. Money can beget mo-

ney, and its offspring can beget more, and
 so on; five shillings turned is six; turned
 again it is seven and three pence, and so
 on till it becomes an hundred pounds. The
 more there is of it, the more it produces
 every turning; so that the profits rise
 quicker and quicker. He that kills a
 breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to
 the thousandth generation. He that mur-
 ders a crown, destroys all it might have
 produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year are
 but a goat a day. For this little sum,
 which may daily be wasted in time or ex-
 pence, unperceived, a man of credit may,
 on his own security, have the constant use
 and possession of an hundred pounds. So
 much

much stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying 'That the good pay-master is Lord of another man's purse.' He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use; and therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse for ever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The found of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer. But if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day. Finer cloaths than he or his wife wears, or greater expence in any particular than he affords himself, shocks his pride, and he duns you to humble you. Creditors are a kind of people that have the sharpest eyes and ears, as well as the best memories of any in the world.

Good-natured creditors (and such one would always choose to deal with if one could) feel pain when they are obliged to ask for money. Spare them that pain and they will love you. When you receive a sum of money, divide it among them in proportion to your debts. Don't be ashamed of paying a small sum because you owe a greater. Money, more or less,

is always welcome; and your creditor would rather be at the trouble of receiving ten pounds, voluntarily brought him, though at ten different times of payments, than be obliged to go ten different times to demand it before he can receive it in a lump. It shows that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man; and still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time of both your expences and incomes. If you take this pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect, you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expences amount up to large sums; and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. — It depends chiefly on two words, *Industry* and *Frugality*; i. e. waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. He that gets all he can; and saves all he gets (necessary expences excepted), will certainly become rich; if that Being who governs the world, in whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not in his wise Providence otherwise determine.

ON EXTERNAL AGREEABLENESS.

Quid verum atque decens, cura & rogō. — Hor.

True decency I seek, and make my care.

TO give a perfect definition of agreeableness is impossible, as it consists not in a particular or determined form of any action, but is the result of the conduct in general; it is one of those things which are better felt than told; and which we conceive fuller than expression can describe; it is to action, what well-chosen words are to thought, a proper dress, which sets them in a becoming and advantageous light.

The foundation of this necessary quality I take to consist in an happy nature, and its grand improver to be the example of others, and a fortunate conversation with the better sort of the world, without

the former it is scarcely possible that it should begin to exist; without the latter, that it should continue, or strengthen into any degree of perfection. The desire of the affection of mankind, which is generally a strong passion in happy temper, sets them out in search of means to obtain it; and a commerce with those who have successfully arrived at it, or who are acquainted with men, will point out the proper arts to succeed. That this is so, will further appear; if we consider that the greatest abilities, without this desire, cannot produce agreeableness: we find that some of the greatest philosophers and men of the most shining genius, when they

they have retired from mankind, have been buried in, and enslaved to a snarling moroseness. It is, then, a proper company with mankind that will temper the rank soil, or enrich the poor one, and thus bring forth this curious plant to bloom. A certain variety is also a great requisite in agreeableness; a set conduct either in words or gesture will not please long, and though it may have been admired for some time, yet it will lose its relish and grow insipid; it is in agreeableness as in a well-executed landscape, in which the great variety of objects strikes us with delight; or as a fine piece of music, where the variety of sounds concurs to the harmony of the whole. Nature, conscious of this, has varied her operations for the pleasure of mankind, and his system of the universe pleases us by its beautiful diversity.

These general observations being laid down, I shall take Agreeableness under a closer view, and consider it in a more particular light; and this I shall do by dividing it into external and internal.

By external Agreeableness I understand those graces which appear at first view, which strike immediately, and leave a strong impression in favour of the person possessed of them; and these are what we call Agreeableness of person and carriage. And though this Agreeableness is not to be equally valued with the internal, which consists in the beauties of the mind and conversation, yet they leave I know not what prejudice and prepossession behind; and though the internal loses nothing of its original and real value when unassisted by this, yet it must be confessed that it shines the brighter when properly ornamented by it; and they are complete, who can join both together and form the perfect union. Though we can assign no satisfactory reason for the great power beauty has in this respect, yet we find that wit from a beautiful mouth and a graceful person carries a double edge, and meets with greater applause.

A carriage proper to the character and condition of the person cannot fail of being agreeable; a majestic air in Princes or men of Nobility is necessary and agreeable, which in persons of lower rank is looked upon as the effect of an empty vanity; but to make this agreeable, there must be a proper knowledge when to fall from that grandeur, and when to maintain it: we generally style it haughtiness, and pride, when always supported; and the great man always in Majesty, like Jupiter or God, in his glory, is too dazzling for the eyes and approach of inferiors; and as he commands an awful respect, so

he cannot excite the softer passion Agreeableness inspires.

But in behaviour great caution must be used not to deviate from nature; whatever is unnatural cannot be agreeable, and as every passion has its peculiar air, as grief and joy, pain and pleasure, shew themselves in different manners; so the true followers of agreeableness, like the exact painter, will express them in their proper attitudes. Some we see, who, having observed a certain air in others meet with applause, have with all the powers of affectation endeavoured to adopt it; but as nature has not been consulted, the awkward imitator has often been the ridicule of those whose admiration he courted.

A consequence of this strict adherence to nature will be a freedom and ease, which is of no small importance in Agreeableness. Whatever carries an appearance of stiffness never leaves a favourable impression behind; we suspect it to be a disguise troublesome even to the person that wears it, and this assumed formality is scarcely to be endured, as it lays a restraint on those whose livelier temper can hardly brook such a check. Agreeableness flows smooth and easy, and thus steals and wins on the mind; the man that seems to move by springs, though perhaps he contradicts no rule of behaviour, as he is ostentatious of his merit, so he deserves not that applause which modest worth claims as its right; and, like a self-praising courage, he never meets with that esteem a silent bravery deserves.

This observation of the rules of Nature will also make us exact in our conduct with respect to years and time. Mirth and gaiety become youth, gravity and sedateness those of riper years; the young lady of eighteen with a solemn air of thought, is as intolerable as the matron always in a dance; and though we are apt to look upon this in young people as an happy sign of sobriety, yet I can see no reason for it; it discovers at best a gloomy constitution, and as it is not generally natural, so it cannot be agreeable.

Dress is no small appendage to Agreeableness, and though it is the most superficial and least essential of its requisites, yet it is not to be neglected: it is this that strikes first, and great care is to be taken of the first appearance. Fashion, though looked upon as the goddess of fools, should have a proper respect paid to her; they are generally those who can make themselves remarkable no other way, that endeavour to be so by singularity, and as they seem to despise the world, so they cannot be agreeable to it.

These outward perfections have been more

more improved among the female than the male part of the world; ladies have a greater delicacy for this external Agreeableness than men, and are chiefly fond of those whom their resemblance in this nice point recommends to their favour. More conquests have been made by a graceful courtesy, an agreeable smile, a respectful bow, and the like accomplishments, than (I fear) by solid virtues: and as the force of this deportment is so prevailing, endeavours should be used to be thoroughly acquainted with all its art. What a figure does Camilla make without her fan! Though she is a master-piece of beauty, she loses half her power at this juncture, she knows not what to do with herself, and her amiable arms seem to be a troublesome burthen; give her the fan, with this returns her loveliness, and the life of all her charms seems to be owing to this. How victorious is Labella when speaking! We gaze with admiration, and hang upon her words; but when she ceases, how cruelly does she torment those lips which pleaded so strong in her favour! and how barbarous does she appear in tormenting those beauties which graced her before with such lustre! As strange as it may seem that such small imperfections should have a bad effect, yet it is certain that they cast a shade on all other beauties. Agreeable-

ness requires exactness in the most minute actions, and her greatest influence is derived from the most refined and almost imperceptible beauties. The ancients have always painted the Graces, attendants of their goddesses of Beauty, in the most delicate manner; intimating by this, that what affects us with the greatest pleasure consists in the most subtle and scarcely perceivable charms.

It may not be amiss, before I end this essay, to consider how this external Agreeableness, this outward air is so necessary. As there are many who imagine, that nature has represented in our features the inward frame of the mind, so according to this rule they think that the outward gesture is the true representation of the inward temper; and though there is no certainty in this, yet there is a tendency in man to judge after this manner. We must therefore be careful in our outward air to please the world, and study those arts the generality of mankind use, that we may escape a (perhaps) undeserved censure and ridicule.

I have thus considered external Agreeableness, which I recommend as a proper introducer to the internal, as an auxiliary to beauty, and very necessary, as it makes an happy impression in favour of internal Agreeableness.

SOME REMARKS on the OPINION that the ANIMAL BODY possesses the POWER of generating COLD.

[By George Bell, M. D. From the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society at Manchester.]

A Curious and important discovery was announced to the world in the sixty-fifth volume of the Philosophical Transactions. We are there informed, that Dr. Fordyce and other gentlemen, several different times, went into a room, the air of which was heated to a degree far above that of the human blood; and though they remained there, sometimes for the space of an half hour, yet the heat of their bodies was not increased by more than 3 or 4 degrees. From hence they concluded, that the living body possesses a peculiar power of generating cold by some occult operation. The experiments seem to have been made with sufficient accuracy; but the conclusion drawn from them is liable to strong objection. For in forming it, several circumstances have

been overlooked, which, in my opinion, afford an easy explanation of all the phenomena, on principles already known, without referring them to a new law of the animal body, which probably does not exist. These circumstances I shall endeavour to point out.

1. The first causes which penetrated their bodies from receiving a greater increase of heat was, *The rarefaction of the air with which they were surrounded.*

The quantity of heat which different substances contain, is, in general, in proportion to their density; and, in this proportion, they communicate more or less of it to others. A cubical foot of water contains a much greater quantity of heat, than a cubical foot of air, of the same temperature; and, if a third sub-

stance be added, its temperature will be considerably changed by the hot water, while by the hot air it will hardly be changed in any perceptible degree. Many facts may be adduced, which serve to illustrate, and, at the same time, are explained by this cause. Thus, the steam of boiling water will scald a person's hand, which can support the heat of air, of the same temperature. And thus perhaps the weather, when hazy and loaded with vapour, seems to our feeling, hotter than when pure and rare; although by the thermometer it is found to be equally warm in both instances.

This also was the true reason, why, in making those experiments, Dr. Fordyce always found that he could bear a greater degree of heat in dry, than in moist air. But nothing shews more clearly the slowness with which heat is imparted to a denser substance, from one that is highly rarefied, than a circumstance mentioned in the paper in question: 'that even the small quantity of mercury, contained in a thermometer which the gentlemen carried with them into the room, did not arrive at the degree to which the air was heated, during the whole time they remained there.'

II. Another cause which, in the given situation, would diminish the effect of the heated air, is, *The evaporation made from the surface of the body.*

That evaporation produces a considerable absorption of heat, is well known: and, in making the experiments, there is reason to believe, that it took place in a considerable degree. Dr. Fordyce, anxious perhaps to establish his general law, seems unwilling to allow its influence. But when it is considered, that by the operation of the heat, the force of the circulation was increased, the pores of the skin relaxed, and the pressure of the internal air diminished; when we are told, that a turgescence of the veins, and an universal redness of the surface of the body, took place; we are compelled to refuse credit to the assertion, even of Dr. Fordyce, that there was no evaporation. The evaporation must have been great, and would diminish the effect of the external heat, by surrounding the surface with a cool atmosphere, from its temperature fit for the absorption of heat, and from its rarity, unfit for the ready transmission of it into the body.

III. But another very powerful cause of the body's having preserved its temperature in the given situation, remains to be noticed; which is, *The successive afflux of blood to the surface, of a temperature inferior to that of the surrounding air.* By this

means the small quantity of heat which penetrated the skin would be immediately carried off, and transferred throughout the body; and it would have required the space of many hours, before the whole mass could have received any considerable increase of heat.

It has been adduced, in proof of the existence of the power of the living body to generate cold, that frogs, lizards, and other animals of the same sort, possess it; for if touched, they feel cold. This proves only, that their heat is less than that of the hand, with which they are felt; and perhaps less than that of the air, when the trial is made.

But it is extremely probable, that no animal whatever can live in health, for any considerable time, in an atmosphere of a temperature superior in heat to that of its own blood. Thus we find, that the animals in question hide themselves in the day-time among thick grass, where there is a great evaporation; and in places into which the rays of the sun cannot penetrate. Worms, in hot weather, during the day, lie deep in the ground; but in the night-time, when it is cool, rise to the surface to refresh themselves in the dew. When frogs, worms, and such other animals, are exposed to air warmer than their blood, its influence is counteracted by the same causes which counteract its influence on the human body, the evaporation from the surface of their bodies, and the coldness of their blood: Such accidental exposure happens more frequently to them, than to the human species: and, from the inferiority of their size, they would be sooner heated through, and less able to resist the noxious effects of the hot air, were not their power of resisting it made up in another respect. In such situations, the evaporation from the surface of their bodies is greater; for the skin is more lax, and is always covered with moisture. It is, perhaps, for this purpose also, that it is rough and uneven; which by extending the surface, causes a greater evaporation.

These may be said to be the means through which the human body is preserved, in nearly the same temperature, when it happens to be placed, for a time, in an atmosphere of a superior degree of heat. They seem to me so adequate to this effect, that I would even venture to impute the increase of the temperature of the body, from 96 to 100 degrees, which happened in the experiments, rather to the acceleration of the blood, than to the influx of heat from the external air. While the cause of animal heat remains unknown, it would be presumption to as-

sert, that these are the only means by which the body is enabled to resist the effects of external heat. There may be others; and it is not unreasonable to suppose, that an external cold, perhaps by its tonic influence, increases the power of the

body to generate heat, so external heat may diminish that power, and thus lessen the quantity of heat generated within, while the evaporation, produced by the same cause, guards it against receiving any accession from without.

THE MOUNT OF PARNASSUS, A VISION.

[By Mr. Balmano.]

WHEN the busy hum of day was succeeded by the silent hour of rest, and Somnus had begun his nocturnal reign—I found myself conveyed by an invisible power to the region celebrated from remotest antiquity as the residence of the muses. A spacious field lay before me, in the midst of which was an high mountain, surrounded by a multitude, who appeared to be actuated by various degrees of motion. Curiosity induced me to approach, that I might more satisfactorily survey what was transacting; and I then discovered, that, of the throng which I had seen at a distance, many who wished to immortalize their names by composition in verse, were endeavouring to ascend to the summit of the hill, where flowed, with native purity, the water of Helicon, acknowledged the source of poetic inspiration. The distribution of this limpid stream was performed by the muses—while Apollo called forth the most enchanting strains of music from his golden lyre.—For completion of the ceremony, a celestial being, named Imagination, arrayed each successful candidate with a vestment of more than mortal texture, and which reflected, with resplendant radiance, the variegated colours of the rainbow.

Great, indeed, were the honour and attraction of the reward, but many were the obstacles that threatened to retard the progress of those who endeavoured to obtain it; for the sides of the mountain, though decorated by the partial bounty of Flora with the most beautiful and fragrant of her productions, were very difficult of ascent; and beneath this exterior adornment was concealed a number of chasms, to avoid which required the utmost care of cautious circumspection.

Various were the fortunes of those engaged in this interesting career: some ascended with a propitious celerity, unquelled by the most indefatigable toil of their competitors; while others, from an hasty suspicion of their natural inability to perform the task they had determined

to undertake, by application to art, had provided themselves with cramps and engines, in the unskilful management of which they wasted the time which, if employed in exerting their own powers, would probably have enabled them to obtain the object of their pursuit. Remarkable was the fate of a few, who at first appeared to surmount with ease the local difficulties of their attempt; Envy, repining at their success, and maliciously desirous to prevent the accomplishment of their design, assumed the specious form of Friendship, and with treacherous enticement directed their steps to another part of the mountain, where their activity was fruitlessly exerted, and from whence they were soon obliged to descend with pain, confusion, and disgrace.

My attention was next attracted by the conduct of a banditti, who lurked in secret recesses, till opportunities were presented them of purloining the splendid apparel of those who successfully returning from the arduous competition, and who frequently, after being thus plundered, were thrown by the violence of the aggressors into the cavern of oblivion, that their genius might cease to display its brilliant emanations, and their complaints of injustice never be heard. It was with pleasure I afterwards perceived that many of these robbers were not long suffered to enjoy the spoils they had so basely acquired; a masculine form appeared, whose dreaded glance announced his name to be Detection, and who, with piercing eye, quickly penetrated the crafty delusion—restored its victims to their rightful dignity—and, with irresistible vengeance, condemned the usurping miscreants to the pangs of Promethean torture, that a disposition to similar enormity might be restrained by such notorious instances of exemplary punishment.

In pursuing my observations, I beheld, with surprise, that many, who were incapable of obtaining a portion of the pure Heliconian beverage, eagerly drank of a muddy

muddy pool at the bottom of the mount. I had considerable amusement in contrasting the turbulent distortions of countenance exhibited by these, with the impressive majesty, or pleasing serenity of those who had been permitted by the muses to taste of the sacred fountain, and whom imagination had distinguished by her invaluable gift.—While my eyes were fixed on the superior deportment of the latter, my ears were suddenly assailed by the outcries of the former, and turning aside, I saw a gigantic figure of terrific aspect, tal-

led Criticism, brandishing a scourge of uncommon length, which she applied to the miserable objects of her persecution with vigilant severity. The inflictions of this vindictive personage were endured by some with obstinate insensibility, while others were scarcely able to bear the extreme torment. The agony of one poor wretch, in particular, so excited my pity, that I interposed to save him from a repetition of the lash, which I thereby received myself, and immediately awoke through the painful sensations it occasioned.

MEMOIRS OF MR. NATHANIEL TRANSFER.

[From *Zelus*.]

MR. Nathaniel Transfer, had made a large fortune in the city of London, where he was born, and where he lived happily till the age of sixty-five. Mr. Transfer's life may surely be called happy, since it afforded him the only enjoyments which he was capable of relishing: he had the pleasure of finding his fortune increasing every year; he had a remarkable good appetite, relished a bottle of port, and slept very soundly all night, particularly after a bottle of Burton ale. He might have continued some years longer in the same state of felicity, and perhaps have been conveyed to the other world in a gentle lethargy, without sickness, like a passenger who sleeps the whole way from Dover to Calais, had it not been for the importunities of a set of people who called themselves his friends; these officious persons were continually disturbing his tranquillity with such speeches as the following: 'Why should you, Mr. Transfer, continue to live all your life in the city, and follow the drudgery of business like poor man who has his fortune to make? It is surely time for you to begin and enjoy a little ease and pleasure after so much toil and labour. What benefit will accrue to you from your great fortune, if you are determined never to enjoy it? Good God, Mr. Transfer, do you intend to slave for ever?—You certainly have already more money than you have any use for.'

This last assertion was unquestionably true, although the inference those reasoners drew from it was false. The fourth part of his fortune was a great deal more than Transfer had any use for; gathering of pebbles, or accumulating pounds, would

have been equally beneficial to him, if he could have taken an equal interest in the one occupation as in the other, and if he could have contemplated the one heap with equal satisfaction with the other. He had not the shadow of a wish to spend more than he did, nor the least desire of benefiting any of the human race by the fruits of his labour. But Mr. Transfer's advisers had forgot the power of habit upon the mind of man. Transfer, like thousands of others, had begun to accumulate money as the means of enjoying pleasure at some future time; and continued the practice so long, that the means became the end—the mere habit of accumulating, and the routine of business, secured him from tedium, and became the greatest enjoyment of which he was susceptible. Not being aware of this himself, poor Transfer at last yielded to his friends' importunity. 'Well, I am determined to be a slave no longer; it does not signify talking,' says he, 'I will begin and enjoy without any more loss of time.'

He wound up his affairs with all possible expedition, gave up all connexions in business at once, bought an estate in the country, with a very convenient house in good repair upon it, to which he went soon after, determined to rest from his labours, and to take his fill of pleasure. But he quickly found rest the most laborious thing that he had ever experienced, and that to have nothing to do, was the most fatiguing business on earth. In the course of business, his occupations followed each other at stated times, and in regular succession; the hours passed imperceptibly without seeming tedious, or requiring any effort on his part to make them move faster.

But

But now he felt them move heavily and sluggishly, and while he yawned along his serpentine walks and fringed parterres, he thought the day would never have an end.

His house was at too great a distance from London for his city friends to go down on a Saturday, and return to town on Monday. His neighbours in the country were ignorant of that circle of ideas which had rolled in his brain with little variation for the last forty years of his life; and he was equally unacquainted with the objects of their contemplations: unless it was their mutual love of port wine and Burton ale, they had hardly a sentiment in common with Mr. Transfer, who was left for many a tedious hour, particularly before dinner, to enjoy rural felicity by himself, or with no other company than a few gods and goddesses which he had bought in Piccadilly, and placed in his garden. 'They talk,' said he to himself, 'of the pleasures of the country, but would to God I had never been persuaded to leave the labours of the city for such woful pleasures. O Lombard-street! Lombard-street! in evil hour did I forsake thee for verdant walks and flowery landscapes, and that there tiresome piece of made water. What walk is so agreeable as a walk through the streets of London? what landscape more flowery than those in the print-shops? and what water was ever made by man equal to the Thames? If here I venture to walk but a short way beyond my own fields, I may be wet through by a sudden shower, and exposed to the wind of every quarter, before I get under shelter; but in walking through the streets of London, if it rains, a man can shelter himself under the Piazzas; if the wind is in his face while he walks along one street, he may turn into another; if he is hungry, he can be refreshed at the pastry shops; if tired, he can call a hackney coach; and he is sure of meeting with entertaining company every evening at the club.'

Such were Mr. Transfer's daily reflections, and he was often tempted to abandon the country for ever, to return to Lombard-street, and re-assume his old occupations.

It is probable that he would have yielded to the temptation, had it not been for an acquaintance which he accidentally formed with the Earl of —.

This nobleman, who was very subject to the gout, lived almost constantly in the country. What contributed with his bad health to give him a dislike to the town, was his fixed disapprobation of the public measures at that time carried on, and his

indignation at the conduct of his eldest son, who had accepted a place at court, and voted with administration.

The Earl resided therefore ten months in the year at a very noble mansion in the middle of his estate, and at no great distance from the house which Transfer had lately purchased. After the death of the Countess, his sister Lady Elizabeth, a maiden lady of an excellent character, always presided at his table, with whom Miss Warren, the daughter of a navy officer, who had lost his life in the service, resided as a friend and companion.

The Earl had often heard of a rich citizen who had bought an estate in his neighbourhood, and the whole country resounded with the style in which he had ornamented his garden, and the peculiar charms of a little snug rotunda which he had just finished on the verge of his ground, and which impended the great London road.

As Mr. Transfer sat one day in this gay fabric, smoking his pipe, and enjoying the dust, the Earl passed in his carriage, which, without having observed Mr. Transfer, he ordered to stop, that he might survey the new erection at leisure. The citizen directly popped his head out of the window, and politely invited his Lordship to enter, and he would shew him not only that room: but also the other improvements he had made in his gardens.

My lord accepted the invitation, and was conducted by Mr. Transfer over all this scene of taste. The marks of astonishment which the former displayed at almost every thing he beheld, afforded great satisfaction to Mr. Transfer; the turn of whose conversation, and the singular observations he made, equally delighted his Lordship.

'Pray, Mr. Transfer,' said he, pointing to one of the statues which stood at the end of the walk, 'what figure is that?'

'That, my Lord,' answered Transfer, 'that there statue I take to be—let me recollect—yes, I take that to be either Venus or Vulcan, but upon my word I cannot exactly tell which.—Here, you James, —calling to the gardener; is this Venus or Vulcan?'

'That is Venus,' answered the man; 'Vulcan is lame of a leg, and stands upon one foot in the next alley.'

'Yes, yes; this is Venus, sure enough,' said Transfer; 'though I was not quite certain as first.'

'Perhaps it is not an easy matter to distinguish them,' said the Earl.

'Why, they are both made of the same metal, my Lord,' said Transfer.

'She ought to be bone of his bone, and flesh

fish of his fish,' resumed the Earl, 'for you know Venus was Vulcan's wife,' Mr. Transfer.

'I am bound to believe she was,' replied Transfer, 'since your Lordship says so.'

'You have so many of these gods, Mr. Transfer,' said the Earl, 'that it is difficult to be master of all their private histories.'

'It is so, my Lord,' said Transfer; 'I was a good while of learning their names,—but I know them all pretty well now.—That there man, in the highland garb, is Mars, and the name of the old fellow with the pitch-fork is Neptune.'

'You are now very perfect indeed, Mr. Transfer,' said the Earl.

At his departure, my Lord invited Mr. Transfer to dine with him the following day, introduced him to his sister, and was so entertained with his conversation and manners, that he visited him frequently, and often invited him to N— house, where an apartment was kept for him, to which he was made welcome as often as he found himself tired of his own home, which, to the Earl's great satisfaction, was pretty frequently.

Yet even at N— house, Mr. Transfer sometimes had occasion to regret Lombard-street, particularly in the forenoon, and when the weather was bad.

One day, immediately after breakfast, when there was no company but Mr. Transfer—'It rains so furiously,' said the Earl, 'that there is no driving out.—How shall we amuse ourselves, Mr. Transfer?'

'Why, I should think smoking a pipe or two the pleasantest way of passing the time in such raw moist weather,' said Transfer.

'Yes; that might do pretty well for you and me,' said the Earl; 'but as far as I recollect, neither my sister, nor this young lady, ever smoke.'

'If that is the case,' replied Transfer, 'we must think of something else more to their taste, for I scold not to be agreeable to the ladies.'

'Have you got any thing new to read to us, sister?' said the Peer.

'That might do for you and me, brother,' said she; 'but perhaps Mr. Transfer never reads.'

'Forgive me, Madam,' said Transfer, 'I have no particular aversion to it. I have sometimes read for half an hour at a stretch since I have been settled in the country, and I believe I could hold out longer, if I were not so apt to fall asleep.'

Some time after this, Lady Elizabeth expressed her surprise to Mr. Transfer,

that as he was a bachelor, he did not think of having some of his female relations to take care of his family, rather than a mercenary housekeeper.

To this Mr. Transfer replied, That he had been put very early to business, and not being accustomed to his relations, he had never cared much for any of them, except his sister, who had lived with him several years in Lombard-street; and as he was then accustomed to her, he had a good deal of kindness for her, but that she had made an ungrateful return for all his kindness.

'I am sorry for that,' said Lady Elizabeth; 'but I hope your sister did nothing very bad.'

'Yes, but she did,' resumed Transfer, 'for she actually married, without my approbation, a young man of the name of Steele, with little fortune, and no experience in business; although she knew that I had a very warm man of established credit in my eye for her, provided she would only have a little patience.'

'Provided she had liked the man you had in your eye, and provided he had liked her, you mean, Mr. Transfer,' said Lady Elizabeth.

'I beg your Ladyship's forgiveness,' said Transfer; 'still she would have stood in need of a little patience.'

'Could not they have married when they pleased, if they were both willing, and you desirous of the match?' added she.

'I was most desirous of the match,' replied Transfer; 'but still there was an obstacle.'

'What obstacle?' said she.

'The man I had in my eye for my sister had a wife then alive,' answered Transfer.

'I confess that was an obstacle!' cried Lady Elizabeth.

'But she was dying of a consumption,' added Transfer, 'and I had reason to believe that he would propose marriage to my sister very soon after his wife's death.'

'Did his wife die as he expected?' said Lady Elizabeth.

'Yes; that she did,' said Transfer; 'but she might as well have lived, for my sister had secretly married the other three weeks before.'

'That was unlucky indeed. But what became of your sister and her husband?'

'I never saw my sister from the time of her marriage,' said Transfer, 'till after her husband became a bankrupt; for he broke within a very few years.'

'Poor man!' cried Lady Elizabeth; 'but you saw your sister after her misfortune?'

'Yes; I could not help it;' said Transfer, 'for she burst in upon me, begging that I would engage my credit for reestablishing her husband.'

'Which I hope you did,' said Lady Elizabeth.

'As I had refused to give any connexion with him, even when he was in some credit, your Ladyship can hardly suppose that I would begin one after he was quite broken,' said Transfer.

As Lady Elizabeth was a little shocked at this observation, she made no reply. It was not in her power to say any thing obliging on this occasion, and it was not in her nature to say any thing harsh:—she only was silent. Which the Earl, who was present, observing, 'To be sure, Mr. Transfer,' said he, 'that is not to be supposed.'

'But yet,' resumed Transfer, 'as she was my sister, I told her that if she would give up all connexion with her husband, I was willing to receive her again into my house, and put her child out to nurse at my own expence.'

'That was very fair on your part,' said the Earl: 'Well, what reply did your sister make to this?'

'Why, she absolutely refused, my Lord; which is a pretty clear proof,' continued Mr. Transfer, 'of her loving her husband, though he was a bankrupt, better than her own brother, of whom there was not the least suspicion to his discredit; for which reason I turned her away, refusing positively to do any thing for her husband.'

'Well, what became of them?' said the Peer.

'I heard afterwards that they were reduced to great distress.—But what are bankrupts to expect?' continued Transfer; 'and as for my sister, she was not to be pitied, because she might have lived perfectly easy both in body and mind in my house in Lombard-street, if she had taken my advice, and abandoned her husband, and sent her child to nurse, or to board in the country.'

'Nothing can be more clear,' said the Earl, 'than that you have acted like yourself, and have done every thing for your sister that could be expected of you. But after all what became of her?'

'A relation of her husband's happened to die, and left him a small estate in Yorkshire, of five or six hundred a-year; and as neither he, nor my sister, had any ambition, and were afraid of a new bankruptcy if they had settled in town; he retired to his small estate, where he died a few years ago, leaving no other children but the son whom she refused to send out to nurse, and who has now arrived at man's estate.'

'Whereas,' added the Earl, 'if she had followed your advice, and given him out to nurse, she might probably have had him off her hands long ago.'

'Why, there is no knowing what might have happened,' said Transfer, 'for most of those children die before they arrive at the years of discretion, which is very well ordered, as they have nothing to live on.'

'Well, but Mr. Transfer,' resumed the Peer, 'do you ever intend to marry?'

'No, my Lord,' replied he; 'I cannot say I do;—as I never was accustomed to a wife, I am not much inclined to matrimony; for through the whole course of my life I have never found any thing agree with me, but what I am accustomed to.'

'That is very wisely observed,' said the Earl; 'but this young man of course will be your heir?'

'Unquestionably,' answered Transfer; 'the young man never offended me; and as he is my nearest of kin, I should be sorry to do an unjust thing, and leave my fortune to any other body.—No, no; he shall have all at my death, but he must wait till then; besides, it is so far lucky that it saves my making a will, to which I have always had an aversion; for this young man being my lawful heir, there is no need to employ an attorney to leave him his due.'

The strange apathy which Transfer discovered, and which shocked Lady Elizabeth, seemed to be a source of amusement to her brother; who, however, was surprised at perceiving that Transfer expressed not the least desire of ever seeing an only sister, and still more that he should have the same indifference towards a nephew whom he considered as his heir, and who he owned had never offended him. The insensibility of Transfer for his sister and nephew seemed to inspire the Earl with an interest in them. He wrote to an acquaintance who resided in that part of the country in which Mrs. Steele and her son lived, desiring an account of both their characters, and a particular detail regarding their circumstances and manner of life, especially what the views of the son were.

In consequence of this, the Earl was informed, that Mrs. Steele was an agreeable woman, of a cheerful temper and benevolent disposition, without much foresight, and distractedly fond of her son, whom she had never been able to contradict in her life: that he was a young fellow of that genuine and rare good nature that resists the usual effect of so much indulgence; for, although his mother's study was to gratify, not to correct, his humors,

this ill-judged partiality had only prevented his improvement, without rendering him capricious, unfeeling, or wicked: that while he remained at school, he had applied himself to nothing; but that ever since he left it, he had applied himself with unremitting diligence to hunting and shooting, in both of which, and in the knowledge of horses and dogs, he had made great proficiency for his age; that he was made welcome wherever he went, and was a great favourite with man, woman, and child, all over the country: and that a noble Lord, of very great influence, who was particularly fond of him, had lately told young Steele, that he would be very happy to have it in his power to be of service to him; adding, that if he chose to go into the army, he would immediately procure him a cornetcy of dragoons, and would do all in his power to assist his promotion afterwards.

Steele, after expressing his gratitude for so much goodness, declined the proposal, saying, he was quite unfit for the army.

The nobleman was the more surprised at this, as he had a notion that the army was the profession, of all others, for which Mr. Steele was fittest, being genteel in his person, of a bold intrepid disposition, and capable of bearing the greatest bodily fatigue.

'You may, perhaps, have no inclination for the service,' said his Lordship.—'But,'

'Nay, my Lord,' resumed Mr. Steele, 'if there were any likelihood of a war, I should prefer it to any other line of life; because, in the time of war, a soldier is continually occupied, and can have no wish but doing his duty—but then what a sad business must it be in time of peace?'

'During a successful war,' said my Lord, 'a soldier will be naturally in high spirits; but I do not perceive why he should be peculiarly sad in time of peace.'

'I certainly should be so, my Lord,' said Steele, 'your Lordship knows my excessive fondness for shooting, and the chance;—to be obliged to attend my regiment during those seasons would render me quite miserable.'

'Why the same objection,' said his Lordship, 'may be made to law, physic, and almost every other profession.'

'It may so,' replied Steele.

'Then you wish to be of no profession,' said the Peer.

'Forgive me, my Lord,' said the other, 'I am sensible that my circumstances are so narrow, that I cannot hope to indulge my taste for my favourite amusements in the style I could wish, without being assisted by the emoluments of some profession.'

'What profession then would you choose to be of?' rejoined his Lordship.

'That of a clergyman,' replied Mr. Steele.

'A clergyman!' exclaimed the Peer.

'Yes, my Lord,' continued Steele; 'I confess I have great desire to enter into holy orders.'

'I cannot conceive,' said the Peer, 'what can be your inducement.'

'My fondness for hunting and shooting,' answered Steele; 'and if, by your Lordship's favour, I could obtain a tolerable living in a hunting county, I should think myself extremely happy. The business of a clergyman, as your Lordship knows, from many examples, is no way incompatible with a passion for those manly amusements, without which I am sure life would seem a very dull affair in my eyes.'

'But there are certain duties of a clergyman,' said the Peer, 'which, in some people's eyes, are not exceedingly entertaining.'

'I should think them no great hardships, my Lord,' said Steele: 'In case of the indisposition of my curate, on particular occasions, I have no manner of objection to reading prayers, or to preaching; and on the whole I do not despair of rendering myself agreeable to the generality of my flock; for, with regard to comforting the sick and relieving the poor, I thank Heaven I am disposed to perform these duties whether I should ever be a clergyman or not.'

'But, my dear Steele, are not there some previous studies necessary before you can be'

'Certainly,' replied the other, interrupting his Lordship; and I have of late been preparing myself accordingly. I confess I was too inattentive at school, which renders this task the harder upon me now; yet I hope to surmount all obstacles, and give satisfaction to the bishop. My passion for hunting and shooting instigate me to exertions in study which I never knew before.'

'Nay, Heaven forefend,' replied the Peer, smiling, 'that I should attempt to blunt such laudable instigations. All I have to say is, that when you are once fairly ordained, I beg you will let me know: there is some considerable chance of a living, which is in my gift, being vacant very soon, and you may rely upon it, my dear Steele, that if you continue in your present way of thinking, and are completely dubbed, that I will prefer no man to yourself.'

This account of Mrs. Steele and her son did not diminish the inclination the Earl had to serve them, in which he was assisted by Lady Elizabeth. They found no difficulty in prevailing on Mr. Transfer to

give Steele an invitation to visit him, with which the young man immediately complied. His appearance, natural complaisance, and everlasting good-humour, rendered him highly agreeable to all the family at N—— House, without excepting Miss Warren, the young lady who lived with Lady Elizabeth. Here it will not be improper to mention by what accident this young lady came to be introduced into the family of the Earl of ——.

Lady Elizabeth happened to pass through the county town at a time when the inhabitants, by ringing of bells, bonfires, and illuminations, were announcing their joy for a victory obtained by a celebrated naval commander. She stopped her carriage at the door of an old female acquaintance, intending merely to leave a message; but understanding that she was a little indisposed, Lady Elizabeth went to see her; as she entered the chamber, a beautiful girl of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, with severe marks of sorrow, went out. After Lady Elizabeth had satisfied herself that her friend's indisposition was but slight, and that she was in a way of recovery, she enquired who that lovely girl was who had just left the room, and why she seemed so much afflicted.

'Alas, poor girl,' replied the other, 'she has received the account of her father's being killed in the very action for which the citizens are displaying all these marks of joy. Unfortunate girl,' continued she, 'by her father's death, she is not only deprived of her only surviving parent, but perhaps of the very means of subsistence; for there is great reason to fear that her father, who was a very generous as well as a brave man, has left more debts than effects.'

'Poor young creature,' said Lady Elizabeth, 'how much is she to be pitied—how came you acquainted with her?'

'I am a distant relation of her mother's,' replied Lady Elizabeth's friend; 'on hearing of her father's death, I invited her to my house, that I might soothe her affliction, and prevent her being shocked at seeing her young companions, unmindful of her particular calamity, take part in the general joy.'

The humane and benevolent heart of Lady Elizabeth was strongly affected at this recital; she continued for some time in silent contemplation on the hard lot of this unhappy orphan, whose tender bosom was wounded by one of the sharpest arrows in the whole quiver of adversity, at a time when the hearts of all around her were elated with joy.

She desired that the young lady might be introduced to her; she spoke to her the

soothing language of sympathy; and was charmed with her appearance, her conversation, and the whole of her behaviour.

Lady Elizabeth afterwards made an application to this young lady's nearest relations, proposing to take on herself the charge of her maintenance and education, to which they agreed with the most ready acquiescence. She carried her to N—— House; the Earl, who had known Miss Warren's father a little, and had a high esteem for his character, was delighted with what his sister proposed, and Miss Warren gained daily upon the affections of both, and was now the confidential friend and inseparable companion of her patroness.

We now return to Mr. Transfer, who became in a short time *accustomed* to his nephew, and at length so fond of him, that he could hardly bear his absence for a few hours.

Not all the interest which Steele had in pleasing Mr. Transfer, however, nor even the more powerful attractions of Miss Warren could prevail on this young man to remain at his uncle's house, after he received a letter from his mother, written in rather low spirits, and expressing a desire to see him.

He assured his uncle, in spite of his solicitations to the contrary, that he would set out for Yorkshire the very next morning. Transfer complained of this to the Earl, saying, it was a strange perverseness in the young man to prefer his mother's company, who could do nothing for him, to his, who intended to do so much.

'The general run of people would certainly act otherwise,' replied the Earl; 'but why cannot Mr. Steele have the pleasure both of your company and his mother's? for although she ought not to be put on an equal footing with a man of your *great wealth*, Mr. Transfer, yet the affection the young man shows to his mother is no way unnatural neither.'

'I do not assert that it is,' said Transfer, 'but what would your Lordship have me to do, for I do not love to part with this youth, after having become *accustomed to him*; and perhaps his mother may not allow him to return so soon as I could wish.'

'Invite his mother to come with him,' replied the Earl, 'and then he'll stay as long as you please.'

This was an expedient which had never entered into Transfer's mind; but he agreed to it the moment it was proposed. He wrote to his sister to detain her son as short a time as possible, and begged of her to accompany him to his house. Lady Elizabeth wrote also to Mrs. Steele, expressing a desire to be acquainted with her,

and urging her to forget old misunderstandings, and accept without delay of her brother's invitation:

Mrs. Steele came accordingly with her son, and was received by her brother with some appearance of kindness, while to her son he displayed as much as was in his nature. The following day she was visited by the family of N— House; was invited there, and treated in the most obliging manner: she had not resided a couple of months with Transfer, till he entirely forgot Lombard-street, and felt less desire of forsaking his own mansion for that of the Earl; and at last, being again accustomed to his sister, and the bestowing more attention to amuse him, he became sonder of her company than even of her son's, who, it must be confessed, began to have a greater desire for Miss Warren's company, than for that of either his uncle or mother.

This was a happiness he never enjoyed, however, but in the presence of Lady Elizabeth, to whom his partiality for her young friend was very evident.

The Earl took occasion one day, when he found himself alone with Transfer, to mention young Steele's fancy for being a clergyman.

'That is a business,' said Transfer, 'which there is very little to be made of. I have no notion of purchasing in a lottery where there are so many blanks and so few prizes, my Lord.'

'Would you not be happy to see your nephew a Bishop?' said the Earl.

'I should be much happier to see him an independent gentleman,' replied Transfer.

'You may enjoy that happiness when you please,' said the Earl; 'for it is in your power to make him so without injuring yourself, or any person on earth.'

This led to a long conversation, in which his Lordship, with less difficulty than he expected, convinced Mr. Transfer, that nothing would do him so much honour, or contribute more to his own happiness, than executing what had been thus accidentally hinted. Mrs. Steele and her son had by their cheerful attention gained the citizen's heart so completely, as almost to alter his nature; he had no enjoyment with which they were not intimately connected; and when the Earl told him, that by giving Steele a genteel independence, he would add the generous ties of gratitude and esteem to those of blood by which the young man was already bound to him, the citizen became impatient till the deed was drawn out, which, to the astonishment, of Mrs. Steele and her son, was presented to him as soon as executed.

In the mean while, the shooting season passed away without Mr. Steele shewing any desire of profiting by it; his growing passion for Miss Warren entirely occupied his mind. He long watched, in vain, for a proper opportunity of declaring his sentiments to her, and when the long-expected opportunity occurred, the timidity which always attends sincere and respectful love, prevented him from seizing it. But the affable and obliging character of Lady Elizabeth encouraged him to mention to her those sentiments which he had been unable to express to the young lady herself.

Lady Elizabeth's answer implied that he ought to attempt no engagement of such a nature, without the approbation of his mother and uncle.

He said, he was certain of the former, but deferred speaking to his uncle till he had some reason to hope that his proposals were not disagreeable to Miss Warren.

Lady Elizabeth consented to sound her young friend on the subject, but she first informed her brother.

'I am rejoiced to hear this,' said the Earl; 'for Transfer and his sister seem both fond of her, and I dare say will be pleased with the proposal; Steele is so very good-humoured a young fellow, that I am convinced he will make the sweet girl happy; and in her he will have one of the best wives in England. But how is she inclined herself.'

'That is what I am not quite certain of,' replied Lady Elizabeth; 'but Mr. Steele's appearance and disposition must be powerful advocates in his favour.'

When Lady Elizabeth mentioned to Miss Warren what passed between her and Mr. Steele, the young lady, with some degree of solemnity and earnestness, begged to know whether her Ladyship or the Earl had any wish, or were at all interested in the answer she should give Mr. Steele.

'None, my sweet friend,' said Lady Elizabeth; 'but that it should be dictated by your own genuine uninfluenced inclination.'

'The whole of your ever noble and generous behaviour ought to have left me no doubt of such an answer,' cried Miss Warren, as she kissed her Ladyship's hand. 'I will now, as you desire, tell you my genuine sentiments. It is some time,' continued she, 'since I perceived Mr. Steele's partiality for me, and thought it not impossible that he might make this proposal. I have therefore had time to weigh the matter fully. Mr. Steele is evidently of a cheerful and obliging disposition; he is agreeable in his person, and I doubt

doubt not possess other good qualities : I know what his uncle has already done for him, and what there is a probability of his still doing ; yet all those advantages do not tempt me from the happy asylum I have found at N—— House, for these six years past ; and although I think myself obliged to Mr. Steele for his good opinion, I would rather remain the friend of Lady Elizabeth N——, than be the wife of Mr. Steele.

‘ If the one were incompatible with the other, I am the last person in the world that would have proposed it,’ said Lady Elizabeth.

‘ I would rather, if left to my own choice,’ said Miss Warren, ‘ remain the one without being the other.’

Lady Elizabeth urged her friend no farther, but in the most soothing terms possible communicated her determination to Mr. Steele, whose whole behaviour was expressive then, and for some time afterwards, of the severity of his disappointment, and the permanency of his esteem for the lady.

The truth was, that Miss Warren, although her heart was disengaged, and although she thought favourably of Steele in some respects, yet being herself a young lady of a very accomplished mind, she perceived Mr. Steele’s deficiency in certain parts of knowledge which she thought requisite for securing to a gentleman the esteem of the world.

The effect which her refusal had on Mr. Steele’s spirits appeared, in spite of his efforts to conceal it ; he was teased and distressed by his uncle’s inquiries into the cause of the alteration in his spirits, and finding no return of taste for his former amusements, he told the Earl that he had

a strong inclination to go abroad for a year, and begged of his Lordship to endeavour to make his design palatable to Mr. Transfer.

The Earl, to whom his sister had communicated Miss Warren’s determination, approved very highly of Mr. Steele’s plan, not only as the most likely measure that could be adopted for dissipating that uneasiness and dejection which obscured the natural gaiety of his disposition, but also for the improvement of his mind and enlarging the range of his ideas.

He represented therefore to Mr. Transfer, that his nephew’s health was evidently on the decline, and that a short excursion to the continent was necessary for its re-establishment. After some struggle, the Earl obtained Mr. Transfer’s assent ; Steele himself having by the same argument previously prevailed on his mother, not only to abstain from any kind of opposition, but even to be solicitous for his speedy departure.

The Earl’s second son, the Honourable Mr. N——, had some considerable time before this gone to Italy, partly from choice, but in some degree also on account of a complaint in his breast, and was to spend the ensuing winter at Naples. Mr. Steele had occasionally heard the Earl read some parts of his letters, from which, as well as from his general character, he had formed a very high opinion of him, and had a great desire to be of his acquaintance. The Earl therefore gave him a letter to his son, recommending him as a young gentleman in whose welfare he was greatly interested ; and Lady Elizabeth wrote to her nephew in the same strain.

(To be concluded in our next.)

On the DEATH of the EMPEROR, and the probable EFFECTS of that EVENT on the POLITICS of EUROPE.

JOSEPH II. of Austria, Emperor of Germany, ended the career of his power as he should have begun it ; he restored the rights and privileges of some ; and declared his intention of restoring those of all his subjects. Nor is it improbable that in this intention he was perfectly sincere. What effect the lapse of time and the recovery of health might have had on a mind naturally fickle, and unmoved by any other principles than those of unsound policy and false ambition, it is impossible and it

would be idle to conjecture ; but that he seriously entertained a design of relaxing his imperious tone throughout all his dominions, some weeks before his death, is not to be doubted. Adversity and bodily indisposition tame the proudest spirits. — NESUCHADNEZZAR, driven from his throne, and visited by the hand of God, was taught to reverence the laws of a just Providence, and to conduct himself with moderation. — The same tone which the Emperor began to assume towards the period

period of his life and reign, is inherited by his brother, Peter Leopold, by nature, and recommended to Prince Kaunitz, and all the enlightened part of the Austrian Council of State, by prudence. The views and designs of the Court of Vienna will therefore undoubtedly, be wholly pacific; though the same wisdom that will dissuade the new Sovereign of Austria from the prosecution of war, will restrain him from manifesting any anxiety of peace. He will therefore, at first, continue to make levies, to prepare military stores, and to make a show of a determined resolution to carry on the war with the utmost perseverance and vigour. Shallow politicians; observing this, will therefore be ready to conclude, that the world has been mistaken in the character of Peter Leopold, and that his ambition, as it often happens, has been excited by the increase of his power. Peace and interior policy, however, not war and conquest, will ultimately be found to be the main objects of this mild and just prince; and peace it is probable, he will be able to procure and establish, without making any of those humiliating concessions which are inconsistent indeed with permanent peace, as they tend only to provoke new attacks and encroachments.

In the number of such concessions we are not to comprehend the withdrawing of the Austrian troops from Luxembourg, and a total cessation of all hostilities against the Belgic Provinces. The encroachments of Joseph II. on the liberties of Belgium were not consonant with the maxims, and never approved either by the conduct or conversation, of Peter Leopold. It is with the highest degree of dignity therefore, with the noblest propriety of and decorum, that he can put a stop to the havoc of war in the Netherlands, and quiet the tumults of the people.

But whether this pacific prince will in reality be a blessing, or the innocent means of calamity to the Belgic Provinces, is a matter that will depend upon their own moderation, mutual forbearance, and political wisdom.—Sir William Temple has defined the Seven United Provinces, to be a government held together by the dread of the Spaniards. The Belgic Provinces, torn by intestine divisions, even with the dread of the Austrians before their eyes, are in danger of falling into civil convulsions, when that fear shall be entirely removed.

When a motion was made in the House of Commons of England, in 1781, for an extraordinary supply, for carrying on the American war, Mr. Fox, who mixes with his political reasonings more of the gene-

ral views and maxims of philosophy than any of our orators, Lord Loughborough perhaps and Mr. Wyndham being excepted, observed, that the pressure of the British arms, which alone united the American Provinces, being removed, they might fall into divisions and disputes among themselves; and in such an event, which was not only probable but almost certain, the British would be the natural umpires. He therefore advised to make a truce, if not a peace, on the ground of *uti possidetis*; to retain New-York, and the other places that still remained to us, in North-America; and to abandon from that moment all ambitious projects of subduing the Americans by force of arms, which could never overcome the unconquerable will, the invincible spirit of liberty. The passions of the Americans, left to themselves, he said, would take another turn: nor was it impossible, or altogether improbable, if we should display, in all our conduct, that dignity which arises from good faith and political moderation and justice, that they might even move in an opposite direction; and that the revolvers, disappointed in the fond hopes of that happiness which they expected from revolution, and prone, after a certain interval, to consider 'the former times as better than the present,' might of their own accord return within the pale of the British government.

The reasoning of Mr. Fox, on that, is worthy of the most serious consideration of the Belgic Provinces on the present great occasion. If divisions are continued among themselves, the head of the House of Austria, the descendant and representative of the Duke of Burgundy, will be the umpire in all their interests; and Belgium, once more annexed to the Austrian Empire, experience all those mortifications which occur when a weaker is united under the same crown with a more powerful nation. There is not a breast warmed and enlightened by the smallest ray of philanthropy, that does not, on such reflexions as those, send up the most fervent wishes that the Belgic Nation were wise in this their generation, and would consider that now is their accepted time, now the day of their salvation.—This is the crisis, if all the softer means of persuasion fail, for some patriot herb to step forth, and, turning, the hostile ardour of Liberty from the House of Austria against the upstart usurpers of their privileges, surprise and crush that many headed Hydra, before it gains strength; and steps forth from its den to spread horror and desolation. The States General it is to be hoped when they find themselves threatened, as soon

sooner or later they must be, by the unconquerable spirit of Freedom, will descend from the heights of aristocratical pride; and consult their own, their country's and the happiness of the world, by sacrificing the lust of power at the shrine of justice.—All persons obnoxious to the great, and as we are informed, growing body of the Volunteers and Patriots should immediately be removed from the confidence and service of the States, and an early period fixed for the convention of the nation; in which it may be deliberated 'Whether the antient constitution shall be restored, by the election of a new Chief in the room of the late Duke of Brabant? or, Whether a republican form of government should be established, after the model of that of the American Provinces, in which the place of an Hereditary Sovereign shall be supplied by an Elective President?—The princely House of ALEMBERG, all the members of which have espoused the cause of Liberty, may, perhaps, suggest to the people of BELGIUM the idea of following the example of the Seven United Provinces, who maintained their privileges by raising the Prince of Orange to the dignity of a sovereign though limited monarch, under the name of Stadtholder.

With regard to the Turks, there is the greatest reason to suppose that they will make peace with the new CHIEF of Austria on the same conditions on which they were willing to treat with his predecessor; unless they should be incited to rise in their demands, and insist on better terms, by the intrigues of the Court of Berlin.

It is well known that the King of Prussia, in pursuance of the plan laid down by his illustrious predecessor, *wishes*, or, perhaps we should rather say, *wished* to clip the wings of the two Imperial Courts by subverting both the Austrian and Russian authority, and raising up a firm and regular government and powerful kingdom in Poland. The revolt in the Netherlands, and the war between the Austrians and the Turks, presented an inviting opportunity for carrying this great political measure into execution. But if peace with the Turks, and peace, if not reconciliation, with the Belgic people, shall be happily restored, the Court of Berlin will be obliged to postpone the execution of that design to some future occasion.—And if this shall be so, a peace the most profound and permanent that has ever been known in Europe, will soon be established; for Russia, fainting under the efforts she has already made in pushing the war against the Turks, must abandon the contest, when unassisted by the Austrian arms. Before the usual breathing-time or natural

interval of peace be elapsed, a Prince will have succeeded to the Russian Throne with very different dispositions, sentiments and views from those of the ambitious Catharine II.

France is in the act of undergoing a change that must be favourable, not to the capricious and vain ambition of the Prince, but to the prosperity, and consequently the peace, of the people; a just and prudent calculation enters more and more into the schemes and politics of war; and the period does not seem to be at a great distance when military renown will be less esteemed, and less courted; and great princes and heroes shall no longer appear in arms, but in the just and glorious cause of self-defence, or the support of the oppressed against the attempts of the oppressor.

The period when the military profession, with the ambition of conquest, shall cease to be in that vogue in which it is held at present, is anticipated by two authors of very different turns of thinking as well as manners of writing; the celebrated Abbe St. Pierre, and the unknown author of MAMMUTH, or, *Human Nature displayed on a Grand Scale, in a Tour with the tinkers, &c.* This last writer, in describing a nation found in the interior parts of Africa, that has gone through all the vicissitudes of nations, and grown wise by experience, tells us, that the trade of a soldier had been more and more degraded, in proportion as philosophy, humanity, and good sense prevailed; until at last, the duty of common soldiers came to be performed, with great dexterity and address, by great numbers of *docile dogs*, arrayed in shining defensive armour, under the command of human-officers; at whose orders they would make the fiercest onset on any species or number of living creatures; just as our standing armies, on the word of command, fire, or smite at random with the sword, without asking any questions concerning the justice of the cause in which they fight.—In this eccentric performance, the profession of a mercenary soldier, and the absurd practice of duelling are treated with a species of satirical humour which produces the greatest effect.

As to the influence which the death of the Emperor may have on the British Councils, it may be observed in general, that it will have a very happy effect, if it shall save us from all participation in that general storm which impended over Europe, and particularly from the ignominy and the calamities in which we might have been involved, if we had been led prematurely to support the usurpation of the States.

States-General of the Belgic provinces, and, contrarily to the rights of human nature, and the genius of our country, to have taken part against the Volunteers and Patriots.—We shall now, at any rate, have leisure to reflect; we shall not be obliged to take a hasty step; and a little time will

suffice to shew the egregious folly, as well as wickedness, of which the British Nation would have been guilty, had they attempted to support the aristocratic power of the States with the one hand, at the same time that they exalted Prussia and humbled the Austrians with the other.

An ACCOUNT of the TRAVELS of JAMES BRUCE, Esq; to discover the SOURCE of the NILE, in the Years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772 and 1773.

THE curiosity of the public has seldom been raised so high as it has been in expectation of seeing the present work. After the lapse of many years which have intervened since the completion of the perilsous undertaking recorded in these volumes, it began to be apprehended that Mr. Bruce, dissatisfied with the reception some sceptical persons had given to the verbal relation of his travels, would not condescend to submit his narrative to the doubts of the incredulous, or the cavils of the captious. Fortunately he has been prevailed on to gratify the world with the present performance, which will furnish to the Reader much entertainment, and much matter for speculation.

The first observation that may probably occur, will be, that many circumstances which have been deemed improbable are not so destitute of support from preceding travellers as may have been imagined; many are to be pointed out, and those not the least extraordinary. These however may be perversely brought to prove the contrary of what they are here noticed for. In travelling through a country which no European of the present times has visited, much must be left to the portion of credit, which the traveller is himself entitled to claim. Mr. Bruce has now furnished the world with materials on which to form a judgment; the evidence is presented to the public, and the author has a right to expect every degree of candour.

In defence of himself our Traveller has not been wanting to assert his claim to be believed. Speaking of two extraordinary instances, he says, 'In both instances I adhere strictly to the truth; and I beg leave to assure those scrupulous readers, that if they knew their Author, they would think that his having invented a lie solely for the pleasure of diverting them, was much more improbable than either of the two foregoing facts. He places his merit in having accomplished

these travels in general, not in being present at any one incident during the course of them; the believing of which can reflect no particular honour upon himself, nor the disbelieving it any sort of disgrace in the minds of liberal and unprejudiced men. It is for these only he would wish to write, and these are the only persons who can profit from this narrative.'—Again: 'From all this it appears, that the practice of the Abyssinians eating live animals at this day, was very far from being new, or, what was nonsensically said, impossible. And I shall only further observe, that those of my readers who wish to indulge a spirit of criticism upon the great variety of customs, men and manners, related in this history, or have those criticisms attended to, should furnish themselves with a more decent stock of reading than in this instance they seem to have possessed; or when another example occurs of that kind which they call *impossible*, they would take the truth of it upon my word, and believe what they are not sufficiently qualified to investigate.'

To proceed to Mr. Bruce's Travels.—He informs us, that at the latter end of the Earl of Chatham's ministry he returned from a tour through the greatest part of Europe, particularly through the whole of Spain and Portugal. He was about to retire to a small patrimony, in order to embrace a life of study and reflexion when chance threw him into a very short and desultory conversation with that nobleman. He soon after received an intimation of a design to employ him, which proved abortive by the resignation of his intended patron. He then received some encouragement from Lord Egremont and Mr. Geo. Grenville; and shortly after a proposal from Lord Halifax, to explore the Coast of Barbary, to which he acceded. The Consulship at Algiers becoming vacant at this juncture, he was appointed to it, and soon after set out for Italy. At Rome, he received orders to proceed to Naples.

Naples, from whence he again returned to Rome. He then went to Lieghorn, and from thence proceeded to Algiers.

After a year spent at Algiers, he found himself qualified to appear in any part of the continent without an interpreter; but at this instant orders arrived from England, for him to wait for further commands as Consul. He accordingly remained in his station, and settled a very important dispute concerning forged passports.

In this interval he employed himself in acquiring further qualifications for his intended journey. He learnt to bleed, and to dress sores and wounds. He obtained also some knowledge of physick and surgery; and he adds, 'I flatter myself, no offence to be had, I did not occasion a greater mortality among the Mahometans and Pagans abroad, than may be attributed to some of my brother physicians among their fellow christians at home.'

'We shall observe in this place, that the Introduction is defective, for want of dates. Having business of a private nature at Mahon, he went there; but being disappointed in meeting the person he expected, he did not go on shore, but sailed from Mahon to the coast of Africa. In the course of this voyage he went to Utica and Carthage, and thence to Tunis, where he obtained leave to visit the country in any direction he chose. He accordingly took with him a French Renegado, named Osman; and ten Spanish horse soldiers well armed, with whom he proceeded through several places which had been already visited by Dr. Shaw, whose accounts he either corrects or confirms. In this part of his work, he has occasion to mention a fact noticed by his brother traveller, which we shall lay before our readers in his own words.

'Before Dr. Shaw's Travels acquired the celebrity they have maintained ever since, there was a circumstance that very nearly ruined their credit. He had ventured to say in conversation, that a certain tribe of Arabs were eaters of lions, and this was considered at Oxford as a traveller's silence. They took it as a subversion of the natural order of things, that a man should eat a lion, when it had long passed as almost the peculiar province of the lion to eat man. The Doctor finished under

the sagacity and severity of the criticism; he could not deny that these Arabs did eat lions, as he had repeatedly said it; but he had not yet published his Travels, and therefore left it out of the Narrative, and only hinted at it after in his Appendix, With all submission to that learned University, I will not dispute the lion's title to eating men; but, since it is not founded on patent, no consideration could make me stifle the merit of these Arabs, who have turned the chase upon the enemy. It is an historical fact, and I will not suffer the public to be misled by a misrepresentation of it, on the contrary, I do aver in the face of these fantastic prejudices, that I have ate the flesh of part of three lions. The first was a he lion, lean, tough, smelling violently of musk, and had the taste which I imagine old horse flesh would have. The second was a lioness, which, they said, had that year been barren. She had a considerable quantity of fat within her, and had it not been for our foolish prejudices against it, the meat, when broiled, would not have been very bad. The third was a lion's whelp, six or seven months old; it tasted upon the whole, the worst of the three. I confess I have no desire of being again served with such a morsel; but the Arabs, a brutish and ignorant folk, will, I fear, notwithstanding the disbelief of the University of Oxford, continue to eat lions as long as they exist.—Mr. Bruce tell us, however, that is in consequence of a vow; and that they are on this account exempted from paying taxes.—That they are excellent and well armed horsemen, exceedingly bold and undaunted hunters, our Author seems to attribute to the excellence of, not the luxury of their food.

After three several journies from Tunis he took leave of the Bey, and set out on a very serious journey, indeed, over the Desert to Tripoli, which he accomplished without any accident. At Tripoli he was received with great kindness by Mr. Frazer, of Loyat, the Consul there. From thence he went to Lebeda, then crossed the gulph of Sidra, and arrived at Bengazi, where he found the inhabitants labouring under a severe famine. He then visited the ruins of Arsinoe and Barca, and continued his journey to Ras Sem, the petrified city,* concerning which so many mon-

strous

* Of this petrified city see Sir Kenelm Digby's account, in the European Magazine for September, 1787, page 180. The reports concerning it were believed earlier than the beginning of the present century. To what extent they were credited, may be seen in the following extract from a book printed in 1690. It is of no farther importance than

strous lies were told by the Tripoline Ambassador, Cassim-Aga, at the beginning of this century, and all believed in England, though they carried falsehood on the very face of them. 'It was not then,' adds Mr. Bruce, 'the age of incredulity; we were fast advancing to the celebrated epoch of the man in the pint bottle, and from that time to be as absurdly incredulous as we were then the reverse, and with the same degree of reason.'

Approaching the sea-coast he came to Ptolometa, where he met a Greek junk, belonging to Lampedosa, a small island near Crete, which had been unloading corn, and was now ready to sail. 'I embarked,' says he, 'on board the Greek vessel, very ill accoutred, as we afterwards found; and though it had plenty of sail, it had not an ounce of ballast. A number of people, men, women, and children, flying from the calamities which attend famine, crowded in unknown to me; but the passage was short, the vessel light, and the master, as we supposed, well accustomed to the seas. The contrary of this, however, was the truth, as we learned afterwards, when too late, for he was an absolute landsman; proprietor, indeed, of the vessel, but this had been his first voyage. We sailed at dawn of day, in as favourable and pleasant weather as I ever saw at sea. It was the beginning of September, and a light and steady breeze, though not properly fair, promised a short and agreeable voyage; but it was not long before it turned fresh

and cold; we then had a violent shower of hail; and the clouds were gathering, as if for thunder. I observed that we gained no offing, and hoped, if the weather turned bad, to persuade the Captain to put into Bengazi; for one inconvenience he presently discovered, that they had not provision on board for one day.

However, the wind became contrary, and blew a violent storm, seeming to menace both thunder and rain. The vessel being in her trim, with large latine sails, fell violently to leeward, and they scarce would have weathered the Cape that makes the entrance into the harbour of Bengazi, which is a very bad one, when all at once it struck upon a sunken rock, and seemed to be set down upon it. The wind, at the instant, seemed providentially to calm; but I no sooner observed the ship had struck, than I began to think of my own situation. We were not far from shore, but there was an exceeding great swell at sea. Two boats were still towed astern of them, and had not been hoisted in. Roger M'Cormack, my Irish servant, had been a sailor on board the Monarch, before he deserted to the Spanish service. He and the other, who had likewise been a sailor, presently unlash'd the largest boat, and all three got down into her, followed by a multitude of people, whom we could not hinder; and there was, indeed, something that bordered on cruelty, in preventing poor people from using the same means that we had done for preserving their lives; yet, unless we had killed

than as it shews the credulity of our ancestors. 'I was informed by some of my acquaintance, that have been at Tripoli, that there is some such monument of God's justice near that town, about five days journey from it, towards the South East, among the mountains called Gubel, far more notable than this. Many of our English protest they have seen some pieces of it brought by the Moors to Tripoli, and heard it confidently reported in town as an undeniable truth. Some of our merchants have had the curiosity to have gone to that place; and they also protest it to be true, that in the mountains, about five days journey from Tripoli, there is a whole town full of these representations; stones representing all manner of creatures belonging to a city, with the houses, inhabitants, beasts, trees, walls, and rooms, very distinctly shaped. Our people have entered the houses, and there they have found a cradle of stone, a woman in a bed of stone, a man at the door looking like of stone, camels of several postures of stone, a man bearing a woman of stone, two men fighting of stone, cats, dogs, mice, and all that belonged to the place of such perfect stone, and so well expressing the several shapes, postures, and passions in which the inhabitants were in at that time, and no engraver could do the like. Some may look upon this relation as fabulous; but let them enquire of our merchants and traders that have been in that city of Tripoli, or in the land; they will find them all agree in the confirmation of this relation. The report that runs amongst the Moors is, that this town was very populous and fruitful, as may appear by the trees of stone of several sorts of fruit planted round about it, and in the places that retain the form of gardens and orchards. When the inhabitants gave themselves over to all manner of vices, to the great scandal of human nature, God in a moment stopped all their actions, and turned their bodies into firm stone, that future ages might see, and learn to dread his power. *Adventures of (Mr. T. S.) an English Merchant, &c. 1670.*

them the prevention was impossible; and had we been inclined to that measure, we dared not, as we were upon a Moorish coast. The worst that could be done was, to get loose from the ship as soon as possible, and two oars were prepared to row the boat ashore. I had stripped myself to a short under waistcoat and linen drawers; a silk sash, or girdle, was wrapped round me; a pencil, small pocket-book, and watch, were in the breast pocket of my waistcoat; two Moorish and two English servants followed me; the rest, more wise, remained on board.

'We were not twice the length of the boat from the vessel before a wave very nearly filled the boat. A howl of despair from those that were in her shewed their helpless state, and that they were conscious of a danger they could not shun. I saw the fate of all was to be decided by the very next wave that was rolling in; and apprehensive that some woman, or child, or helpless man, would lay hold of me, and entangle my arms or legs, and weigh me down, I cried to my servants, both in Arabic and English, 'We are all lost; if you can swim, follow me.' I then let myself down in the face of the wave. Whether that or the next filled the boat I know not, as I went to leeward, to make my distance as great as possible. I was a good, strong, and practised swimmer, in the flower of life, full of health, trained to exercise and fatigue of every kind. All this however, which might have availed much in deep water, was not sufficient when I came to the surf. I received a violent blow upon my breast from the eddy wave and reflux, which seemed as given me by a large branch of a tree, thick cord, or some elastic weapon. It threw me upon my back, made me swallow a considerable quantity of water, and had then almost suffocated me.

'I avoided the next wave, by dipping my head, and letting it pass over, but found myself breathless, exceedingly weary, and exhausted. The land, however, was before me, and close at hand. A large wave floated me up. I had the prospect of escape still nearer, and endeavoured to prevent myself from going back into the surf. My heart was strong, but my strength was apparently failing, by being involuntarily twisted about and struck on the face and breast by the violence of the ebbing wave: it now seemed as if nothing remained but to give up the struggle, and resign to my destiny. Before I did this, I sunk to sound if I could touch the ground, and found that I reached the sand with my feet, though the water was still rather deeper than my mouth. The suc-

cess of this experiment infused into me the strength of ten men, and I strove manfully, taking advantage of floating only with the influx of the wave, and preserving my strength for the struggle against the ebb, which, by sinking and touching the ground, I now made more easy. At last, finding my hands and knees upon the sands, I fixed my nails into it, and obstinately resisted being carried back at all, crawling a few feet when the sea had retired. I had perfectly lost my recollection and understanding, and after creeping so far as to be out of the reach of the sea, I suppose I fainted, for from that time I was totally insensible of any thing that passed around me.

'In the mean time the Arabs, who live two short miles from the shore, came down in crowds to plunder the vessel. One of the boats was thrown ashore, and they had belonging to them some others; there was one yet with the wreck, which scarcely appeared with its gunnel above water. All the people were now taken on shore, and those only lost who perished in the boat. What first wakened me from this semblance of death was a blow with the but end of a lance, shod with iron, upon the juncture of the neck with the back-bone. This produced a violent sensation of pain; but it was a mere accident the blow was not with the point, for the small short waistcoat, which had been made at Algiers, the sash, and drawers, all in the Turkish fashion, made the Arabs believe that I was a Turk; and after many blows, kicks, and curses, they stripped me of the little cloathing I had, and left me naked. They used the rest in the same manner, then went to their boats to look for the bodies of those that were drowned.

'After the discipline I had received, I had walked or crawled up among some white sandy hillocks, where I sat down, and concealed myself as much as possible. The weather was then warm, but the evening promised to be cooler, and it was fast drawing on. There was great danger to be apprehended if I approached the tents, where the women were while I was naked; for in that case it was very probable I should receive another *bastinado* something worse than the first. Still I was so confused, that I had not recollected I could speak to them in their own language; and it now only came into my mind that by the gibberish, in imitation of Turkish, which the Arab had uttered to me while he was beating and stripping me, he took me for a Turk, and to this, in all probability, the ill usage was owing.

'An old man, and a number of young Arabs,

Arabs, came up to me where I was sitting. I gave them a salute *Salam Alicum!* which was only returned by one young man, in a tone as if he wondered at my impudence. The old man then asked me, Whether I was a Turk, and what I had to do there? I replied, I was no Turk, but a poor Christian physician, a Derwith that went about the world seeking to do good for God's sake, was then flying from famine, and going to Greece to get bread. He then asked me, If I was a Cretan? I said, I had never been in Crete, but came from Tunis, and was returning to that town, having lost every thing I had in the shipwreck of the vessel. I said this in so despairing a tone, that there was no doubt left with the Arab that the fact was true. A ragged dirty barraczn was immediately thrown over me, and I was ordered up to a tent, in the end of

which stood a long spear thrust through it, a mark of sovereignty.

I there saw the Shekh of the tribe, who being in peace with the Bey of Bengazi, and also with the Shekh of Ptolomæta, after many questions, ordered me a plentiful supper, of which all my servants partook, none of them having perished. A multitude of consultations followed on their complaints, of which I freed myself in the best manner I could, alledging the loss of all my medicines, in order to induce some of them to seek for the sextant at least, but all to no purpose; so that after staying two days among them, the Shekh restored to us all that had been taken from us; and mounting us on camels, and giving us a conductor, he forwarded us to Bengazi, where we arrived the second day in the evening.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION of several curious NATURAL CAVES, near KILKENNY, in IRELAND.

ABOUT two miles from Kilkenny, in the neighbourhood of the park house of Donmore, are a number of caves, as curious, perhaps, as any mentioned in natural history, except those of Antiparos in the Archipelago. After a difficult descent of about one hundred feet, the entrance into this subterraneous world is gained. The appearance of the first cavern is uncommonly awful, and gives rise to an idea of a grand Gothic structure in ruins. The solemnity of this place is not a little increased by the gaiety of those scenes that present themselves on every side previous to our entering it; the floor is uneven, and signs of various sizes are promiscuously dispersed upon it: the size are composed of ragged work, in some parts covered with moss, and in others curiously frosted; and from the roof, which is a kind of arch, several huge rocks project beyond each other, that seem to threaten instant ruin. The circumference of this cave is not less than two hundred feet, and its height about fifty. Here is a small but continued dropping of water from the ceiling, and a few petrifications resembling icicles.

This place has its inhabitants; for immediately on entering into it you are surprized with a confused noise, which is occasioned by a multitude of wild pigeons; hence there is a passage towards the left, where by a small arch a kind of hole is

gained, much like, but larger, than the mouth of an oven, which introduces to a place where by the help of candles, daylight being entirely excluded, a broken and surprizing scene, of monstrous stones heaped on each other, chequered with various colours, inequality of rocks over head, and an infinity of stratigical stones, present itself. Nature one would imagine, designed the first cave as a preparative for what remains to be seen; by it the eye is familiarized with uncommon and awful objects, and the mind tolerably fortified against those ideas that result from a combination of appearances unthought of, surprizing, and menacing. The spectator flatters himself that he has nothing to behold more awful, nor any thing more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the first cavern; but he soon discovers his mistake; for the bare want of that light which dresses nature with gaiety is alone sufficient to render the second far more dreadful. In the first he fancies, ruin frowns upon him from several parts; but in this it is threatened from a thousand vast rocks rudely piled on each other, that compose the sides, which seem bending in, and a multitude of no smaller size are pendant from the roof in the most extraordinary manner; add to this, that by a false step one would be dashed from precipice to precipice.

piece. Indeed, it would be matter of much difficulty, or rather impracticable, to walk over this apartment, had not nature, as if studious for the safety of the curious, caused a sort of branches to shoot from the surface of the rocks, which are remarkably unequal, and always damp. These branches are from four to six inches in length, and nearly as thick; they are useful in the summits of the rocks to prevent slipping, and in the sides are ladders to descend and ascend with tolerable facility. This astonishing passage leads to a place far more curious than any of the rest. On entering into it, one is almost induced to believe himself situated in an ancient temple, decorated with all expense of art; yet, notwithstanding the beauty and splendour that catch the eye on every side, there is something of solemnity in the fashions of the place which must be felt by the most ordinary spectator. The floor in some parts is covered with a crystalline substance; the sides in many places are incrusted with the same, wrought in a mode not unlike the Gothic stile of ornament, and the top is almost entirely covered with inverted pyramids of the like elegantly white and lucid matter. At the points of these stactical strata are perpetually hanging drops of pellucid water; for when one falls, another succeeds; these pendant gems contribute not a little to the glory of the roof, which when the place is properly illuminated appears as if formed of the purest crystal.

Here are three extraordinary and beautiful congelations, which, without the aid of a strong imagination, may be taken for

an organ, altar, and cross. The former, except when strictly examined, appears to be a regular work of art, and is of a considerable size; the second is of a simple form, rather long than square; and the third reaches, from the floor, to the roof, which must be about twenty feet. These curious figures are owing either to water that fell from the upper parts of the cave to the ground, which coagulated into stone from time to time, until at length it acquired those forms which are now to be seen; or to an exudation, or exhalation, of petrifying juices out of the earth; or perhaps they partake of the nature of spar, which is a kind of rock plant. The former seems to be the most probable supposition, as these figures in colour and consistence appear exactly like the icicles on the top, which are only seen from the west parts of the caverns, and in this place there is a greater oozing, and a much larger number of petrifications, than in any other. When this curious apartment has been sufficiently examined, the guides lead you for a considerable way through winding places, until a glimmering light agreeably surprises. Here the journey of a quarter of a mile through those parts is ended; but upon returning into the first cavern, the entrance into other apartments, less curious indeed, but as extensive as those we have described, offers itself. The passages into some of these are so very low, that there is a necessity of creeping through them; by these we proceed until the noise of a subterraneous river is heard: farther than this none have ventured.

A SPEECH made by an INDIAN CHIEF, called GARANGULA, in Answer to a severe one made to him, and some of his Tribe, by Mons. De la BARRE, who made an Expedition among the Indians, between New-York and Canada; but his Soldiers had got sickly, in 1684.

[From Mr. Cadwallar Colden's History of the Five Indian Nations, who, about the Year 1686, lived above Albany, called Mohawks.]

ALL the time Mons. de la Barre spoke, Garangula kept his eyes fixed upon the end of his pipe; and as soon as the French Governor, de la Barre, had done speaking, he rose up, and having walked five or six times round the circle that had been made, he returned to his place, where he spoke standing, while Mons. de la Barre kept in his elbow chair; and said to him:

‘Yonnondio, I honour you, and the warriors that are with me likewise honour you: your interpreter has finished your speech, I now begin mine. My words make haste to reach your ears—hearken to them.

‘Yonnondio, you must have believed, when you left Quebec, that the sun had burnt up all the forests which render our country

country inaccessible to the French; or that the lakes had so far overflowed their banks, that they had surrounded our castles, and that it was impossible for us to get out of them. Yes, Yonnondio, surely you must have thought so; and the curiosity of seeing so great a country burnt up, or under water, has brought you so far.

Now you are undeceived, since that I and my warriors are come to assure you, that the Sennekas, Cayugas, Onnandagas, Oneydoes, and Mohawks, are all alive. I thank you, in their name, for bringing back into their country the calumet which your predecessor received from their hands. It was happy for you that you left underground that murdering hatchet which has been so often died in the blood of the French. Hear, Yonnondio—I do not sleep—I have my eyes open—and the sun which enlightens me, discovers to me a great Captain, at the head of a company of soldiers, who speaks as if he were dreaming. He says, that he only came to the lake to smoke on the great Calumet with the Onnandagas: But Garagula says, that he sees the contrary; that it was to knock them on the head, if sickness had not weakened the arms of the French.

I see Yonnondio raving in a camp of sick men, whose lives the great Spirit has saved, by inflicting this sickness on them. Hear, Yonnondio—our women had taken their clubs, our children and old men had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camp, if our warriors had not disarmed and retained them, when your messenger, Obqueste, appeared in our castle. It is done, and I have said it.

Hear, Yonnondio—we plundered none of the French, but those that carried guns, powder and ball, to the Twihtwies and Chictaghicks, because those arms might have cost us our lives. Herin we follow the example of the Jesuits, who stave all the barrels of rum brought to our castle, lest the drunken Indians should knock them on the head. Our warriors have not beavers enough to pay for all these arms, that they have taken, and our old men are not afraid of the war. This Belt preserves my words.

We carry the English into our lakes, to traffic with the Utawawas and Outagies, as the Adirondacks brought the French to our castles; to carry on a trade which the English say is theirs. We are born free. We neither depend upon Yonnondia, nor Corlaer, (the English Governor of York).

We may go where we please, and carry with us whom we please, and buy and sell what we please; if our allies be your slaves; use them as such, command them

to receive no other but your people. This Belt preserves my words.

We knocked the Twihtwies and Chictaghicks on the head, because they had cut down the trees of peace, which were the limits of our country; they have hunted beavers on our lands: they have acted contrary to the custom of all Indians, for they left none of the beavers alive; they killed both male and female: they brought the Satanas into their country, to take part with them, and armed them, after they had concerted ill designs against us. We have done less than either the English or French, that have usurped the lands of so many Indian nations, and chased them from their own country. This Belt preserves my words.

Hear, Yonnondio—what I say is the voice of all the Five Nations—hear what they answer—open your ears to what they speak—the Sennekas, Cayugas, Onnandagas, Oneydoes, and Mohawks, say, That when they buried the hatchet at Cadarackici (in the presence of your predecessor) in the middle of the fort, they planted the tree of peace in the same place, to be there carefully preserved; that, in a place of retreat for soldiers, that fort might be a rendezvous for merchants; that in a place of arms and munitions of war, beavers and merchandize should only enter there.

Hear, Yonnondio—take care for the future, that so great a number of soldiers as appear here do not check the tree of peace planted in so small a fort. It will be a great loss, if after it had so easily taken root, you should stop its growth, and prevent its covering your country, and ours with its branches. I assure you, in the name of the Five Nations, that our warriors shall dance to the Calumet of peace, under its leaves, and shall remain quiet in their mats, and shall never dig up the hatchet, till their brethren Yonnondio or Corlaer shall, either jointly or separately, endeavour to attack the country which the great Spirit hath given to our ancestors. This Belt preserves my words, and this other the authority which the Five Nations have given me.

Then Garagula addressed himself to Mr. de Main, said, Take courage, Obqueste, you have spirit; speak, explain my words. Forget nothing; tell all that your brethren and friends say to Yonnondio, your Governor, by the mouth of Garagula, who honours you, and desires you to accept of this present of beaver, and take part with me in my feast, to which I invite you. This present of beavers is sent to Yonnondio, on the part of the Five Nations.

When Garagula's haranguo was explained

plained to M. de la Barre, he returned to his tent, enraged at what he had heard.

Garangula feasted the French officers, and then returned: and M. de la Barre set out on his way to Montreal. As soon as the General was embarked, with the

few soldiers that remained in health, the militia made the best of their way, without order or discipline.

Thus we may see some bright genius,
shine thro' black clouds.

SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF AN INDIAN.

[From the same.]

THE Five Nations had taken one of the Chief Captains of the Adirondacks, a nation in friendship with the French, as the Five Nations, or Mohawks, were with the inhabitants of New-York, &c. and had him burnt alive. This gave one Piskaret, who was the Chief Captain of the Adirondacks, so deep a resentment, that the difficulty or danger of the most desperate attempts made no impression upon his spirit, where he had the hope of revenge.

'I shall give the particulars of this from the French accounts,' saith the author, 'for by it the nature of the Indians, and the manner of their making war, may be more easily understood.'

Piskaret, with four other Captains, set out from Trois Rivieres, in one canoe, each being provided with three fuzees: in two days they reached Sorel River, where they perceived five canoes, of the Five Nations, with ten men in each. At first, those of the Five Nations believed that this canoe was the van of some considerable party, and therefore went from it, with all the force of their paddles. When they saw that after a considerable time no others followed, they returned, and as soon as they came within call, they raised their war-shout, which they call Saffakue, and bid Piskaret and his fellows surrender. He answered, that he was their prisoner, and that he could no longer survive the Captain they had burnt; but that he might not be accused of surrendering cowardly, he bid them advance to the middle of the river, which they did with surprising swiftness. Piskaret had before-hand loaded all his arms with two bullets each, which he joined together with a small wire ten inches in length, with design to tear the canoes in pieces, (which it could not fail to do, they being made only of birch-bark) and gave his companions directions each to chuse a canoe, and level his shot between wind and water. As the canoes approached, he made as if he had designed to escape, and to prevent

him, those of the Five Nations separated from each other with too much precipitation, and surrounded him: the Adirondacks, the better to amuse the enemy, sung their death song, as ready to surrender themselves, when every one took his piece and fired upon the canoes, which they reiterated three times, with the arms that lay ready. Those of the Five Nations were extremely surpris'd, for fire arms were still terrible to them, and they tumbled out of their canoes, which immediately sunk. The Adirondacks knocked them all on the head, in the water, except some of the chiefs that they made prisoners, whose fate was as cruel as that of the Adirondack Captain, who had been burnt alive.

Piskaret was so far from having his revenge glutted with this slaughter, and the cruel torments with which he made his prisoners die, that it seem'd rather to give a keener edge to it. For he soon after attempted another enterprise, in which the boldest of his countrymen durst not accompany him.

As he was well acquainted with the country of the Five Nations, he set out alone, about the time the snow began to melt, with the precaution of putting the hinder part of his snow-shoes forward, that if any should happen upon his foot-steps, they might think he was gone the contrary way, and, for further security, went along a ridge, where the snow was melted, and where his foot-steps could not be discovered, but in a few places. When he found himself near one of the villages of the Five Nations, he hid himself in a hollow tree; in the night he found out a place nearer at hand, and more proper to retire into, for the execution of any enterprise. He found four piles of wood standing close together, which the Indians had provided against the winter, and their busy times; in the middle of which was a hollow place, where he thought he could safely hide. The whole village was fast asleep, when he entered a cabin, killed

four

four persons, and took off their scalps, being all that were in the house, and then returned quietly into his hole. In the morning the whole village was in an alarm, as soon as the murder was discovered, and the young men made all possible haste to follow the murderer. They discovered Piskaret's foot-steps, which appeared to them to be the foot-steps of some person that fled; this encouraged them in their pursuit; some times they lost the track, and then found it again, till at last they entirely lost it, where the snow was melted, and they were forced to return, after much useless fatigue. Piskaret, quiet in the midst of his enemies, waited with impatience for the night. As soon as he saw that it was time to act, viz. in the first part of the night, (when the Indians are observed to sleep very fast) he entered into another cabin, and killed every person in it, and immediately returned into his wood-pile. In the morning there was a greater outcry than before. Nothing was seen but wailing, tears, and a general consternation. Every one runs in quest of the murderer; but no tracks to be seen, besides the track which they saw the day before. They searched the woods, swamps and cliffs of the rocks; but no murderer to be found. They began to suspect Piskaret, whose boldness and cunning was too well known to them. They agreed that two men, the next night, should watch in every cabin. All day long he was contriving some new stratagem; he bundles up his scalps, and in the night he slips out of his lurking place: he approaches one of the cabins as quietly as possible, and peeps through a hole, to see what could be done; there he perceived guards on the watch: he went to another, where he found the same cure. When he discovered that they were every where upon their guard, he resolved to strike his last blow, and opened a door, where he found a centinel nodding with his pipe in his mouth. Piskaret split his skull with his hatchet, but had not time to take his scalp; for another man who watched at the other end of the cabin raised the cry, and Piskaret fled. The whole village immediately was in an uproar, while he got off as fast as he could. Many pursued him, but as he was so swift as to run down the wild crows and the deer, the pursuit gave him no great uneasiness. When he perceived they came near him, he would halloo to them to quicken their pace; then springing

from them like a buck. When he gained any distance, he would stop till they came near him, then halloo, and fly; thus he continued all day, with design to tire them out, with the hopes of overtaking him.

As they pursued only a single man, five or six of the nimblest young men continued the chace, till being tired they were forced to rest in the night; which when Piskaret observed, he hid himself near them in a hollow tree. They had not time to take victuals with them, and being wearied and hungry, and not apprehending any attack from a single person that fled, they all soon fell asleep. Piskaret observed them, fell upon them, killed them all, and carried away their scalps.

These stories, saith the author, may seem incredible to many; but will not appear improbable to those who know how extremely revengeful the Indians naturally are; that they every day undertake the greatest fatigues, the longest journeys, and the greatest dangers, to gratify that devouring passion, which seems to gnaw their souls, and gives them no ease till it is satisfied, &c. And the curbing of these passions, is the happy effect of being civilized.

But finally, Piskaret, as he was returning from hunting, loaded with the tongues of wild-crows, six scouts, who were marching three leagues before a great army of the Five Nations, met with him, and as they came near him, they sung their song of peace, and Piskaret, taking them for ambassadors, stood and sung his, &c. and he invited them to go along with him to his village, which was but two or three leagues further; and as they went, one of the scouts, having on purpose staid behind, followed Piskaret, and coming up behind him, knocked him on the head with his hatchet. Then they all returned to their army, with Piskaret's head. The army of the Five Nations immediately divided into two bodies—surprised the Adirondacks, and cut them to pieces.

Thus this most warlike and polite nation of all the Indians in North America, was now almost destroyed by the Five Nations, whom they at first despised, and by a war which their pride and injustice brought upon them. Immortality has ever ruined the nations where it abounded, whether they were civilized, or barbarians, as justice and strict discipline has made others flourish and grow powerful.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

WHEN Marcius, the Roman consul, whose character was strongly marked with traits of dissimulation, had treacherously dissolved the Boetian Confederacy, and thereby rendered essential service to the Commonwealth, the Roman Historians assure us, that upon his return to Rome, the finest by which he had deceived Perseus, obtained him but little praise. The old senators, who remembered ancient manners, could not, without abhorrence, hear a Roman senator pride himself in having practised deceit even on an enemy, especially under the disguise of friendship, and a pretended reverence of the sacred rites of hospitality. 'Not so our forefathers,' said they; 'who, disdain a victory that was not the prize of generous valour, in their war with the Falisci delivered up to the prince of the country, the wretch who had betrayed into their hands the royal children entrusted to his care; and who again, in their wars with Pyrrhus, warned that king, though wantonly invading them; of his physicians traitorous designs.'

ÆMILIUS, the Roman consul, after defeating Perseus, king of Macedon, received him in a manner which, whatever he deserved, did the victor little honour. The Macedonian, remarkably mean under every reverse of fortune, approached him with the most abject servility, bowing his face to the earth, and endeavouring, with his suppliant arms, to grasp the knees of Æmilius. 'Why, wretched man,' said the proud Roman, 'dost thou acquit fortune of what might seem her crime, by a behaviour which makes it appear that thou deservest her indignation? Why dost thou disgrace my laurels, and detract from my glory, by shewing thyself an abject adversary, and unworthy of having a Roman to contend with? Courage in the unfortunate is revered even by an enemy, and cowardice, though attended with success, is, by the Romans, treated with contempt.'

THE contest, in which the affair of Oropus involved the Athenians, holds a distinguished place in history, from the share it had in introducing the arts into Rome. The Athenians, according to Plutarch (in Cantone), had sent thither Carneades the Academic, and Diogenes the Stoic, (to whom Cicero (Orator. l. ii.) and Aulus Gellius (vii. 14.) add Critolaus the Peripatetic,) to plead their cause before the senate; the three persons, doubtless, from

whose eloquence the greatest success was to be expected. Some years before, certain Greek philosophers and orators had attempted to establish themselves in Rome; but those Romans who still retained the ancient spirit of their ancestors, apprehensive that this kind of study might check that martial ardour, which they rather wished to encourage, procured an edict to be issued, by which they were expelled the city. This, according to Suetonius, (de Clar. Rhetor.) happened in the year of Rome 592, in the consulship of Caius Fannius Strabo and Marcus Valerius Messalla. The present philosophers stood on a different footing. They came invested with the sacred character of ambassadors; and by the law of nations were entitled to an honourable reception upon their arrival. All the Roman youths, therefore, who had a taste for learning, crowded to hear them. Above all, they were charmed with the impetuous and forcible eloquence of Carneades, *who*, says Cicero, *never attempted to support an argument, which he did not establish, or to combat an opinion, which he did not overthrow: 'qui nullam unquam rem defendet, quam non probabit; nullam oppugnavit, quam non everterit,'* so that his reputation filled in a short time the whole city, and drew an audience of the politest and most considerable persons in Rome. The report was, that there had come from Greece a man of astonishing powers, whose eloquence, more than human, was able to control and disarm the fiercest passions, and who had made so strong an impression on the Roman youths, that, abandoning every former amusement and pursuit, they burned with an enthusiastic love of philosophy alone. The fathers in general were delighted to behold their sons thus fondly receive the Grecian literature, and follow these wonderful men: Cato, on the contrary, was alarmed: From the moment he perceived this passion for Grecian learning prevail, he began to fear; that the Roman youths would turn their ambition that way, and prefer the glory of eloquence to reputation of arms. When he found that the fame of these philosophers was rising higher every day, and that even some of the senatorial order did not disdain to translate their speeches into Latin, he had no longer patience, but went to the senate, and preferred a complaint against the magistrates for detaining so long such ambassadors as these, who could persuade the people to whatever they pleased. 'Decide in their affairs,' said

he to them, 'as speedily as possible, that, returning to their schools, they may hold forth to the Grecian youth; and that our young men may again give attention to the laws and the magistrates.' He had conceived an opinion, Plutarch tells us, which he was wont to deliver with a kind of prophetic confidence. 'that, when the Romans came thoroughly to imbibe the Grecian literature, they would lose the empire of the world.' The event in some measure justified the prediction; Rome, having lost her constitution and liberties, at the very time she had reached the summit of Grecian literature, and had made the greatest progress in every kind of erudition. This, however, is not to be charged to the account of literary improvement; the cause is to be sought in that irreligion, that luxury, that dissoluteness and general immorality, the attendant and disgrace of those times, in which the greatest politeness of taste and refinement of living are found. Rome ceased to be free, not because she ceased to be rude and ignorant, but because, corrupted by prosperity, she ceased to be virtuous. The reader will readily conclude, that, defended by such able advocates, the Athenian cause was victorious.

A CERTAIN person, who had been one of the farmers of the revenues in France, had acquired a fortune sufficient to enable him to command the price of bread at Paris; he bought up vast quantities of corn, but to cloak his design, he used the name of other people who were agents under him; in consequence of this measure, the inhabitants of Paris was greatly distressed. Their murmurings reached the ears of Cardinal Richieu, who was then prime minister; he immediately sent for this Gentleman, Monopolizer; and he came in such a rich garb, and such a gilded chariot, as such a person, being a Frenchman, might be supposed to ride in; after making the gentleman attend some time to ruminate on the business, he might possibly be sent for, his Eminence, gave orders for his admittance, and asked him whether he dealt in corn? he answered, no: I had the honour formerly, to serve his Majesty in farming part of his revenues; and I live upon the little fortune I now possess; upon this, the Cardinal took him to the window, and pointing to the fine chariot which stood in the court yard, asked him whose it was? the gentleman bowed, as you may imagine, expecting a compliment upon the elegance of his taste, and satisfied his Eminence of what he knew very well before; well, said the Cardinal, on the spot where that chariot stands,

will a gallows be erected, and if bread is not at a price to-morrow, (which he mentioned,) you shall be hanged upon it, which is all I have to say to you; and then took his leave with the politeness of a Frenchman. The bread fell according to the price limited, and the gentleman saved his neck.

WHEN Edward the confessor, arrived in England with a powerful army from Normandy, in order to recover the Kingdom for his father Ethelred, who had been driven out of it by the Danes; as he lay encamped near their forces, those who commanded under him made light of the enemy. In the height of their confidence they assured Edward, who was at this time a young man, that they would not only obtain an easy conquest for him, but would take care that not one Dane should be left alive.

The young prince no sooner heard this declaration, than he thus exclaimed, 'God forbid! that the throne from which my father was driven, should be recovered for me who am but one man, by the death of so many thousands! It is better that I lead a life, private and unstained with blood, than purchase sovereignty at such a price.' He accordingly gave orders for breaking up his camp; and returning to Normandy, remained there till a train of events seated him, without bloodshed, on the throne of his father.

WHEN Metastasio's circumstances were far from affluent, and he was only known at Vienna, as a writer for the opera, under Archbishop Zeno, a person with whom he had contracted a great intimacy, left him at his death 10000 Sterling. But Metastasio hearing that his friend had relations at Bologna, went thither in search of them; and having found such as he thought best entitled to these possessions, told them, that though the deceased had bequeathed to him his whole fortune, he could suppose it to be no otherways than in trust, till he should find out the most deserving of his kindred, in order to divide it equally among them, which he immediately did, without the least reserve in his own favour.

A RICH Jew at Berlin, having frequently attempted to retreat from before the grasp of royal avarice, at last petitioned the king to travel for the benefit of his health. Frederick instantly comprehended that his fortune would travel with him, and wrote for answer, 'Dear Ephraim, nothing but death shall part us. FREDERICK.'

NEW BOOKS.

TRAVELS of M. LE VAILLANT, in the interior Parts of AFRICA, by the CAPE of GOOD HOPE, in the Years 1780—1785. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 783. Paris. 1789.

THOSE philosophers who were best acquainted with the singularity of this gentleman's character, and with his enthusiastic love of natural history, were the most impatient for the publication before us; and now that it has made its appearance, it is not so well calculated either to *satiare*, or to *satisfy*, as to sharpen the appetite for a more complete treatise, which he promises to give to the world, on the subject of natural history; and to which, the present may be considered as merely introductory.

This work may be deemed the journal of his ramble among the Hottentots and Caffres; and he gives a most interesting and entertaining account of every incident as it arises. The life of *Robinson Crusoe* was, in many respects, realized in this excursion, or rather *incurfion*, into the territories of a people, whom prejudice and calumny have represented as more hostile than their beasts of prey. If that celebrated performance gave universal pleasure, as a *romance*, the present must afford double satisfaction, as it describes amusing and interesting *facts*; it makes us acquainted with countries which have scarcely ever been described by those who actually visited there; and it exhibits to us scenes that are novel, romantic, and instructive.

There is something so peculiar in M. Vaillant's turn of mind, in his plans, in their objects, and in the manner in which they were executed, that, before we proceed to the work itself, we shall imitate his own example, and just introduce him to the acquaintance of our readers.

He informs us, that he was born at Surinam; that, from his infancy, he was fond of natural history, and, particularly of attending to the instincts of animals: that as he advanced in years, his attachment to this study became an insuperable passion: that on the return of his parents to Europe, he enjoyed, for the space of three years, various opportunities of frequenting the most distinguished cabinets in Paris, and in other places; and that, however his young mind might, at first, be struck with their extent and beauty, yet on a more familiar acquaintance, he began to be extremely dissatisfied with them.

They left (says he) a void in my mind. I saw in those collections, nothing of the

spoils of nature, more than a general deposit, where different beings, arranged without choice or discrimination, slept useless to science. I derived no information from them, respecting those most essential articles, the manners, affections, and habits of animals; which constituted, from my youth, my most favourite study. The many publications in natural history which I consulted, were filled with sufficient contradictions and absurdities, to render them prejudicial to every one whose taste is not already formed. I read, with a degree of rapture, the masterly performance which the first genius of the age has consecrated to posterity; and I burned daily incense at the foot of his statue; but the magic of his eloquence could not seduce me to admire the wanderings of his imagination: nor could I pardon in the philosopher, the exaggerations of the poet. Those parts of the globe which have not yet been explored, were continually in my thoughts; and I was persuaded that fresh information, acquired from these regions, would best rectify that which we already possessed. I deemed that man superlatively happy, who should have courage to go and seek it at its source. The internal parts of Africa seemed to me, on this account, of more value than the mountains of Peru. Impressed with this idea, I flattered myself that the ardour of zeal might compensate the want of genius; and that an accurate observer would infallibly become a respectable author. My enthusiasm whispered to me, that such an enterprise was reserved for me. I listened, and yielded, to the suggestion; neither the bonds of love nor friendship could restrain me: deaf to every obstacle, I left Paris on the 17th of July 1780.

Conformably to this design, M. Le Vaillant first went to Holland, and took his passage on board a vessel destined to the Cape; where he staid some time, reconnoitring the adjacent country, and preparing for his future expedition. He gives us the following account of these preparations. He ordered two four-wheeled carriages to be constructed, which were covered with a double sail-cloth, and made large enough to contain five capacious chests, which were adapted to the bottoms of these carriages, and so constructed, that they could be opened without being

displaced. These were chiefly destined to his future collection. The first of the carriages contained his magazine of powder, fire-arms, &c. and was occasionally his bed chamber: the second contained all the utensils of his kitchen. He did not neglect to provide a plentiful store of tobacco and brandy, which are the most ingratiating presents that can be made to a Hottentot, or a Caffre, and also of beads and trinkets of various kinds, together with pieces of iron, nails, pins, needles, &c. His retinue consisted of thirty oxen, three horses, nine dogs, and five Hottentots: but the number of animals and men considerably increased *chemin faisant*. Thus equipped, he sallied forth in quest of adventures, on the 18th of December 1781.

For the particulars of his route, we must refer the reader to the work, who will be highly pleased with the courage, address, and philanthropy of the hero; and will sometimes be delighted with the beauties of nature, and scenes of rural tranquility, which the author recollects with a tender attachment, as he left them with the utmost regret; at other times, he will be seen wandering over sandy deserts, climbing almost inaccessible rocks, and forcing his way through pathless woods, exposed to the most violent storms, and terrified by the growlings of beasts of prey.

His descriptions of his domestic economy, and the little incidents of his family, are, perhaps, too minutely delineated: they are pleasing, as they are penned in a lively style, and dictated by a feeling heart; but they detain us too long from the principal objects of his pursuit. The work, indeed, must be considered as a circumstantial narrative of every incident that presented itself, and the state of his mind at the instant, from the moment when he went on board a Dutch vessel, to his return to the Cape, after he had penetrated deeply into Caffre; and though it is interspersed with traits of natural history, he has principally reserved his discoveries respecting this article; as he intends to give the public a minute description of his collection in the different branches of that study; which, according to his account, is very large, and must be of infinite value to the naturalist.

Having thus presented our readers with a general view of the nature and extent of this singular enterprise, we shall proceed to make such extracts from particular parts of the work, as promise to be most acceptable.

After a long residence among the Hottentots, and after having enjoyed opportunities of knowing their real characters, M. Le Vaillant maintains, with a degree of

warmth, that they deserve to be placed among the most innocent and pacific of mankind. Every prejudice and apprehension was removed, on an interview with one of their hordes.

'We soon became acquainted. Their women regularly brought us an abundance of milk, for they are rich in cattle. They gave me several sheep, and a pair of large oxen for my carriage; and that I might not be exceeded in acts of courtesy, I presented them with tobacco, trinkets, and knives. My people soon insinuated themselves into their kraal: every man soon found his mate; and a troop of females visited my tent every day without reserve. We decamped, on the 11th of September, in the morning. They saw us depart with the sincerest regret; and I left them with pain. Is so much mildness and simplicity, I exclaimed, deserving of contempt? Are these the African savages, thirsting for the blood of strangers, and shunned with horror? Their attachment, and affability inspired me with confidence; and though in the very center of these savages, I had no further apprehensions from their hordes.'

This excellent character is given of those Hottentots alone, who live totally independent, and who have no connection with those inhabiting the Cape, whom he represents as the most depraved of mortals. Without attending to this necessary distinction, the representations of authors, relative to the Hottentots, will appear very opposite and extraordinary. The present traveller considers it as an axiom, which his own experience confirms, that where those savage nations have no communication with the whites, their manners are gentle: in proportion as they approximate, they degenerate. 'When I was north of the Cape, and advanced under the tropic among the most distant nations, it was not unusual for whole hordes to surround me with signs of surprise; and with the most childish curiosity, approach me with confidence, stroke my beard, my hair, and face. *I have nothing to fear* (thought I,) *this is the first time they have seen a white.*'

The author gives a particular account of the Gonaquois Hottentots, among whom he passed several months. As this description will, (to use the words of this traveller,) present the reader with juster notions of an African savage, than all the discourses of philosophers, we shall transcribe a part of it:

'The night was spent in firing our guns, to keep off lions, and a large troop of voracious hyenas, that infested these quarters; so that it was late when I re-

gred to sleep. When I awoke, how great was my surprize, to see my camp surrounded by about twenty Conaquois savages! Their chief approached me to pay his respects. The women, in their best array, walked behind him. Their skins shone bright, and were just *boughoud*: that is, after being rubbed with grease, they were sprinkled with a red powder, made of a root called *bougher*, which has an agreeable odour; and their faces were painted with a great diversity of taste. Every one of these females made me a small present: one gave me some eggs of an ostrich, another, a young lamb; others presented me with large quantities of milk, in baskets, which seemed to be made of osier: they were very neat, and their contexture was so close, that they could contain any kind of fluids. I learned that these are made by the Caffres, and are received in exchange for other articles. The name of the chief was Haabas; and he presented me with a handful of the choicest ostrich feathers. To shew him how much I valued this present, I placed them on my hat. Haabas indicated his satisfaction at this compliment, by his gestures.

It was now my turn to testify my gratitude. At a trifling expence, I made numbers happy, and procured a most delectable scene to myself. I began by presenting some pounds of tobacco to this chief. Haabas made a sign, and his people advanced, and squatting down like apes, formed a circle around him. The tobacco was distributed; and I observed, with pleasure, that the portion which Haabas had reserved for himself, was not larger than the others. I gave to the women, some necklaces, and brass wire for bracelets. In the midst of these reciprocal acts of kindness, which cherished the sentiments of affection in each party, I perceived a girl, sixteen years of age, mixed with the crowd, who manifested much less eagerness to share the presents with her companions, than to examine my person with attention. I approached, to give her a better opportunity, and was no less struck with her appearance. Her form was light and elegant, her teeth were beautifully white, and *Albane* himself would have been charmed by the amorous contour of her body. She was the youngest of the Graces, under the disguise of a Hottentot.—A sheep was killed by my orders; and my cook boiled a large portion of hyppopotamus, to regale my guests. They gave themselves up to an excess of gaiety; and they all danced. The Hottentots, who were in my service, entertained them with playing on the *Goura*, the *Isamincum* and the *Ratugin*. The day passed in festi-

tivity and mirth; and toward evening, these Conaquois assisted my people in collecting wood to light our fires. I permitted them to stay with me till the next morning, assigning them a place at a small distance from my camp; and, in the morning, regaled them with tea and coffee. They returned to the dance till midnight; and I complimented their chief with an apartment in my camp.

The others were obliged to retire to the district allotted to them, even the young *Narina* herself (which was the name he gave to his favourite Hottentot, signifying a flower in their language), though she shewed no inclination to depart.

M. Le Vaillant vindicates these people from the charge of filthiness; maintains that the scorching heat of the sun renders it necessary to use such unguents as they can procure; and that they frequently bathe in the rivers; the females being as expert swimmers as the men. We cannot help thinking, that as the practice of *boughouing* is so universal, the difference between anointing the whole body with mutton fat, and afterward sprinkling it with a red powder, according to their manner; and anointing the head with scented pomatum, and after sprinkling it with white powder, according to our manner; is not so great as to justify mutual contempt. Persons of fashion and taste, in every country, should consent to exercise reciprocal indulgence, respecting the minutie of modes; and we sincerely hope that the fair Hottentots will pardon our using the grease so plentifully and the bath so sparingly, and our permitting an accumulation of what they would term *filth*, to remain so long undisturbed on our heads.

It has been much disputed by travellers, whether the Hottentots possess any ideas or forms of religion? M. Le V. strenuously maintains that they do not.

I have not observed (says he) the smallest traces of religion: nothing that approaches to the idea of a Being which rewards or punishes. I have lived long enough among them, in the centre of their peaceful deserts; I have travelled with them into distant regions; and I have never discovered any thing that looks like religion: nothing of what has been advanced concerning their legislation, interments, customs at the birth of the males, or the ridiculous and disgusting ceremony at their weddings.

Although the Caffres are a much more warlike people than the Hottentots, their manners are as inoffensive. They were unfortunately engaged, at this period, in a war with the Hottentots; and wars among all savage nations, are carried on with

with a cruel and implacable spirit. This war was fomented by the Colonists, and by those Hottentots that were under the Dutch government; and the Caffres not being able to discriminate between the one and the other, imputed to the innocent savages, the crimes of devastation and murder, committed by a degenerate race. This state of affairs created much anxiety in the breast of M. Le V. lest he and his retinue should fall victims to the resentment of the Caffres: but, by wise precautions, and various ingratiating methods, he was so happy as to conciliate their friendship also. They are described, as being of a larger size, and of a more graceful figure, than the Hottentots: the make of their faces is very different; and were it not for their colour, many a female would be deemed beautiful, even by the Europeans. The men are more fond of ornaments than the women. They go naked in hot weather; and, in the winter, they throw a *tres* of calf's or ox's skin over their shoulders, which reaches to the ground. The huts of the Caffres are larger and more regular than those of the Hottentots. They are more disposed to agriculture than the others, nor would they wander, if they were not compelled by an enemy. Notwithstanding the apparent richness of their pastures, their cattle are much inferior in size to those of their neighbours. This is attributed to a prevailing acidity in their food; and our attentive naturalist observed, that when the herds returned from the pasture, instinct made them seek, with avidity, dry bones, and stones, or bite dried wood, apparently to correct the disagreeable effects of this acidity. Their superior knowledge of agriculture, some dogmas of religion, greater industry, and more address in procuring simple necessaries, indicate that the Caffres have made greater progress in civilization than the southern people. They practice circumcision, but not as a religious rite. They have elevated ideas of a Supreme Power, and believe in a state of future retribution: but imagine that the world is eternal. They never pray, nor have they any religious ceremonies: but they have faith in sorcery. They are governed by a Chief, whose power is very limited; he is deemed the father of the people, and is often less rich than his subjects; for, receiving no subsidies, and being permitted to have as many wives as he pleases, his finances are not always equal to the support of his retinue. His honour is hereditary. The Caffres are more courageous than their neighbours: they dare face the enemy, and disdain the use of poisoned arrows.

We have dwelled the longer on the character of these people, from the conviction that M. Le V. has had a much better opportunity of knowing them than any other traveller; and that the man, who has been at such infinite pains to penetrate to the genuine source of information, can have no interest in amusing us with falsehoods. We are also persuaded, that the natural history of *man* is of the first importance. The knowledge, that the investigation of the real character of the most savage nations is so favourable to humanity, not only communicates pleasure to benevolent minds, who delight in thinking well of their species: but this conviction is of the utmost consequence, at a period, when commerce and philosophy are uniting their influence to make all the nations of the earth of one family in interest and affection. The examples of M. Le V. of Capt. Wilson, and of some few other travellers, prove, that human nature, in its most unpromising state, is capable of most excellent music, when men have skill to touch the chords in a proper manner; and we sincerely subscribe to the assertion of this Writer, 'That the true method, for the most enlightened nations to derive full advantage from the more ignorant and barbarous, is not to employ force and terror, but to conciliate their friendship. Some sacrifices must be made to their natural prejudices. Distrust alone renders them cruel, and their distrust is too well founded. Convince them of your good-will, and you will experience the strength of their attachment.'

We have already observed, that the publication before us, is by no means to be considered as a treatise on natural history; yet the Author enriches his narrative with various specimens of new species of animals, as they occasionally presented themselves; and he has thrown much light on that most important and entertaining part of natural history, the instincts of animals.

Among other peculiarities, he assures us, that he killed a female elephant that had one breast only, placed in the centre of the thorax. It was full of milk, which issued from eight distinct *stigmata*. He killed also a cuckoo of a species very distinct from any hitherto known. There is nothing particular in its plumage: it is mostly of a dusky brown: its chant consists of various sounds differently accented: it can be heard at a great distance. As it sits and sings for hours together, it exposes itself to danger by attracting the sportsman. He has given it the name of *spriard*, or *cryer*. To another species of cuckoo, which approaches nearest to the *Coccyz*

vert doré du Cap of Buffon, he has given the name of *Didie*, as it is continually singing, perched on the topmost branches of the largest trees, the syllables, *di-di-didrie*, with the clearest articulation.

Norwithstanding the numerous descriptions that have been given of the *giraffe* (or cameopard), M. Le Vaillant asserts, that none of them afford an accurate idea either of its form or instincts. It has an undoubted pre-eminence over all other quadrupeds respecting its height; frequently measuring no less than sixteen feet four inches from the hoof of its fore-foot to the tip of its horns:

I use these expressions (says M. Le V.) to make myself understood: but, strictly speaking, the animal has not horns. There is simply a projection, or a continuation of two portions of the *cranium* arising perpendicularly and parallel to each other between its ears, about eight or nine inches in height. This projection terminates with a convex surface, edged with a tuft of strait and bristly hair, some few lines in length. The female is smaller than the male. From the multitudes which I have seen, and the numbers I have killed, I can establish it as a general rule; that the males are, commonly, sixteen feet, and the females, thirteen, in height. We are not to estimate this animal's force, in proportion to its size. It seems to consist of little more than neck and legs. Its length, measured from the tail to its chest, is not more than seven feet. The contrast, also, between the anterior and posterior parts,

is equally remarkable. About the shoulders, it is thick and strong: but the form of its posteriors is so thin and meagre, that they do not appear to be made for each other. The figures of this animal, as given in the works of Buffon and Vofmar, are inaccurate. They represent the horns terminating in a point, and extend the hair from the shoulders to the origin of the tail; which are both contrary to fact.

Should this work receive the patronage of the public, of which there can be no doubt, we are informed that M. Le Vaillant proposes to publish his account of a second journey, which will be followed by the description of about three hundred birds, not known in Europe.

We shall, therefore, take our leave of this very agreeable traveller, for the present, with informing the philosophic sportsman, that M. Le V. has discovered a method of shooting birds so as to take them alive. Instead of charging his gun with shot, he rams down a small piece of fat, sufficient to cover the surface of the powder, and then fills the tube with water. By these means, the smaller birds are preserved entire, and even alive; they are merely stunned with the blow, and their wings being rendered wet, they cannot fly away.

The work is enriched with copper-plates, representing several rural scenes; the portraits of Hottentots and Caffres, male and female; and, also, the cameopard.

ETHELINDE; or, THE RECLUSE of the LAKE. By Charlotte Smith, 5 Vols. Cadell. 17s. 6d.

THOSE who can read the common run of novels with patience, may certainly peruse this with delight, since it is evidently written in a style so much superior to them. But for our parts we confess, that to wade through five copious volumes of fictitious, and sometimes improbable narrative, neither animated with any moral, nor glowing with sentiment, is a toil which is not to be compensated by any beauties of language, or rewarded by any varieties of character, or pictures of fashionable dissipation. Improvement is the object of every sensible reader; and where this is not to be expected, the contemplative mind, however spurred on by curiosity, will not be much delighted with a romantic tale and long-drawn scenes of dis-

tractions, which, however they rouse the passions, neither meliorate the heart, nor increase the stores of knowledge. Nor was our dissatisfaction a little increased by the reflection that this performance is perhaps extorted from the pen of an enchanting writer, whose sonnets have evinced all the soft elegance of Petrarch, and who has already given proofs enough of poetic genius to have placed her (in an age when anything but vice and dissipation could be patronized by greatness) beyond the pecuniary temptation of writing romances for the dangerous amusement of love-sick boys, and the delusion of boarding-school mistresses. Are we no more to be delighted with the sweet wild melody of elegiac verse? Is such a genius as Charlotte Smith's to be

be forced by necessity to abandon the natural bent of her elegant mind, and compelled, for the support of her orphaned children, to the drudgery of compositions in which she is not calculated to excel? Ye illustrious patrons! in all the thoughtlessness of dissipation, can ye suffer this—yet see your names in dedications without a blush?

Let us not, however, be mistaken with regard to this novel. Though it is certainly spun out to an unnecessary length, and though the frequent unexpected appearance of Montgomery (the hero,) as

well as some other circumstances, have a forced and unnatural appearance, yet is the work well written; it contains a great variety of well supported characters, and presents us with many beautifully pathetic scenes, which cannot fail to effect the feeling heart: and upon the whole, though we can by no means recommend it to those who have a just sense of the value of time, yet it will be read with avidity and delight by such as can be amused with tales of love torn woe, and recitals of uninstrucive distress.

A PICTURE of ENGLAND: Containing a Description of the Laws, Customs, and Manners of England. By M. D'Archenholz, formerly a Captain in the Service of the King of Prussia. Translated from the French. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Jefferys.

THE breast of every patriot Englishman must glow with equal pride and pleasure, when his mind reflects with what fond curiosity the constitution of his country, and the envied enjoyment of its inhabitants have attracted the study and attention of admiring foreigners. Of *the Constitution of England*, perhaps, no work has exhibited a more perfect delineation than that which does so much honour to the sentiments and abilities of *Mess. De Lolme*; and the work at present before us, which was originally written in French by *M. D'Archenholz*, an officer in the service of the King of Prussia, affords a picture equally faithful and entertaining, of *the Manners of the People*. This ingenious and observant foreigner justly remarks, that Great Britain is so different from all the other states of Europe in the form of its government, its laws, its customs, its manners, and the mode of thinking, and of acting adopted by its inhabi-

rants, that it seems rather to belong to some other globe than that on which the surrounding nations are placed. To trace out, therefore, with greater certainty and effect the characteristic singularities of the nation, he has given a detached narrative of every extraordinary or curious event which has occurred in England during the later periods of the present century; and accompanied each detail with observations and reflections, most of which are just, and all of them sensible and ingenious. The style and language in which this professed translation appears, are in all respects so truly *English*, and carry with them such an air of *originality* that we almost suspect this very pleasant and entertaining work to be a *plant* of English growth, rather than an *exotic* of France; but *merit*, in whatever climate it may have been produced, is, in England, equally entitled to the tribute of admiration and applause.

P O E T R Y.

SILVIA. A PASTORAL-BALLAD.

(Concluded from p. 225.)

PART FIFTH.—DETAILS.

O H! ye dingles, ye hazle-fring'd dells,
Smooth riv'lets, and slow, solemn
falls,
Where the night-tipping fairy train
dwells,
Where the stream o'er the pebbled bed
brawls:
Oh! thou moon, whose faint yellowing
beams
Tinge feebly the foliage around,
And dapple the murmuring streams,
Attend to my pipe's mournful sound!

And thou, plaintive warbler of night!
Whose wallings resound thro' the void—
(Oh song that was once my delight!)
While all nature is tranquil beside,
Save Damon, whose anguish of mind,
Far banishing gentle repose,
Here droops, by the riv'let reclin'd,
Whose murmurs reply to his woes.

Hark! my sheep scatter'd wide o'er the
world—
How their bleatings impierce my lone ear!
Ah!—the swain, once so careful to fold,
No more shall so careful appear.
Rove, rove my poor sheep far away—
Stray, stray to some swain more at peace;
Who will fold ye at close of the day,
And at dawn's first appearance release.

For the maid, who care'd once my
sheep,
Shall, alas! now care's them no more:
Then far let them rove, while I weep,
And the loss of my Silvia deplore:—
Yet the lamb which her fav'rite appear'd,
Will I bear to my silent retreat,
And I'll dwell on each word which I
heard
Her, in praise of its beauty, repeat.
This, this my sole solace shall be,
While I live from all converse withdrawn,
At night the last object I see,
And the first that I seek for at dawn.
And oft shall my fancy pourtray
(While it wantons and frisks by my side)
My Silvia, as (tenderly gay)
She took in its gambols such pride.
And ye, who shall learn how I rove,
And hear of my cause of despair,

Ah! blame me not swains for my love,
For who could behold, and forbear?
For my Silvia a lover must find,
In all who her charms have beheld;
Or they must bow down to her mind,
Who the pow'r of her beauty repell'd.

And ye, whom kind nature endows
With each charm of persuasion and form,
To render successful your vows,
And to love the soft maiden so warm.
Ah! do not contemptuously say,
'Twas a folly to hope for her love;
For who could her actions survey,
Nor deem the'd my passion approve?

Yet think not I mean to accuse
The fair of deception or guile:
That my passion she meant to abuse,
Of ensnare with coquetry's smile;—
For, to hope we are quickly deceiv'd,
And vanity aids the deceit;
What we wish is too fondly believ'd,
And we fly love's delusions to meet.

Farewell then, my sweet-smiling bow'r!
Which invited the murmuring bees
To sport on the Eglantine's flow'r,
And the jasmine which shakes with the
breeze;

For Silvia will never be mine,
For whom I that bow'r interwove:
She ne'er 'neath its shade will recline,
Then why should its beauties improve?

Let the wild-bri'r invade all its charms,
Let weeds its gay entrance confound!
Let the nightshade its poisonous arms
Entwine all the tendrils around!
Thus, lost all the pride it could boast,
Where my pipe's gayest notes have been
heard,

Let the bat and the owl daily roost,
There shriek, oh! thou ill-boding bird!

Farewell, then, my pipe's dulcet sound!
Farewell, then, my farm, flock, and brook!
I'll lie, in despair, on the ground,
And I'll swell with my sorrows the brook
That slow purls through this arching re-
treat,
With murmuring response to my woe;
While the dove plains soft, mournful and
sweet,
And the strains of the nightingale flow.

Tho', Philomel, sad is thy song,
My strain is more sadly sincere;

And the flock-dove, who mourns her lost young,
Feels tortures than mine less severe :
When the sun shall enliven the east,
The nightingale's wailings shall cease ;—
The Dove shall forget her lost nest,
But Damon shall never find peace.

Adieu, then, sweet hazle-fring'd dell,
Flow'ry dingles, and murmur'ing cascades !
Ye night-tripping fays, fare ye well !
And ye birds who inhabit these shades !
Farewell too, ye flow'r sprinkled plains,
Where beauty and harmony dwell !
And farewell, oh ! ye nymphs, and ye swains !
Who lov'd once my sonnets so well.

When morning shall blush o'er the skies,
To the forest's deep gloom I'll retire ;
And there with lamentings and sighs,
I'll join with the dove's mourning choir,
And there too my lamb will I take,
Oh Silvia ! that lamb once thy pride !—
And, by brook, hill, pure stream, glade,
or brake,
Where I rove, he shall rove by my side.

Yet, in solitude there while I stray,
Shall comfort ne'er dawn on my mind ?
Shall nought my fond anguish allay ?
My sorrows—no end shall they find ?
Yes, in solitude there while I stray,
My passion I oft will rehearse—
And the Muses in time shall allay,
All my pangs with the soothing of verse.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

[From Cowper's Poems]

OH friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and
to peace,
Domestic life, in rural leisure pass'd !
Few know thy value, and few taste thy
sweets,
Though many boast thy favours, and
affect
To understand and chuse thee for their
own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss
Ev'n as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in paradise (for earth has
still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left) -
Substantial happiness, for transient joy.
Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to
nurse

The growing seeds of wisdom ; that suggest,
By ev'ry pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compeste the passions, and exalt the mind ;
Scenes such as these, 'tis his supreme delight

To fill with riot and desire with blood.
Should some contagion kind to the poor
brutes

We persecute, annihilate the tribes
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale
Fearless, and rapt away from all his cares ;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs
again,

Nor baited hook deceive the fishes eye ;
Could pageantry, and dance, and feast and
song

Be quell'd in all our summer-month re-
treats ;

How many self-deluded nymphs and
swains,

Who dream they have a taste for fields and
groves,

Would find them hideous nurs'ries of the
spleen,

And crowd the roads, impatient for the
town !

They love the country, and none else, who
seek

For their own sake its silence and its shade.
Delights which who would leave, that has
a heart

Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultur'd and capable of sober thought,
For all the savage din of the swift pack
And clamours of the field ? detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain,
That feeds upon the sobb and dying shriek
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence that agonies inspire
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs !
Vain tears, alas ! and sighs that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls.

Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd
here

Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes:
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years experience of my
care

Has made at last familiar, she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou mayest eat thy bread, and lick
the hand

That feeds thee ; thou may'st frolic on the
floor

At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber un-
alarm'd.

For I have gain'd thy confidence, have
pledg'd

All that is human in me, to protect
Thine

Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love
If I survive thee I will dig thy grave,
And when I place thee in it, sighing say,
I knew at least one here that had a friend.

How various his employments, whom
The world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his
pen,

Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When he shall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings, bus'ness
finds

Ev'n here. While sedulous I seek t'im-
prove,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,
The mind he gave me; driving it, though
slack

Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its just point the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart and keeps it: has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who
seeks

A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business. Feels himself engag'd t' at-
chieve,
No unimportant, though a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise, may seem
To him that leads it, wife and to be
prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl, with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear
skies.

He that is ever occupied in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

The morning finds the self-sequester'd
man
Fresh for his task, intend what task he
may.
Whether inclement seasons recommend
His warm but simple home, where he en-
joys
With her who shares his pleasures and his
heart,
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant
lymph
Which neatly she prepares; then to his
book
Well chosen, and not sullenly perused
In selfish silence, but imparted oft

As ought occurs that she may smile to
hear,
Or turn to nourishment, digested well.
Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repay'd, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conscious how much
the hand

Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye,
Oft let it ring lazily if not o'erseen,
Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himself. No works
indeed
That ask robust tough sinews bred to toil,
Servile employ—but such as may amuse,
Not tire, demanding rather skill than
force.

Proud of his well-spread walls, he views
his trees
That meet (no barren interval between)
With pleasure more than ev'n their fruits
afford,

Which, save himself who trains them,
none can see.

These therefore are his own peculiar
charge,
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
None but his steel approach them. What
is weak,

Distemper'd, or has lost prolific powers
Impair'd by age his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife. Nor does he spare
the soft

And succulent that feeds its giant growth
But barren, at th' expence of neighbor'ing
twigs

Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick
With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion
left

That may disgrace his art, or disappoint
Large expectation, he disposes neat
At measur'd distances, that air and sun
Admitted freely may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the swelling
buds.

Hence summer has her riches, autumn
hence,

And hence ev'n winter fills his wither'd
hand
With blushing fruits, and plenty not his
own.

Fair recompense of labour well bestow'd
And wise precaution, which a clime so
rude
Makes needful still, whose spring is but
the child

Of churlish winter, in her froward moods
Discov'ring much the temper of her fire
For oft, as if in her the stream of mild
Maternal nature had revers'd its course,
She brings her infants forth with many
smiles,
But once deliver'd, kills them with a
frown.

He, therefore, timely warm'd, himself
 supplies
 Her want of care, screening and keeping
 warm
 The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast
 may sweep
 His garlands from the boughs: Again, at
 oft
 As the sun peeps and vernal airs breathe
 mild,
 The sence withdrawn, he gives them
 ev'ry beam,
 And spreads his hopes before the blaze of
 day.

S O N G.

[By Wentworth Chatterbox.]

SAY, Stella, wilt thou rove with me,
 Far from this cheerful native scene,
 From smiling hill and valley free,
 From harvest field and pastur'd green?
 From these couldst thou contented range
 The city's bustling cares to prove?
 All, all these tranquil joys exchange—
 The sole return thy Damon's love?
 Yet hear me love, ere thou reply,
 A youth that scorns deception hear;
 No wealth is mine, thy heart to buy;
 My cot is poor; my fate severe:
 Nor may'st thou hope for pomp and show,
 Nor think in cheerful scenes to rove.
 Say, wilt thou then these joys forego—
 The sole return thy Damon's love?
 Ah, think, what pain 'twill be to view
 The splendid city's gay parade,
 The festive dance, the public show,
 The costly dress with pride display'd,—
 These, these to view; yet ne'er to share—
 Ah, would not this thy patience move?
 All, all these trials couldst thou bear—
 The sole reward thy Damon's love?
 If so, my Stella, come with me,
 And quit this cheerful native scene;
 From smiling hill and valley free,
 From harvest fields, and pastur'd green.
 And if thou heav'st a parting sigh,
 My bosom shall responsive move;
 Or shouldst thou weep, my tearful eye
 Shall well assure thy Damon's love.
 Yet, yet again, ere thou reply,
 A youth that scorns deception hear:
 To no lost scene of rest you fly,
 But household toils await thee there.
 The small reward which pays my song,
 Thy cares industrious must improve,
 While hardships oft shall round thee throng—
 The sole reward thy Damon's love.
 Oh think then, Stella, couldst thou bear,

To drudge these charms with constant
 toil,
 While other forms, less sweetly fair,
 In idle pomp around thee smile?
 And when mischance and frowning care
 My hasty ruffled temper move—
 Ah, couldst thou from reproach forbear,
 And rest assur'd of Damon's love,
 But ah, while droops my feeble frame,
 Still, still another doubt prevails,
 And anxious fears each pang inflame,
 While sad my sickening spirit fails.
 Oh, canst thou wed thy sprightly bloom,
 (Wont all the joys of health to prove)
 To one whom languid ill's consume—
 The peevish foes of youthful love?
 Oh canst thou, say, nor yet repine,
 The fretful cough of sickness tend?
 And when the lover's powers decline
 Still fondly soothe the feeble friend?
 With one who feels the mournful doom
 In youth the woes of age to prove;
 Oh, canst thou waste thy cheerful bloom
 And rest content with Damon's love?
 If so, my Stella, come with me,
 Far, far from rural scenes we'll stray;
 No youth more blest, more fond shall be,
 And none a truer heart display,
 For pride or gold let others wed,
 In scenes of noisy pomp to move;
 While we, by pure affection led,
 Will seek for nought but rural love,

T O A L F R E D.

MY friend 'tis true, I own it is:
 The world's a cheat, as is be-
 liev'd;
 And those who look for solid peace
 On earth will find themselves deceived:
 There are no pure substantial joys
 To be possess'd below the skies.
 But I believe—beneath the sun,
 No pow'r exists, by reason sway'd,
 Who has not had, in life's gay run,
 His share of happiness display'd;
 A share of that which fills the breast,
 And lulls the soul perturb'd to rest.
 Oh youth! what bliss in thee is found,
 Blest time of gambol, sport and joy,
 When music rolls in ev'ry sound,
 And ev'ry object charms the eye;
 When few our cares, and soon forgot,
 Each pleas'd, delighted with its lot.
 When ripen years steal o'er our head,
 They often come replete with good;
 But we, by erring Fancy led,
 Reject

Reject the benefits bestow'd,
Some empty sitting form pursue,
And lose the shade and substance too.

Yet are there not of that possess,
Which makes their lives glide on with ease,
Something which makes one mortal blest,
But would destroy another's peace,
Which reconciles him, soon or late,
To the most adverse turn of Fate.

The ragged grey misanthrope,
Disgusted, from the world withdraws,
Yet looks with pitying eye to see
Mankind deride his sapient laws;
Humanity drops a tear and cries,
'Oh! that mankind like me were wise.'

The slave hard labouring at the oar,
Believes his lord's condition worse,
(The gouty, tortur'd epicure),
And breathes his pity in a curse;
Nor would the wretch exchange his chain
For all the glutton's wealth and pain.

E'en he you think oppress'd with care,
The idle beggar at your door,
Who only wants a little share,
A crust, a drink, he asks no more!
He thanks the pow'rs, who have not said,
By labour he should earn his bread.

Whatever garments Bliss assumes,
She is to time nor place confin'd;
Nor straw thatch'd cot, nor stately rooms,
But dwells in the contented mind;
She holds her engine in the breast,
The cheerful mind is ever blest.

We mar our peace by pond'ring o'er
The evils incident to men;
Sorrow's to come, ill's yet in store,
'We wou'd be happy when we can.'
Let man not then condemn the fates
For evils he himself creates.

O D E,

WRITTEN NEAR THE SEA.

DIMLY gleams the star of day
O'er the waters, blue and wide;
Golden shadows paint the way,
As he lingers on the tide,
Slow his ruddy orb retires,
Glittering on the rocky spires,
While the glowing waves unfold,
Skirted with an edge of gold.

Sweet the aspect of the scene,
As the glimmering stars arise,
And the landscape smiles serene:
Beneath the twilight of the skies;
While the rocks project around,
And nought but music's silver sounds
In floating murmurs dare intrude:
Upon the haunts of Solitude.

What sweet enchantment fill'd my mind,
When lur'd by Fancy far astray,
I left the busy world behind,
And hither bent my silent way;
When, ravish'd with the sounds that fell
From every Poet's magic shell,
I hail'd the Muse with fond requests,
And felt her flames inspire my youthful breast.

How sweet when o'er the sunny lawn
She led me to the vernal grove,
Where brouded forth the frighted fawn,
And echoed sweet the notes of Love;
Where from every vocal spray
Music warbled soft away,
And falling streams re-murmur'd round
Prolonging every pause of sweeter sound.

How oft we trac'd the flow'ry mead
Where carol'd sweet the simple swain—
Where sound'd oft the shepherd's reed,
Reclin'd beside his fleecy train,
Oft, seated on the moss-clad hill,
We listen'd to the clacking mill,
And thro' the distant opening glade
Watch'd the glittering cascade;

While, bending from his silver throne,
Celestial harbinger of night,
Bright Hesperus serenely shone,
Disputing round a dewy light;
And the distant waters roar
Echoed down the rocky shore;
And soothing music to the mind
Murmur'd on the passing wind.

Bless'd place, where Fancy roves at will
O'er earth and skies on airy wing!
Sooth'd by the music of the rill,
Here first my Muse essay'd to sing—
Unheard the shouts of mobs prevail
At Faction's false malicious tale,
The fiends of Discord rush to war,
And Slaughter rolls unseen his bloody car.

Hail sacred Peace, wherein entwined
The ivy'd wreath surrounds thy cell,
In silent solitude reclin'd,
There the Muse delights to dwell—
While smiling Freedom bids her rove
Unmolested thro' the grove,
Where the landscape, ever new,
Still delights her raptur'd view.

Sweet to her the blue expanse
 Studded with the starry train,
 Where the moon with silver glance
 Glimmers o'er the silent wane;
 While the distant rising seas
 Glisten through the waving trees,
 And the rocks and woods between
 Sweetly fill the fairy scene.

Yet she loves to stray afar,
 Where the wave with fullen roar
 Idly beats the empty air,
 Murmuring on the hollow shore;
 Where the spirits of the brave
 Walk upon the stormy wave,
 Who bravely fought for Albion's laws,
 And nobly perish'd in their Country's
 cause.

Sweet the tributary sighs,
 Sweet the sympathetic tear,
 That falls—as Fancy sees them rise—
 Floating on their watery bier,
 Sweet as the echoes from her shell
 How they fought and how they fell,
 While Fame entwines at ev'ry sound
 The wreath of Glory on each patriot
 wound.

Ye groves, within whose hallow'd scene,
 Sequester'd far from jarring strife,
 Cælestial Virtue leads serene
 The noiseless tenor of her life:
 Where first my muse essay'd to sing,
 And, pleas'd with ev'ry trembling string
 Struck the tuneful lyre again,
 And grew enamour'd of the strain:

O! let me still beneath your shade
 Adore the Muses sacred shrine;
 Still listen to the Æonian maid,—
 And, wrapt in extacy divine,
 With rising fancy soar sublime
 Above the flight of Care and Time,
 Exulting far as I retire,
 To snatch a portion of poetic fire.

A HERMIT'S MEDITATION.

[From the American Museum.]

In lonesome cave,
 Of noise and interruption void,
 His thoughtful solitude
 A hermit thus enjoy'd;

His choicest book,
 The remnant of a human head
 The volume was, whence he
 This solemn lecture read—

' Whoo'er thou wert,
 ' Partner of my retirement now,
 ' My nearest intimate,
 ' My best companion thou!

' On thee to muse,
 ' The busy living world I left;
 ' Of converse all but thine,
 ' And silent that, bereft.

' Wert thou the rich,
 ' The idol of a gazing croud?
 ' Wert thou the great,
 ' To whom obsequious thousands bow'd,

' Was learning's store
 ' E'er treasur'd up within this shell?
 ' Did wisdom e'er within
 ' This empty hollow dwell?

' Did youthful charms
 ' E'er redden on this ghastly face?
 ' Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
 ' This forehead ever grace?

' If on this brow
 ' E'er sat the scornful, haughty frown;
 ' Deceitful pride! where now
 ' Is that disdain?—'tis gone.

' If chearful mirth
 ' A gayness o'er this baldness cast;
 ' Delusive, fleeting joy!
 ' Where is it now?—'tis past.

' To deck this scalp,
 ' If tedious long liv'd hours it cost;
 ' Vain fruitless toil! where's now
 ' That labour seen?—'tis lost.

' But painful sweat,
 ' The dear earn'd price of daily bread,
 ' Was all perhaps, that thee
 ' With hungry sorrows fed.

' Perhaps but tears,
 ' Surest relief of heart sick woe,
 ' Thine only drink, from down
 ' These sockets us'd to flow.

' Oppress'd—perhaps
 ' With aches and with aged cares,
 ' Down to the grave thou brought'st
 ' A few, and hoary hairs:

' 'Tis all, perhaps!
 ' No marks, no tokens can I trace
 ' What, on this stage of life,
 ' Thy rank or station was.

' Nameless, unknown!
 ' Of all distinction stript and bare,

' In nakedness conceal'd,
' Oh ! who shall thee declare ?

' Nameless, unknown !
' Yet fit companion thou for me,
' Who hear no human voice,
' No human visage see.

' From me, from thee,
' The glories of the world are gone ;
' Nor yet have either lost
' What we could call our own.

' What we are now,
' The great, the wise, the fair, the brave
' Shall all hereafter be——
' All hermits in the grave.'

INDIFFERENCE.

O COULD indifference rule a woe
worn breast,
Or wipe the trickling tear from misery's
eye ;
Could stoick dullness make a mortal
blest,
Forbid a pang, or stife e'en a sigh ;

No more should memory bring her pain-
ful store—
No more the heart should feel the throbs
of grief ;
Misfortune influence the soul no more,
Nor teach the tearful eye again to weep !

From the torn heart, with varying passions
fill'd,
The eager wish thus claim'd compassi-
on's ear,
The softer feelings of her bosom thrill'd,
And gain'd the tender tribute of her
tear.

Yet, just to sacred virtue's high behest,
And those sublimer joys her deeds sup-
ply ;
She thus, in accents mild, the youth ad-
dress'd,
And kindly check'd the 'impious mut-
tering sigh.

' Was ! unfeeling dullness is a woe,
Then cease, not with indifference to
gain ;
Dear shade of Petrarch witness, for you
know
' A thousand pleasures are not worth
one pain.'

Let gentle sympathy's divine control
Guide every action of thy youthful
breast :

Let pity's softness vibrate through thy
soul,
And teach thee transport when another's
blest.

Then when the stream of life shall cease
to flow,
Affliction's family shall round thee
mourn ;
On worth so lov'd each tongue shall
praise bestow ;
And misery's unceasing tears bedew thy
hallow'd urn.

P A S T O R A L E L E G Y .

[From the Imperial Magazine.]

WHY, O ye shepherds ! thus around
me throng ?
Colin no more attunes the sprightly song ;
Mute is his pipe, his days of pleasure o'er,
Death has prevail'd, and Delia is no more !
Fled is that form which cheer'd my hap-
pier hours,
Sooth'd every care, and strew'd my path
with flowers.
A gloomy cloud pervades the prospect
round ;
Damp'd is each hope, and dismal every
sound.
The winding vale, and gaily varied field,
No more can charm, no more amusement
yield ;
Each murmuring brook, and softly-whis-
pering wind,
Brings her lost image to my forrowing
mind,
Recals to view the jocund pastimes past,
Too quickly flown, too pure, too sweet,
to last.—

Oft have we met upon the verdant lawn,
While yet the dew-drop gemm'd the
pointed thorn,
With rapture sipp'd Aurora's balmy
breath,
Cropp'd the moist flower, and twin'd the
votive wreath.
With sweetest smiles the scented gift she'd
take,
And kindly wear it for the giver's sake :
But if, perchance, distress went weeping
by,
The big round tear soon trembled in her
eye ;

Eager.

Eager the sought the cause of grief to know,
 And anxious strove to ease the sufferer's woe,
 And when, at eve, upon the daisied green,
 Our rustic maids, and shepherd lads were seen,
 Pleas'd would she haste to meet the happy throng,
 Grace the rude treat, and hear the self-taught song,
 On each blithe swain would cast the cheerful glance,
 Change hands with all, and join the mazy dance.
 No cold reserve her gentle manners shew'd,
 No wanton wish within her bosom glow'd:
 The prude she scorn'd, the vain coquet despis'd,
 And rural sports and artless manners priz'd.
 But now, alas! these happy scenes are o'er,
 And Dulla lives to charm my days no more:
 Mute is that voice which breath'd the sweetest strains,
 To banish grief, and cheer our fleecy plains!
 Rich are the beauties that adorn'd her face,
 And death's rude hand has wither'd every grace!
 To-morrow's eve, in yonder vale, the maid
 Must in the cold and silent grave be laid;
 I pray, ye then, my gentle friends, be there,
 To strew the flower, and drop the sorrowing tear;
 And then, as tolls the solemn funeral bell—
 Heave the deep sigh, and bid the last farewell.

R E T I R E M E N T.

FROM Towns remote I seldom share,
 The courtly city's tainted air,
 The sumptuous feast, the gay parade;
 Seldom I join the splendid throng,
 That wander Windsor's bowers among,
 And quit for these my rural shade.

Far from the busy wench's crowd,
 Where Mirth obscene and Laughter loud,
 O'er Wisdom, Wit and Sense preside;
 Where Bacchus from his fruitful plains,
 With riot and confusion reigns,
 And vice by fashions dignified;

Far, far from these in haste I fly,
 And shun the croud's inquiring eye,
 Proud Pomp and Scandal's envious tale;
 Well pleas'd I leave the gilded scene,
 For murmuring brooks and pastures green,
 And hail my sweet sequester'd vale;

For here no anxious cares obtrude,
 No Satire keen, no whispers rude,
 Nor ought to cause my eyes to weep;
 Each hour in pleasing toil or play
 Is spent, and each succeeding day
 Clos'd by a sound refreshing sleep.

Within my lofty verdant groves,
 The feather'd tribes declare their loves,
 And build upon the bushy spray;
 While their little warbling throats
 Pour forth the sweet melodious notes,
 And join in general concert, gay.

Content I till my plenteous fields,
 And crop the fruits that bounty yields,
 And every morn the task renew;
 They, with the willing labour, grant
 Enough to satisfy each want,
 For Nature's real wants are few;

But if, perchance, I feel a wish,
 For the luxurious choicer dish,
 The game within my covers die;
 Or else I trim the alluring bait,
 And o'er the sil'ry current wait,
 To catch the finny fry.

And frequent at the dawning hour,
 I trace each dew-besprinkled flower,
 And cull the sweets each herb supplies;
 And when the cheerful day has run
 Its course, and sets the glorious sun,
 I joy to view the dappled skies.

And oft with awful wonder view,
 The Firmament's ethereal blue,
 The gliding meteor's potent blaze;
 Observe each bright and twinkling star,
 That throws its lustre from afar,
 To tell its great Creator's praise.

Oft too, when forked lightnings flash,
 When o'er the hills the torrents dash,
 And down the steep tremendous roll,
 Compos'd I view the dreadful hour,
 Confess my Maker's wondrous power,
 And to his care entrust my soul.

And when throughout his wide domain,
 Stern Winter holds his iron reign,
 And piercing winds with howl and rage;
 My books and pen my hours employ;
 Are all my pastime, all my joy,
 And pleas'd I stray thro' every page.

No foolish vain desire I know
 For sumptuous dress, or tinsel show;
 Not e'er, as o'er my fields I range;
 Feels my contented happy mind,
 Again to visit courts inclin'd,
 Nor knows my *breast one wish* to change:

SONNET ON DESPONDENCY.

[By W. H. Reid.]

YE charming visions! ye delight no
 more;
 No more shall joy attend the welcom'd
 light;
 Hope droops, whose raptures once 'bove
 worlds could soar,
 Night moans for morning—morning pines
 for night:
 They're vanish'd all—Imagination's fire,
 Th' embodying image, and the vivid scene
 That op'd the changeful acts of night
 between;
 And peace consumes upon the pointed
 pyre.
 What then's th' uncertain honour of a
 name!
 Or skill to soar on Theban pinions strong,
 If keenest sorrows wing the feeling frame,
 And pains as exquisite as sweet the song?
 Far happier him, who fame unenvy'd fees
 In youth of competence—in age of ease:

SONNET TO HOPE.

[By the same.]

YET through each trackless course by
 mortals worn,
 Tho' joy and grief alternate colours blend,
 And sob'rer Reason cold assistance lend;
 To many a hand it proves a piercing
 thorn,
 His dictates may define the better way,
 And sternly warn from devious paths to
 turn;
 While too austere, t' impress effective
 sway,
 Th' affection's fires like stars erratic burn!
 But Hope, mild goddess! thy auspicious
 air
 Gains on the heart, as beauty to the sight,
 While at thy smiles grim Horror melts to
 air,
 Thy day exceeds the darkness of his night!
 The mission'd angel thou, still to repair
 Life's latest flame—and Reason's weaker
 light.

SONNET TO FANCY.

[By John Rannie.]

SWEET Fancy! friend of Nature and
 the Muse,
 With heav'nly visions charm thy poet's
 eye;
 Spread o'er the landscape more attractive
 hues,
 And paint with brighter gold the vivid
 sky.
 Nor check the youth that boldly would
 aspire
 To raise the song of sympathy and love;
 But as the fond enthusiast strikes the
 lyre,
 Let all the trembling strings in concord
 move;
 And, at the blaze of thy celestial fire,
 Wake into life the sentiment refin'd;
 For hope desert'd enervates the desire,
 And casts a sickly languor o'er the
 mind;
 But thou to rapture can'st the spirit warm,
 And give to glowing thought th' imperish-
 able charm!

SONNET,

Written at DUNNATTAR CASTLE in No-
 vember 1786.

[By the same.]

THESE piles of grandeur please my
 fancy well,
 Majestic e'en in ruin they appear:
 And hoary Time, with ceaseless labour
 pale,
 Frowns o'er a gloomy desolation here.
 As, deeply marking the desponding mind,
 My warring sighs thro' yonder towers
 resound,
 With hoarser murmur swell'd, the sadden'd
 wind
 Still scatters mournful devastation
 round!
 Sway'd by the tempest of the angry North
 (While slow I move thro' these deserted
 halls,
 Gay mansions once of hospitable worth),
 With awful din the pond'rous fragment
 falls;
 Fear sick—and shudders at its overthrow;
 But, smiling at destruction—Danger stalks
 below!

SONNET

SONNET TO MERCY.

[By the same.]

VICEGERENT of the everlasting
God,
Whose throne unchanging majesty fur-
rounds,
Whose presence gilds Affliction's dire a-
bode,
And cheers the sorrowing wretch that
guilt confounds !
As fiery Vengeance lifts the threaten-
ing
sword,
To crush the trembling victim of his
hate,
While rigid Justice seals the stern award,
From thee he hopes—and meets a milder
fate :

Meekest angel! still, with benediction mild,
Thy sacred virtues to my soul convey ;
And, as I wander o'er life's barren wild,
Be still the blest companion of my way ;
Still from my path the fiends of darkness
drive,
And purify my heart with heav'n-reflect-
ed
grace !

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

I ENVY not the rich, their wealth,
Nor pleasures of the great ;
' Give me a competence and health,
I ask not power nor state.

Beneath this humble cot I find
A joy unknown to kings ;
A cheerful and contented mind,
From which true pleasure springs,

Here healthful viands crown my board,
Here sparkling cyder flows ;
'Tis what my peaceful cot affords,
And bounteous heav'n bestows.

To tend my bleating charge I rise,
And welcome in the morn,
Ere airy songsters mount the skies,
Or huntsmen wind the horn.

Some friendly shade at noon I find
Secure from Phoebus' ray ;
There, on my Delia's breast reclin'd,
I chat the hours away.

Delia, the nymph, by nature form'd,
In rural life to shine ;
With virtue, beauty, wit adorn'd,
And temper half divine.

When slow pac'd eve her curtains spread,
And veils the face of day ;
Home to their fold my flock I lead,
Then for my cot—away.

There with my friends, a chosen few,
I taste that real joy,
Which venal souls in vain pursue,
And sons of riot fly.

SWEET COLLINETTE.

A PASTORAL.

THE sun declining in the west,
Behold yon sunset hill is set ;
Far is thy cot, and mine were blest,
With thee were blest, sweet Collinette.

My lowly cot then prithest share,
To sooth thee while thy fond regret ;
Ere home foregone shall be my care,
My only care, sweet Collinette.

See as thy lambskins sport with mine,
Their native hills how they forget,
Nor sadly at the change repine,
Like thee repine, sweet Collinette.

Would'st thou the tender hint improve,
Would that soft basem cease to fret ;
I'd bless the hour I own'd my love,
My love for thee, sweet Collinette.

AN EXTEMPORE

[By Wentworth Chatterton, on receiving a Rose from his Sister.]

WHY, sever'd from its parent thorn,
Assumes this rose a brighter hue
Than when, unpearl'd by dewy morn,
Among surrounding sweets, it grew ?

Why should it to the feastèd sense,
Within a narrow room confin'd,
A richer perfume now dispense,
Than when it breath'd the fresh'ning
wind ?

Fraterna, hear the partial Muse
The pleasing cause with truth proclaim !
' More sweet its breath, more gay its hues,
' Because from friendship's hand it
came.'

CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Stockholm, Aug. 29.

TREATY of PEACE concluded between the King and Crown of Sweden, on one part, and the Empress of all the Russias, and the Russian Empire, on the other.

In the Name of the Holy and undivided Trinity!

HIS Majesty the King of Sweden, and her Majesty the Empress of all the Russias, equally desirous of putting an end to the war which had unhappily broke out between them, and to re-establish the friendship, harmony, and good neighbourhood which have long subsisted between their respective States and Countries, have reciprocally communicated to each other their pacific intentions, and with a view to realize them have come to the following articles:

Art. I. There shall be henceforward between his Majesty the King of Sweden, and his estates, countries, and nations, on one part, and her Majesty the Empress of all the Russias, and her estates, countries, and nations, on the other, perpetual peace, good neighbourhood, and perfect tranquillity both by sea and land; and consequently the most speedy orders for the cessation of hostilities shall be given by each party. Whatever is past shall be forgotten; attention will only be paid to the re-establishment of that harmony and mutual good will, which has been interrupted by the present war.

Art. II. The limits and frontiers shall, on each side, continue as they were before the rupture, or beginning of the present war.

Art. III. Therefore, all the countries, provinces, or places whatever, which have been taken or occupied by the troops of either of the contracting parties, shall be evacuated as speedily as possible, or fourteen days after the exchange of the Ratifications of the present Treaty.

Art. IV. All prisoners of war, of others, who, not bearing arms, have been taken by either of the belligerent parties during the course of hostilities, shall be set at liberty by each party without ransom; and they shall be permitted to return home without any indemnification being required by either party for their maintenance, but they shall be obliged to pay the debts

which they have contracted with individuals of each respective state.

Art. V. And, in order to prevent the giving of the least occasion for a misunderstanding, at sea, between the contracting parties, it is stipulated and agreed, that whenever one, or more Swedish men of war, whether small or great, shall pass by the ports of her Imperial Majesty, they shall be obliged to give a salute in the Swedish manner; which shall be immediately answered by a salute in the Russian mode. The same shall be observed by the Russian men of war, whether one or more; they shall be obliged to salute before the ports of his Swedish Majesty, and they shall be answered by a Swedish salute.

In the mean time, the high contracting parties shall order, as speedily as possible, a particular convention to be made, in which the mode of saluting between Swedish and Russian ships, shall be established, whether at sea, in port, or wherever they may chance to meet.

Until then, in order to prevent mistakes in the above case, ships of war, belonging to either party, shall not salute each other.

Art. VI. Her Imperial Majesty of all the Russias has also agreed, that his Swedish Majesty shall be at liberty to buy every year corn to the amount of 1,500,000 roubles, in the ports of the Gulph of Finland, and of the Baltic Sea, provided it be proved, that it is for the use of his Swedish Majesty, or for the use of some of his subjects duly authorised by his Majesty, without dues or charges, and to export it freely into Sweden. In this, however, barren years shall not be included, nor such years in which, for some important reasons, her Imperial Majesty may be induced to forbid the exportation of grain to any nation whatever.

Art. VII. As the eagerness of the high contracting parties, for the speedy termination of those evils with which their respective subjects have been afflicted in consequence of war, does not allow them time for the regulation of many points and objects, tending to establish firmly a good neighbourhood, and perfect tranquillity of the frontiers, they agree, and mutually promise to pay attention to those points and objects, and to discuss and regulate them amicably, by means of Ambassadors, or plenipotentiary Ministers, whom they shall appoint immediately after the conclusion of the present Treaty of Peace.

Art. VIII. The Ratifications of the present Treaty of Peace shall be exchanged within the space of six days, or sooner if possible.

In testimony whereof, we have signed the present Treaty of Peace, and sealed it with our arms.

Done in the Plain of Verelz, near the river Kymenc, between the advanced posts of each camp, the 11th of August, 1790.

GUSTAVUS MAURIZ, Baron d'Armfelt.
ОТНО, Baron d'Igelstrom.

Sept. 3.

The Peace which was signed at Verelz on the 11th ult. not being proclaimed for some days afterwards, the 13th was near producing one of the most obstinate battles at Swenska Sound, that ever was fought on that memorable spot. The Prince of Nassau, having fixed on that day to attack his Majesty's fleet, advanced in order of battle, and continued so to do, notwithstanding every representation that could be made to him, as well by his own officers, as by repeated flags of truce from the Swedish fleet. He returned for answer, that he had as yet received no orders from the Empress to suspend hostilities: things were in this situation; the two fleets in order of battle, at a very little distance out of gun-shot, and the Russian fleet advancing, when the courier arrived from Petersburg. Prince Nassau acknowledged the receipt of it by a flag of truce; and thus, those who, a few minutes before, were on the eve of a most serious and bloody conflict, became friends in an instant, and mutually congratulated each other on the event. The King, landed in the Royal Barge, accompanied by the officers of the fleet, and being arrived at the camp, the two armies were drawn up opposite to each other, and fired a *Feu de joye*. After this the Russian General Igelstrom came to pay his compliments to his Majesty, and had the honour of presenting General Bergman, the Cossack General Denisow, Prince Kergis of the Chinese Tartars, volunteer in the army, and all the superior Russian officers, (Prince Nassau was not observed to be among them.) Te Deum was then sung, and the two armies returned public thanks to God for restoring the blessings of peace, each according to their respective mode of worship. After which, his Majesty, in a most gracious and manly speech, thanked his army for their exertions during the war, their loyalty to Him, and fidelity to their country. He then produced and read a list of promotions; at the head of which were Generals Platen, Pauli, Meyerfeldt, Pollet, Stedding, &c. His Majesty concluded by observing,

that the English Colonel Sydney Smith, having originally refused the first commission in the coasting fleet, out of respect to his Sovereign's Proclamation, forbidding his officers to serve in foreign service, could not receive promotion at his hands; but as he had accompanied both fleets, as a volunteer, through this most arduous campaign, encountering the greatest dangers with cheerfulness, and evincing on all occasions the greatest courage, activity, and presence of mind, he had thought proper to name him Commander of the Order of the Sword. The standards of the army were then placed round him, and he was invested with the insignia of that most ancient and honourable order, and receiving the compliments of the Swedish and Russian officers on the occasion. Baron Cederstrom, Colonel of the Guards, was also invested with the Yellow Ribbon of the Order. Colonels Rosenstein and Armfelt were created Knights of the Great Cross. An officer of each regiment, and his Majesty's Aid-de-Camps received the honours of Knighthood, with the Little Cross. This ceremony being ended, the victorious standards of Charles the Twelfth (many of which still exist in the old regiments) were furled, never to be again displayed till war shall call them forth. His Majesty then conducted the Russian officers to the Royal Pavilion, where a splendid entertainment was prepared; the Empress of Russia's health was drank under a general discharge of artillery; the Russian officers returning the compliment by drinking his Swedish Majesty's health, with the same accompaniment. During this time the dreary appearance of trenches and outworks between the two camps, was agreeably changed into a most regular garden; the soldiers having transplanted large trees, for that purpose, from the neighbouring woods; these were illuminated at night, and the names of Catherine and Gustavus shone conspicuously on every branch. The soldiers of both armies promiscuously partook of the refreshments the King's bounty had ordered for them. The various dresses of the Cossacks and Tartars on the one side, and the Laplanders and Dzlecarlians on the other, giving the whole the appearance of a masquerade. The illumination was, in the end, rendered complete by the combustion of the artificial forest, in one general blaze; and the evening concluded with the greatest harmony and activity.

Madrid, Sept. 10. A messenger from Paris has brought the important decree of the French National Assembly, agreeing to the provisional maintenance of the Family Compact.

Compact, and for the consequent augmentation of the armament ordered for that purpose. This news has made the more agreeable sensation as it is generally thought the Court of London hold a language relative to their pretensions to navigate and trade to the South Seas and Western Coasts of America, which cannot be admitted by our Court.

Paris, Sept. 11. In the National Assembly, the President announced the following letter from M. Necker, the late Minister of Finance, dated at Arcy sur Aube, the 9th of September, 1790.

M. le President,

I have the honour to write you this letter from an inn in the town of Arcy sur Aube, where I and Madame Necker are detained by the National Guards, till the National Assembly will be pleased to order them to leave me at liberty to proceed on my journey. The Assembly will easily conceive my feelings without my expressing them. I have served the State, without any recompence, and with the greatest assiduity, for seven years; and I am free to declare, that there has not passed one moment of my administration that has not been employed in promoting the public good, to the best of my abilities and the lights I have received. I supplicate the Assembly that the reward of all my efforts may not be a deprivation of that liberty which the laws afford to every citizen.

I have the honour to be, &c,

P. S. When I was arrested I was in possession of a passport from the King, and another from the Mayor of Paris.

The minutes of the arrest were also read, which bore, that the Mayor and Municipal Officers of Arcy sur Aube, understanding that M. Necker, accompanied by his lady and suit, had been detained by the National Guards, they demanded his passport, which announced his departure from France. That taking into consideration the Decree of the National Assembly on the responsibility of Ministers, they had judged proper to detain him and his company, till they received the directions of the National Assembly in what manner to proceed.

The Assembly, after a short debate, decreed that the President would write a letter to the Municipality of Arcy, ordering that M. Necker and his companions should be left at liberty to proceed on their journey.

Berlin, Sept. 14. All the arrangements given by our Court seem to forbode a war.

In consequence of the arrival of a courier from Breslaw 400 men are set to work in our arsenal, and heavy artillery is preparing to be sent to East and West Prussia;

besides which, orders are given to countermand the sale of the train-horses, which was fixed for the 1st of next month. This looks like war, but we have not yet lost all hopes of the peace between us and Russia remaining undisturbed.

The passing and re-passing of Couriers have been uncommonly great for some days past: yesterday alone six messengers were dispatched; all with orders for the marching of different corps of troops.

When the prospect of a rupture with Spain was first known, the Court of London made the States General acquainted with it, and demanded their assistance. In consequence, orders were immediately issued from the Dutch Admiralty, to prepare a Squadron of ships to join their fleet, and Admiral Kingsbergen was sent to Portsmouth. The short notice that was given of such assistance being required, and the urgency of the demand, did not admit of the Dutch fleet being so completely equipped; but the alacrity shewn by the States General to assist Great Britain, was extremely pleasing and satisfactory to our Court. A large Dutch fleet, however, is now nearly ready for sea, and in the best order, and we are assured that the States General will give the best assistance, should circumstances make it necessary.

Vienna, Sept. 15. We learn from Chorzim, that orders arrived there on the 27th of August, for the demolition of the late erected works of that fortress, and the day after another Courier arrived, ordering the workmen to begin the said work without delay; and they accordingly began the next morning.

We have accounts from Semlin, that the heavy artillery, which was taken from the batteries at Belgrade, is ordered to be placed there again.

The sale of the train horses is postponed and the officers of the army have received orders not to dispose of their camp equipages yet. In short, it should seem that the whole army will, for the present, remain upon the war footing.

Ossend, Sept. 29. Intelligence is just received here by the channel of an official Bulletin from the States of Flanders to the Committee of this city, that the expedition of the Patriots planned by M. Vander-noot against Limburg has totally failed. About 40,000 undisciplined men having been collected, entered the Province of Limburg in hostile array. They proceeded without much molestation till they arrived at a post between Huy and Liege. Here they were attacked by a body of 15,000 well disciplined Limburgers, and part of the Imperial forces. The attack being unexpected, they were soon broke and put into

into confusion. They afterwards fled with the greatest precipitation to the city of Liege, where they were refused admittance. A dreadful carnage is said to have taken place in the battle and retreat. Seven thousand men is said to be the number of the slain. A great many prisoners were also taken, of which three or four hundred were immediately hanged as rebels against the state. Among these were upwards of 200 priests of various orders.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Oct. 2.

SIR Robert Boyd had a long interview with the King in his Closet yesterday after the Levee at St. James's. Sir Robert is expected to go out soon with full power as Governor of Gibraltar.

Admiral Barrington took leave of the King at St. James's, and of the Lords of the Admiralty yesterday, and in the evening set off for Spithead to take on him the command of the grand fleet in the absence of Earl Howe, who was also expected to set off for Spithead this day.

His Majesty was detained at St. James's yesterday till a very late hour, in expectation that the Lord Chancellor would arrive, and be present at the Cabinet Council which had been summoned to meet on urgent business after the Levee.

His presence was thought so essentially necessary on the present momentous occasion, that the Cabinet Council was postponed until eleven o'clock last night; and the final determinations of that meeting kept open until the Chancellor's sanction or opinion can be obtained.

A Board of Admiralty was held last night, which did not break up before nine o'clock. Four more frigates were ordered to be put into commission.

A promotion of General Officers is considered as fixed; new regiments are expected to be raised; and Parliament will be assembled next month.

The fleets are so delighted with the idea of our Court engaging in a war with Spain, that provisions of all kinds are continually pouring in from the whole Barbary coast to the garrison of Gibraltar.

Since Monday the 13th inst. upwards of 120 sail of merchant ships from the West Indies and America all laden with sugar, rum &c. have arrived in the River, and as many more are daily expected to arrive.

Orders have been sent to Plymouth to

prepare for commission the Glory, Namur, and Atlas of 60 guns each. They are now along side the hulks, and the caulkers are at work upon them.

No Council of State is expected to be held on the subject of the dispatches from Spain, until after the interment of the Royal Corps. His Majesty will have a Levee to-morrow at St. James's, when it is supposed all the Cabinet Council will attend. Lord Howe and Admiral Barrington will certainly attend, and it is expected that they will receive their failing and fighting orders.

Certain it is, that the preparations for some time past in the naval department have been such, as if the Minister expected that the negotiation must soon be terminated by action.

Yesterday afternoon was dispatched the packet which was engaged by the East India Company to convey theirs and the Government advices to Lord Cornwallis; they are said to be of the first importance. It is reported, that one of the objects is to request his Lordship will remain in India, at least till the present hostilities with Tippoo are concluded.

Extract of a Letter from Chatham, Sept. 26.

According to the present exertions here, by the different artificers and workmen of this dock yard, there appears very little probability of peace; as our artificers are still employed, some at the rate of double days, others at two days and a half, which induces the people to carry on work in their respective occupations with great alacrity.

Yesterday Mr. Slater, the long expected messenger from the Court of Spain, arrived at the Duke of Leeds's office, Whitehall, with letters from Mr. Fitzherbert, his Majesty's Ambassador at that Court. The packet was immediately carried to the Duke of Leeds, at his house in Grosvenor square, who on receiving it came to the office; but there being no other of the Cabinet Ministers in town, his Grace dispatched letters by his messenger, in waiting, to the King at Windsor Lodge, the Lord Chancellor at Dolwich, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Secretary Grenville at Holwood House, Kent, to Earl Howe at Porter's Lodge, Herts, and to Admiral Barrington, commander of the Grand Fleet at Spithead.

From what has transpired of the above dispatches, it appears that the Spanish Minister has again waved giving any definitive answer to the remonstrances of our Court, and that not in terms of a very conciliatory nature. The pretext for this further delay is, that the Spanish Monarch had ordered the various documents

to be laid before the Nobles, in order to regulate his conduct, at so critical a juncture, by their deliberate council and advice.

The messenger made Paris in his way from thence, he was also charged with dispatches but of so very important nature, from Earl Gower.

Oct. 5. Orders were given to dispatch a messenger, who accordingly set off on Friday night express to Ireland, with orders to arm, with all the dispatch possible, the whole effective force of that kingdom.

By letters from Holland, brought by the last Dutch mail, we are informed that eight ships of the line, properly manned and victualled, are just preparing to leave the Texel. Their destination at present is a profound secret.

The same letters add, that it was the general opinion there that the Swedish peace with Russia was principally brought about by the formidable appearance of the British fleet.

Colonel Norman Macleod will have one of the first new regiments. It is supposed that from his patronage and popularity in Iverness-shire and the Isle of Sky, he will be able to raise a thousand men in a month.

Lord Howe is expected to set off this week for Portsmouth, to resume the command of the Grand Fleet, now under Admiral Barrington.

It is said that an order has been just issued from the Court of Sweden, that all English ships, on their arrival at any of the Swedish ports, shall pay an additional duty.

The measures of Government begin to assume a more decisive tone—six ships of the line are ordered to be got ready instantly, for the West Indies, under the command of Sir Alexander Hood, who is to have the chief command on that station. Besides the troops doing duty on board the ships, six marines, two regiments, the thirtieth and another which were embarked at Cork about the middle of July, are also to sail under convoy of a frigate; and as it is utterly improbable that they would be sent out with so weak an escort at such a crisis as the present, it is supposed that they will join the squadron destined for the West Indies.

The station of this force will probably be at Antigua, from which it will be ready to act either on the offensive or defensive as occasion may require.

Letters from Berlin exhibit a scene of warlike preparation on the part of his Prussian Majesty, equally extensive and unabating with our own; and from these letters there is good ground to believe that Russia is prompted on to a maintenance of

high terms, and haughty language, by the Court of Madrid, which nothing can loose but a spirited interference of a British navy, and a Prussian army.

Letters by way of Paris from Frankfort say, that the Assembly which met there for the election of an Emperor, ordered,

That all books, pamphlets, and writings attacking or reflecting on Sovereigns, or their government, shall be prohibited under the most rigorous penalties, the author of them prosecuted criminally, the booksellers and distributors fined 200 ducats for the first offence, and for the second offence punished with confiscation of goods.

That all Frenchmen, without distinction, who shall appear at Frankfort with National uniforms or cockades, shall be fugitated and driven from the city.

The Coronation of the Emperor is fixed for the 4th of October, at Frankfort, being the same day on which, in the year 1743, the Emperor Francis was crowned. The ceremony is expected to exceed in pomp and splendour any of the like kind. There will be displayed in parade 300 quintals of silver plate, the golden service of 36 covers, the famous crystal cup which cost near 30,000 florins, with its foot formed of a precious agate, and the large diamond, which serves as a button to the hat, weighing 60 carats, which was preserved in the treasury of Florence. They are also coining in the mint of Vienna 20,000 ducats in commemoration of the coronation, 2000 large gold medals, 6000 small ones, 5000 large silver medals, 12,000 of a middling size, and 15,000 small ones, all to be distributed at Frankfort.

From the active preparations going forward at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and the haste that is shewn for re-victualling the Grand Fleet, it is to be presumed that it will sail again as soon as the danger of the equinoctial winds will admit the prudence of such a measure.

Orders were received at Belgrade on the 22d of August, to destroy all the fortifications raised since the place was taken by the Austrians, immediately after which Count Wallis, the commanding officer, caused it to be proclaimed by beat of drum, that Belgrade was to be restored to the Turks, and that all the Christian inhabitants who were desirous of living under the Austrian Government must make arrangements for removing within fifteen days.

By a letter from Warsaw we learn, that the Polish Diet have at last pronounced sentence on Prince Poninski, who has been so long in confinement on a charge of high treason. He is declared a traitor to his country.

country—stripped of all his titles of nobility, employments, and orders of knighthood—ordered to quit Warsaw within twenty-four hours, and Poland within four weeks; and if he is found in the kingdom after the expiration of that time, he is to be capitally punished. Agreeably to the laws now prevalent in France, this sentence only affects the condemned person, himself, and does not reach to his children.

There are accounts of a late date from Paris, that the Spanish Court has offered to pay the whole expence of twenty sail of French men of war for two years, in case a war should take place, and last so long.

The Empress of Russia has sent dispatches to her Minister at Breslaw, containing a message to the following purport:—Her Majesty declares, that her concerns with the Turks relate to herself alone; and that she will continue the war or make peace, as she thinks proper, without the intervention of any other power.

When her Russian Majesty shall have accomplished that peace which she declares to be so much the object of her wishes, she is resolved to carry into effect a plan which is expected to prove an amazing source of population in her dominions; this plan is the establishment of a system of *perfect toleration*, granting various privileges and immunities, and other encouragements, for inducing people of all nations and religions to establish colonies on the banks of the Volga.

It is reported, that commissions are making out at the War-Office, for the three following Colonels, each having undertaken to raise a regiment of Highlanders, viz:

Col. C. Lenox to raise a regiment, in the interest of his father in law, the Duke of Gordon, in Glenivie, Lochaber, Strahdon, and Strathspey; Col. M'Leod, to raise one in Invernesshire. He will be assisted by Fraser and Lovet. Colonel Small, in the counties of Perth and Argyle, through the interest of the Duke of Athol, and Mr. Drummond, of Perth.

No Squadron will be sent to the North Seas of Baltic this year.

Two additional frigates and two fire-ships were put into commission at the Board of Admiralty held on Thursday.

In all the history of our naval wars, there is no instance of so many fire-ships being fitted out, as are equipped and equipping at this moment—the very sound is terrific, and calculated to convince the Dons that though they run from us at sea, their harbours will be of little protection.

It is said that Government have received information from high authority of some underhand negotiation being at-

tempted on the part of Spain, and that the whole of the conduct of the Cabinet of Madrid has at length precluded the possibility of negotiating any longer with them.

The procrastination and indecision which mark the answer brought by the last messenger from Madrid, are not the only grounds of just apprehension that the Court of Spain is unwilling to accede to the demands of our Minister, and that hostilities must ultimately be the issue of the present negotiations. It is a matter well authenticated, that the Spanish Minister at the Court of Petersburg was invisibly employed to negotiate the late peace between Sweden and Russia, with a view to weaken our political interest in the North, at the same time that the Empress has reaped very considerable advantages from the event. The same object has been attempted with the States-General of Holland, though with different success.

By letters from Amsterdam we learn, that the Dutch Admiral de Kingsbergen, who was lately in the Downs, has returned on board, and is preparing to sail again with part of the men of war lying in the Texel.

A Cabinet Council sat on Wednesday night till past twelve o'clock, and again on Thursday from twelve till five.

In fact, this country was never in a more critical situation. The Empress has carried her point in the North; the Court of France has returned for answer to the late remonstrance presented by Earl Gower, 'that it will abide by its engagements with Spain,' and the latter Power is in a very formidable state of preparation. Add to this, the Poles threaten to destroy the Prussian influence in Germany, by a junction with Russia. Such is the political state of Europe!

A sextian, a few days since, fell over the side of the Alligator frigate, at Sheerness; Captain Coffin, the Commander, beheld from the ship's situation, that he must perish if not instantly relieved; and we must add, to the honour of this officer, that he did not lose a moment, but leaped from the quarter-deck, with his uniform and boots on, and rescued the poor fellow from being drowned—at the eminent risk of his own life.

On Capt. Coffin's having saved one of his men, who had fallen overboard, from being drowned.

Well may a sailor boldly dare,
And aident follow martial strife;
For when with death himself at war,
He in a *Coffin* meets with *Life*.