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THE

NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR NOVEMBER, 1791.

THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS.

(Continued from Page 579.)

ONE day a violent altercation aroſe between Urban and myſelf. A female negro of his houſe offended him; I was preſent. Urban ſeized a whip, the common inſtrument of the often unjuſt wrath of the planters, and, in the preſent circumſtance, too rigorous for a ſlight offence. Urban preſented it to me, and ordered me to chaſtiſe the negro. 'Command me,' ſaid I, with moderation, 'to do any thing for your ſervice which I can execute without baſeneſs; and I will perform it with zeal. But do not require me to lay hands on a timid woman, who is already aſhamed to have offended you.' 'To chaſtiſe her who offends me, is to ſerve me,' he anſwered haſtily. 'If the chaſtiſement be juſt,' replied I, 'exerciſe it yourſelf. It is not my duty to oppoſe it.' 'Would you,' cried he with fury, 'that I ſhould diſhonour myſelf by raiſing my hand againſt her?' 'I think,' ſaid I, 'honour is not more wounded by executing, than by giving an unjuſt order; but, be it as it may, honour is as dear to me as to you.' 'The honour of a ſlave! the honour of a ſlave!' repeated he, with irony. 'It depends only on my own will to be no longer this ſlave, and I thank you for the remembrance,' I replied with paſſion. 'Had you always liſtened to the honour of which you are now ſo jealous, never would you have had the right to treat me as a ſlave.' 'Does the wretch reaſon with me?' exclaimed he, almoſt ſuffocated with rage. I ſaw him place himſelf in a menacing poſture. If, unfortunately, he had ſtruck me, I had loſt myſelf. I perceived the danger; the door was open; I threw myſelf out, and fled. Father Bruno was my refuge; more ſtrongly affected than uſual, our converſation led us far into the night. At length I took my leave, little ſuſpecting how long it would be before I ſhould return into his friendly houſe; and far from foreſeeing how much my friendſhip might coſt him.

When I returned, I learned that Urban was become calm; and had forgotten, or feigned to forget, our altercation. Ferdinand had retired; I aſcended to his apartment. The tender familiarity with which he honoured me, allowed me that liberty at every hour. I opened the door. I ſaw ſeveral trunks extended, and Ferdinand buſy in filling them. I cried out at this ſight, 'Ah, this tells me the cauſe of your ſorrow! It is this, that you wiſh to conceal from me! You leave me! Oh God! at what a time!' 'It is too true,' anſwered he; 'and would to God, I could conceal it even from myſelf. I quit a mother, a lover, and a friend! but my father muſt be obeyed. 'I loſe you,' ſaid I. 'Alas! what will become of me! Who will now preſerve me from the fury of your father? At leaſt, your preſence taught me to ſupport his injuries. Can I now anſwer for myſelf?' 'Be yet patient,' ſaid he, 'for another year. I ſhall not be longer abſent. On my return, I ſhall be united to Honoria. Her deſign is to demand you of him, on the day of marriage. Decency will not permit him to refuſe the requeſt in preſence of both our families. I can give you no further comfort,' ſaid he, embracing me; 'and is not ſuch a hope, Itanoko, worth all that it will coſt you to buy it?' 'But cannot I go with you?' ſaid I. 'My father will not conſent to that,' ſaid he. 'I have propoſed it to him. I have long ſince depoſited with Bruno the two thouſand crowns which you returned on the day of the revolt. It will be a reſource.

Bruno will never abandon you: and Honoria, think you that she will ever forget you?'

He made some vain efforts to console me. I saw he had reason on his side; yet it was of no avail. This fatal departure was to me the signal of all my future miseries. I could not yet foresee them; I could not even suspect them; but I felt them: and, by a sentiment, which was inconceivable to myself, while I would have given my blood to have followed Ferdinand, I saw the accomplishment of that very wish would have caused new anguish to me. It seemed, as if my heart would have been torn from me, had I been driven from St. Domingo, I avow it to my shame: I know not if this terror had not as much share in my distress as the loss of Ferdinand. Be it that we have presentiments of ill; or rather that the active imagination of man is like a glass that reproduces, under a thousand forms, the chagrins of the soul, who, the dupe of this illusion, fancies she sees into futurity; for my part, it has rarely happened, that this strange feeling has not given me alarms, previous to all the great events of my life. It foreran the battle, the hour of my flight to Urban's vessel, the conspiracy of the negroes: it pressed upon me now, and it did not deceive me.

I concealed not from Ferdinand the involuntary contradiction of my sentiments. He attributed this to the tumultuous scenes through which I had passed, since my separation from Amelia, and which had destroyed the natural equilibrium of my mind. We passed the night in mutual condolence. Alas! he was more courageous than I, while he suffered more. I was only to be deprived of a friend; he of a friend and a lover. He informed me, that his father being about to quit commerce, was sending him to France, to wind up some affairs which were intricate, and required the presence of one of them. He hoped a whole year would not be necessary for this purpose, and that he should probably return sooner than he had given me reason to expect.

All was ready. The day of his departure arrived; the sailors of the vessel, in which he was to embark, came to carry away his luggage, and informed him that the wind was fair. At these words, melting into tears, I precipitated myself into his arms. 'Cherish,' cried he, 'the principles, which we have cultivated together. These will console and sustain you; they will befriend you more powerfully than I. Be faithful to them; they will not abandon you to misery.' We held each other long embraced without speaking. He snatched himself from my arms. 'Carry my homage to Honoria,' said he, 'respect her, she has promised me to watch over your happiness.'

He went to the apartment of his father, who wished to conduct him on board. They went out silently, to spare the tender heart of madam Urban the pain of a farewell. I followed them. Urban, dextrous at dissimulation, appeared to have forgotten our quarrel of the preceding morning. He spoke to me with gentleness. We took a boat from the port, and were soon on board the vessel. She was already under way; we remained but an instant in her. I seized the hand of Ferdinand. I laid it on my heart; it was the only action of which I was capable. His father embraced him twenty times. He loved him passionately. We descended into our boat; soon were we far from the ship, which already proceeded rapidly. Urban, who had sat down to conceal his tears (the only tears which he was ever seen to shed) turned his head; still perceived his son; stretched out his arms toward him, till distance hid him from his sight. It was his last adieu: never was he to see him more.

Instead of returning to land, Urban showed our rowers a Spanish vessel, which was anchored at some distance; and ordered them to conduct us to her. I took little notice of the order; yet I saw the visit was premeditated; for the captain was on deck, ready to receive Urban. I had never observed this man to be among his acquaintance; their connexion surprised, but did not alarm me. Urban said, 'Captain, I have just bid farewell to my son, who has sailed for France; and I am come to breakfast with you, and to seek some amusement, that may dissipate my reflexions.' 'You are very welcome,' replied the captain, conducting him into the cabin. As for me, I sat down upon the deck; and there, without restraint, delivered myself up to grief.

In about an hour, a servant of the Spaniard informed me, that my presence was required in the cabin. I rose and entered. Urban, the captain, and some officers, were conversing in the Spanish language; which Urban spoke extremely well. When he perceived me, he said in French, with an air of familiar complaisance (which he so well knew to use on such occasions) 'my poor Itanoko, you are as sorrowful as I am; but you will not refuse to give these gentlemen an idea of your talents, to repay them for their kind reception of me. Come, take this harp; touch it, and accompany it with your voice.' 'You know I am scarcely in a condition to sing,' said

ſaid I; 'but there is nothing I will not do to oblige you.' 'Except to beat my negro woman,' anſwered he. I was ſilent. I ſaw him ſmile and wink at the Spaniſh captain. 'Is it poſſible he can have informed him?' ſaid I to myſelf. 'Then theſe Europeans have not the ſame modeſty as we. A negro would not ſpeak ſo willingly of his ſhame.

I took the harp. I ran over a prelude; then, ſang theſe couplets.

Melodious lyre, that erſt could yield
Impaſſion'd ſounds, in friendſhip's praiſe,
Henceforth be mute; or be my grief
Henceforth the ſubject of thy lays.

The gen'rous act, the grateful heart,
Thy favourite theme no longer be;
For he, for whom thou'rt wont to ſwell,
No longer hears thy harmony.

Neglect and ſilence be thy doom;
Nor chear the night, nor wake the morn.
In joyleſs apathy remain,
Like me, deſponding and forlorn.

Thy dulcet ſong no more muſt breathe
The mingling chords of mirth and glee;
For he, for whom thou'rt wont to ſwell,
No longer hears thy harmony.

When I had ceaſed, they covered me with eulogiums. They praiſed my voice, the facility of my execution, and the expreſſion of my couplets. 'I have never heard them,' ſaid Urban; 'from whence did you take them?' 'I made them for the occaſion,' anſwered I. 'What! extempore?' cried all the company. 'That is impoſſible,' added Urban. 'There is no great merit in it,' returned I, 'when I have juſt bid your ſon farewell.' Then the applauſes were redoubled. Such are in general the Europeans. A ſpark of talents throws them into enthuſiaſm.

But at Paris this ſpecies of extacy is no more than a mode. Theſe *ephemerons*, pretty ſometimes, uſually inſipid, are received with tranſport: eſpecially by the women. But how! while the ſinger or reciter of his own verſes ſimply imagines the whole circle have but one ear for him, the miſtreſs of the houſe trifles with her dog—a young abbé ſatirizes the head dreſs of madam the counteſs—a petit-maitre contemplates in a glaſs the brilliant reflexion of his buttons, or turns over the numerous toys of his watch—and a fine wit inceſſantly baniſhes ſilence, by requiring it from the whole company; while a favourite phyſician avails himſelf of theſe moments, to write the ſcandal of the morning on the tablets of a hypochondriac lady. The ſinger (or reciter) ceaſes: it is the ſignal; banished attention flies back, like lightning. It is charming, delicious, divine! The chorus ſhakes the houſe almoſt to the foundation. One of theſe complaiſant ladies, in the courſe of a day, viſited ten houſes with one of theſe amiable ſtanza manufacturers. Ten times he ſung, ten times ſhe entreated a copy of the verſes which cauſed her ſuch raptures. One evening, an abbé looked over her portfolio. 'Ah!' ſaid ſhe, 'there are ten ſongs of ſuch-a-one! read, read! each is more beautiful than another. Ah what an inexhauſtible genius!' He opened, read. They were *ten copies of the ſame* ſong. How many enormous reputations have no other origin!

My couplets had a merit which I was far from ſuſpecting. They exactly ſuited the deſigns of Urban. I ought to have doubted the extraordinary kindneſs he laviſhed on me: but I was ſo occupied with my ſorrow, as to pay little attention to what *paſſed around me*. He ſpoke a few words to the captain, who anſwered only by ſtriking the hand of Urban. Soon after we returned to the port. My firſt care was to viſit Honoria. I found her oppreſſed with ſorrow; and her tears renewed mine. She wiſhed to be informed of every thing that Ferdinand had done or ſaid, till the moment of his departure. She feared, that I ſhould hide even the leaſt geſture from her; and again, again, and again, ſhe made me repeat the *ſame* things. I ſpoke, by chance, of our viſit to the Spaniard, and of what had paſſed in the ſhip. Honoria heard me with ſurpriſe, and was long loſt in thought. 'Do you know to what this viſit tends?' ſaid ſhe, 'No,' anſwered I; 'it does not affect me.' 'But I am not ſo tranquil,' returned Honoria. She ſaid no more on this ſubject; and ſoon after diſmiſſed me.

Her obſervation ſurpriſed me. I could not conceive the meaning of it. The careſſes of Urban continued. They ſeemed to increaſe; and this aſtoniſhed me more than the language of Honoria. In the mean while, the Spaniſh captain came to the houſe. I remarked, that he went away diſpleaſed: and ſome epithets, which he beſtowed on Urban, led me to ſuppoſe, that there was ſome miſunderſtanding between them, in their commercial concerns: I was not deceived: but little did I ſuſpect the ſpecies of commerce which was the ſubject of their quarrel. On the third day, ſcarcely had I ariſen, when I was informed that a perſon aſked for me. I deſcended

ſcended from from my chamber, and found a ſtranger with Urban. 'Are you called Itanoko?' ſaid he to me. 'Yes,' I anſwered. 'It is he of whom you ſpoke?' ſaid he to Urban.—'The ſame.' After theſe two queſtions, the ſtranger ſat down at a table; took a pen, and wrote ſome lines. When he had finiſhed, he preſented the paper to Urban, who read and put it into his pocket. 'It is perfectly right,' ſaid Urban. Then the ſtranger took ſome ſmall papers out of his pocket-book; while Urban ſat down at the table, and wrote in his turn. Having finiſhed, he made a ſign to the ſtranger, who approached, and read the writing to himſelf. 'It is well,' ſaid he, placing the ſmall papers which he held in his hand, on the table and adding, 'one, two, three, four, five, all at ſight on the bank of Bourdeaux.' He folded the paper which Urban had written; and placing it in his pocket-book, took his hat and cane, and wiſhed Urban a good morning; then ſaid to me, 'come Itanoko.' 'Whither?' anſwered I. 'Follow the gentleman,' ſaid Urban with a compoſed look. I ſuppoſed there was ſome commiſſion for me to execute; and I went out with him.

I followed him a long time, without his ſpeaking to me. He walked very ſwiftly. We went out of the city; and when we had advanced about five hundred paces into the country, he ſaid to me: 'Undoubtedly you know all Urban's people?'—'Perfectly, Sir.' 'Obſerve then,' added he, 'if there be any, who follow us.' I caſt my eyes as far as my view could extend, and ſaid to him, 'I do not perceive one.' He then ſtepped up to a garden gate, which was near us; and opening it with a key, we entered into a very pleaſant ſpot of ground, at the further end of which was a ſmall houſe. We went into this houſe, and he ordered breakfaſt. He made me ſit beſide him, and invited me to partake with him. This conduct, ſo uncommon in the American iſles, ſurpriſed, but did not diſconcert me. I placed myſelf at the table without ceremony, already prejudiced in favour of my hoſt: ſo true is it, that a ſingle geſture, a word, is ſufficient to produce this ſentiment. And why? becauſe the ſoul often paints itſelf by a trifle.

He ſpoke of indifferent things during breakfaſt. I anſwered him with all honeſt freedom; and he ſaid, 'You are worthy to be the pupil of Ferdinand.'—'Then you know Ferdinand?' ſaid I.' No.' ſaid he; 'this is the ſecond time I have been in the houſe of M. Urban; and yeſterday was the firſt; but I have heard of his ſon's worth.' It was to place me in my carcer; and I celebrated my friend, my benefactor. 'You are an honeſt lad,' ſaid he, riſing and ſtriking me on the ſhoulder. He then went to a deſk, which was in the room, and ſat down to write a letter. I thought it was for this which I had for to wait. A book was near me. I took it up, and retired to a window to amuſe myſelf.

When he had finiſhed the letter, he rang the bell, and a negro appeared. He whiſpered to him, gave him the letter, and the domeſtic went out. Then he approached me, and renewed the converſation of our breakfaſt time. I began to wonder that he did not diſmiſs me; but, as I was perfectly ſatisfied, I did not expreſs my ſurpriſe. In about two hours, he looked at his watch. 'It is nearly noon,' ſaid he, 'I muſt go to the 'change.' He prepared to go out; and I to follow him. His cook entered. 'Do not expect me to dinner,' ſaid he. 'I ſhall not return till ſix in the evening. Take good care of Itanoko, and endeavour to amuſe him.' 'But ſir,' ſaid I to him, with an air that marked my embarraſſment—'and M. Urban, ſir,—'M. Urban,' anſwered he with a ſmile, 'is no way uneaſy on your account. Do you alſo be without inquietude. This day is not, perhaps, the leaſt happy of your life. He left me.

'What can he mean? What can this myſtery be deſigned to veil? Yet why alarm myſelf?' ſaid I, after ſome moments in ſilence. This man has perfectly the air of honour; nor are he and M. Urban obliged to conſide their ſecrets with me. Shall I be pardoned this little vanity? but, this circumſtance of my life perhaps beſt proves the uprightneſs of my character. I had ſo little fear of treachery, notwithſtanding the dreadful inſtances I had experienced, ſo little did it enter into my mind, that even Urban, for ſome vile gain, could forget the ſacred engagements which he had to the man who had ſaved his life, and to his ſon, whoſe deareſt friend this man was, that I had not the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion, although the truth was palpable. Such too was my candour, that, if this ſuſpicion had ariſen, I ſhould at that time have driven it away as a crime. My only fear, in ſeparating from Ferdinand, had been that the remorſe temper of Urban would too often inform me of the horror of unjuſt ſlavery. My alarms had never proceeded further.

I therefore patiently waited the return of my unknown friend. I entered into converſation with his domeſtick. He had but three, the two whom I had ſeen, and an old free negro who amuſed himſelf in cultivating the garden. Theſe good people talked

talked to me in their master's praise, as if they had long known me; an eulogium which is never deceitful. They informed me that his name was Dumenil; that he was a broker of the 'change. 'Every other broker is immensely rich,' said one of them to me; 'as to him, this house is his only wealth. He has, however, as much employment as any of them; but he exercises it with a probity little known here.' The house was pretty—but without any magnificence. The furniture, and every thing around it, had the enchanting air of propriety. While they led me throughout the whole, I endeavoured to recollect the face of the old negro; for his countenance did not seem unknown to me. 'I think I have seen you before,' said I to him. 'Certainly,' answered he, 'often at father Bruno's.' 'Now I remember,' replied I; 'and is he known to M. Dumenil?' 'Yes,' said he. 'he is M. Dumenil's most intimate friend, and also the best I have in the world. He placed me in this house. We have travelled together; for he was not always an ecclesiastic. But when he entered into holy orders, we were obliged to separate.'

'I am now more convinced,' said I to myself, 'that I have no cause for apprehension, since here is a friend of father Bruno's. I passed my day without weariness; but not without conjectures concerning the cause, which could have conducted me to this house. I hazarded some words to these domestics, which was designed as questions; but they led to no explications. I judged by their answers that they knew as little of the mystery as myself. As they returned to the theme of their master's virtues, I expressed my surprize, that he had not taken a companion to his bosom. 'He has never been willing,' said the old negro, although frequent advantageous opportunities have presented themselves. He has a brother, of whom he has not heard these twenty years. I have no doubt he is dead; but my master enjoys the chimerical hope of seeing him again; and it is to preserve the unmixed right of dividing his little fortune with him, that makes him decline every engagement.

During I returned at six, as he had promised; and I saw him again with pleasure. The discourse of his people had confirmed my sentiments of esteem for him, and it was already almost friendship with which he inspired me.

He enquired, with goodness, how I had passed the day; and I informed him with gratitude. 'You have been with good people,' said he, 'who obey me joyfully.' 'It is that you command them with gentleness,' answered I; 'which is not the mode in this country.' 'You are right,' said he, 'and I am not among the last who pity the sufferings of your countrymen.' 'Are they without remedy?' said I to him. 'I believe they are,' replied he, 'till the supreme authority of the mother country shall interfere, and remove the evil. I will add, that the depravity of manners is the fountain of that evil; while the resources of luxury are found in your slavery, not a link of your chains shall be lightened.'

Night was come. 'This is the hour,' said he, 'to give you some insight into the business of this day. Your patience has been sufficiently proved; follow me.' 'I respected you too much,' answered I, 'to question you; and I have been without any uneasiness.' I spoke the truth: however, I felt a strong curiosity to pierce through the mystery, which had surrounded me since morning.

We left the garden, and took the road to the city. After running through several streets, Dumenil knocked at the door of an elegant house. My thoughts were so much occupied, that I did not recollect the house. We entered. What was my surprize! Honoria was the first person who presented herself to me. 'Ah!' cried I, 'by what happiness——Why did you not inform me that it was here I was expected. I would have come in the morning.' 'That was precisely the thing we did not wish,' answered Honoria, with a smile. 'Madam,' said Dumenil, 'I have brought Iranko safe to you. At present you have no further call for my services; and I take my leave of you.' 'How,' said Honoria, 'won't you stay, and sup with us?' 'No, I thank you,' answered he; 'you know how much fatigue I have had during the day; I must take a little repose.' He bowed and retired.

'Why,' said I, 'am I with Honoria? or rather, why in the house of her father, M. de C——? Why not conducted in the morning? Why not returned to Urban?' Honoria had too much goodness not to hear my questions patiently—'You shall know every thing,' said she; 'but not now; an indiscretion on my part might place your life in danger;—judge if I must not be silent. It was my duty to do what I have done. Let that satisfy you. Suffer yourself to be overruled, and know that all depends upon your obedience.'

Her father appeared in a little time.—He caressed me with friendship, and spoke to the family purpose as his daughter. He himself showed me the apartment in which I was to sleep for this night. With pleasure

sure I found there all my effects; they were considerable, but were dear to me only as I had received them entirely from the goodness of Ferdinand. I was now convinced, that I had quitted Urban forever. I found myself with friends, who would protect me till the return of Ferdinand. It was the sole wish of my heart.

For the first time, I suspected that Urban had sold me. 'The despicable Urban,' said I, 'respects nothing; to whom has he sold me? To Honoria's father? Has he, then, such little sensibility, as to brave the silent reproaches of his son? of her, who must be his daughter? and, in short of myself.'

A domestic drew me from these reflexions. Honoria demanded my presence. Her father was in the room with her. 'My friend,' said this respectable old man, 'let not the proposition I have to make, alarm you. In despite of my age, my credit, and the general esteem with which I am honoured, you could scarcely remain here without danger. It is your interest and our's, that those, who know you, and Urban above all, should lose every trace of you for some time.' 'What can this mean?' said I to myself: 'is it not then to them he has sold me?'

'Fifteen leagues from hence,' continued M. de C——, 'I have a plantation at the foot of the mountains, which separate us from the Spanish part of this country. It is a solitary place; there you will be far from all observation. You will be undisturbed, and at liberty to yield yourself, without reserve, to your taste for study. I have taken particular care of that object; and nothing shall be wanting to render you comfortable. My daughter and I will sometimes visit you. Time will slide away: it will lead Ferdinand back to us; then this species of exile will cease, and affairs will take a very different aspect.' 'Whatever it may cost me,' said I 'to be separated from such friends, command: I am ready to obey you.' 'Well,' replied he, 'take a short repose. A negro, who is in my greatest confidence, has received my orders. You will depart together before day. I have charged him with my instructions for the overseer of this plantation. You will receive from him the same attentions which you would here with us.' 'But,' said I, smiling, 'have you not the complaisance to discover a secret, which begins to interest me? May I not know'——'To what purpose?' said Honoria: 'to torment you, without any benefit. At a future day, you shall laugh at what now afflicts you. Then leave to friends, who know events better than you, the care of guiding you.'

Compelled to silence by this answer, I kissed the hand of Honoria, and took my leave of her father. 'Be not uneasy,' said he, as he embraced me: 'while I live, while my daughter shall live, we will preserve you, for the sake of Ferdinand.'

At three in the morning, the negro awakened me. We slept into a post-chaise and departed. We were at the distance of three leagues from the city, when day appeared. My conductor was pleased with the speed we had made. He feared (as I have since known) being pursued by those from whom the carriage, although with M. de C——'s arms on it, would not have been able to protect me. This negro was an honest man, and very worthy of his master's attachment. He was born on the Gold coast, and had been brought a child to St. Domingo. The mother of M. de C—— had bought him, and made a present of him to her son. They were of the same age. M. de C—— afterwards went into the East India company's service. This negro followed him in various campaigns; and, in one engagement, was happy enough to save his masters life. His immediate liberty had been his just recompense; but he had no ambition beyond the happiness of passing his life with the man whom he regarded as a friend, rather than a master.

We arrived the same day at the plantation. My conductor delivered his instructions to the overseer, and enjoined him to adhere strictly to them. I was shown into a very agreeable apartment; and, after some refreshment, laid me down to repose. My conductor, who had taken his leave of me, set off, early the next morning, for the city.

I passed near five months in this abode with some tranquility. On one side was presented to the view a considerable chain of mountains, and vast shades of dark forests; the asylum of negroes, who sometimes seek for liberty far from their tyrants, and find only famine and death: on the other side, a sandy, desert plain, which separated these possessions from other cantons. Thus was formed a narrow tract of land, which was watered by a stream that flowed from the mountains. The physical position of this plantation, the burning sand and stormy mountains that enclosed it, even the awful silence which hung over the place, all seemed to have detached from the rest of nature the field of a virtuous man.

Here, for the first time, I saw Theodore de C——, the unworthy brother of Honoria. Here, far from his father's eyes, he came, with the companions of his riots, to give free scope to his irregular passions; but

but that, which chiefly ſerved him in theſe exceſſes, was the criminal complaiſance of the overſeer. I had time to develope the character of this man. He was one of thoſe, whom crimes have baniſhed from their native country and driven into a foreign land, where they ſpread the vices with which they are infected. Aided by a certain ſpecies of talents, and lying recommendations, he had been introduced to M. de C——; he had obtained the management of this plantation; and covering his rapines with an apparent zeal for the ſervice of his maſter, he advanced towards fortune by a way unhappily too much frequented. His yoke was a yoke of iron to the poor negroes. The labour of theſe unfortunate people would not have been immoderate, had they only to ſatisfy Mr. de C——; for he was a gentle maſter. But they were compelled to exceed the bounds he had preſcribed, to gratify the avaricious extortions of the agent. It may ſeem aſtoniſhing, that their complaints ſhould not have reached the ears of Mr. de C——: but thoſe, who have ſuffered, will know how timid an oppreſſed man is, and how powerful is the oppreſſor. The proprietor arrives. The agent never quits him. He points out thoſe, whoſe ſpirit he fears, as ſeditious ſlaves. If they dare to ſpeak, the proprietor (already prejudiced) gives little attention; and, ſoon as he is at a diſtance, rigorous chaſtiſement gratifies the vengeance of the exaſperated overſeer. Yet, in this will be ſeen too faithful a picture of the greater part of the plantations. Thus too often theſe maſters abandon the fate of a portion of innocent humanity, to men, who, by new crimes, recover, at an extremity of the world, the importance which former crimes had forfeited in their native country. The age of M. de C—— preſaged to the overſeer a new reign; and by flattering the paſſions of the young Theodore, he endeavoured to ſtrengthen himſelf in his poſt. His ambition went a ſtep further: by multiplied loans, which ſerved the diſſipation of the unhappy youth, he hoped, at the death of the father, to poſſeſs himſelf of this part of the inheritance; and thus to become maſter, after having been a deſpicable valet.

I was confirmed in my firſt ſuſpicions of this man's policy, by the obſervation of ſome negroes, who were pleaſed to make me the confidant of their grievances. The pity, which I could neither refuſe to them, nor diſguiſe, rendered me the object of the overſeer's hatred. He alſo feared me as a dangerous witneſs of his conduct, who might ſoon unveil it to Mr. de C——. But his orders reſpecting me were ſo poſitive, that he dared neither drive me from the place, nor even diſoblige me.

Theodore at firſt regarded me only as a young man, who would ſerve as a companion for his irregularities. He had not the uſual prejudice of the Europeans, who think they diſhonour themſelves by admitting us to their ſociety: but it was debauchery alone that gave him this apparent philoſophy. It depended then ſolely on my pleaſure to be always with him: but his amuſements were too far removed from my taſte, to permit me to accept of an equality, to which my principles muſt have been ſacrificed: I ſtood aloof, with a reſerve which my ſituation ſeemed to require: and I was proud to have preſerved my inclinations pure, and not to have ſtained the dignity of man by the condition of ſlavery.

(To be continued.)

BARBARITY OF JANVIER.

THE following narrative by Mr. Long, at once ſhows the relentleſs power of hunger, and how much of the ferocious and ſavage animal enters into the human conſtitution.

One Janvier, a French Canadian belonging to a trader of the name of Fulton, being obliged to divide his men into two parties, which is called *Caw-way*, or caſting lots, which party ſhall hunt and fiſh, and which ſhall ſtay with the maſter, did ſo accordingly. The fiſhing party conſiſted of Charles Janvier, Francis St. Ange, and Louis Dufreſne, all natives of Canada, who, being provided with axes, icecutters, and fiſhing materials, ſet off, and at the expiration of eight days arrived at a convenient place, where they built a hut, in which they lived for ſome time tolerably well; but fiſhing failing them, and having no ſucceſs in hunting, they were almoſt ſtarved. In this ſituation, ſaid the chief, the bad ſpirit entered into Janvier, and he being the ſtrongeſt man, ſupported hunger better than his companions, by which he was enabled ſoon after to effect a diabolical purpoſe he had formed, of killing the firſt Indian who ſhould come in his way, and which he had declared he would do. In the height of their diſtreſs,

Janvier

Janvier perceived a ſavage at ſome diſtance, with a load at his back, and inſtantly returning to the hut, told his poor dejected partners of their approaching relief. They inſtantly got up, though very weak, and came out of the hut as faſt as their feeble limbs would allow them. The Indian arrived, took off his load, which was only two otters, and two hares, and gave them to Janvier, who received them with great ſatisfaction; and when he had skinned them, boiled them in the kettle without cleanſing them, ſo extreme was their hunger. This ſeaſonable relief was ſoon devoured, and from the eagerneſs with which Janvier eat, and the ſatisfaction which appeared in his countenance when he looked at the ſavage, the men were in hopes he had forgot the raſh determination he had formed, and flattered themſelves his mind was not ſo depraved, as to entertain a thought of doing an injury to the man whoſe timely aſſiſtance ſaved their lives. The next morning, the Indian told them, he was ſorry he could not aſſiſt them further, having no ammunition, but that he was going to Mr. Fulton for a ſupply.

Janvier's heart being inexorable even to the kindneſs he had received, he deſired the ſavage to aſſiſt him in placing a large log of wood on the fire, as his companions were unable to do it. The Indian cheerfully complied, and ſtooping to take it up, Janvier knocked him down with an axe, and dragged him to the door of the hut, cut him up, and with the moſt unfeeling barbarity, put as much of the fleſh of his deliverer into the kettle as he thought ſufficient for a meal. When it was dreſſed, he compelled Francois St. Agne, and Louis Dufreſne, to partake of it, and obliged them to kiſs the croſs which hung at his breaſt, and ſwear by all the Saints, never to reveal the tranſaction; threatening, at the ſame time, that if they did they ſhould ſhare the ſame fate. Intimidated by his threats, and the certainty that he would fulfil them, they ſolemnly promiſed perfect compliance with his injunctions. Having overcome their firſt averſion, which extreme hunger had occaſioned, they ate immoderately of the horrid meal, and ſoon after fell ſick, with violent retchings. During their indiſpoſition they complained to each other ſoftly, that it was eating the Indian's fleſh which had occaſioned their ſickneſs: Janvier overhearing them, called them fools and raſcals, and aſked them if they were afraid the ſavage would come to life again; and with an inſolent ſneer deſired them to tell him which they thought the beſt part of a man? The poor fellows only replied, they were very ſick, and could not tell the cauſe. In a few days (having no other proviſion) the Indian was eaten up, and Janvier determined to have human fleſh if no other could be obtained. To this end he ſought an opportunity to quarrel with St. Ange—Dufreſne not daring to interfere in the diſpute. Janvier, willing, however, to appear as plauſible in the eyes of Dufreſne as poſſible, widened the breach very artfully, till pretending he was no longer able to contain his anger, aſked Dufreſne if he did not think St. Ange deſerved the Indian's fate, for daring to ſay, he would reveal the circumſtance he had ſo ſolemnly ſworn to conceal. Dufreſne dreading the conſequences of differing with him in ſentiment, ſaid he thought St. Agne was to blame; upon which reply, Janvier immediately ſtruck him with an axe, and killed him: he then cut him up, and boiled a part, of which he obliged Dufreſne to partake, he not daring to ſhew any reluctance. Fortunately for Dufreſne the weather became more moderate, and having caught plenty of fiſh, they propoſed to return to their maſter. Janvier, intoxicated with the ideas of his ſuperiority, obliged Dufreſne to drag him in an Indian ſley to Mr. Fulton's houſe—a cruel impoſition upon him, and a dreadful ſervice to a weak emaciated man; but knowing he was unable to reſiſt, he made a virtue of neceſſity, and obeyed the tyrant with ſeeming cheerfulneſs. On the journey he was frequently reminded of his oath, and the fatal conſequences that would attend him if he ſhould ever divulge the ſecret, which Janvier aſſured him would produce inſtant death.

The enormity of this wretch's guilt, above what is moſt horrid in animal ferocity and rage, ſeems to favour the Manichean doctrine of an evil ſpirit pervading nature, and of dæmons or devils mixing and ſhedding their baleful influences on human ſouls. It will doubtleſs be a ſatisfaction to the reader to be informed, that this ſon of hell was brought by Mr. Fulton to confeſſion and condign puniſhment.

AGRICULTURE EXPERIMENT.

A Farmer in the vicinage of Epping, lately made the following experiment.

Late in the month of April laſt, he prepared a piece of ground for ſixteen buſhels of oats; the evening before it was ſown

ſown, he had eight buſhels put into a trough, and covered with water; the next morning the water was drained off, and the oats laid in a heap to drain for about half an hour: then plaiſter of Paris in powder was thrown thereon in ſmall quantities at a time, and mixed with the oats, until they acquire a ſufficient degree of dryneſs to be ſown evenly; in this proceſs one buſhel of the powder was conſumed:—the ſeed thus prepared, and dry ſeed from the ſame original heap, were ſown on alternate lands throughout the field.

The whole came up together, and in due time, nor was any difference viſible for the firſt eight days; from that period, however, the diſtinction became evident; the oats on the land ſown with the prepared ſeed, was more luxuriant, and on the 28th of July were cut, whilſt thoſe of the unprepared were not yet ripe.

After the whole was cut, it appeared that the produce of the prepared eight buſhels, exceeded that of the unprepared by twenty-ſix buſhels and a half; beſides the produce of the prepared ſeed, exceeded in the weight of its buſhels that of the unprepared ſeed by one pound and a quarter.

The advantages of the above proceſs, ſo ſimple in itſelf, being ſo manifeſt, will no doubt excite many perſons to follow the example.

ESSAY concerning the HAPPINESS of the different STATIONS in LIFE, and the various STAGES of HUMAN SOCIETY.

THE comparative happineſs of the different ſtations in life, the advantages and diſadvantages of the varying condition of human ſociety, are points which have been frequently and fully diſcuſſed. The ſubject ſeems not, however, to be totally exhauſted; and the obſervation I am going to make is, if I miſtake not, in a great meaſure new.

The ſweet ſleep of the labouring man, the robuſt health of the village ſwain, have long been favourite topicks of declamation. Nor has the poet's *golden mean*, the eaſe and independence of a handſome competence, been celebrated in ſtrains of panegyrick leſs ſublime. Yet will the apologiſts of either of theſe ſtations be found, perhaps, inferior in number to the profeſſed admirers of wealth, of luxury, of ſplendor, and of power.

The ſame diverſity of opinion takes place with regard to the progreſs of ſociety. The firſt rude age, in which man's whole wants were ſupplied by the wild fruits of the wood, by the refreſhing ſtream, and the ſheltering cave, has been extolled by ſome as the golden æra of human felicity; while every ſtep towards art, induſtry, and politeneſs, has been conſidered as an advance towards depravation and miſery. Man in thoſe primitive times has, by others, been regarded as hardly diſtinguiſhed from the inferior animals; and attempts have been made to prove, that the perfection of our nature, and our real happineſs, invariably keep pace with civilization and refinement of every kind.

So ſpecious are the arguments advanced on all ſides, ſo equally blended the good and evil attendant on each particular ſtate, that the diſpaſſionate enquirer will find it extremely difficult to give a deciſive preference to any one.

But, though we do not allow the happineſs of the higher ranks, or of the more advanced ſtages in ſociety, to be at all ſuperior to that of the loweſt ſtations, or the moſt uncultivated ages, there is yet, methinks, the greateſt ſatisfaction in paſſing from the one to the other.

Let it be admitted, that neither eaſe, nor affluence, nor all the ſoft refinements of a luxurious age, can beſtow ſolid and laſting enjoyment. Yet can it not be denied, that every additional article of convenience, every new ſpecies of accommodation, brings at leaſt in the moment of its acquiſition, new and real pleaſure along with it. Familiarity, it will be ſaid, ſoon begets indifference and inſenſibility; and the man who had conſidered a certain change of condition as the ſummit of all his wiſhes, finds himſelf not one jot happier than before. Granted. But he will experience further gratification in a tranſition to further degrees of more ſtudied and more refined indulgence. The man therefore, who has moved gradually on from the humbleſt to the moſt exalted *ſpheres of life*, the people that have advanced with rapidity from barbariſm to high improvement and civilization, have, in my opinion, taſted of a greater portion of happineſs than they can poſſibly have done who have remained at any one point, be that point fixed where it will.

Thus the traveller, who viſits various

and distant regions, though none of the countries into which he advances are, every circumstance considered, superior to those he leaves behind, yet feels in every step of his progress, feels in the mere act of traversing a large extent of the surface of this globe, a certain sensation of pleasure, which he, who remains attached to a single spot, cannot even figure in imagination.

It is a favourite doctrine with certain philosophers, that a man's riches and his happiness are not to be estimated by the sum of his wealth, or the number of his enjoyments, but by the proportion between his wants and his ability to supply them. The man, say these speculists, who feels no desire which he cannot fully gratify, has arrived at the summit of human felicity. But does not this reasoning prove too much? And, from the same premises from which this is inferred, may we not fairly conclude, that the condition of an oyster is as much to be envied as the state of the most exalted creature in the creation of God?

If we judge of the sentiments of mankind upon this point from their invariable practice, we shall see that they have, in all ages, uniformly given the lie to these pretended philosophers. If we consider that love of change, that restless activity, which so strongly characterise our frame, we shall no longer upbraid bustling and ambitious spirits with pursuing a shadow instead of a substance; we shall, on the contrary, pronounce that they have followed the original bent of human nature, that they have acted properly, that in proportion to their success, they have augmented their sum of happiness.

ON THE PRIDE OF NOBILITY.

THE vanity founded on imaginary nobility, flows from the same tainted spring, as that founded on the antiquity of a nation; every one accounting himself the more noble, the more ancient the date of his nobility.

Nobility is not, indeed, without its value, when acquired by personal merit, or the eminent services of ancestors; but to pride one's self absolutely in a title and coat of arms, or even on the services of ancestors, so as to neglect the acquirement of personal merit, is a ridicule not to be too severely exposed. A noble birth, in right honourables of shallow understandings, produces only pride. Self-esteem in noblemen, whose honour it is to be descended from heroes or sages, but whose misfortune it is to bear little or no resemblance to them, makes no better figure than a young gentleman out at the elbows, to boast of the illustrious blood which boils in his veins.

Scarce a farmer or tradesman in Spain is without his genealogical table; which, like those in vogue among the Irish, seldom stop short of Noah's ark. This chimerical nobility will not allow a Spanish farmer to put his hand to the plough. Labour, they think, is fit only for slaves. Two hours work in a day is as much as a man of a liberal way of thinking can stoop to. The consequence of this is, he hires some foreigner to till his grounds and dispose of their product, while he lounges at home; or, at most, exercises his fingers on a guitar. But when such a high-born husbandman debases his hands so as to guide the plough, he has a way of dignifying this mean occupation, sticking some cock's feathers in his hat, with his cloak and sword lying by him; but on the appearance of company, he immediately quits the plough, throws on his cloak, claps his toledo under his arm, stroaks his mustachios, and struts like a gentleman taking the air. A Frenchman and beggar are the same thing with the commonalty in Spain, multitudes of French resorting thither for work, especially in the time of vintage: and the Swissers are in a fair way of being looked on in no better light; for I see every day, and with extreme concern I see it, companies of sturdy Roman Catholic Swissers, with their pretty wives and flock of children, tramping away to Spain, as they themselves say, *to avoid starving at home; and who can blame us?*

The Florentine nobility are extremely reserved and haughty towards foreigners who cannot prove their nobility, and, in reality, may be only commoners; yet amidst all this sastuousness, it is a known fact, that in the palaces and finest houses of Florence, there is a little window to the street with an iron knocker, and over it an empty flask, as a sign that wine is to be sold there, even by the single flask. There is no inconsistency in a Florentine nobleman selling a pound of raisins, or a yard of ribbon, or a flask of rot-gut wine; yet would he think it a sad derogation

from

from his nobility to introduce an Engliſhman, however great his merit might be, if not of quality, into public aſſemblies, where every one takes on him the title of prince, marquis, count, &c.

At Verona, a decayed noble, of one of the firſt families of that city, attends foreigners as *Cicerone*, or interpreter, to ſhew them the curioſities of the place. Coming into the coffee houſe with an acquaintance of mine, he very cordially reliſhed the title of *excellency*, which was profuſely given him by his brother nobles. The public places at Naples, ſwarm with ſuch excellencies in thread-bare cloth of gold waiſtcoats, but ſcarce a pair of ſtockings.

The mountains of Piedmont and the county of Nice, conceal the remains of ſome illuſtrious families, now reduced to farming and huſbandry, yet ſtill retaining a high ſenſe of their original dignity. An Engliſh traveller who was obliged to ſpend a night in a cottage of one of theſe dignified farmers, heard the father call to his eldeſt ſon, *chevalier as tu donné à manger aux cochons?* i. e. *knight, have you fed the pigs?*

The nobility of the Natches, a tribe of Louiſiana, term the commonalty, miche, miche, queby, which anſwers to ſtinking fellow, whilſt they themſelves conſiſt of *ſuns, nobles and honourables*. The ſuns are thoſe deſcended from a man and woman who pretend to be immediately iſſued from the ſun. This man and woman became the legiſlators of the nation, and having children, left behind them an injunction, that their iſſue ſhould always be diſtinguiſhed from the bulk of the nation; but that their blood might not be adulterated by any plebeian marriages, and to prevent the diſagreeable conſequences of their wives playing falſe, they farther enacted, that nobility ſhould be tranſmitted only through the women. Their children, of either ſex, are termed *ſuns*, and honoured as ſuch: but with the difference, that this dignity, in the males, appertained only to one man, and became extinct at his death. The ſon of a female *ſun* is a *ſun* equally with his mother, but his ſon is only a nobleman, his grandſon an *honourable*, and the latter's ſon a *ſtinking fellow*.

Such is the pride ſpringing from an imaginary antiquity; yet, on which ingenious nations value themſelves too much, and the greateſt philoſophers value themſelves as highly as the depth of their eruidition.

An ENQUIRY how far inferior ANIMALS may be ſaid to be endowed with REASON

[*From the Natural Hiſtory of Animals, juſt publiſhed.*]

THE inferior animals are ſo remarkably deficient in the reaſoning and thinking powers, when compared with man, that human pride has been tempted to deny them entirely the poſſeſſion of ſuch powers. Though we find them ſuch uſeful aſſiſtants, and at times ſuch formidable enemies, we would willingly degrade them to a rank in the order of creation ſtill lower than that which nature has aſſigned them. We delight to repreſent them as deſtitute of reaſon, and guided only by what we call inſtinct. We obſerve, that even the moſt ſagacious among them are incapable of that variety of minute diſtinctions, which our reaſoning faculties enable us to make:—They cannot take ſo full a review of the paſt, nor look forward with ſo penetrating an eye towards the future: They do not accumulate obſervation upon obſervation, or add to the experience of one generation that of another: Their manners do not vary, nor their cuſtoms fluctuate, like ours: their arts remain always the ſame, and are not liable either to degenerate, or to be improved: The crow always builds its neſt in the ſame way; every hen treats her young with the ſame meaſure of affection; even the dog, the horſe, and the ſagacious elephant, ſeem to act rather mechanically than with deſign. From ſuch haſty obſervations as theſe, it has been inferred, that the brutes are directed in their actions by ſome myſterious influence, which impels them to employ their powers unintentionally in performing actions beneficial to themſelves, and ſuitable to their nature and circumſtances.

Other opinions have, however, been formed concerning the character of the inferior animals, which are plainly inconſiſtent with this notion, and which would, therefore, lead us to ſuſpect it as falſe, even before entering into a particular examination of the grounds on which it ſtands. One of the greateſt philoſophers among the ancients (Pythagorus) was ſo fully convinced that the brutes poſſeſs the ſame powers of intelligence as men, that

he repreſented them to his diſciples as animated by ſouls which had previouſly acted a part in human bodies, and for that reaſon, enjoined them to treat thoſe their humbler brethren with gentleneſs and humanity, and to beware of ever ſhedding their blood. The ſame opinion ſtill prevails through the Eaſt; and it has actually ſuch influence on the manners of the Gentoos, that they will periſh of hunger, rather than ſhed the blood, or eat the fleſh of an animal.

This opinion, indeed, as well as that which degrades the brutes to the humble character of pieces of mere mechaniſm, may probably have originated from prejudice or careleſs obſervation. But, ſince natural hiſtory has begun to be more diligently cultivated, many obſervations have been made on the manners and œconomy of the inferior animals, which prove, that, if they are guided by inſtinct, that inſtinct is by no means a mechanical principle of action, but, in its nature and ſuſceptibility of improvement, often approaches nearly to the character of human reaſon. The manners of no one ſpecies among the brutes are uniformly the ſame in all the individuals belonging to it. Even in performing thoſe actions in which they are ſaid to be guided by unvarying inſtinct, different individuals diſplay different modes of conduct. It is probable, that if we were to examine their manners and œconomy with the ſame minute and careful attention with which we obſerve the conduct of our own ſpecies, we ſhould find thoſe of their actions which we call *inſtinctive*, much more diverſified than we imagine: the general reſemblance, the family likeneſs, would, no doubt, ſtill hold; but we ſhould ſurely diſcover the character of the individuals to be diſtinctly marked, as well as that of the ſpecies. The laws of analogical reaſoning do not juſtify the idea, that the brutes act, on any occaſion, abſolutely without deſign. On many occaſions, they unqueſtionably act with deſign; the dog obeys his maſter; he traces his footſteps, in order to overtake him: he even attempts to make returns of gratitude for the kindneſs with which he is treated. Others of the inferior animals behave in a ſimilar manner. It ſeems, therefore, more probable, the inferior animals, even in thoſe inſtances in which we cannot diſtinguiſh the motives which actuate them, or the views with which they proceed, act not altogether without deſign, and extend their views, if not a great way, yet at leaſt a certain length forward,—than that they can be, upon any occaſion, ſuch as in rearing their young, building their neſts, &c. actuated merely by feeling, or over-ruled by ſome myſterious influence, under which they are nothing but inſenſible inſtruments.

The facts from which this induction is drawn, have of late forced themſelves on obſervation, in ſuch a manner as to give riſe to a very *curious* theory.* It has been thought better to degrade mankind nearer to the ſame level with the brutes, than to elevate the brutes to the rank uſually aſſigned to mankind. The human mind has been repreſented as a bundle of inſtincts, only a little larger than thoſe bundles of the ſame materials which have been beſtowed on the brutes. Obſerving, that the inferior animals ſeemed, on many occaſions, to act upon the ſame principles with mankind, and unwilling to allow that the former can act with deſign, the author of this theory has contrived to explain the phænomena, by denying deſign to his own ſpecies.

But we will not tamely ſurrender our rights. It is better to ſhare them with others, than to be entirely deprived of them. We are conſcious of comparing ideas, and of forming deſigns. If theſe operations are called inſtincts,—very well: this is not to advance a new doctrine, but to propoſe the uſe of new terms.—Yet thoſe already in uſe ſeem ſufficiently adequate to the purpoſes for which they are employed. Let mankind ſtill be allowed to reaſon, and to act with deſign; even though it muſt be granted, that the brutes too reaſon, but not ſo ſkilfully, and form deſigns, but deſigns much leſs extenſive than thoſe of mankind.

We not only accompliſh ſuch purpoſes as we propoſe to ourſelves, by the uſe of ſuch means as prudence ſuggeſts, but we are alſo ſubject to laws, by the influence of which our conduct, whatever it be, naturally produces certain effects on our character and circumſtances, which we neither previouſly deſired nor foreſaw. The drunkard, for inſtance, ſits down only to ſwallow a liquor of which he is fond, or to join in that noiſy mirth which reigns among his fellows; but he inſenſibly acquires a habit which he did not think of, and by indulging in that habit, unintentionally produces very unhappy changes on his health and circumſtances.—The benevolent man, in the ſame manner, when he interferes to relieve his brother in diſtreſs,

* See Tranſactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. I. p. 39, to 45.

treſs, does not probably attend to all the effects which his conduct, in this inſtance, is likely to produce, either to himſelf, or to the perſon whom he relieves: and of human actions in general, it may be obſerved, that their conſequences always extend much farther than the deſign or foreſight of the agent. Beings of ſuperior intelligence might regard mankind as incapable of deſign, with juſt as much reaſon as we have to deny the brutes any guiding principle ſuperior to blind and ſimple inſtinct. We, however, are conſcious of deſign; though our deſigns are commonly narrow, and our views limited: why, then, conſign the inferior animals to the guidance of an unmeaning impulſe? Were it proper to enter more minutely at preſent into a diſcuſſion of this point, it might be eaſy to prove, by an induction of particulars, that the brutes actually compare ideas, and deduce inferences; and when we conſider their docility, and mark the variety of their manners, it appears almoſt abſurd to deny that they form deſigns, and look backward on the paſt, and forward towards the future, as well as we.

We may conclude, then, with reſpect to the inferior animals, that they poſſeſs in general, the powers of perception, memory, conſciouſneſs; with various affections, paſſions, and internal feelings; and even, though perhaps in a meaner degree, thoſe powers of comparing and judging which are neceſſary to enable an animated being to form deſigns, and to direct its actions to certain ends.—Their proſpects towards the future are evidently very confined: They cannot review the paſt with ſuch a ſteady eye as man: imagination is not, with them, ſo vigorous and active as with us, and is confined within a narrower range. But ſtill they are not abſolutely confined to preſent ſenſations; they connect ſome part of the paſt and of the future with the preſent. When we contemplate their manners, we behold not ſocial intercourſe regulated among them by the ſame forms as among us: Their characters and circumſtances differ ſo conſiderably from ours, that though the great principles of right and wrong, may, wherever they are perceived, remain the ſame to them as to us, yet the application of thoſe principles to particular caſes muſt be very different among them from what it is with us. Thus, philoſophers have fancied imaginary ſtates of human ſociety, in which the preſent laws of diſtributive and commutative juſtice could not be obſerved: but even in ſuch ſtates of ſociety, the fundamental principles of juſtice would continue obligatory, and would only be varied in their application. The brutes appear, in ſhort, to poſſeſs, but in a more imperfect degree, the ſame faculties as mankind. Inſtinct muſt always be a ſimple principle, an original feeling; the only buſineſs of which is to rouſe to action;—to call the reaſoning powers to exert themſelves. To talk of inſtinctive principles that admit of improvement, and accommodate themſelves to circumſtances, is merely to introduce new terms into the language of philoſophy. No ſuch improvement or accommodation to circumſtances can ever take place without a compariſon of ideas, and a deduction of inferences. When we conſider with how much difficulty that acquaintance with the manners and cuſtoms of mankind, which we call *knowledge of the world*, is obtained, we cannot be ſurpriſed that even philoſophers ſhould be ſo imperfectly acquainted with the more minute particulars in the manners and œconomy of the brutes. To *man* their manners are much leſs intereſting than thoſe of his own ſpecies; and there are, beſides, many difficulties to prevent us from becoming intimately acquainted with them, however earneſtly we may turn our attention to this object.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

[*From the Biographical Magazine.*]

BIOGRAPHY furniſhes us with many inſtances of perſons remarkable for the ſtrength of their memories, which, when we reflect on the extent of that faculty in the generality of mankind, might be conſidered as fabulous, were not ſome of them too well atteſted to be doubted.—Mithridates, who ruled over twenty two nations, was acquainted with all their languages, and able to expreſs himſelf with fluency in each. Hortenſius, one of the moſt celebrated orators of ancient Rome, had ſo happy a memory, that after ſtudying a diſcourſe, though he had not written down a ſingle word of it, he could repeat it exactly in the ſame manner in which he had compoſed it. His powers of mind in this reſpect were really aſtoniſhing

niſhing, and we are told, that in conſequence of a wager with one Sienna, he ſpent a whole day at an auction, and when it was ended, he recapitulated every article, that had been ſold, together with the prices, and the names of the purchaſers in their proper order, without erring in one point, as was proved by the clerk who followed him with his book. Lipſius, ſo celebrated for his erudition, remembered the whole hiſtory of Tacitus, and pledged himſelf to recite, word for word, any paſſage that might be required, conſenting, at the ſame time, to allow a perſon to ſtand by him with a dagger, and to plunge it into his body if he did not faithfully repeat the words of the author. Muret relates, that he dictated one day to a young Corſican, an innumerable multitude of Greek, Latin, and barbarous words, all diſtinct from each other, and that when he was tired of dictating, the Corſican repeated them in a reverſed order, beginning at the laſt. Theſe examples are, no doubt, aſtoniſhing; but what is related of Jedediah Buxton, a poor illiterate, Engliſh peaſant, ſeems to exceed them all.

John Buxton, the grandfather of this ſingular character, was vicar of Elmeton, a ſmall village, not far from Cheſterfield, in Derbyſhire; and his father, William Buxton, was ſchool maſter of the ſame pariſh, where Jedediah was born, about the beginning of the preſent century, in what year we cannot preciſely aſcertain: but it is probable that it was in 1704 or 1705.

Notwithſtanding the profeſſion of his father, Jedediah's education ſeems totally to have been neglected, for he never was taught either to read or write. How he came firſt to know the relative proportions of numbers, their powers and progreſſive denominations, he never could remember; but to theſe objects he applied the whole force of his mind, and upon theſe his attention was ſo conſtantly rivitted, that he frequently took no notice of external objects, and when he did, it was only with reſpect to their numbers.—This propenſity of his mind to calculation manifeſted itſelf almoſt on every occaſion, and ſeemed like a kind of inſtinct, to turn his thoughts continually to this one point. If any ſpace of time was mentioned before him, he would ſoon after ſay, that it contained ſo many minutes; and if any diſtance, he would aſſign the number of hair breadths in it, even when no queſtion was aſked him by the company.

By this method, he greatly encreaſed the powers of his memory with reſpect to figures, and ſtored up ſeveral common products in his mind, ſuch as the number of minutes in a year; of hair-breadths in a mile; and many others, to which he could have immediate recourſe when neceſſary. When he once comprehended a queſtion, which he could not do without ſome difficulty, and after a certain length of time, he began to work with amazing facility, and would leave a long queſtion half wrought, and reſume it at the end of ſeveral months, beginning where he had broke off, and proceeding regularly till it was completed.

His memory, it appears, would have been equally retentive with reſpect to other objects, had he beſtowed the ſame attention upon them; but his perpetual application to figures, for which the powers of his mind ſeem to have been wonderfully calculated, prevented him from making the ſmalleſt acquiſition in any other branch of knowledge; and his ideas on that account were as confined perhaps as thoſe of a boy of ten years of age in the ſame claſs of life. He was ſometimes aſked, on his return from church, whether he remembered the text, or any of the ſermon; but he never could repeat a ſingle word of either, ſo abſorbed had his thoughts been even during divine ſervice, either in dividing ſome time or ſpace into the ſmalleſt known parts, or reſolving ſome problem that had been given him as a teſt of his abilities. His power of abſtraction was ſo great, that no noiſe whatever could diſturb him; and when aſked any queſtion, he would immediately reply, and return to his calculation, without any confuſion, or the loſs of more time than his anſwer required. His method of working was peculiar to himſelf, and by no means the ſhorteſt and cleareſt, as will appear by the following example:

Being required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product as ſoon as a perſon in company had completed it in the common way, and when requeſted to work it audibly, that his method might be known, he multiplied 456, firſt by 5, which produced 2280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45600; which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100; this product he again multiplied by 3, which produced 136,800, the ſum of the multiplicand multiplied by 300. It remained therefore, to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2280 (the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5) by 15; 5 times 15 being 75; this product being 34,200, he added to the 136,800, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 300 and this produced 171,000, which was 375 times 456. To

complete

complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1368, and having added this number to 171,000, he found the product of 456 multiplied by 378, to be 172,368.

By this it appears that Jedediah's method of arithmetic was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules, as to multiply 456 first by 5, and the product by 20, to find what sum it would produce multiplied by 100; whereas had he added two cyphers to the figures, he would have obtained the product all at once.

A person who had heard of his astonishing performances, meeting with him accidentally, in order to try his calculating powers, proposed to him the following question: In a body whose three sides are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch? After once naming the several figures distinctly one after the other, in order to assure himself of the several dimensions, and fix them in his mind, this self-taught calculator immediately fell to work amidst more than an hundred of his fellow-labourers, and the proposer of the question leaving him for about five hours, during which he calculated the answer with his pen, returned, and found Jedediah ready with his answer, which was proved to be exactly right.

Another person proposed to him the following: Admit a field to be 423 yards long, and 383 wide, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product 162,009 yards in the space of two minutes, for the proposer observed by his watch how long each operation took him. The same person asked him, how many acres the said field measured? and in eleven minutes he replied, 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches, 20 yards and a quarter. He was then asked, how many barley corns would reach eight miles. In a minute and a half he answered, 1,520,640 barley corns. He was likewise asked, supposing the distance between York and London to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of the wheel to be six yards? In thirteen minutes he answered, 59,840 times. The next proposition was, if a tub or bin be 346 inches long, 256 inches wide, and 94 inches deep, how many gallons liquid measure will it hold, and what quantity of corn? His answer was, 3,454,464 solid inches, or 1,768,685,568 half quarters of solid inches, making 12,249,872 gallons liquid measure, or 12,249 gallons 3 quarts and 34½ inches; or 191 quarters 3 bushels 3 quarterns and a half quartern, remainder 34½ inches. He was then asked, suppose a canal is to be dug 426 feet long, 263 wide, and two feet and a half deep, how many cubical yards of earth must be removed? After pausing a quarter of an hour, he answered, 10,373 yards 24 feet.

He told the person who proposed these questions to him, that from May the 17th, 1725, to June the 16th following, he was, according to his own expression, *drunk* with reckoning by his memory, after which he slept soundly for seven hours: but he added, that he would never again attempt so much, for fear of falling into the same disagreeable situation. What he meant by being drunk, undoubtedly was, that his senses were so much stupified, as to render him incapable of business; and that this should be the case, will not appear at all wonderful, when we consider the question that engaged his attention, which was in 202,680,000,360 miles, and each mile reckoned to be cubical, how many barley corns, vetches, peas, wheat, oats, rye, beans, lintels, and hairs, each an inch long, would fill that space, reckoning 48 hairs in breadth to an inch on the flat, as he found them to be?

Though these instances, which seem to be well authenticated, are sufficient proofs of Jedediah's astonishing strength of mind, for the further satisfaction of our curious readers, we shall subjoin the following. Being asked, how long after the firing of one of the canons at Retford, the report might be heard at Haughton-Park, the distance being five miles, and supposing sound to move at the rate of 1142 feet in one second of time; he replied, after about a quarter of an hour, in 2⅓ seconds ⅓ thirds, and that 46 remained. He was then asked, admit 3584 brocoli plants are set in rows, four feet asunder, and the plants seven feet apart, in a rectangular plot of ground, how much land will these plants occupy? In near half an hour, he said 2 acres 1 rood 8 perches and a half. The next question, however, exercised all his faculties, and he declared it was the hardest he had ever met with, which evidently shews that he had never applied his thoughts to the cube root. This question was, what dimensions must be given a joiner to make a cubical bin that should hold just a quarter of malt, Winchester measure?—'Notwithstanding the difficulty of this question,' says the proposer, 'Jedediah was very desirous to answer it before it was too late in the evening, and after some time, he said to himself, *there were nooks in it, but he would fit them about.* He never regarded our talking, but sat as one heedless of every thing about

about him, except his pot of beer, which he took notice of.

'I gave him no hints, help, or aſſiſtance, but left it entirely to himſelf, as I did the others, nor had he any thing in his hand to make any marks, (which I muſt repeat, becauſe he makes all his computations by his memory) and after about an hour, he told me it would be little more than 25½ inches on a ſide, and that 26 inches would be too much, all which is very true and exact.

'I ſhall here,' continues the propoſer of the above queſtions, 'ſubjoin an account he gave me of the quantity of ale, or ſtrong beer, that he has drank on free coſt ſince he was twelve years of age, and the gentleman's names where; and as the account was a little particular, I aſked him *hoc et illuc*, after I had committed it to paper, and he anſwered each demand as ſet down at the houſes of the following noblemen and gentlemen:

	Pints		Pints
D. of Kingſton	2150	Rev. Mr. Pegge	10
Duke of Norfolk	266	Mr. Richardſon	7
Duke of Leeds	212	Mr. Raynes	30
D. of Devonſhire	16	Mr. Stevens	5
Lady Oxford	280	Mr. Far	1
G. Heathcote, Eſq.	160	Mr. Greenwood	77
Sir G. Saville, Bt.	20	Mr. Shaw	2
T. Thornhaugh, Eſq.	20	Mr. Barker	15
Sir L. Pilkington, Bt.	2	Mr. Siſon	12
J. Briſtow, Eſq.	92	Mr. Major	3
W. Villareal Eſq.	8	Mr. Briggs	3
Sir H. Hunlock, Bt.	2	Mr. Pilkington	2
—— Burton, Eſq;	4	Mr. J. Briggs	4
—— White, Eſq.	1	Mr. Beeſtings	45
Dr. Burne	5	Gathering for his dead cow	72
Mr. Hocks	251	Rev. Mr. Hewet	2
Mr. Weſt	207	Col. Chadwick	3
Mr. Veſey	16	Mr. Halſhead	15
Rv. Mr. Hartſhorn	19	Mr. Wright	40
Mr. Flint	317	At Elmeton manor	300
—— Clarke, Eſq.	20	Mr. Sherwin	15
—— Hallows, Eſq.	12	Mr. Carteret	16
Sir J. Jenkinſon, Bart.	1	Mr. Lane	20
Mr. Hancock	52	Mr. Whitehouſe	3
Mr. Hall	63	Mr. R. Parkin	40
Mr. E. Sharpe, of Elkeſly	5	Mr. R. Greenwood	64
Mr. T. Sharpe	16	Mr. Th. Clarke	40
Rev. Mr. Beaure	17	Mr. Bullivant	7
Mr. Willats	17	Mr. Padley	10
Mr. Mayor, of Chesterfield	2	At my own houſe	10

The whole amounting to 5116 pints, or *winds*, as he termed them, becauſe he never uſed, according to his own account, above one *wind* to a pint, or two to a quart.

This extraordinary man would ſtride over a piece of land, or a field, and tell the contents of it with as much exactneſs as if he had meaſured it by the chain. In this manner he meaſured the whole lordſhip of Elmeton, of ſome thouſands of acres, belonging to Sir John Rhodes, and brought him the contents, not only in acres, roods and perches, but even in ſquare inches. After this, he reduced them, for his own amuſement, into ſquare hair breadths, computing about forty-eight to each ſide of the inch, which produced ſuch an incomprehenſible number, as appeared altogether aſtoniſhing.

The only objects of Jedediah's curioſity, next to figures, were the king and royal family; and his deſire to ſee them was ſo ſtrong, that in the beginning of ſpring, 1754, he walked up to London for that purpoſe, but was obliged to return diſappointed, as his majeſty had removed to Kenſington, juſt as he arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *Folk of the Sixty Court*. The gentlemen who were then preſent, aſked him ſeveral queſtions in arithmetic, to prove his abilities, and diſmiſſed him with a handſome gratuity.

During his reſidence in London, he was carried to ſee the tragedy of King Richard III. performed at Drury-lane play houſe, and it was expected that the novelty of every thing in this place, together with the ſplendour of the ſurrounding objects, would have fixed him in aſtoniſhment, or that his paſſions would in ſome degree have been rouſed by the action of the performers, even if he did not fully comprehend the dialogue; but in the play-houſe Jedediah's thoughts were employed in the ſame manner as at church. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of ſteps. After a fine piece of muſic, he declared, that the innumerable ſounds produced by the inſtruments, perplexed him beyond meaſure; but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick in the whole courſe of the entertainment; and affirmed, that in this he had perfectly ſucceeded.

The life of laborious poverty, which, for the moſt part, is equally uniform and obſcure, can afford little variety either to gratify curioſity, or ſwell the page of biography. The events of one day may exhibit a very juſt picture of thoſe of a whole ſeries of years; and this appears to be the caſe in reſpect to Jedediah Buxton, in whom time changed nothing but his age, nor did the ſeaſons vary his employment, except that in winter he uſed a flail, and in ſummer a hing hook.

Born to no fortune, and brought up to no particular profeſſion, he ſupported himſelf

felf by the labour of his hands, and though his talents, had they been properly cultivated, might have qualified him for acting a diſtinguiſhed part on the theatre of life, he purſued 'the noiſeleſs tenor of his way,' ſufficiently contented if he could gratify the wants of nature, and procure a daily ſubſiſtence for himſelf and family.

If his enjoyments were few, they ſeem to have been fully equivalent to his wiſhes. Though favoured by nature in a very ſingular manner, and though the powers of his mind raiſed him far above his humble companions, who earned their bread in the like manner, by the ſweat of their brow, ambitious thoughts never interrupted his repoſe, nor did he on his return from London, regret the loſs of any of thoſe delicacies which he had left behind. Fully ſatisfied with his ruſtic fare, he deſpiſed the luxuries of the great, and while his chief pleaſure was to exerciſe his mind by calculation, he was ſtill of opinion that a ſlice of ruſty bacon afforded the moſt delicious repaſt. It is to ſuch characters as Buxton that the poet Gray alludes, in his Elegy in a Country Church-yard, where he ſays,

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

The portrait of Buxton, was tranſmitted to us by a reſpectable correſpondent at Warwick, together with the following letter:

'Enclofed I ſend you, agreeable to my promiſe, the beſt likeneſs that ever was taken of that ſurprizing calculator Jedediah Buxton, a poor day-labourer, who could neither read nor write, and yet, by the clearneſs of his head and amazing ſtrength of memory, was able to work the moſt intricate queſtions in arithmetic, and to ſolve the moſt difficult problems. When I ſaw him, which is now upwards of twenty years ago, he worked in the gardens of the late Duke of Kingſton, at Thoreſby, in Nottinghamſhire; and I believe it was principally owing to that nobleman's gardener, (a man well verſed in figures) that Jedediah's aſtoniſhing powers in calculation were firſt tried. He had been frequently told by his fellow labourers of this faculty, and they deſired the gardner to ſet him a queſtion, in order to try whether their report of him was true, which at laſt he did. The product of the queſtion propoſed conſiſted of thirty ſix figures, and when he had finiſhed it, Jedediah aſked the gardener at which end he ſhould begin. Being told, he was aſked to call the figures over the contrary way, which he did without the leaſt heſitation. He was then deſired to multiply the thirty-ſix figures by the ſame thirty ſix, which he performed perfectly correct. The gardener afterwards deſired he would inform him, how many ſquare yards Europe contained, which he alſo performed with great exactneſs; and at another time the old man undertook to calculate the ſquare hairbreadths in the pariſh of Balbour, in Derbyſhire, at the requeſt of a gentleman in that neighbourhood which he executed to the entire ſatisfaction of his employer.

'Sometimes he would omit the cyphers in his calculations, which conſequently deranged the other figures, and put him wrong. He would then ſeem much diſpleaſed with himſelf, but putting the fore finger of his right hand into the left, in a little time he would ſet himſelf right. In ſhort, his mind was as capacious as the ocean, for he would multiply any number of figures either by the whole or any part of them, and at different times, and ſtore up the various products in his memory, ſo as to give you the anſwers, though it were ſeveral months after. Nay he would work at ſeveral queſtions at the ſame time, that is, firſt begin one, and work it half through, and then another, and ſo on, working in this manner ſix or eight queſtions, and would either as ſoon as finiſhed, or ſeveral months after, tell the reſult.

'This extraordinary phaenomenon was born at Elmeton, in Derbyſhire, and when this drawing was taken, viz. 14th Jan. 1764, at 38′ 43″ after three P. M. he was by his own calculation, fifty ſix years ten months, one week, two days, nine hours, fifty-three minutes, and forty three ſeconds, old. He calculated his age likewiſe in days 20,743. 9°. 53′. 43″. in hours 497,841. 53′. 43″. in minutes 29 870,513. 43′. and in ſeconds 1,792,230,823. When any perſon aſked him to calculate a queſtion, he would ſit down, take off his old brown hat, and reſting upon his ſtick, which was generally a very crooked one, he would ſet to work. He moſtly wore on his head either a linen or a woollen cap, with a handkerchief thrown careleſly round his neck, and lived to about ſeventy years of age; but the exact time of his death I do not recollect, not having been in that part of the country for ſeveral years.'

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of HUGO GROTIUS.

(Concluded from page 624.)

GROTIUS now became more ſenſible than ever of the advantages of ſtudy; which became his buſineſs and conſolation. December 5, 1619, he writes to Voſſius, that the Muſes, which were always his delight, even when immerſed in buſineſs, were now his conſolation, and appeared more amiable than ever. He wrote ſome ſhort notes on the New Teſtament, which he intended to ſend Erpenius, who was projecting a new edition of it; but a fit of illneſs did not ſuffer him to finiſh them. When he was able to reſume his ſtudies, he compoſed in Dutch verſe, his 'Treatiſe of the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion,' and ſent to Voſſius, who thought ſome places obſcure. In 1620, he promiſes his brother to ſend him his obſervations on Seneca's tragedies; theſe he had written at Voſſius' deſire. In 1621, Du Maurier loſing his lady, Grotius writes him, February 27, a very handſome conſolatory letter, in which he deduces with great eloquence every topic of ſupport, that philoſophy and religion can ſuggeſt on that melancholy occaſion. The only method he took to unbend himſelf, was to go from one work to another.—He tranſlated the 'Pheniſſe of Euripides,' wrote his 'Inſtitutions of the Laws of Holland in Dutch,' and compoſed ſome ſhort 'Inſtructions for his Daughter' Cornelia, in the form of a catechiſm, &c.

He had been above eighteen months ſhut up at Louveſtein, when, January 11, 1620, Muys-van-Halli, his declared enemy, who had been one of his judges, informed the ſtates-general, that he had advice from good hands their priſoner was ſeeking to make his eſcape. Some perſons were ſent to examine into this matter, but notwithſtanding all the enquiry that could be made, they found no reaſon to believe that he had laid any plot to get out. His wife, however, was wholly employed in contriving it: he had been permitted to borrow books of his friends, and when he had done with them, they were carried back in a cheſt with his foul linen, which was ſent to Gorcum to be waſhed. The firſt year his guards were very exact in examining the cheſt; but being uſed to find nothing in it beſide books and linen, they grew tired of ſearching, and even did not take the trouble to open it. His wife, obſerving their negligence, propoſed to take advantage of it. She repreſented to her huſband, that it was in his power to get out of priſon when he pleaſed, if he would put himſelf into this cheſt. However, not to endanger his health, ſhe cauſed holes to be bored oppoſite where his face was to be, to breathe at; and perſuaded him to try if he could continue ſhut up in that confined poſture, as long as it would require to go from Louveſtein to Gorcum. Finding it might be done, ſhe reſolved to ſeize the firſt favourable opportunity; which very ſoon offered. The commandant of Louveſtein going to Heuſden to raiſe recruits, ſhe made a viſit to his lady, and told her in converſation, that ſhe was deſirous of ſending away a cheſt of books; for her huſband was ſo weak, that it gave her great uneaſineſs to ſee him ſtudy with ſuch application. Having thus prepared the commandant's wife, ſhe returned to her huſband's apartment, and in concert with a valet and a maid who were in the ſecret, ſhut him up in the cheſt; and at the ſame time that the people might not be ſurprized at not ſeeing him, ſhe ſpread a report of his being ill.—Two ſoldiers carried the cheſt; which was brought down, and put into the boat; and Grotius' maid, who was in the ſecret, had orders to go to Gorcum with it. There it was put on a horſe, and carried by two chairmen to David Dazelaor's, a friend of Grotius, and brother-in-law to Erpenius; and, when every body was gone, the maid opened the cheſt. Grotius had felt no inconvenience in it, though its length was not above three feet and a half. He got out, dreſſed himſelf like a maſon with a rule and a trowel; and was ſecretly conveyed in this diſguiſe to Valvic in Brabant. Here he made himſelf known to ſome Arminians, and hired a carriage to Antwerp; and, at Antwerp, he alighted at the houſe of Nicholas Grevincovius, who had been formerly a miniſter at Amſterdam, and made himſelf known to nobody elſe. It was March 22, that he thus received his liberty.

Mean while, his wife's account, that he was ill, gained credit at Louveſtein; and, to give him time to get off, ſhe gave out that his illneſs was dangerous: but as ſoon as ſhe learnt by the maid's return that he was at Brabant, and conſequently in ſafety, ſhe told the guards the bird was flown. They informed the commandant, by this time returned from Heuſden, who, finding it true, confined Grotius' wife more cloſely; but upon her petition to the ſtates general, April 5, 1621, ſhe was diſcharged two days after, and ſuffered to carry

carry away every thing that belonged to her in Louvestein. From Antwerp, Grotius wrote to the states general, March 30, that, in procuring his liberty, he had employed neither violence nor corruption with his keepers; that he had nothing to reproach himself with in what he had done; that he gave those counsels which he thought best for appeasing the troubles that had arisen in public business; that he only obeyed the magistrates of Rotterdam, his masters, and the states of Holland, his sovereigns; and that the persecution he had suffered would never diminish his love for his country, for whose prosperity he heartily prayed.* He continued some time at Antwerp, deliberating what course to take; and at length determined to go to France, where he had many friends. He arrived at Paris, April 13, 1621; his wife in October following:† and, after some difficulties, obtained a pension of 3000 livres.‡ But, notwithstanding the king's grant, he could not touch the money: they had forgot to put it on the civil list, and the commissioners of the treasury found daily some new excuse for delaying the payment. At length, however, by the solicitation of some powerful friends, he received it; but it continued to be paid as grants were paid at that time, that is to say, very slowly.

These difficulties did not diminish his passion for literature. 'I persist,' says he, 'in a letter to Vossius, September 29, 1621, in my respect for sacred antiquity: there are many people here of the same taste. My six books in Dutch will appear soon: (i. e. his book of the Truth of the Christian Religion.) Perhaps I shall also publish my Disquisition on Pelagianism, with the precautions hinted to me by you and some other persons of learning. In the mean time, I am preparing an edition of Stobæus; and, to render it more perfect, I collate the Greek MSS. with the printed copies. Having collected some materials in prison for his apology, he printed it in the beginning of 1622; it was translated into Latin, and published the same year at Paris. It was sent to Holland immediately, where it caused so much disgust, that the states-general proscribed it as slanderous, tending to asperse by falsehoods the sovereign authority of the government of the United Provinces; the person of the prince of Orange, the states of the particular provinces, and the towns themselves; and forbade all persons to have it in their custody on pain of death. Grotius presented a petition to the king of France, to be protected against this edict, which imported, that he should be apprehended wherever found: whereupon his majesty took him into his special protection; the letters for that purpose being issued at Paris, February 26, 1623. The malevolence of those who were then in place, made no change in Grotius. In the height of this new persecution, he wrote to his brother, that he would still labour to promote the interest of Holland; and that, if the United Provinces were desirous of entering into a closer union with France, he would assist them with all his credit. In reality, he still preserved many friends, who ardently wished for his return; though they were not able in any wise to facilitate it. In 1623, he published at Paris his edition of Stobæus.

He had now lived a year in the noise of Paris, and began to think of retiring into the country, when the president de Meme offered him one of his seats at Bologne, near Senlis. Grotius accepted the offer, and passed there the spring and summer of the year 1623. In this castle he began his great work, which singly is sufficient to render his name immortal—his 'Treatise of the Rights of Peace and War,' 'De Jure Belli ac Pacis.' He had visited hereupon the most distinguished men of learning: among others, Salmasius and Rigault; and had the free use of de Thou's library, granted him by his son; and he sometimes made excursions to St. Germain's, where the court was; but having learned that de Meme wanted to reside himself at Bologne, he returned to Paris in October. April 23, 1625, prince Frederic Henry succeeding to the post of stadtholder on the death of his brother Maurice,

* Grotius' escape exercised the pens of the best poets: Grotius himself wrote some verses on his happy deliverance; he also made some lines on the chest to which he owed his liberty; and, in the latter part of his life, was at great pains to recover it. Ep. 720. Bayle declares, that his wife ought not only to have a statue erected to her honour, but to be canonized.

† The thoughts of having left her in prison grieved him so much, that, had she not been released, he declared he would have surrendered himself, rather than have been separated from her for ever. Ep. 164.

‡ His majesty also, on Grotius' account, granted a protection to all the Dutch refugees. See the Letters Patent, dated at Nantz, April 22, 1622.

Maurice, Grotius' friends conceived great hopes of obtaining leave for his return to Holland: and, at their request, he wrote to the new ſtadtholder for this purpoſe, but without effect; as he had before conjectured. However, he was now in the height of his glory by the prodigious ſucceſs of his book, 'De Jure Belli ac Pacis,' which was publiſhed this year at Paris. In the mean time he began to grow tired of that city. His penſion was ill paid, and his revenue inſufficient to keep him decently with a wife and a family. He had an offer of being a profeſſor of law in a college at Denmark; but, tho' he was ſatisfied with the ſalary, he thought the place beneath his acceptance.

His heart was ſtrongly bent upon returning to his native country; and in theſe wiſhes he ſent his wife into Holland in the ſpring of 1627, that ſhe might enquire how matters ſtood: but as he continued in the reſolution to make no ſolicitations for leave, all the endeavours of his friends were fruitleſs. However, they obtained a cauſe of ſome conſequence to him. He reclaimed his effects which were confiſcated, and his demand was granted. In fine, notwithſtanding the inefficacy of his friends ſolicitations, he reſolved, by his wife's advice, to go thither; and accordingly ſet out, October 1631. The ſentence paſſed againſt him being ſtill in force, his friends adviſed the concealing of himſelf. This ſtep appeared to him ſhameful and ill-timed. He went to Rotterdam, as thinking it the ſafeſt, becauſe having filled the place of penſionary with much honour, he was greatly beloved in the town: but the magiſtrates giving him to underſtand, that they did not approve his appearing in public, he left Rotterdam, and paſſing to Amſterdam, he was extremely well received there; and Delft alſo, where he was born, ſhewed him a ſincere reſpect.

But no city ventured publicly to protect him; and the ſtates general, thinking themſelves affronted by this boldneſs in continuing in the country without their leave, and by the repugnance he ſhewed to aſk them pardon, iſſued an ordonnance, Dec. 10, 1631, enjoining all bailiffs of the country to ſeize his perſon, and give them notice; but nobody would execute it; and, to employ himſelf till his fate ſhould be determined, he reſolved to follow the buſineſs of a chamber-council. With this view he deſired his brother, in a letter dated February 16, 1632, to ſend him what law books he had, ſuch as he might want for that office. He could make no uſe of theſe books; for the ſtates general, on March 10, renewed their ordonnance upon pain to thoſe who would not obey, of loſing their places, and with a promiſe of 2000 florins to any one who ſhould deliver him into the hands of juſtice. Upon this he thought proper to ſeek his fortune elſewhere; and, March 17, he ſet out from Amſterdam on his way to Hamburgh, and paſſed the fine ſeaſon at an agreeable ſeat called Okenhuſe, near the Elbe, belonging to William Morth, a Dutchman. On the approach of winter, he went to Hamburgh, and lodged with one Van Sorgen, a merchant: but the town did not prove agreeable to him, and he paſſed his time but heavily, *till the return of his wife from* Zealand in autumn 1633. She had always been his conſolation in adverſity, and rendered his life more agreeable. Her buſineſs at Zealand was to pick up the remains of their fortune, which ſhe probably brought with her to Hamburgh. While he continued here, ſome advantageous profals were made him from Spain, Poland, Denmark, the duke of Holſtein, and ſeveral other princes; but he ſtill entertained the thought of a reconciliation with his native country. At length, however, he was determined.

He had always entertained a very high opinion of Guſtavus king of Sweden; and that prince having ſent to Paris Benedict Oxenſtiern, a relation of the chancellor, to bring to a final concluſion the treaty between France and Sweden, this miniſter made acquaintance with Grotius, and reſolved, if poſſible, to draw him to his maſter's court: and Grotius writes, that if that monarch would nominate him ambaſſador, with the proper ſalary for the decent ſupport of the dignity, the propoſal would merit his regard. In this ſituation Salvius, vice chancellor of Sweden, a great ſtateſman, and a man of learning, being then at this city, Grotius made acquaintance with him, and ſaw him frequently. Polite literature was the ſubject of their converſation. Salvius conceived a great eſteem for Grotius, and the favourable report he made of him to the high chancellor Oxenſtiern, determined the latter to write to Grotius to come to him, that he might employ him in affairs of the greateſt importance. Grotius accepted of this invitation; and ſetting out for Francfort on the Maine, where that miniſter was, arrived there in May 1634. He was received with the greateſt politeneſs by Oxenſtiern, but without explaining his intentions. However, in confidence of the high chancellor's character, he ſent for his wife; and ſhe arrived at Francfort with his daughters and ſon, in the beginning of Auguſt. The chancellor continued to heap civilities upon him, without mentioning

mentioning a word of buſineſs; but ordered that he ſhould follow him to Mentz, and at length declared him counſellor to the queen of Sweden, and her ambaſſador to the court of France.

As ſoon as he could depend upon an eſtabliſhment, he reſolved to renounce his country, and make it known by ſome public act, that he conſidered himſelf no longer a Dutchman. In this ſpirit he ſent his brother letters for the prince of Orange and the Dutch to that purport, July 13, this year: he likewiſe wrote to Rotterdam, which had deferred nominating a penſionary after the ſentence paſſed againſt him, that they might now proceed to an election, ſince they muſt no longer look upon him as a Dutchman. He ſet out from Mentz on his embaſſy to France in the beginning of 1635, and always ſupported with great firmneſs the rights and honours belonging to the rank of an ambaſſador. He continued in that character in France till 1644, when he was recalled at his own requeſt. In order to his return, having obtained a paſſport through Holland, he embarked at Dieppe, and arrived in Amſterdam in 1645, where he was extremely well received and entertained at the public expence. That city fitted out a veſſel to carry him to Hamburgh, where he was, May 16, this year. He went next day to Lubeck, and thence to Wiſmar, where count Wrangle, admiral of the Swediſh fleet, gave him a ſplendid entertainment, and afterward ſent a man of war with him to Calmar, whither the chancellor ſent a gentleman with his coach to bring him to Suderacher. He continued there about a fortnight with the chancellor and other ambaſſadors, who treated him with great honours. Returning to Calmar, he went by land to Stockholm, whither queen Chriſtina came from Upſal to ſee him.

Her majeſty had, before his departure from France, aſſured him that ſhe was extremely ſatisfied with his ſervices; and ſhe now gave him ſeveral audiences, and made him dine with her, and he appeared to be abundantly pleaſed with the honours he received: but as he ſaw they were in no haſte to do any thing for him, and only rewarded him with compliments, he grew uneaſy, and aſked leave to retire. He was confirmed in this reſolution, by finding the court filled up with perſons that had conceived a jealouſy againſt him; beſides, the air of Sweden did not agree with him. The queen ſeveral times refuſed to grant him his diſmiſſion, and ſignified that if he would continue in her ſervice in quality of counſellor of ſtate, and bring his family into Sweden, he ſhould have no reaſon to repent it: but he excuſed himſelf on account of his own health, who could not bear the cold air of that kingdom. He aſked a paſſport, which they delaying to grant, he grew ſo uneaſy, that he reſolved to be gone without it. Leaving Stockholm, therefore, he went to a ſea-port two leagues diſtant, in order to embark for Lubeck. The queen, being informed of his departure, ſent a gentleman to tell him ſhe wanted to ſee him once more, otherwiſe ſhe ſhould think he was diſpleaſed with her. He returned therefore to Stockholm, and explained himſelf to the queen, who ſeemed ſatisfied with his reaſons, and made him a large preſent in money; adding to it ſome ſilver plate which was not finiſhed ſooner, and which he was aſſured had delayed the granting of his paſſport. That was afterward iſſued; and the queen gave him a veſſel, on board which he embarked, Auguſt 12, for Lubeck.

But the veſſel was ſcarce ſailed when a violent ſtorm aroſe, which obliged her after three days toſſing to put in, Auguſt 17, on the coaſt of Pomerania, fourteen miles from Dantzick. Grotius ſet out in an open waggon for Lubeck, and arrived at Roſtock, Auguſt 26, very ill, having travelled above ſixty miles through wind and rain. He lodged with Balleman, and ſent for Stochman the phyſician, who, from the ſymptoms, judged he could not live long. On the 28th he ſent for Quiſtorpius, miniſter of that town, who gives the following account of his laſt moments. 'You are deſirous of hearing how that phœnix of literature, Hugo Grotius, behaved in his laſt moments; I am going to tell you.' He then proceeds to give an account of his voyage, and his ſending for Stochman, a Scotch phyſician; after which he goes on as follows: 'he ſent for me about nine at night; I went, and found him almoſt at the point of death.' I ſaid, 'There was nothing I deſired more than to have ſeen him in health, that I might have had the pleaſure of his converſation;' he ſaid, 'God hath ordered it otherwiſe.' I deſired him 'to prepare himſelf for a happier life, to acknowledge he was a ſinner, and repent of his faults;' and happening to mention the publican, who acknowledged he was a ſinner, and aſked God's mercy, he anſwered, 'I am that publican.' I went on, and told him that 'he muſt have recourſe to Jeſus Chriſt, without whom there is no ſalvation.' He replied, 'I place my hope in Jeſus Chriſt.' I began to repeat aloud in German the prayer that begins Herr Jehu; he followed me in a very low voice with his hands claſped. When I had done, I aſked

aſked him if he underſtood me; he anſwered, 'I underſtand you very well.' I continued to repeat to him thoſe paſſages of the word of God, which are commonly offered to the remembrance of dying perſons; and aſking him if he underſtood me, he anſwered me, 'I heard your voice, but did not underſtand what you ſaid.' Theſe were his laſt words; ſoon after he expired, juſt at midnight. His body was delivered to the phyſicians, who took out his bowels, and eaſily obtained leave to bury them in our own principal church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Thus died this extraordinary perſon, Auguſt, 28, at night, 1645. His corpſe was carried to Delft, and depoſited in the tomb of his anceſtors. He wrote this modeſt epitaph for himſelf.

'Grotius hic Hugo eſt Batavûm captivus & exul,
'Legatus regni, Suecia magna, tui.'

He had a very agreeable perſon, a good complexion, an aquiline noſe, ſparkling eyes, a ſerene and ſmiling countenance: he was not tall, but very ſtrong and well built. Two medals were ſtruck in honour of him. The firſt has on one ſide his buſt with his name; and on the reverſe a cheſt, on which is the arms of Sweden and France. At the ſide of the cheſt is the caſtle of Louveſtein, and oppoſite to it is a riſing ſun, with theſe words, 'Melior poſt aſpera fata reſurgo,' I riſe brighter after my adverſaries. In the exergue is 'Natus 1583, obiit 1645.' The ſecond medal, larger than the firſt, on the one ſide repreſents him with the time of his birth and death. 'Hugo Grotius, natus 1583, 10 Aprilis: 'obiit 1645, 28 Auguſti.' On the reverſe is this inſcription in Dutch verſe, 'The phœnix of his country; the oracle of Delft; the great genius; the light which enlighteneth the earth.' During his embaſſy at Paris he publiſhed ſeveral books, and wrote others, which came out after his deceaſe. Beſides this he left ſeveral MSS. in his cloſet, which were purchaſed by the Queen of Sweden from his wife. Among them were ſome notes on ſome of the moſt difficult laws; a compariſon of the republic of Athens and Rome with that of Holland; notes to the hymns of Orpheus; and the illuſtration of the book of Moſes by the writings of the Pagans; beſide theſe ſeveral others that are loſt.

There are many doubts about his religion, occaſioned partly from ſeveral expreſſions dropt from him, out of the ardent zeal with which he laboured to reunite Chriſtians in one belief, and the great deſire each party had to claim him for theirs. Menage wrote an epigram on this occaſion, the ſenſe of which is, that as many different ſects claimed his religion, as there were towns that contended for the birth of Homer. It is certain that Grotius had a very great reſpect for the church of England; and after his death his widow communicated with that church, which ſhe ſaid ſhe did in conformity with the dying intentions of her huſband. She died at the Hague in the communion of the Remonſtrants; which, as Le Clerc obſerves, was not contrary to the huſband's laſt orders, as the Remonſtrants allowed of the lawfulneſs of communion with the church of England.—Grotius had by her three ſons and three daughters.

A new and eaſy METHOD of preſerving WATER ſweet, for the USE of SEAMEN in SEA VOYAGES, and of purifying it when ſtinking.

IT is well known that water cannot become putrid, unleſs it contains animal and vegetable ſubſtances; and as this is the caſe with all river water, it follows that this water, which is generally uſed on board of ſhips, is ſubject to become putrid and naſeous, more or leſs, in proportion to the quantity and quality of the animal and vegetable matter contained in it.

Another cauſe of corruption is owing to the diſſolving property of water; ſo that it often happens, that though the caſks be filled with pure ſpring water, yet the water, by diſſolving the impurities which may be found adhering to the caſks, and becoming impregnated with them, or even with the ſubſtance of the wood itſelf, will become putrid after a certain time.

The principal article, by the means of which Mr. Lowitz preſerves and purifies water, is charcoal duſt; and from a great variety of experiments, the following particulars are deduced for the practical accompliſhment of an object ſo very important to the ſeafaring people.

The charcoal muſt be pounded very finely, and the powder muſt be kept clean, and as free as poſſible from duſt, ſmoke,

or

or other impurities; but the quality of the wood of which the charcoal is made needs not to be regarded, provided it be well charred.—Mr. Lowitz finds that even foſſil coal, when well charred and powdered, will anſwer for the purpoſe; but he does not mean to recommend the uſe of it, on account of the metallic minerals which are frequently mixed with it, beſides other reaſons.

About three drachms of charcoal duſt will preſerve four ounces of common river water, or will purify it when actually ſtinking; but if a little acid be added, then a much ſmaller quantity of charcoal will do.

Any of the mineral acids will produce the effect, and even ſome ſalts; but the vitriolitic acid is to be preferred, principally on account of its having no ſmell.

In order to preſerve freſh water, the caſks muſt be previouſly well waſhed and ſcoured with ſand or charcoal duſt. After having been filled with the river water, put as much vitriolitic acid into it as is juſt ſufficient to render the water ſlightly acid: then add about eight pounds weight of charcoal duſt to each caſk; and as the charcoal duſt naturally falls to the bottom of the caſks, it ſhould be ſtirred with a ſtick at leaſt once a day, ſo as to let it come into contact with as much water as poſſible; and this is all that needs be done to prevent the water acquiring any bad ſmell or taſte.

When the water is to be uſed, it ſhould be filtered through a flannel bag, which muſt be ready at hand, and a proper ſtand for it may be eaſily contrived. This filtration ſerves only to ſeparate thoſe finer particles of charcoal, which, by ſwimming in the water, give it a blackiſh appearance.

It is very remarkable that, if water be rendered juſt ſenſibly acid by mixing a little vitriolitic acid with it, the addition of charcoal duſt will remove the acidity.

In order to purify the water which is actually ſtinking in the caſks, proceed in the ſame manner as in the preceding operation; viz. firſt, put ſome vitriolitic acid into the caſk, and then as much charcoal duſt as upon trial will be found ſufficient to remove the bad ſmell. In caſe that neither vitriolitic nor any other acid can be had, then charcoal duſt alone is ſufficient to purify the water: but in this caſe a greater quantity of it muſt be uſed; perhaps three times as much as when the acid is employed.—This purified water muſt be alſo filtrated as above.

In this manner the operation is ſoon performed; ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, being more than ſufficient time for it.

To preſerve the water which has been thus purified, when it is not immediately uſed, it muſt be removed into clean caſks; otherwiſe it is apt to become putrid again in a ſhort time.

It is almoſt needleſs to remark, that as the waters of different rivers, in different climates and ſeaſons of the year, are impregnated with various proportions of animal and vegetable matter, ſo the quantity of charcoal duſt which muſt be employed to preſerve and purify them, muſt be more or leſs in proportion.

A LETTER from Mr. JAMES M'HENRY, to the EDITORS of the PENNSYLVANIA, DELAWARE, MARYLAND and VIRGINIA ALMANACK, containing PARTICULARS reſpecting BENJAMIN BENNEKER, a free NEGRO.

Meſſrs. Goddard and Angell,

BENJAMIN BANNEKER, a free NEGRO, has calculated an ALMANACK, for the enſuing year, 1792, which being deſirous to diſpoſe of, to the beſt advantage, he has requeſted me to aid his application to you for that purpoſe. Having fully ſatisfied myſelf, with reſpect to his title to this kind of authorſhip, if you can agree with him for the price of his work, I may venture to aſſure you it will do you credit, as Editors, while it will afford you the opportunity to encourage talents that have thus far ſurmounted the moſt diſcouraging circumſtances and prejudices.

This man is about fifty-nine years of age; he was born in Baltimore County; his father was an African, and his mother the offſpring of African parents.—His father and mother having obtained their freedom, were enabled to ſend him to an obſcure ſchool, where he learned, when a boy, reading, writing, and arithmetic, as far as double poſition; and to leave him, at their deaths, a few acres of land, upon which he has ſupported himſelf ever ſince by means of œconomy and conſtant labour, and preſerved a fair reputation. To ſtruggle inceſſantly againſt want is no ways favourable to improvement: What he had learned

learned, however, he did not forget; for as ſome hours of leiſure will occur in the moſt toilſome life, he availed himſelf of theſe, not to read and acquire knowledge from writings of genius and diſcovery, for of ſuch he had none, but to digeſt and apply, as occaſions preſented, the few principles of the few rules of arithmetic he had been taught at ſchool. This kind of mental exerciſe formed his chief amuſement, and ſoon gave him a facility in calculation that was often ſerviceable to his neighbours, and at length attracted the attention of the Meſſrs. Ellicotts, a family remarkable for their ingenuity and turn to the uſeful mechanics. It is about three years ſince Mr. George Ellicott lent him Mayer's Tables, Ferguſon's Aſtronomy, Leadbeater's Lunar Tables, and ſome aſtronomic inſtruments, but without accompanying them with either hint or inſtruction, that might further his ſtudies, or lead him to apply them to any uſeful reſult. Theſe books and inſtruments, the firſt of the kind he had ever ſeen, opened a new world to Benjamin, and from thence forward he employed his leiſure in aſtronomical reſearches. He now took up the idea of the calculations for an Almanack, and actually completed an entire fit for the laſt year, upon his original ſtock of arithmetic. Encouraged by this firſt attempt, he entered upon his calculation for 1792, which, as well as the former, he began and finiſhed without the leaſt information, or aſſiſtance, from any perſon, or other books than thoſe I have mentioned; ſo that, whatever merit is attached to his preſent performance, is excluſively and peculiarly his own.

I have been the more careful to inveſtigate theſe particulars, and to aſcertain their reality, as they form an intereſting fact in the hiſtory of man; and as you may want them to gratify curioſity, I have no objection to your ſelecting them for your account of Benjamin.

I conſider this Negro as a freſh proof that the powers of the mind are diſconnected with the colour of the ſkin, or in other words, a ſtriking contradiction to Mr. Hume's doctrine, that 'the Negroes are naturally inferior to the whites, and unſuſceptible of attainments in arts and ſciences.' In every civilized country we ſhall find thouſands of whites, liberally educated, and who have enjoyed greater opportunities of inſtruction than this Negro, his inferiors in thoſe intellectual acquirements and capacities that form the moſt characteriſtic feature in the human race. But the ſyſtem that would aſſign to theſe degraded blacks an origin different from the whites, if it is not ready to be deſerted by philoſophers, muſt be relinquiſhed as ſimilar inſtances multiply; and that ſuch muſt frequently happen cannot well be doubted, ſhould no check impede the progreſs of humanity, which meliorating the condition of ſlavery, neceſſarily leads to its final extinction.—Let, however, the iſſue be what it will, I cannot but wiſh, on this occaſion, to ſee the public patronage keep pace with my black friend's merit.

I am gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

JAMES M'HENRY.

Baltimore, Aug. 10, 1791.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

On EXTRANEOUS FOSSILS.

> There are more things in heaven and earth
> Than are dreamt of in our philoſophy. SHAKESPEARE.

THE origin of the greater part of the ſubterranean wonders is involved in ſuch impenetrable obſcurity, that the philoſopher, in the moſt profound reaſonings, as well as the poet, in his ideal excurſions, may juſtly imagine, that creation at large abounds with innumerable objects, of which the moſt ſerious inquiries into nature have hitherto formed no conception. Among theſe ſubterranean wonders, that diviſion of Foſſils which is denominated *Extraneous*, has employed the curioſity of ſeveral of our lateſt naturaliſts.

The word Foſſil is uſed in a general ſenſe, for any thing dug out of the earth, as metals, ſtones, ſalts, earths, and other minerals, which are called *Native* Foſſils; or for any thing repoſited in the bowels of the earth by any extraordinary means, as earthquakes, the deluge, &c. and theſe, to which

I ſhall confine my obſervations in this paper, are denominated *Extraneus.* They include the ſubterranean exuviæ of marine and terreſtrial animals, and even vegetables; as ſhells, bones, teeth, trees, plants, ſtalks, &c. which are found buried, in great abundance, in various parts of the earth. Our naturaliſts have each their ſeveral ſyſtem, to account for theſe Extraneous Foſſils; in particular, for the ſurpriſing appearance of petrified ſea-fiſhes, in places far remote from the ſea, and on the ſummits of the higheſt mountains; of ſhells in the middle of quarries of ſtone or marble; of the teeth of elephants; of the bones of divers animals peculiar to the ſouthern climates; and of plants growing only in the eaſt, which are found foſſil in our northern and weſtern parts.

Dr. Liſter was of opinion, that theſe ſhells, &c. were real ſtones, and ſtone plants, formed after the uſual manner of other figured ſtones. But a variety of conſiderations ſoon ſatisfied the naturaliſt, that this doctrine was erroneous. Another opinion is, that the foſſil ſhells, with all other extraneous bodies found within the earth, were buried therein at the time of the univerſal deluge. Dr. Woodward*, in particular, purſuing and improving the theory of Dr. Burnet †, maintained, that the whole maſs of earth, with every thing belonging to it, was ſo broken and diſſolved, at the time of the deluge, that a new earth was then formed in the boſom of the water, conſiſting of different ſtrata, or beds of terreſtrial matter, ranged over each other, uſually in the order of their ſpecific gravities. Thus plants, animals, and eſpecially fiſhes, and ſhells, not yet diſſolved among the reſt, remained mixed and blended among the mineral and foſſil matters; which preſerved them, or at leaſt aſſumed and retained their figures and impreſſions, either indentedly, or in relievo.

Camerarius, a learned German, attacked the opinion of Dr. Woodward; and the celebrated Buffon, and the late ingenious Mr. Whitehurſt, have adopted a very different theory. 'The ſurface of the earth,' ſays the philoſophical count, 'muſt have been, in the beginning, much leſs ſolid that it is at preſent; and, conſequently, the ſame cauſes, which at this day produce but very ſlight changes, muſt then upon ſo complying a ſubſtance, have had very conſiderable effects. We have no reaſon to doubt but that it was then covered by the waters of the ſea, and that thoſe waters were above the tops of the higheſt mountains, ſince, even in ſuch elevated ſituations, we find ſhells, and other marine productions, in very great abundance. It appears alſo, that the ſea continued, for a very conſiderable time, upon the face of the earth; for, as theſe layers of ſhells are found ſo very frequently at ſuch great depths, and in ſuch prodigious quantities, it ſeems impoſſible for ſuch numbers to have been ſupported all alive at one time; ſo that they muſt have been brought there by ſucceſſive depoſitions. Theſe ſhells alſo have been found in the bodies of the hardeſt rocks, where they could not have been depoſited, all at once, at the time of the deluge, or at any ſuch inſtant revolution; ſince that would be to ſuppoſe, that all the rocks in which they are found were, at that inſtant, in a ſtate of diſſolution, which it would be abſurd to aſſert. The ſea, therefore, depoſited them whereſoever they are now to be found, and that by ſlow and ſucceſſive degrees.—It will appear, alſo, that the ſea covered the whole earth, from the appearance of its layers, which lying regularly one above the other, ſeem all to reſemble the ſediments formed at different times by the ocean. Hence, by the irregular force of its waves, and its currents driving the bottom into ſand-banks, mountains muſt have been gradually formed within this univerſal covering of waters; and theſe ſucceſſively raiſing their heads above its ſurface, muſt, in time, have formed the higheſt ridges of mountains upon land together with continents, iſlands and low grounds, all in their turn. This opinion will receive additional weight by conſidering, that in thoſe parts of the earth where the power of the ocean is greateſt at the equator, where its winds and tides are moſt conſtant; and, in fact, the mountains at the equator are found to be higher than in any other part of the world. The ſea, therefore, has produced the principal changes in our earth: rivers, volcanoes, earthquakes, ſtorms, and rain, having made but ſlight alterations, and ſuch only as have affected the globe to very conſiderable depth ‡.'

* Woodward's Eſſay toward a Natural Hiſtory of the Earth.

† Dr. Burnet's Sacred Theory of the Earth.

‡ *Theorie de la Terre. Vol. I. page* 111. Goldſmith, who, although his authority is not to be depended upon, has often ſome beautiful obſervations, ſpeaking of Buffon's Theory of the Earth, ſays, 'A thouſand queſtions might be aſked this moſt ingenious philoſopher, which he would not find it eaſy to anſwer; but ſuch is the lot of humanity, that

Mr. Whitehurſt has given a very copious account of the various phenomena relative to the *exuviæ* of marine animals, collected from the obſervations of M. de Buffon, and other eminent naturaliſts, as well as from thoſe which have occurred, in the courſe of his own inſpection, in various parts of England. I ſhall extract the ſubſtance of theſe, for the information of the curious reader, and then proceed to ſtate the doctrine which he deduces from the whole.

Foſſil ſhells are found in the Alps, and, in general, in all the elevated places of Europe; in moſt of the quarries of ſtone and marble in Italy; and in the ſtones of which the moſt ancient edifices of the Romans were conſtructed. In Switzerland, Aſia, and Africa, petrified fiſh have been obſerved in many places: for inſtance, on the mountains of Caſtravan, there is a bed of white laminated ſtone; and each *lamina* contains a great number and diverſity of fiſhes; for the moſt part very flat, and extremely compreſſed, in the manner of foſſil fern; yet ſo well preſerved, that the moſt minute marks of their fins and ſcales are diſtinguiſhable, and every other part by which one ſpecies of fiſh is known from another. The teeth of ſharks, and of other fiſhes, are found in the jaws, poliſhed and worn ſmooth at the extremities, and which conſequently, muſt have been made uſe of, during the life of the animal: and, in the ſhells, the very pearls are found, which the living animals of the ſame kind produce.

It is well known, that the *purpura* and *pholades* have a long pointed proboſcis, which ſerves them as a kind of gimblet or drill, to pierce the ſhells of living fiſh, on whoſe fleſh they feed. Now, ſhells thus pierced are found in the earth, which is another inconteſtable proof, that they heretofore incloſed living fiſh, and that theſe fiſh inhabited places where the *purpura* and *pholades* preyed upon them.

In the Alps and Pyrenean mountains ſhells are found under beds of ſtone, a hundred, and even a thouſand feet below the ſurface of the earth; and not merely thoſe which are teſtaceous, but the relicks of the cruſtaceous fiſhes alſo, and even all marine productions. Mr. Whitehurſt, moreover, is of opinion, that in the generality of marbles there is ſo great a quantity of marine productions, that they appear to ſurpaſs in bulk the matter by which they are united.

Among the many inſtances of the multiplicity of oyſters, there are few more extraordinary than that immenſe bed, of which M. de Reaumur gives an account, which contains 130,630,000 cubit fathoms. This vaſt maſs of marine bodies is in Touraine in France, above 36 leagues from the ſea. Some of theſe ſhells are found ſo entire, that their different ſpecies are very diſtinguiſhable. Some of the ſame ſpecies have been recently found on the coaſt of Poitou, and others are known to be natives of more diſtant parts of the world. Among them are likewiſe blended ſome fragments of the more ſtony kinds of ſea productions, ſuch as *madrepores*, *fungi marini*, &c. The canton of Touraine contains full nine ſquare leagues in ſurface, and wherever it is dug, furniſhes theſe fragments of ſhells.

Mr. Whitehurſt obſerves, that we ſhall be leſs aſtoniſhed at this very conſiderable quantity of ſhells, when we conſider the vaſt increaſe of ſhell fiſh. It is not uncommon to take away a bed of theſe ſhell fiſh, ſeveral fathoms in thickneſs; and although the places where they are fiſhed for

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a ſingle Goth can in one day deſtroy the fabric which Cæſars were employed an age in erecting. We might aſk how foſſil-wood is found deeper than ſhells; which argues, that trees grew upon the places which he ſuppoſes once to have been covered by the ocean? *Hiſtory of the Earth, Vol. 1. page 36. Edit. in 12mo.* And again, in page 45, he thus expreſſes himſelf: 'But while there are many reaſons to perſuade us, that theſe Extraneous Foſſils have been depoſited by the ſea, there is one fact that will abundantly ſerve to convince us, that the earth was habitable, if not inhabited, before theſe marine ſubſtances came to be thus depoſited; for we find foſſil-trees, which, no doubt, once grew upon the earth, as deep, and as much in the body of ſolid rocks as theſe ſhells are found to be. Some of theſe fallen trees, alſo, have lain at leaſt as long, if not longer, in the earth, than the ſhells, as they have been found ſunk deep in a marly ſubſtance, compoſed of decayed ſhells, and other marine productions. M. Buffon has proved, that foſſils ſhells could not have been depoſited in ſuch quantities all at once by the flood; and I think, from the above inſtance, it is pretty plain, that how ſoever they were depoſited, the earth was covered with trees before their depoſition, and, conſequently, that the ſea could not have made a very permanent ſtay.—How then ſhall we account for theſe extraordinary appearances in nature? A ſuſpenſion of all aſſent is certainly the firſt, although the moſt mortifying conduct,' &c.

ſor appear to be entirely exhauſted, yet, in the enſuing year, as many will be found in all theſe places as before.

Hardel Cliff, in Hampſhire, contains a great variety of turbinated and bivalve ſhells, which ſtill retain the native matter and colour of marine ſhells. Many of theſe are natives of very diſtant regions; and others of them are not known to exiſt in a living ſtate. In ſome parts of Suffolk, they are ſo numerous, that they are dug up for manure, and produce excellent crops.

Within ten yards of the ſummit of Naphat, a remarkable mountain in Ireland, elevated ſeveral hundred fathoms above the level of the ſea, are many vaſt beds of marine ſhells of various kinds, as whelks, muſcles, cockles, &c. In Derbyſhire and Staffordſhire, Mr. Whitehurſt frequently obſerved, with aſtoniſhment, enormous maſſes of limeſtone compoſed almoſt entirely of foſſil ſhells, or other marine relicks, diffuſed throughout the ſolid ſubſtance of the ſtrata. The iſle of Sheepy, in Kent, contains not only the teeth of ſharks, and the bones of fiſh, but ſuch a great variety of foſſil bodies belonging both to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as evidently ſhew it to be an aſſemblage of adventitious matter. In a word, the remains of marine animals imbedded in the ſolid ſubſtance of ſtone, chalk, and clay, and in ſand, gravel, &c. in all parts of the known world, are ſo extremely numerous, that it is quite unneceſſary to add any more inſtances of the kind.

Mr. Whitehurſt, in collecting together theſe, and many other curious facts, relative to foſſil bodies, does not appear to have had any intention to point out the faults of other ſyſtems, but to avail himſelf of ſuch parts of them as were applicable to his own deſign; namely 'to trace appearances in nature from cauſes truly exiſtent, and to enquire after thoſe laws by which the Creator choſe to form the world, not thoſe by which he might have formed it, had he ſo pleaſed.'—In conſequence of this deſign, having given a very copious and ſcientific account of the general phenomena of foſſil bodies, Mr. Whitehurſt has deduced from them the following inferences.

Firſt, The great analogy in the figure, colour, and conſiſtence of foſſil bodies, to the ſhells, bones, and teeth of living fiſh, together with a gradual change in their component parts, from a teſtaceous, to a ſtony metallic ſubſtance, evidently ſhews, that all ſuch foſſil bodies were originally productions of the ſea.

Secondly, Their being found in all parts of the world, even imbedded in the higheſt mountains, vallies, and deep receſſes of the earth, remote from the ſea, evidently ſhews that the ſea prevailed univerſally over the earth; and, conſequently that theſe marine animals were created prior to the primitive iſlands, and likewiſe prior to terreſtrial animals, agreeable to the ſcripture account of the creation.

Thirdly, And ſince they are found at various depths in the earth, even to that of ſeveral thouſand feet, and in different ſtates of decay, and variouſly impregnated with ſtony or metallic matter, and even changed into the ſubſtance of the ſtone in which they are imbedded; it evidently appears, that the ſtrata were originally in a ſtate of fluidity, and that they were thus entombed and deprived of life, in ſucceſſive periods of time.

Fourthly, The beds of foſſil ſhells which conſiſt of one ſpecies only, and are not natives of the climate where found, but of very diſtant regions of the earth, evidently ſhew that they were generated, and have lived and died, in the very beds where found, and could not have been removed from their native climates by a flood, or floods of water, with ſo much order, as to *form beds conſiſting* of only one ſelect ſpecies; and, therefore, all ſuch beds muſt have been originally the bottom of the ocean.

Such are the inferences which Mr. Whitehurſt has deduced from the intereſting facts he has collected; 'which tend to corroborate,' he obſerves, 'the ſeveral reſults ariſing from the former parts of his Inquiry into the Original State and Formation of the Earth: namely, that the earth was originally a fluid chaotic maſs, totally unfit for animal or vegetable life: That it was progreſſively formed into an habitable world: That marine animals were created prior to the primitive iſlands, and conſequently prior to terreſtrial animals: that they were entombed in the bowels of the earth, in ſucceſſive periods of time, and before dry land appeared.

RULES FOR BAD HORSEMEN.

(Concluded from page 539.)

HORSE-BREAKERS and grooms have a great propenſity to bring a horſe's head *down*, and ſeem to have no ſeat without a ſtrong hold by the bridle. They know

know, indeed, that the head ſhould yield to the reins, and the neck form an arch; but do not take the proper pains to make it an arch *upward*. A temporary effect of attempting to raiſe a horſe's head, may perhaps be making him puſh out his noſe. They will here tell you, that his head is too high already; whereas it is not the diſtance from his *noſe*, but from the *top* of his head to the ground, which determines the head to be high or low. Beſides, although the fault is ſaid to be in the manner of carrying the head, it ſhould rather be *ſaid* to be in that of the neck; for if the neck was raiſed, the head would be more in the poſition of one ſet on a well formed neck.

The deſign therefore of lifting up the head, is to raiſe the neck, and thereby bring in the head; for even while the bridle makes the ſame line from the rider's hand to the bit, the horſe's noſe may be either drawn in, or thruſt out, according as his neck is raiſed or depreſſed. Inſtead of what has been here recommended, we uſually ſee colts broke with their heads cavelſoned very low, their necks ſtiff, and not in the leaſt ſuppled. When the breaking tackle is left off, and they are mounted for the road, having more food and reſt, they frequently plunge, and a ſecond breaking becomes neceſſary. Then, as few gentlemen can manage their own horſes, they are put into the hands of grooms, from whom they learn a variety of bad habits.

If, on the other hand, your horſe carries his head (or rather his noſe) too high, he generally makes ſome amends by moving his ſhoulders lightly, and going ſafely. Attend to the cauſe of this fault. Some horſes have their necks ſet ſo low on their ſhoulders, that they bend firſt down, then upward, like a ſtag's. Some have the upper line of their necks, from their ears to their withers, too ſhort. A head of this ſort cannot poſſibly bend inward and form an arch, becauſe the vertebræ (or neck bones) are too ſhort to admit of flexure; for in long and ſhort necked the number of the vertebræ is the ſame. In ſome, the jaw is ſo thick, that it meets the neck, and the head by this means has not room to bend. On the other hand, ſome have the under line from the jaw to the breaſt ſo ſhort, that the neck cannot riſe.

In all theſe caſes you may gain a *little* by a nice hand with an eaſy bit; but no curb, martingale, or other forcible method, will *teach* a horſe to carry his head or neck in a poſture which nature has made uneaſy to him. By trying to pull in his noſe farther than he can bear, you will add a bad habit to nature. You could not indeed *contrive* a more effectual method to make him continually toſs his noſe up, and throw his foam over you.

The rule already given to ride a looſe-necked horſe, will be a proper one for all light mouthed horſes: one caution being added, which is, always to ſearch whether his ſaddle or girths may not in ſome way pinch him; and whether the bit may not hurt his lip by being too high in his mouth: becauſe, whenever he frets from either of theſe cauſes, his head will not be ſteady.

It is a common cuſtom to be always pulling at the bridle, as if to ſet off to advantage either the ſpirit of the horſe, or the ſkill of the rider. Our horſes therefore are taught to hold their heads low, and pull ſo, as to bear up the rider from the ſaddle, ſtanding in his ſtirrups, even in the gentleſt gallop: how very impropers this, we are experimentally convinced, when we happen to meet with a horſe which gallops otherwiſe. We immediately ſay, *he canters excellently*, and find the eaſe and pleaſure of his motion. When horſes are deſigned for the race, and ſwiftneſs is the only thing conſidered, the method may be a good one.

It is not to be wondered that *dealers* are always pulling at their horſes; that they have the ſpur conſtantly in their ſides, and are at the ſame time continually checking the rein: by this means they make them bound, and champ the bit, while their rage has the appearance of ſpirit. Theſe people ride with their arms ſtraight, and very low on the ſhoulders of their horſes: this method makes them ſtretch their necks, and gives a better appearance to their forehands; it conceals alſo a thick jaw, which, if the head was up, would prevent its yielding to the bit; it hides likewiſe the ewe-neck, which would otherwiſe ſhow itſelf. Indeed, if you have a horſe unſteady to the bit, formed with a natural heavy head, or one which carries his noſe obſtinately in the air, you muſt find his mouth where you can, and make the beſt of *him*.

Many horſes are taught to ſtart by whipping them for ſtarting. How is it poſſible they can know it is deſigned as a puniſhment? In the riding houſe, you teach your horſe to riſe up before, and to ſpring and laſh out his hinder legs, by whipping him when tied between two pillars, with his head a little at liberty. If he underſtood this to be puniſhment for doing ſo, he would not by that method learn to do it. He ſeems to be in the ſame manner *taught* to ſpring and fly when he is frightened. Moſt horſes would go quietly paſt an object they were beginning to fly from, if their riders, inſtead of gathering up their bridles,

bridles, and ſhowing themſelves ſo ready, ſhould throw their reins looſe upon their necks.

When a horſe ſtarts at any thing on one ſide, moſt riders turn him out of the road, to make him go up to what he ſtarts at: if he does not get the better of his fear, or readily comply, he generally goes paſt the object, making with his hinder parts, or croup, a great circle out of the road; whereas, he ſhould learn to keep ſtraight on, without minding objects on either ſide.

If he ſtarts at any thing on the left, hold his head high, and keep it ſtraight in the road, pulling it *from* looking at the thing he ſtarts at, and keeping your right leg hard preſſed againſt his ſide, toward his flank: he will then go ſtraight along the road. By this method, and by turning his head a little more, he may be forced with his croup cloſe up to what frightened him; for as his head is pulled one way, his croup neceſſarily turns the other. Always avoid a quarrel with your horſe, if you can: if he is apt to ſtart, you will find occaſions enough to exerciſe his obedience, when what he ſtarts at lies directly in his way, and you *muſt* make him paſs; if he is not ſubject to ſtart, you ſhould not quarrel with him about a trifle.

It muſt be obſerved, however, that this rule in going paſt an object may perhaps be a little irregular in a managed horſe, which will always obey the leg: but even ſuch a horſe, if he is really afraid, and not reſtive, it may not be amiſs to make look another way; unleſs the object be ſomething you would particularly accuſtom him to the ſight of.

The caſe will alſo be different with a horſe whoſe fear is owing to his being not uſed to objects; but ſuch a one is not to be rode by any horſeman to whom theſe rules are directed: the ſtarting here meant ariſes merely from the horſe's being pampered, and ſpringing through livelineſs.

The notion of the neceſſity of making a horſe go immediately up to every thing he is afraid of, and not ſuffering him to become maſter of his rider, ſeems to be in general carried too far. It is an approved and good method to conquer a horſe's fear of the ſound of a drum, by beating one near to him at the time of feeding him: this not only familiarizes the noiſe to him, but makes it pleaſant, as a fore-runner of his meat; whereas, if he was whipped up to it, he might perhaps ſtart at it as long as he lived. Might not this be applied to his ſtarting at other things, and ſhew that it would be better to ſuffer him (provided he does not turn back) to go a little from and avoid an object he has a diſlike to, and to accuſtom him to it by degrees, convincing him, as it were, that it will not hurt him; than to puniſh him, quarrel with him, and perhaps ſubmit to his will at laſt, while you inſiſt on his overcoming his fear in an inſtant? If he ſees a like object again, it is probable he will recollect his dread, and arm himſelf to be diſobedient.

We are apt to ſuppoſe that a horſe fears nothing ſo much as his rider: but may he not, in many circumſtances, be afraid of inſtant deſtruction? of being cruſhed? of being drowned? of falling down a precipice? Is it a wonder that a horſe ſhould be afraid of a loaded waggon? may not the hanging load ſeem to threaten the falling on him? There cannot be a rule more general, than, in ſuch a caſe, to ſhow him there is room for him to paſs. This is done by turning his head a very little from the carriage, and preſſing your leg, which is fartheſt from it, againſt his ſide.

A horſe is not to ſtop without a ſign from his rider.—Is it not then probable, that when driven up to a carriage he ſtarts at it, he conceives himſelf obliged either to attack or run againſt it? Can he underſtand the rider's ſpurring him with his face directed to it, as a ſign for him to paſs it? That a horſe is eaſily alarmed for his face and eyes (he will even catch back his head from a hand going to careſs him) that he will not go with any force, face to face, even to another horſe (if in his power to ſtop) and that he ſees perfectly ſideways, —may be uſeful hints for the treatment of horſes with regard to ſtarting.

Though you ought not to whip a horſe for ſtarting, there can be no good effect from clapping his neck with your hand to encourage him. If one took any notice of his ſtarting, it ſhould be rather with ſome tone of voice which he uſually underſtood as an expreſſion of diſlike to what he is doing; for there is *oppoſition* mixed with his ſtarting, and a horſe will ever repeat what he finds has foiled his rider.

Notwithſtanding the directions above given, of not preſſing a horſe up to a carriage he ſtarts at; yet if one which you apprehend will frighten him meets you at a narrow part of the road, when you have once let him know he is to paſs it, be ſure you remain determined, and preſs him on. Do this more eſpecially when part of the carriage has already paſſed you: for if, when he is frightened, he is accuſtomed to go back, and turn round, he will certainly do it if he finds, by your hand ſlackening, and legs not preſſing, that you are irreſolute; and this at the moſt dangerous point of time, when the wheels of the carriage take him as he turns. Remember not to touch the curb rein at this time; it will certainly

certainly check him. It is not known to every one, that the perſon who would lead a horſe by the bridle, ſhould not turn his face to him when he refuſes to follow him: if, beſide this, he raiſes his arms, ſhows his whip, or pulls the bridle with jerks, he frightens the horſe, inſtead of perſuading him to follow; which a little patience may bring about.

Ride with a ſnaffle; and uſe your curb, if you have one, only occaſionally. Chooſe your ſnaffle full and thick in the mouth, eſpecially at the ends to which the reins are fattened. Moſt of them are made too ſmall and long; they cut the horſe's mouth, and bend back over the bars of his jaw, working like pincers.

The management of the curb is too nice a matter to enter on here, farther than to preſcribe great caution in the uſe of it; a turn of the wriſt, rather than the weight of your arm, ſhould be applied to it. The elaſticity of a rod, when it hath hooked a fiſh, may give you ſome idea of the proper play of a horſe's head on his bridle; his ſpirit and his pliableneſs are both marked by it.

A horſe ſhould never be put to do any thing in a curb which he is not ready at: you may force him, or pull his head any way with a ſnaffle; but a curb acts only in a ſtraight line. It is true, that a horſe will be turned out of one track into another by a curb, but it is becauſe he knows it as a *ſignal*. When he is put to draw a chair, and does not underſtand the neceſſity he is then under of taking a larger ſweep when he turns, you frequently ſee him *reſtive*, as it is then called: but put him on a ſnaffle, or buckle the reign to that part of the bit which does not curb him; and the horſe ſubmits to be pulled about, 'till he underſtands what is deſired of him. Theſe directions ſuppoſe your horſe to have ſpirit, and a good mouth: if he has not, you muſt take him as he is, and ride him with ſuch a bit as you find moſt eaſy to yourſelf.

When you ride a journey, be not ſo attentive to your horſe's nice carriage of himſelf, as to your encouragement of him, and keeping him in good humour. Raiſe his head; but if he flags, you may indulge him with bearing a little more upon the bit than you would ſuffer in an airing. If a horſe is lame, tender footed, or tired, he naturally hangs upon his bridle. On a journey, therefore, his mouth will depend greatly on his ſtrength and the goodneſs of his feet. Be then very careful about his feet, and let not a farrier ſpoil them.

Very few, although practiſed in riding, know they have any power over a horſe but by the bridle; or any uſe for the ſpur, except to make him go forward. A little experience will teach them a farther uſe. If the left ſpur touches him (and he is at the ſame time prevented from going forward) he has a ſign, which he will ſoon underſtand, to move ſideways to the right. In the ſame manner to the left, if the right ſpur is cloſed to him: he afterward, through fear of the ſpur, obeys a touch of the leg; in the ſame manner as a horſe moves his croup from one ſide of the ſtall to the other, when any one ſtrikes him with his hand. In ſhort, his croup is guided by the leg, as his head is by the bridle. He will never diſobey the leg, unleſs he becomes reſtive. By this means you will have a far greater power over him: he will move ſideways, if you cloſe one leg to him; and ſtraight forward, if both: even when he ſtands ſtill, your legs held near him will keep him on the watch; and with the ſlighteſt, unſeen motion of the bridle upward, he will raiſe his head, and ſhow his forehand to advantage.

On this uſe of the legs of the rider, and guidance of the croup of the horſe, are founded all the *airs* (as the riding-maſters expreſs themſelves) which are taught in the manege; the paſſage, or ſide-motion of troopers to cloſe or open their files, and indeed all their evolutions. But the convenience of ſome degree of this diſcipline for common uſe is the reaſon of mentioning it here. It is uſeful if a horſe is apt to ſtumble or ſtart. If to the firſt, by preſſing your legs to his flank, and keeping up his head, he is made to go light on his fore-legs, which is aiding and ſupporting him; and the ſame if he does actually ſtumble, by helping him at the very inſtant to exert himſelf, while as yet any part of him remains not irrecoverably impreſſed with the precipitate motion. Hence this uſe of the hand and legs of the rider is called *giving aids* to a horſe; for, as to holding up the weight of a heavy unactive horſe, by mere pulling, it is as impoſſible as to recover him when falling down a precipice.

A horſe is ſupported and helped by the hands and legs of his rider in every action they require of him; hence he is ſaid to perform his *airs* by the *aids* from his rider.

The ſame manner is uſeful if a horſe ſtarts. For if when he is beginning to fly to one ſide, you leg on the ſide he is flying to, he ſtops his ſpring immediately. He goes paſt what he ſtarted at, keeping ſtraight on, or as you chooſe to direct him; and he will not fly back from any thing if you preſs him with both legs. You keep his haunches under him, going down a hill; help him on the ſide of a bank; more eaſily avoid the wheel of a carriage; and

and approach more gracefully and nearer to the ſide of a coach or horſeman. When a pampered horſe curvets irregularly, and twiſts his body to and fro, turn his head either to the right or left, or both alternately (but without letting him move out of the track) and preſs your leg to the oppoſite ſide: your horſe cannot then ſpring on his hind-legs to one ſide, becauſe your leg prevents him; nor to the other, becauſe his head looks that way, and a horſe does not ſtart and ſpring to the ſide on which he looks. Here it may not be amiſs to obſerve the impropriety of the habit which many riders have, of letting their legs ſhake againſt the ſides of the horſe: if a horſe is taught, they are then continually preſſing him to violent action; and if he is not, they render him inſenſible and incapable of being taught. The frotting of a hot horſe will hence be exceſſive, as it can no otherwiſe be moderated than by the utmoſt ſtillneſs of the ſeat, hands, and legs of the rider.

Colts at firſt are taught to *bear* a bit, and by degrees to *pull* at it. If they did not preſs it, they could not be guided by it. By degrees they find their necks ſtronger than the arms of a man; and that they are capable of making great oppoſition, and often of foiling their riders. Then is the time to make them ſupple and pliant in every part. The part which of all others requires moſt this pliancy is the neck. Hence the metaphor of *ſtiff-necked* for *diſobedient*. A horſe cannot move his head but with the muſcles of his neck: this may be called his *helm*; it guides his courſe, changes and directs his motion.

The uſe of this pliancy in the different parts and limbs of a horſe is not neceſſary to be ſhewn in this eſſay, which is directed ſolely to the *inexperienced* horſeman. It may, therefore, ſuffice to add, that *his* idea of ſuppleneſs need only be, that of an ability and readineſs in a horſe to move every limb, on a ſign given him by the hands or legs of his rider; as alſo, to bend his body, and move in a ſhort compaſs; quick and collected within himſelf, ſo as inſtantly to be able to perform any other motion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF you will inſert the encloſed Method of making Mortar, which will be impenetrable to Moiſture, in your uſeful Magazine, you will oblige a Subſcriber, and, very probably, thereby confer an Obligation on the Public.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and humble Servant, E. F.

METHOD of making MORTAR, which will be impenetrable to MOISTURE.

TAKE of unſlacked lime and fine ſand in the proportion of one part lime to three parts ſand, as much as a labourer can well manage at once; and then, adding water gradually, mix the whole well together, till it be reduced to the conſiſtence of mortar. Apply it immediately, while it is yet hot, to the purpoſe either of mortar, as cement to brick or ſtone, or of plaiſter, for the ſurface of any building. It will then ferment for ſome days in drier places, and afterward gradually concrete, or ſet and become hard. But in a moiſt place, it will continue ſoft for three weeks or more; though it will at length attain a firm conſiſtence, even if water have ſuch acceſs to it, as to keep the ſurface wet the whole time. After this it will acquire a ſtone-like hardneſs, and reſiſt all moiſture.

The perfection of this mortar depends on the ingredients being thoroughly blended together, and the mixture's being applied immediately after to the place where it is wanted. In order to this, about five labourers ſhould be employed for mixing the mortar, to attend one perſon who applies it. This method of making mortar, Mr. Doſſie ſays, was diſcovered by a gentleman of Neufchattel, the back part of whoſe houſe being cut out of a rocky hill, the ſpring from the rock greatly annoyed it, and produced a continual damp, which nothing could cure till he tried the mortar above deſcribed, which effectually anſwered his purpoſe, and which by time grows ſo tenacious and firm, that he was induced to believe the method of compoſition was the ſame with that purſued by the antients.

We are told that chalk lime, which is the kind moſt commonly uſed in London, is unfit for the purpoſe, on account of the flints it contains, which render it neceſſary to be ſkreened before it can be temper-

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ed with water and sand. Previous to screening, however, the lime must be slacked; and the slacking it before it be mixed with sand, prevents its acting on that ingredient, so as to produce their incorporation; which power it loses in a great degree after its combination with the quantity of water that saturates it. The lime for this purpose, therefore, must be that made of lime stone, shells, or marble; and the stronger it is, the mortar will be proportionably better.

Besides an attention should be paid to the kind of lime to be used in making this mortar; what is intended for it, should be carefully kept from the access of air, as it will readily attract moisture, and lose proportionably that power of acting on the sand to produce an incorporation. It is also advised to exclude the sun and wind from the mortar for some days after it is applied, that its drying too quickly may not prevent the due continuance of the fermentation, which is necessary to favour the action of the lime on the sand.

This mortar is attended with very particular advantages; for it may be used, and will even attain a perfect induration, though moisture have access to it when it is applied; and while it is fermenting and setting, it is extremely beneficial for preventing the oozing of water through the floors or walls of houses, where the common method used would have no effect. When a very great hardness and firmness are required in this mortar, the using of skimmed milk, instead of water, either wholly or in part, will produce the desired effect; and in this circumstance, likewise, the preparation is imagined to resemble that of the antients.

CHARACTERISTICKS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

IT is a very great mistake to think those people are barbarians, always thirsting after human blood. Very different is their character. They are the greatest peace lovers, at the same time, that they are perhaps, the fiercest and boldest warriors on the face of the earth. Their bravery in the day of battle, and their constancy in enduring hardships, have never been excelled by the most renowned *Romans*; nor in time of peace, have the most generous nations ever outshone them, in acts of humanity, hospitality, justice, and sincerity.

Numerous are the proofs which might be brought to support this character of them. Whenever their country and liberty lie at stake their heroic ardour and contempt of death, has often been carried so far, that they have been known to continue singing their exploits, and triumphing in their glorious fate, even in the midst of torments and the agonizing throws of death. On the other hand, whenever their country and liberty are out of danger, their passionate desire of peace as far exceeds vulgar bounds, as their ardour in war. They esteem peace the greatest blessing under heaven; and their young men and maids, of fine natural parts with their bards, or druds, frame songs of peace, while their venerable Sachems mention it with much complacency and triumphant rapture, that their speech seems a poetical language, or rather a fort of divine enthusiasm.

Peace they always express by the emblem of a fair tree, whose top reaches to the sun, and whose roots are extended through all the nations that are leagued in the same chain with themselves. Such nations they represent as reposing unmolested under the sacred shade of this tree, cheered with the ambrosial dews of happiness, dropping from its ever verdant leaves.

Upon the whole, then, this is the general character of these reputed barbarians, that they will cheerfully forego the allurements of ease, and, undaunted, confront the blackest horrors of war, whenever liberty and their country point the way; and, when these are no more at stake, they will as cheerfully relinquish the charms of conquest, and fly to feast upon the private social joys, under the shade of their loved tree of peace: And herein, perhaps, they may be thought worthy of the imitation of polite nations. They think their whole happiness and reputation, as a people depends upon supporting this character; and their polity and public ceremonies, both at making war and peace, are calculated to support it.

The night before they go forth to war, it is their custom to assemble; and, having their faces painted in the most frightful manner, as they always have in the day of battle, every warrior, rising up in his turn, sings the great exploits of his ancestors, together with his own. This is what is called the *War dance*; and, by these gesticulations, they represent the manner

manner in which those great actions were performed, which are the subject of their song. In the mean while, all present join, from time to time, in the chorus and applaud every notable act. Perhaps, as Mr. Colden, their history writer, judiciously observes, rude solemnities of this kind might have given the first rise to tragedy.

But further, to avoid digressions, it is also their custom to represent their chief actions on trees, near their dwellings, which together with these war songs, transmits the history of their illustrious atchievements from generation to generation. All this, joined to that solemn reception and those acclamations of applause (not inferior to the honors of a Roman triumph) which they have on their return from war, serve to keep alive that love of liberty, and spirit of heroism, which constitute their peculiar character. They take as much pains on the other hand, to propagate the love of honorable peace, as to keep alive a noble ardour in honorable war. They promulgate peace with great solemnities, particularly the burying of the hatchet, or ax of war; the planting of the tree of peace, together with the dancing and singing of peace songs.

Their humanity and hospitality are as remarkable as their other virtues. It is known, by long experience, that when once they have secured their prisoners, they never use them ill, and in times of the greatest want, they will rather suffer themselves, their wives and children, to starve, than to see their prisoners destitute of their allowance. Nor is there one instance known, of their having ever offered the least violence to any female captive.

Strangers, who take sanctuary among them, of whatever nation or colour, they protect with the most scrupulous sanctity of honor. Sooner than deliver up any refugee, or violate what they think the laws of hospitality, they will pay his debts for him, or give the value of him in skins to his master. Nor do they rest here, or think they have done enough for the happiness of the person who thus throws himself upon their protection, until they have given him lands for a maintenance, and naturalized him among their nations. What is there in the primitive ages of virtue and simplicity, more worthy of admiration, than these well attested facts!

When any body of people from other nations comes among them, they offer them settlements, and incorporate them with themselves; by which means they strengthen their little states, and give specimens of the best policy.

With regard to some vices and savage customs that prevail among them, we ought not to be surprised at them, when we put their many shining virtues in the balance, and reflect upon the force of custom and education, which, in the politest nations, has frequently softened and familiarized the most barbarous actions; such as burning children alive in sacrifice, and persecuting one another to death for God's sake.

THOUGHTS ON RAISING AND FEEDING SWINE.

[*Communicated to the Blockley and Merrion Agricultural Society, by Edward Heston.*]

As every farmer in the United States, pays more or less attention to the propagation and feeding of swine—and as the flesh of that animal is not only the most profitable for home consumption, but forms a very considerable article for exportation—too much attention cannot be paid to endeavour to discover the best and cheapest method of raising and feeding them.

I have been in the habit of raising and feeding many swine for these twenty years past: but for the greater part of that time I followed the beaten path. The great quantities of pork raised in New Jersey, and most other parts of the continent, have been principally fatted on Indian corn, which is certainly a most expensive practice; for if the corn had been sold, the amount would have exceeded that of the pork.

In the year 1786, I fed twenty hogs, in the first place on pumpkins raw—secondly on pumpkins boiled—and next with meal, giving them some raw at the same time—and lastly, some corn to harden the fat: the hogs, when killed, were exceeding good meat, and weighed 3600 pounds.

I kept eighteen shoats over the winter following, which, with twenty-six spring pigs, I summered chiefly on clover and apples. Early in the fall of 1787, I was obliged to put up my shoats in a pen (for want of a pasture with a tight enclosure) where I fed them chiefly on unripe pumpkins, (the ripe ones being given to my fat-

ting hogs) which kept them in good order, and ſerved as victuals and drink for many weeks. I fatted the eighteen ſwine in the ſame manner as I had done the year before.

The winter of 1787-8, I kept twenty-ſix ſhoats on pumpkins, potatoes, and cabbage: and the fall following, I fatted them in the ſame manner as the preceding years.

The fall of 1789, my pumpkins having failed, I fatted twenty two hogs on Indian meal and potatoes. The method I uſed was, to boil about two buſhels of potatoes, which being maſhed, I ſtirred in half a buſhel of Indian meal. The water and potatoes being hot, ſcalded and ſwelled the meal; and the maſs became ſo thick, that it admitted a quantity of cold water to cool and make it thin enough for drink. This was a ſufficient meſs, and given to the hogs the latter part of the day: ſoon after, and while they were full, I gave them ſome corn; which (as their ſtomachs were cloyed) they took time to chew: this was a day's allowance, except ſome raw potatoes in the morning. With this feed, they grew and fatted very well, and I ſuppoſed, when killed, weighed near 4000 pounds; for as I ſold fourteen of them alive to a butcher, I could not preciſely aſcertain their weight. In fatting theſe twenty-two hogs, I expended about ſixty buſhels of Indian corn, and two hundred buſhels of potatoes; a quantity which two acres may produce.

I have found from experience that it is a conſiderable advantage to take time in feeding a young hog; as his growth will be in proportion to the fat he acquires, and equally well pay for the feed he conſumes.

Farmers in general feed their hogs with whole grain, in its hard and dry ſtate, which is much againſt their intereſt; for if they are fed ſo ſparingly as to have a good appetite, they ſwallow it half chewed, and a great part of it will paſs through them undigeſted: and, on the other hand, if they have it continually by them, they deſtroy too great a quantity, before they are fat, eſpecially if put up when poor. Now I am of opinion in either of the above caſes, as the food is not received in a proper ſtate for digeſtion, that a buſhel of meal, made into ſwill, is equal to a buſhel and a half of dry grain, and double the profit, when mixed with a vegetable, whoſe bulky ſubſtance chiefly conſiſts of a nutritious juice, which, incorporating with the ſmall particles of the grain, qualifies them for nouriſhment, and enables us to uſe a quantity ſufficient to increaſe the fat and growth to advantage.

There are various kinds of food for hogs, beſides grain and roots, which muſt be far more profitable, as greater quantities can be raiſed with equal labour, on the ſame quantity of ground. Pumpkins, for inſtance, from cheapneſs of culture and gathering, muſt be far more profitable than any kind of roots: and muſt continue to be ſo, while the price of labour bears that proportion to produce, which it hath ever done in this country.

It is neceſſary to have a thriving pig, in order to have a large hog, which verifies the old proverb, 'the ſtart is half the race.' The beginning of March 1788, I weaned a number of pigs about five weeks old, and fed them well on what I thought moſt ſuitable, except milk, of which I had not a ſufficiency. The beginning of July, I had a freſh litter of pigs, which I permitted to ſuck, until they weaned themſelves: at three months old, they were as large as the others at ſeven: and when eighteen months old, exceeded them nearly one hundred weight. Now it is evident to me, that this difference aroſe from the former being deprived of milk before they were of an age to thrive on other food.

The advantage from turning hogs upon clover is very great; for although they will not thrive upon that alone, equally with thoſe which have ſwill and grain, yet it will require ſo much leſs of theſe articles, as to enable us to raiſe double the number of ſwine, with the ſame expenſe.

SUBLIME and PICTURESQUE SCENERY in the PYRENEAN MOUNTAINS: With the intereſting HISTORY of the COUNT de BELLEGARDE.

[From Celeſtina, a Novel, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.]

WILLOUGHBY journeyed from Lyons to Avignon; and proceeded along the coaſt, by Beziers and Mirepoix, into Rouſſillon: intereſted by the grandeur and beauty of thoſe remains of Roman antiquity which he ſaw in his way; ſtill more charmed by the ſublime views, which, in this romantic line of country, every where offered themſelves to his ſight; and hearing, and but hearing, at a diſtance, the

the tumults, with which a noble ſtruggle for freedom at this time (the ſummer of 1779) agitated the capital, and many of the great towns of France, till, among the wild and ſtupendous ſcenes which he at length reached, even this faint murmur died away.

In one of the cottages ſcattered at the foot of Mountlouis, he found a young mountaineer, acquainted with all the paſſes of the Pyrenees: he was there only for a few days, on his way back from Perpignan to his home, in the Vallée de Douron; and on Willoughby propoſing it to him, he moſt willingly undertook to be his guide through the mountains.

Willoughby had left his horſes at Perpignan, and his preſent equipage conſiſted only of Farnham, carrying a light portmanteau, and a ſort of havreſac for proviſions, which he took himſelf, ſtrapped over his ſhoulders.

On the morning of his departure from the foot of Mountlouis, he travelled toward the ſouth eaſt, always aſcending, and was ſoon in the very heart of the Pyrenees. In ſcenes which had hardly ever been traverſed but by the ſhepherds and goatherds, and where no veſtiges of man were ſeen, but here and there a ſolitary cabin, ſerving them for ſhelter, during a few weeks of ſummer, built of the rough branches of pine or cheſnut, covered with turf, and lined with moſs—in theſe huts, which were now ſome of them inhabited, Willoughby found a wild, but ſimple and benevolent people; always ready to ſupply him with ſuch food as their flocks, among thoſe deſert regions, afforded to themſelves; and in one of them, on a temporary bed, made of the ſkins of their ſheep, whom accident had deſtroyed, after a deep ſigh, which was drawn from him by the memory of Celeſtina, and with which every day concluded, he obtained a few hours of refreſhing ſleep, and with the dawn of the next day purſued his journey toward the ſummit of the mountain.

Amid theſe paths that wound among the almoſt perpendicular points of the cliffs, he often ſat down; ſurveying with awe and admiration the ſtupendous works of the Divine Architect, before whoſe ſimpleſt creation, the laboured productions of the moſt intelligent of his creatures ſink into inſignificance. Huge maſſes of grey marble, or a dark granite, frowned above his head; whoſe crevices, here and there, afforded a ſcanty ſubſiſtence to lickens and moſs campion; while the deſolate barrenneſs of other parts, added to that threatening aſpect with which they ſeemed to hang over the wandering traveller, and to bid him to fear, leaſt even the light ſteps of the Izard (the Chamois of the Pyrenees) or the wild goats, who now and then appeared ſuſpended amid the craggy fiſſures, ſhould diſunite them from the mountain itſelf, and bury him beneath thundering ruins.

Daſhing down among theſe immenſe piles of ſtone, the cataracts, formed by the melting of the ſnows, and the ice of the glacieres, in the boſom of the mountains, fell roaring into dark and abyſs-like chaſms, whither the eye feared to follow them—yet, frequently, amid the wildeſt horrors of theſe great objects, appeared ſome little green receſs, ſhaded by immenſe pines, cedars, or mountain-aſh; and the ſhort turf beneath them appeared ſpangled with the Soldinella and fringed * pink, or bluſhing with the ſcented wreaths of the Daphne Cneorum—while through the cracks and hollows of the ſurrounding wall of rock, were filtered ſmall and clear ſtreams, that crept among the tufts of juniper, roſemary, † and the Rhododendron of the Alps, that clothed the leſs-abrupt declivity; where, uninterrupted by intervening crags, the mountain ſhelving gradually to its baſe, opened a boſom more ſmiling and fertile; through which the collected waters, no longer foaming from their fall, found their way toward the Mediterranean ſea; their banks feathered with woods of cork trees, cheſnuts, and evergreen oaks, while the eye, carried beyond them, was loſt in the wide and luxuriant plains of Languedoc.

Never did ſuch a ſpot offer itſelf to the eyes of Willoughby, but the figure of Celeſtina was inſtantly preſent to his imagination—he ſaw her ſitting by him, enjoying the beautiful and romantic ſcenery; he heard her, in thoſe accents which had long ſuch power to enchant him, expatiate on its charms, with all that exquiſite taſte and feeling he knew her poſſeſſed of; and remembering a charming deſcription given by Roſſeau, in his Julie, of a ſpot of this ſort among the rocks of Meillerie.—'Il ſembloit que ce lieu déſert, dût etre l'aſyle de deux amans; échappés ſeuls au bouleverſement de la nature.' ‡

* Dianthus ſuperbus.

† Rhododendron Alpina; dwarf roſebay. This plant ſupplies firing to the ſhepherds of the Pyrenees.

‡ It ſeemed as if this deſert ſpot was deſigned as an aſylum for two lovers, who had eſcaped the general wreck of nature.

For a moment or two he indulged such a delicious reverie, till the sudden recollection of the truth cruelly destroyed it — Celestina was not, never could be his—never could share with him the simple and sublime delight offered by the superb spectacle of nature—'with all her great works about her.' Whether he was among the rude mountains that she has raised as a barrier, to divide two powerful nations; or gratified with the more mild beauties of his native country, never could she share in his satisfaction, or heighten his enjoyment—but her hours and her talents were all destined to make the happiness of Montague Thorold.—At that idea he started up, and hardly conscious of the rugged precipices beneath him, renewed his wandering researches; and sought, by activity of body, to chase the fearful phantoms of lost happiness that haunted his mind.

He had now passed three weeks among the Pyrenees; had traversed several Glaciers, and descended on the Spanish side, and looked over part of Catalonia.—Again he took his way to their summits; again circled deep vallies of ice, and wandered over regions of the white reign in all its rigour, though under a sky of the deepest blue, illuminated by the ardent sun of July; a sky so clear, that even a fleeting summer cloud diversifies its radiance.—One of the tallest of these stupendous points is, Le pic du midi de bagneres, which seems to be the sovereign of the inferior points around it: from its tall head he descended to Bagnieres; and there meaning to close his researches, he rested some days, and then, by another route, returned toward the country of Roussillon, from whence he had first begun his journey.

But when he arrived there, he had nothing to do but to form some scheme of farther progress; and therefore, pleased as he was with the variety and novelty offered him by this long chain of immense mountains, he determined to lengthen his stay among them.—His guide, who had by this time acquired an affection for him, delighted to carry him to every place that might offer either novelty or amusement—and he now conversed with the smuggler, who conveyed, at the extremest peril, prohibited articles of commerce between France and Spain; now joined the solitary hunter of the Izard, or smaller Chamois; and now shared the more dangerous toil of those who sought the bear, the wild boar, or the wolf, among the deep woods that clothed the sides of the mountains.

It was in an excursion with an hunter of the Izard, that, Farnham having been left behind at the cabin of a shepherd where Willoughby intended to pass the night, he and Gaston, his guide, were, by an accident, separated; and he found himself alone—on one of the most savage spots of the whole chain—above him arose a point covered by eternal snow, beyond which a Glacier spread its desolate and frozen surface for some miles, surrounded every way by sharp and barren rocks: on one side, fed by this magazine of ice and snow, a broad and thundering torrent threw itself; falling, with deafening noise into a rocky cauldron, so far below that the eye could not fathom it.—A dark and apparently inaccessible wood of firs was on the other side, where no tree or plant could find its abode, that was not equally able to endure the severity of those cold winds, passing over these immense magazines of ice, carry with them frost and desolation, even into the rich vineyards and luxuriant pastures of Gascony and Languedoc, and there assume the name of the Bize-wind.

Willoughby had lingered so long among these mountains, that it was now the second week of August. The evenings were of course, somewhat shortening, and the sun was visible only by reflection from the snowy point above him when he found himself left on a place where he knew not his way to any human habitation, or was likely to hear the sound of a human voice. Little accustomed, however, to fear of any kind, he sat himself down on a piece of broken rock, to consider if, by any of these remarks which Gaston had taught him to make, he could find his way before night fall to rejoin his servant and his guide, or to find at least some place of shelter.

These observations, however, were impeded by the clouds that seemed to arise from the extensive plains below him, and to gather round the base of the mountains. These increased every moment, and at length surrounded him like waves; so that he no longer distinguished the objects beneath him, while immense volumes of white vapour were poured like a sea between him and the neighbouring precipices. He heard louder than ever, but he no longer saw the torrent that threw itself down within a few yards of him; and had apprehension ever been, under any circumstance, troublesome to him, he might well have feared that, lost in the clouds of mist, he should at length alight where he was, and perhaps never regain his companions at all.

Life, however, had so few charms for him at this moment, that his indifference for it, added to his natural courage, when only

only himself was in question, made him perfectly calm and collected—though the thick clouds of mist continued to gather and darken round the spot where he was now compelled to remain.

For a few moments the sighing of the wind which bore this floating vapour, the increased hollow murmurs of the rushing waters of the cataract, were interrupted only by the screaming vulture, and the deep hoarse raven, who seemed by their cries, as they sailed above the grey abyss of mist, to be warning their companions of some approaching danger: thunder was in fact gathered in the bosom of these clouds, and Willoughby, as he sat on his solitary rock, heard it muttering at his feet: and after some tremendous bursts, which seemed to shake the mountains to their foundations, accompanied by blue and vivid lightning, a violent wind arose, and dispersing the soggy clouds, drove them, with the storm generated in their bosom, to the country beneath.

The last rays of the departed sun were now reflected from the summits of snow, the air became perfectly serene, and Willoughby saw distinctly every object around him. He observed at some distance to the left a cross, in an elevated situation, but far below the extremest point of the cliffs; and he recollected, that the day before Gaston had shewn him that cross, and had told him that near it was the residence of a shepherd, and that not far from it a convent, near the foot of the mountain.—Toward this, therefore, he now endeavoured to find his way, and by the help of a stick, with an iron fixed at the end of it, and by his own activity, he at length passed difficulties that to many people would have seemed insurmountable; and, attended only by a terrier which had followed him from England, and which had been the faithful companion of all his wanderings, he reached the pointed rock where the cross was erected.

It was now, however, so late, that he began to despair of finding the hut which Gaston had told him was situated something lower down. The moon indeed, wavering in majestic beauty behind him; but her light, he feared would hardly be sufficient to guide him among the woods and crags with which he was surrounded, to an object, perhaps, entirely concealed within them, and with which he was wholly unacquainted.—He sat down, however, till she should afford him more benefit, and to consider what he should do—when amid the silence of the night, the sound of the human voice, in slow cadence, accompanied by some musical instrument, was borne on the faint breeze that arose from the low lands.—He listened—it was not the illusion of fancy, as he had for a moment supposed; and he involuntarily exclaimed—

'O, it came o'er mine ear, like the sweet south,
'That breathes upon a bank of violets—
'Stealing and giving odour.'

SHAKESPEARE.

His dog, too, gave evident signs of hearing something unusual—ran from his master to the brink of the precipice—then returned jumping toward him, and seemed rejoiced that they were once more within reach of a human habitation. His sagacity assisted his master to follow the sound; and descending the mountain, by an entangled and almost overgrown sheep-path, that led from one pointed rock to another, he at length entered one of those woods of larch, pine, and chesnut, that fill many of the hollow bosoms of the Pyrenees; and though the trees rendered it entirely dark, the music, which still continued at short intervals to float in the air, led him on, till, in a small glade, overshadowed by rocks clothed with brushwood, he saw a small cabin, or rather cottage, where he had no doubt of finding an asylum for the night: his terrier now ran gaily before him, and was presently saluted by the loud barking of those dogs which guard the Pyrenean flocks—but on meeting, the animals courteously saluted each other, and the shepherds not feared glad to shew the strangers to his master.

The moon, though not yet risen above the trees, which on every side shaded the rocks surrounding this solitary glen, yet afforded general light enough for Willoughby to perceive a group of peasants assembled round the door of a cottage, superior in size to any of the cabins of the shepherds which he had yet visited. As he approached, the sounds which had guided him toward it ceased; and a man advanced to meet him, whose air and manner were very different from the native mountaineers whom he had been accustomed to see, though his dress was nearly the same. Willoughby accosted him in French, told him he was a stranger who had lost his guide, and desired to be permitted to remain in his cottage till the morning enabled him to find his companions. The man to whom he spoke hardly allowed him to finish the sentence, before, in language unadulterated with the Patois, which is spoken in that country, and is a coarse mixture of Spanish and French, he expressed the utmost solicitude for his accommodation—and leading him

to the door of the cottage, presented him to his wife, to an old man her father, and to several young people whom his music had assembled round the cabin—and who were inhabitants of a little group of cottages dispersed at short intervals among the woods on this part of the Vallée de Louison.

Every individual of this simple party was eager to shew civility and attention to the stranger.—'Louison,' said he, who appeared to be the master of the house, and who had met Willoughby—'Louison, go and prepare what our cottage affords, to refresh this gentleman, who may well have occasion for it, after such fatigue as he has gone through.'—Willoughby owned he was almost exhausted—and in a moment, milk, bread, and such other simple food as they themselves lived upon, were before him.

With the same hospitable simplicity, Louison went again, at her husband's request, to prepare him a bed, which one of the younger brothers of his host relinquished to him; saying, he could find a lodging that night at a neighbouring cottage.—Le Laurier, which he found was the name of his host, then pressed him to retire to bed—but Willoughby, refreshed by what he had eaten, found his curiosity so strongly excited, by the manners and language of this man, that it became more powerful than fatigue—and he could not help expressing a wish, to know how a man, who possessed such musical talents, and whose conversation was certainly not that of a mountaineer, should be found inhabiting a sequestered nook, in the bosom of the Pyrenees.

'I inhabit it, sir,' replied Le Laurier, 'because I was born in it; but it is true, that I have also seen a great deal of other parts of the world—and that it is not yet a month since I quitted the capital of France, to return thither after a long absence.'—'Long, indeed,' said his wife, who had now rejoined them—'Alas! so long!'—and she sighed deeply—'that I never expected, sir, to have seen him again.'

'Let me hear,' said Willoughby, 'not only what you have to relate of yourself, but what is now passing at Paris, which you say you have so lately left—I have been so long wandering among these mountains, that I am wholly ignorant of the consequences of that fermentation which was evident there among all ranks of men when I passed through it.'

'And I was in the midst of it all, sir,' replied Le Laurier—'for my master, Chevalier de Bellegarde, was among the prisoners who were released from the castle et Mount St. Michell—but our history is too long for this evening:'—he gave however, a brief detail to Willoughby, of what had passed at Paris the preceding July—and then, gaily turning the conversation, said—'Well, sir, but here am I, after all this, returned to my cottage in the Pyrenees, and here is Louison and my family—we are all happy together—and what is yet better, my dear master is restored to his home here below us.'—'And where is his home?' 'Oh, sir, the Chateau of Rochemarte, where his family have lived since the beginning of the world, I believe, is just down in the valley. Have you never seen it?'—To-morrow, please heaven, you shall—and you shall see my master—who is now indeed the Count of Bellegarde—for his father and brother are dead—you shall see him, sir; and see how a man enjoys liberty that has been a prisoner so many years—Not indeed, that he is so happy as some people would be, because of the misfortunes in the beginning of his life—which always hang upon his mind—but now, I hope, in time, he will get over them—For my part, I think it folly to lament what we cannot help, or regret what cannot be recalled—and I wish the chevalier was of my disposition.'

'Tis a fortunate one, at least for yourself,' replied Willoughby—'and has undoubtedly helped you gaily through the world.'—'No, sir, not gaily—but tolerably; amid the severest of those misfortunes, which I shared with the chevalier, I had always a persuasion that I should revisit my cottage, and my Louison.'—'Ah, thank heaven, your persuasion was a just one, my friend,' replied his wife—'and now that we may not part with melancholy impressions on our minds, let us have a little more music.'

Le Laurier then began to play on the instrument Willoughby had before heard, and which was something between a lute and a Spanish guitar—he touched it with uncommon taste, and sang a simple rustic air; the cadence was solemn and pathetic, and at every close, the female part of his auditory joined their voices in unison—Willoughby had now time to observe the group before him by the clear light of the moon, which cast a mild and unclouded radiance around them—The scene was simple and affecting. Le Laurier, a fine manly figure, sat on a seat of turf by the side of his door; his wife, a very handsome woman, stood leaning against the side of it, her head inclined toward him, with a sort of innocent and affectionate admiration; while a boy of seven, the youngest of his children, had fallen asleep as he sat at her feet, and rested his head on her lap;—two or three young peasants

peasants were behind, listening to the music, and gazing at the stranger; and in a chair, before the door, the venerable father of the family, sat, contemplating the felicity so lately restored to them all, by the return of Le Laurier, with the mild resignation of reposing age.

A thousand fragant smells floated in the air, after the rain; and the lightest wind whispered among the woods by which they were every way surrounded. Not a sound interrupted the plaintive pastoral air, which the former now began to play, while his wife and daughter alternately sung a stanza—It was a kind of romance in Patois—but Willoughby understood it to be the complaint of a mountain shepherd, whose mistress had forsaken him for a richer establishment.—There was nothing new in it, but it was the language of nature, and brought forcibly to the mind of Willoughby his own misfortunes.

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The soothing melancholy which every object around him seemed to breathe; the light of the moon trembling among the waving branches, of which Celestina had so often remarked the effect when they were wandering together; the simple cadence of rustic music, even the happiness which he saw on the countenances of his host and his family, combined to raise in his mind regret and langour. Never could he now hope to enjoy such a scene with Celestina; never was he likely to taste the delight of being restored to all he loved—Oh, no!—Celestina was the wife of another—and the world had no happiness for him—As he indulged these melancholy thoughts, he sat almost motionless, and appeared to be attending to the music of Le Laurier—but on a sudden they quite overcame him, and striking his hands together, he started up, and walked suddenly away from the little assembly.

His host immediately ceased to play, and following him, enquired with unaffected solicitude, if he was ill. Willoughby immediately recovering himself, thanked him for his kindness; and assured him, that his emotion was occasioned merely by the song he had heard, which had brought some unpleasing recollections to his mind. The man instead of attempting to console him by common place speeches, said, he would then leave him a moment; and hoped he would soon rejoin them, and allow them to wish him a good night. Willoughby walked on a little farther toward the wood—he looked up to the moon—'Even at this moment,' said he, 'perhaps the eyes of Celestina are fixed on thee, mild and beautiful planet—Those fine and expressive eyes, which I have seen fill with tears of admiration and delight, as they have contemplated the beauty of the universe, and the wisdom of its Creator—Ah, Celestina!—our hearts were made for each other—but yours—yours perhaps is changed, and to me is lost, as well as your person.'—He dared not trust himself with this train of thought; but turning, walked slowly back toward the cottage door, where only Le Laurier, and his Louison, now waited to shew him to his bed. As he walked silently along, the bells of a convent below seemed to be calling its inhabitants to their evening prayers; and from a higher part of the mountain, which arose very suddenly beyond the woods, a small bell answered, and was re-echoed among the rocks.—On his reaching Le Laurier, he enquired what these sounds meant. 'The bells, below,' said he, 'are those of the convent of St. Benoit, about half a mile below us; and the smaller one is that of father Anthony, a hermit, who inhabits one of the rocks above—he has lived there many years.

'And where is the castle of Rochemarte?'—enquired Willoughby.

'It is almost close to the convent,' replied Le Laurier—'and if you wish to see them both, I will wait upon you thither to morrow.'

Willoughby now repeated his acknowledgments for the courtesy he had received; and retired to his rustic bed—where fatigue, in despite of the depression of spirits, which his last reverie had brought upon him, gave him up to repose; and he for a while, enjoyed that

'Sweet forgetfulness of human care.'

without which the wretched would lose the power of enduring their wretchedness; and the happy, that of enjoying their good fortune.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF the things that occur in the practice of husbandry calculated to throw light upon any particular branch of that business, were in general made public, it would doubtless

doubtless be of great utility; in that way farmers may mutually aid and assist each other; and may, not only find their labour in many respects made easier, but learn how to apply it to much better purpose; if the following experiments and observations should be thought to be calculated to promote that valuable purpose, or, any part of them, they are at your service.

Considering the great quantities of potatoes that are raised in the province, it appeared to me of considerable consequence to have it determined, whether for seed or culture

Large potatoes, or small,
Whole potatoes, or cuttings,
The whole potatoe cut up, or the eyes only cut out,
Large cuttings, or small,
Early planting or late,
Few hoeings or many

were best?—To try to cast some light upon these queries, the following experiments have been made in the course of the two last seasons. It may be here observed with respect to all the following experiments that land was chosen as near alike as could conveniently be; and dunged alike by measure:

For the first query, the potatoes taken for seed, weighed

The first size, 3½ oz. each.
The second ½ oz.
The third 3 to an oz.

The first and second size were cut into near as many pieces as there were eyes; the third were planted whole: and the same experiment was repeated the last year in two different places, and again this year, except that the second size was tried this year only. The average of all the several trials together is as follows:

First size	117lbs.	
Second, ditto,	110	10 oz.
Third, ditto,	106	8 ditto.

The third size, being three potatoes to an ounce, were, doubtless as small or smaller than people in general take pains to gather, and though not equal to either of the foregoing, yet it appears by the above experiments, that they will do to plant when larger cannot be had.

For the second query, trials were made in two places, and with two kinds of potatoes in each, viz. potatoes weighing 3½ ounce, and others 3 to an ounce. The first size had generally fourteen or fifteen eyes in each potatoe, which when cut up is enough for two hills, and in that way I planted them; where the large whole potatoes were planted I put one in each hill, where the cuttings were planted, I made one of these large potatoes serve for two hills, having half the seed; and the hills where the cuttings were, had about the same number of stalks as the other: This may seem strange, but I have found it to be true in other instances; when potatoes are cut into as many pieces as there are eyes, every eye will commonly vegetate, and I have known some of them put out more than one stalk. On the other hand, when a potatoe is planted whole, frequently not more than one half of the eyes vegetate.

The average weight of an equal number of hills each, was as follows:

Whole potatoes	82lbs	13 oz.
Half the same number cut up	85 do.	9 do.

Those that were three to an ounce, were put three whole ones in a hill and half the same quantity of those that were cut; they yielded

The whole potatoes	73lbs	12 oz.
The cut, ditto	63 do.	12 do.

The last part of this experiment shews, that potatoes so small as 3 to an ounce, are hurt much by cutting: but the produce of the small ones, that were planted whole, in this experiment, was in nearly the same propertion with the produce of the large ones in it; as is that of the small ones to the large ones in the foregoing experiment, and serves, together with that, to shew, that the relative value of such small potatoes, as 3 to an ounce, when compared with those that weigh 3½ ounces each, is nearly as 10 to 11; and this difference will be considerably diminished, when it is considered, that it does not take more than half so many bushels of the small ones to seed an acre as it does of the large ones; also, that they are but of little value, compared with the others, for any other purpose than that of seed. In the large potatoes, in this experiment, the cuttings have the advantage, besides saving half the seed; and this, I believe, will generally turn out to be the case with any potatoe above the size of an ounce: notwithstanding, there are two particular circumstances in which I would prefer whole potatoes, to cuttings, for seed; the first, when I wanted to plant a few for early digging; the second, when, by any accident, the season is so far passed before planting, as to have reason to fear the potatoes will not get ripe; for though they will not come up so soon as small cuttings, yet, by the time they come in blossom, they will be some days forwarder than the small cuttings: agreeable to this, I will here subjoin a minute, which I took last year, upon inspecting a piece of potatoes, which consisted of eight rows, each row a different kind of seed: the patch was planted the last week in May.

June

June 19th I visited the above patch,—No. 1, none up, (these were large whole potatoes;) No's. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, all up but three hills, (these were all cuttings of different kinds of potatoes;) No. 7, none up, (these were very small, but whole potatoes;) No. 8, (which were the same small potatoes cut) all up.

August 3, the above potatoes were hilled. No. 1, every hill but one in blossom or buds; No. 2, (which were larger pieces than the three following) all in blossom but two hills; No. 3, 4, and 5, none; No. 6, (large pieces) all in blossom but two hills; No 7, all but one hill; No. 8, none.

Third query, Whether the whole potatoe cut up, or the eyes only cut out are best? This was tried in two different patches last year, and in one this; in two of them the eyes did not yield so much as where the whole was cut up; in the third they yielded more; an average of the three together stands thus:

Eyes,	62lbs.	2 oz.
Logger, ditto,	63	4 do.

These are nearer alike than will often happen where the seed is the same; so that it cannot be concluded from it that the eyes are worse seed than the other. Some future trials, perhaps may determine the matter one way or the other.

Fourth query, Whether large cuttings are preferable to small?—For this trial potatoes were taken weighing three ounces and an half each: The first row had three pieces in a hill, four eyes in each piece: the second, twelve eyes in twelve separate pieces: the third row, two pieces, four eyes in each: the fourth, eight eyes, &c.—their produce as follows:

No. 1.	36 lb.	
No. 2.	40	4 oz.
No. 3.	40	2
No. 4.	42	0

These two last rows were added, as I thought the two first might be too much seeded. For a medium between the above, another row was added, with four pieces in a hill, two eyes in each piece—its produce, 46 lb. 1 oz.

As the variations in the produce of the above, are not greater than will often happen where the seed is alike, even where pains has been taken to make the soil as near alike as possible, it cannot be determined from them that one sort of seed is better than the other. There was one circumstance also, which, as it happened, rendered this trial inaccurate: I have heretofore observed, in former trials which I have made, that when whole potatoes or very large cuttings were planted, not so many eyes ever vegetated, as when single eyes were planted; I was apprehensive therefore, when I planted these, that one would have too much seed, or the other not enough; yet as I did not know what to allow for that, I was determined to plant as I did that I might notice the difference in that respect: I went therefore, after the potatoes were all up and counted the stalks in each row.

No. 1.—3 cuttings with 4 eyes	111	stalks
2.—12 single eyes,	188	
3.—2 cuttings, 4 eyes,	82	
4.—8 single eyes,	135	
5.—4 pieces, 2 eyes each,	104	

I examined two other places where I was making trial between whole potatoes and single eyes, and found the odds about one half. As No. 5, was a medium as to the size of its pieces between No. 3 and 4, so it is not far from a medium as to the number of its stalks. The above shows that the experiment upon large and small cuttings was not sufficiently accurate, and that to have it be so, in some future trial more than one third of the seed used in the large cuttings must be omitted in the small. It also shews that unless the difference in the produce should be in favour of large cuttings, small ones are to be preferred on account of their saving so much seed.

To conclude this upon seed, I would observe, that a much greater number of experiments than I have ever made, or have known of others making, are necessary, as it appears to me, before it can certainly be determined what potatoes are best, and what the best way of cutting them for seed; for what has sometimes appeared considerable evident by trials in one season, has in some future trial been reversed; yet I am persuaded that by a sufficient number of trials, the matter may be brought to a certainty, and that it well deserves the attention of farmers in general; for if any one particular sort of seed should but prove five per cent. better than any other, it would be a matter of greart consequence to this province.

Fifth query, Whether early planting or late be the best?—I planted two small patches, both dunged alike; the first, the last week in May, the other on the 10th of June:

The produce of the first was	132lbs.	
The second, from the same number of hills	83	

besides the difference in the produce, late planted potatoes, unless the summer is peculiarly favourable and the soil very warm, will not be ripe; and so not good, for unripe potatoes are commonly watery. There is no danger in planting as early as the middle of May, and if the spring be

forward, a week sooner; for the riper our potatoes are, the drier and better they will be; and on our hard-wood land, especially if the soil be wettish, I have seldom seen potatoes that were ripe when dug. Such as grow on wettish land will not be so sweet as those which grow on dry, yet if ripe they will commonly be dry:

Sixth query, Whether few hoeings or many be best?—Last year I planted a small patch, I put into each hill an even half peck of well rotted dung:

Produce of the first half twice hoed	56lbs.	11 oz.
2d half, 5 times hoed,	75	7

This year I planted another patch, dunged as the foregoing, which I divided into four parts:

1st. Twice hoed, produced	81lbs.	0 oz.
2d. Three times, ditto,	99	11
3d. Five times, ditto,	114	10
4th. Ten times, ditto,	144	4

In both these trials the parts that were but twice hoed were so thoroughly dug up and cleansed from weeds as to lie clean the greater part of the summer; notwithstanding the odds is very great, and rises in such a regular progression, according to the hoeing, as clearly shews that the more we hoe the more potatoes we shall have; and when it is considered, the plowing, the dung, the making and dunging holes, the seed, cutting and planting the the potatoes, and rent of the land were alike in all, and that in digging the potatoes, the same quantity of land is to be dug for both, it will appear that the additional hoeings were well bestowed, even where there were ten. This will be more evident by attending to the following computation in which the cost of these which had but two hoeings is compared with the others. Each one of the four last divisions contained 30 hills planted on one square rood. No. 1, therefore, which was 81lb. reckoning 64lb. to the bushel, produced at the rate of 202½ bushels per acre. What follows is the cost of one acre from the best estimate that I can make; in doing of which the price of team-work was taken, not from what would probably be the price in the vicinity of Halifax, where hay is dear, but from the more remote parts of the province; also the land is supposed not to be new or rough, but free from roots and stumps, so as to be good ploughing.

	£.	s.	d.
Ploughing	0	6	0
Dung, ½ peck to a hill, is 20 loads, 30 bushels to a load, 2s6	2	10	0
Making the holes, 3s.	0	3	0
Seed, 10 bushels, 2s	1	0	0
Carting the dung, and putting it in the holes, two men and a team, two days, 8s	0	16	0
Cutting them for planting	0	5	0
Planting them, a man and a boy	0	3	0
Ploughing and hoeing, two men and a horse, each time 6s	0	12	0
Digging and housing the potatoes, 3d per bushel	2	10	7½
Rent of the land	1	10	0
	9	15	7½

This is a little more than 11d½ per bushel.

Those that were hoed three times produced 99 lb. 11 oz. which is 249 bushels per acre; this is 46½ bushels more than the first; and the whole that it has cost, is the price of one hoeing and their digging, which is but about 4d½ per bushel. No. 3 was five times hoed—its produce 114 lb. 10 oz. which is 286½ bushels per acre: this is 84 bushels more than No. 1, which cost the price of three hoeings and their digging, which is less than 5d¼ per bushel. No. 4 produced 144 lb. 4 oz. which is 360½ bushels per acre; 158 bushels more than No. 1: these cost eight hoeings and their digging, which is less than 6d¾ per bushel. Thus it is manifest, that the potatoes which come for the additional hoeings are much cheaper than those of No. 1; and though No. 4 seems not to come so much cheaper as No's. 2 and 3, yet, reckoning the whole produce of each No. with the whole cost, and No. 4 will be found the cheapest, as may be seen below:

	Bush.	£.	s.	d.	d.
No. 1.	202½	9	15	7½	11½
2.	249	10	13	3	10¼
3.	286½	11	14	7½	9¾
4.	360½	14	3	1½	9½

Thus, to hoe, even ten times, appears to be better husbandry, than to hoe but twice; and what will make it appear more so, is, that the hoeings were all reckoned at the same price, and yet any one will easily conceive, that where the land was hoed ten times it was kept so clean and soft, that a single hoeing must be easier than where it was hoed but twice: also, 3d per bushel was allowed for digging all the potatoes; yet there was the same quantity of land dug up for the 202 bushels as for the 360.

Some have conceived, that potatoes do not need but two, or, at most, three hoeings; but the truth is, both with respect to potatoes and other things, that the better we cultivate them, the better we shall be paid for our labour.

As No. 3 was about as clean and free from weeds, through the summer, as No.

ſ, it may, perhaps, be thought ſtrange that No. 4 ſhould produce ſo much the largeſt crop: Upon ſuppoſition that I could give no reaſon for it, yet I am as really benefited by the increaſed crop of potatoes, as if I could; yet in attempting an anſwer to it, I ſhall naturally be led to ſome obſervations that may be of uſe in huſbandry; I ſhould, therefore, ſay—

Firſt, by ſuch repeated hoeings, the earth is made much finer, and this was looked upon to be of ſo much conſequence by Mr. Tull, that he built his whole Theory of New Huſbandry upon it: his horſe-hoeing huſbandry doubtleſs has its advantages; but, without entering into the merits of it at preſent, I ſhall only obſerve, that the finer any earth is made, and the more thoroughly the different parts of it are mixed, the better will the fine roots of vegetables work in it; for, where the oppoſite is the caſe, a fine root grows, perhaps, one inch in pure earth, the next in dung, the third in a vacuity, made by the irregular ſurfaces of the large lumps as they lie jumbled together, then with difficulty enters a hard and almoſt impenetrable lump; but if, in oppoſition to this, the lumps were thoroughly broken, and the earth, dung and rotten vegetables, ſo mixed as to form one uniform ſubſtance, and the whole left lying looſe, open, &c. the roots would penetrate every way with eaſe, and find in all parts a more ſuitable pabulum or food, than in the unmixed ſtate before deſcribed.

2d. I ſuppoſe by ſuch repeated hoeings, the earth is not only made finer but richer: not only the richneſs that it had in the ſpring put into the beſt ſituation to exert itſelf, but an increaſe of riches and ſtrength is added to it, by ſuch a number of hoeings. Nor do I think it impoſſible, that the increaſe may be ſo conſiderable, as to leave the land richer when the crop comes off at the fall than it was in the ſpring, when it was put in.

That the air abounds with vaſt quantities of ſalts and other ſubſtances, which are rich manures, will, I think, appear in ſome degree evident from the few following obſervations, out of many that might be made. The power of the ſun to raiſe watery vapours into the air is well known; and with them many rich ſteams, from dung hills, compoſt heaps, and from every kind of putrifying ſubſtance, is carried up into the air; all kinds of ſubſtances, both vegetable and animal, when in a putrifying ſtate, fill the ſurrounding air with a ſtrong volatile effluvia; and by little and little, as they rot and conſume away, are carried up into the air; immenſe quantities of animal juices, of every kind and in every country, are, daily, carried up into the air, not only from the putrifying bodies of dead animals, but from every place where fiſh or fleſh are cooked for the uſe of men; the ſteam of boiling pots and turning ſpits, united with the ſmoke of the fuel, a part of it being condenſed into ſoot in paſſing our chimnies, forms a manure ſo rich, that fifteen buſhels of it is ſufficient to manure an acre; and, beſides the fuel burned in our ſtoves and chimnies, what immenſe quantities of ſmoke goes up from fires in the open air, from many kinds of kilns, clearing of land, accidental fires, &c. But it is enough only to have hinted at ſome of the many ways that riches are carried up into the air, to make it manifeſt that there is enough there to make our land very rich, if we can only think of any way to draw it down; and that plowing and hoeing will in ſome meaſure anſwer that purpoſe may be eaſily demonſtrated from the known laws of nature. Any kind of moiſture, being raiſed by heat in the form of ſteam and brought into contact with a body colder than itſelf is condenſed into a liquid form: on this depends the theory of diſtilling. The ſteam that is raiſed from the hot liquor paſſing through the worm, which is kept cold by cold water, and often coming into contact with the ſides of it, from its various windings, is condenſed into a liquor. Something like this is often carried on by nature, without human aid: ſtones are often ſeen, even in the middle of a dry day, covered over with drops of water: 'tis ſaid, the ſtone ſweats; but the truth is, the ſtone, being colder than the ſurrounding air, condenſes the moiſture that is in the air and cauſes it to ſettle in drops. Hence it comes to paſs, that the graſs round the edges of our feeding paſtures is commonly ſtouter than it is at a diſtance from the ſtones; the ſtones, anſwering the ſame purpoſe as the worm of a ſtill, condenſes the moiſture, and with that the riches contained in it, about itſelf; for the earth that comes in contact with the ſtone, being made colder than the other earth by the coldneſs of the ſtone, receives more moiſture than the other earth; alſo, a part of what falls on the ſtone is waſhed into the ſurrounding earth by the next rain. The ſame appearance of ſweating is often viſible on a cup containing ſome cold liquor, by which it is made colder than the ſurrounding air; and this will always be the caſe, whatever body is colder than the air that ſurrounds it, will condenſe the moiſture in exact proportion to its own coldneſs and the degree of moiſture that there is in the air: this will not be ſo conſiderable as to be very

visible only when the air has more moisture in it than common; hence 'tis said, to be a sign of rain: but whether it is so much as to be visible, or not, we may be sure that it never fails of taking place, in the circumstances mentioned above, any more than the worm of a still can fail of condensing the steam passing through that when properly cool.

Every time we plow or hoe ground, in hot weather, we turn up a colder surface to the air; this, therefore, cannot fail of condensing, and, in that way, attracting to itself much moisture and with that great riches from the air. It is acknowledged, that dews, rains, snows, &c. enrich land, as 'tis said, 'that snow is the poor man's dung;' yet, where land is uncultivated, what falls in one day is exhaled in another, and it is hard to say, when this is the case, that the earth is made much richer by all that falls upon it in dews, rains, &c. It is manifest, that where one country is well cultivated and another neglected, one will be growing rich at the expense of the other; for while it possesses all the benefit that can accrue from dews, rains, &c. in common with other countries, it alone possesses the increased benefit that comes upon it by means of its cultivation. This shews us how it comes to pass, that countries whose soil was once so rich as to be able to support a multitude of inhabitants in great affluence, is now so barren as scarce to afford a subsistence to a few wretched cottagers: as is said to be the case with the land of Canaan, and some other parts of the world which were once fertile. Thus the industrious farmer, by his various hoeings, plowings, fallowings, &c. is often enriching his own farm at the expense of his more indolent neighbour.

I might here, also, mention what the leaves of vegetables, of all kinds, imbibe from the air, as in close connection with what has been said; for as plants are greatly enlarged by cultivation, they will now imbibe much more from the air than they otherwise could, which will all in the end serve to enrich the farm: But as this is introducing a subject of great consequence to husbandry, and which well deserves to have much more said upon it than the length of this paper will admit of, which is already longer than I at first intended, I shall at this time omit it. If you should think the foregoing worthy of notice, I may hereafter send you something upon that subject.

A FARMER.

ANECDOTES of Mr. JOHN EDWIN, the late celebrated COMEDIAN.

MR. John Edwin whose comic exertions are so recent in the recollection of the frequenters of the theatre, was the son of a watchmaker, who with a liberality superior to his circumstances, gave him an education that afterward rendered him essential service in life; and we are assured, that the knowledge he acquired in music, while a schoolboy, aided by a happy invention, and droll manner of delivery, made him one of the first comic singers of the age.

He was born in Clare-street, St. Clement Danes, London, on the 10th of August, 1749; and being of a sickly constitution, his father was induced to send him, at nine years of age, to a farmhouse in a healthy situation, in the vicinity of Enfield, where he had not been long, before he gave the most decided indications of his future destiny, by joining some young gentlemen in that neighbourhood, in attempting to perform a play. Private theatricals were not embellished and attended as they are now; for young Edwin and his associates received their audience in a stable, where

'They cleav'd the general ear with horrid speech.'

The tragedy of Alexander the Great was chosen for the occasion, and the future comedian *raved* his part, unaided by any other qualification, than what was produced by his puerile presumption.

Mr. Edwin remained at school till he was fifteen years of age; at which period he procured a place in the Pension Office of the Exchequer; but that employment requiring no more than two hours daily attendance, he had an opportunity of turning his thoughts to the stage; a propensity to which, seems thus early to have been his ruling passion. Having received information of a Spouting Club, at the French Horn, in Wood-street, near Cheapside, he became a member; and it was there, we are assured by his biographer, that the singular humour of Mr. William Woodfall, in Old Mark, in 'The Muteal Lady,' first suggested to Edwin's mind, a serious idea of assuming the character of a comedian. The following summer, he studied the tankard scene of

Scrub;

Scrub; the part of Simon in the first act of the Apprentice, and the first scene of Polydore in the Orphan, which with the song of 'I followed a lass that was froward and shy,' and those of Sir Harry Sycamore, in the Maid of the Mill, he concluded might carry him very decently through the winter, at the beginning of which a new Spouting Society was instituted at the Falcon, in Fetter lane. There Edwin made his first regular essay, and having passed the fiery ordeal of juvenile criticism, amid the applauses of the members, was soon after chosen one of the six managers.

He was always a great admirer of the professional merits of the late Ned Shuter, who, in return, entertained a high opinion of his comic abilities, and used frequently to say, 'My boy, you will be an excellent actor when I am laid low.' Indeed it was to his imitation of that actor's songs, and the performance, at the above mentioned club, of some of his parts, that he was first indebted for the patronage of Mr. Lee, of Drury lane theatre, who seeing him *read* Launcelot in 'The Merchant of Venice,' engaged him for the ensuing summer at Manchester at a settled salary of one guinea a week, and the profits of half a benefit.

However, before he joined this theatrical corps, a circumstance occurred which might have been productive of great advantage to him. Mr. John Edwin, of Great George-street, Hanover square, a distant relation, possessed of great wealth, happened to die, leaving near 50,000*l.* to be distributed in public charities, and appointed twelve trustees to superintend the distribution. Mr. Way the principal of these, and also one of his executors, aware of the folly of expending a fortune on objects totally unknown to him, while his own kindred was left entirely destitute, from an impulse of justice made young Edwin secretary to the trust, and annexed a salary of thirty pounds a year, beside some very considerable perquisites, to the appointment.

But the *flag. frack* mind of this young man, could be contented with nothing short of theatrical reputation; he accordingly resigned his secretaryship at the end of the year, during which he had accumulated 300*l.* and left his family without the formality of taking leave, but not before he had drawn his money, out of the hands of Mr. Way, and presented it to his father, whose circumstances were embarrassed, and whose hopes had been disappointed by his resolution to turn player.

When he was only sixteen years of age, he commenced an actor of *old men*, at the theatre of Manchester, in 1765. Justice Woodcock and Sir Harry Sycamore, were two characters which were performed with great applause by our juvenile adventurer, and it is here to be observed as a circumstance not a little remarkable, that he played old men in his youth, and young men in his more advanced years.' His fame was now so firmly established, that before the expiration of the summer, he was engaged at a salary of thirty shillings a week, at the Theatre Royal in Smock-alley, Dublin. Accordingly, when the season was over at Manchester, he visited London, and having received some money and a watch from his father, he set out for the metropolis of Ireland, where he at length arrived in great distress, having waited so long for a fair wind at Parkgate, that he had been obliged to pawn his watch, and expend his last *shilling on the road.*

The first character that Edwin performed in Dublin, was that of Sir Philip Modelove, in the 'Bold Stroke for a Wife;' a part in which much is not expected from the actor. His next was that of Lord Trinket, in 'The Jealous Wife;' and here he had so little of the nobleman in his manner and address, that when exclaiming in the course of his part, 'I act a mighty ridiculous figure here, upon honour!' some of the wags replied with great vociferation, 'You do, indeed!' His success, however, in Justice Woodcock, amply repaid him for his former disgrace, and he afterward continued through the season to attract considerable applause, either as an 'old man, a thief, a clown, or a constable.'

After his return from Ireland, he was engaged at several of the Provincial theatres in England and particularly at Bath, where he received great applause, in the characters of Perriwinkle, in 'The Bold Stroke for a Wife,' and in Sir Harry Sycamore, in 'The Maid of the Mill.'—There too he first became acquainted with Mrs. Walmsley, then a reputable milliner of that city, his desertion of whom, about twenty years afterward, occasioned him to be frequently hissed off the stage by a London audience.

In 1775, Edwin was engaged to play at Foote's theatre in the Haymarket, at a salary of three pounds per week, and in the latter part of that month, made his first professional *bow* to a London audience in the part of Flaw, in the comedy of 'The Cozeners.' His success in this attempt did not, however, equal the expectations of his friends, and it was not till he had performed Jobson, in 'The Devil to Pay,'

and

and Billy Button, in 'The Maid of Bath,' that he acquired any great degree of theatrical reputation.

In 1779, Mr. Harris engaged Edwin at the rate of seven pounds a week. The firſt ſcenic perſonage he repreſented at Covent-garden, was Touchſtone, in Shakſpeare's beautiful paſtoral, of 'As you Like it.'—Edwin did what he could, but the effort was not entirely ſatisfactory. He played Midas on the ſame evening, and in that part recovered all the dignity he had forfeited in Touchſtone. The luminouſneſs of the prince of burlettas began to appear, and the public eye, dazzled with radiance before that period unknown.

The leading deſign of Mr. Harris in engaging Edwin, was to do the part of Punch, in Dibden's pantomime of 'Harlequin Every Where,' a part to which the compoſer knew no other individual competent!—His vaſt comic powers were firſt generally acknowledged in maſter Stephen, in 'Every Man in his Humour.'—From his fine acting on that night, every thing great was preſaged by thoſe whoſe judgment warranted the encomiums of renown.

At the concluſion of that ſeaſon, he made a new engagement with the manager, and was fixed for three years at eight pounds per week. At the expiration of that term it was increaſed to twelve, and thus it continued until he was called from the great theatre of exiſtence. He died October 31, 1790, aged forty-two years: leaving another memorable example of the truth of Dr. Johnſon's remark, in his life of the profligate Savage—'That nothing will ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.'

NARRATIVE of FACTS ſuppoſed to throw a LIGHT on the HISTORY of the BRISTOL STRANGER, known by the NAME of the MAID of the HAY-STACK.

[Tranſlated from the French]

THE following little narrative is ſo ſtrictly and literally true, that it does not require any ornament from fiction, or embelliſhment from language. Thoſe, for whom truth has any charms, will feel it, and to ſuch only it is written. I ſhall relate it with the utmoſt ſimplicity, and the cloſeſt adherence to fact.

Near four years ago, a young woman ſtopped at a ſmall village near Briſtol, and begged the refreſhment of a little milk.

There was ſomething ſo attractive in her whole appearance as to engage the attention of all around her. She was extremely young, and ſtrikingly beautiful; her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance intereſting to the laſt degree.—She was alone—a ſtranger—and in extreme diſtreſs; yet ſhe uttered no complaints, and uſed no arts to excite compaſſion. Her whole deportment and converſation bore viſible marks of ſuperior breeding; yet there was a wildneſs, an incoherence, and want of conſiſtency in all ſhe ſaid and did. All day ſhe wandered about in ſearch of a place to lay her wretched head, and at night actually took up her lodging under an old hay-ſtack.

The neighbouring ladies remonſtrated with her on the danger of ſo expoſed a ſituation, but in vain; their bounty ſupplied her with the neceſſaries of life, but neither prayers or menaces could induce her to ſleep in a houſe.—As ſhe ſometimes diſcovered evident ſtarks of infanity, ſhe was at length confined.

I paſs over this period of her hiſtory—it is too touching for my own feelings:—it would too tenderly affect the ſenſibility of the reader.

At length ſhe was releaſed; with all the ſpeed her ſmall remains of ſtrength allowed, ſhe flew to her beloved hay-ſtack, though it was ſix miles from the place of her confinement. Her rapture was inexpreſſible on finding herſelf at liberty, and once more ſafe beneath this miſerable ſhelter.

It is now near four years ſince this forlorn creature has devoted herſelf to this deſolate life, ſince ſhe has known the comfort of a bed or the protection of a roof. Hardſhip, ſickneſs, intenſe cold, and extreme miſery, have greatly injured her health, and impaired her beauty; but ſhe is ſtill a moſt intereſting figure: there is an uncommon ſweetneſs and delicacy in her air and manner.

She is above all that vanity ſo common to her ſex and ſo natural to maniacs; for ſhe will neither wear nor accept of any finery or ornaments, but hangs them on the buſhes as below her attention.

She refuſes to give the leaſt account of herſelf; her ſilence on this head is invincible; her recollection ſeems impaired, and her

her whole mind viſibly diſturbed; yet her anſwers are pertinent enough, unleſs ſhe ſuſpects the queſtion is meant to enſnare her.

Her way of life is the moſt harmleſs and inoffenſive that can be imagined; every fine morning ſhe walks round the villages, converſes with the poor children, makes them little preſents of ſuch things as are given her, and receives other in return; ſhe will take nothing except milk, tea and the moſt ſimple diet.

No means have been left unattempted by the neighbouring ladies (one in particular, who has been her conſtant and unwearied benefactreſs) to prevail on her to live in a houſe; but her conſtant reply is, 'that trouble and miſery dwell in houſes; and that there is no happineſs but in liberty and freſh air.'

[The French author has here a note, part of which the tranſlator has ventured to inſert into the text.

One in particular, &c. 'This lady is named *Atking*; ſhe reſides at Briſtol, and has benevolently undertaken the care of our fugitive. By the moſt conſtant aſſiduity, ſhe has perſuaded her to reſide at the houſe of a ſurgeon in that city, where ſhe is ſtill living. He has contrived to gain her eſteem, but as ſoon as he would make any inquiry as to her birth, ſhe lifts up her finger to her lips.

'As her averſion to ſleeping in a bed ſubſiſts, a matraſs is placed for her on the ground—and ſhe often amuſes herſelf with ſhaping the quilt into the imitation of a royal robe.

'One day a coach and four paſſed along the ſtreet—her attendants ran to the windows—She enquired the cauſe; and then ſaid,—*A wonderful ſight truly! my father's was always drawn by* EIGHT HORSES.']

From a certain peculiarity of expreſſion, with a ſlight foreign tincture in her pronounciation, and in conſtruction of ſome ſentences, ſome have been led to conjecture, *that ſhe is not of this country*. Various attempts have been made at different times to draw from this circumſtance ſome knowledge of her origin.

About a year ago, a gentleman ſpoke to her in the languages of the Continent; ſhe appeared uneaſy, reſtleſs, and embarraſſed: but when he addreſſed her in German, her emotion was too great to be ſuppreſſed; ſhe turned from him, and burſt into tears.

This anecdote, which is told in the neighbourhood, was a few days ago related to two gentlemen, whom humanity led to viſit this forlorn creature.

One of them, who ſpoke German fluently, made the experiment: ſhe was evidently confuſed, bluſhed, and from accident, or a knowledge in the language, *anſwered ſome queſtions in Engliſh*; but, feeling as if ſhe had been hurried into an imprudence, ſhe artfully changed the ſubject, and denied having underſtood what had been ſaid to her.

This artleſs ſtory is written with no other view but the warm hope that it may catch the eye of ſome one intereſted in this tale of woe, and the ardent wiſh of reſtoring an amiable and wretched young creature to the arms of (perhaps) a broken-hearted parent.

The writer heartily wiſhes the whole had been a fiction, and that he had not been himſelf an eye-witneſs to the diſtreſs he relates—it would have ſpared him many a pang of unavailing ſorrow, and (although a man) ſome tears of uſeleſs compaſſion.

PHILALETHES.

The above ſtory was firſt publiſhed in the St. James's Chronicle about four years ago. The unhappy object of it is ſtill in a ſtate of confinement under the humane inſpection of Miſs Hannah Moore, the perſon meant above by the name of *Atking*. The ſtranger's diſorder approaches nearer to idiotiſm than to lunacy,—her beauty is gone, and her body pale and emaciated. The French tranſlator thought that the narrative, of which the following is the ſubſtance, might perhaps throw light on her ſtory.

'In the ſummer of the year 1768, the Count de Cobenzel, Imperial miniſter at Bruſſels, received a letter from a lady at Bourdeaux; the writer requeſted him 'not to think it ſtrange, if his advice and friendſhip were eagerly ſought after;'—adding, 'that the univerſal reſpect which his talents and his intereſt at court had acquired, engaged her to addreſs herſelf to him—that in a little time he would know who the perſon was that had preſumed to ſolicit his good offices, and that perhaps he would not repent of having attended to her.' This letter, which was written in very indifferent French, was ſigned *La Frëulen*. The Count was deſired to return an anſwer to Mademoiſelle La Frëulen at Bourdeaux.

A ſhort time after this, the Count received a letter from Prague, ſigned 'Le Compte J. de Weiſſendorff;' in which he was intreated to give the beſt advice in his power to Mademoiſelle La Frëulen—to intereſt himſelf warmly in her behalf—to write to Bordeaux in her favour,—and even to advance her money, to the amount of a thouſand ducats, if ſhe ſtood in need of it. The letter was concluded in theſe words,

words. 'When you shall know, Sir, who this stranger is, you will be delighted to think that you have served her, and grateful to those who have given you the opportunity of doing it.

M. de Cobenzel replied to the stranger, that he was highly sensible of the honour of her good opinion.—that he should be proud of assisting her with his advice, and of serving her to the utmost of his power; but that it was first absolutely necessary he should be informed of her real name.

After this the Count received a letter from Vienna, signed 'Le Comte de Dietrichstein.' In this he was again requested to pay every possible attention to Mademoiselle La Freulen, and in particular to intreat her to be frugal. He answered this, as well as the former letter from Prague—but no notice was taken of his reply to either.

Meanwhile his epistolary intercourse with the lady of Bourdeaux continued. He heard from a person of that place that she was exceedingly beautiful, and, though very young, elegant in her manners and prudent in her conduct; that she lived magnificently but was exceedingly reserved when questioned with respect to her family; and that her countenance had a striking resemblance to that of the late Emperor.

The lady afterwards informed the Count that she was ready to impart to him the circumstances of her story; and as the secret was too important to be trusted to chance, she proposed to visit the Austrian Netherlands on purpose. In the mean time she sent him her picture; which she desired him to examine with attention, as it might lead him to some conjectures as to what she had to relate. The Count saw in it nothing more than the features of a very lovely woman;—but Prince Charles de Lorraine thought it bore a strong resemblance to the late Emperor his brother. She afterwards sent him two other pictures, which proved to be the portraits of the Emperor and Empress.

In December 1768, M. de Cobenzel received a very singular letter, dated, 'Vienna: *From my bed—two in the morning.*' In this the Count was highly commended for the good advice he had given the young stranger, and requested to continue his attentions. The writer said that the poor girl had suffered greatly, but that it was designed to put her in such a situation as would make her ample amends, 'she was so tenderly recommended to me by that person who was dearest to me in the world.' The Count was charged to inculcate œconomy, and particularly admonished of the importance of the secret. This letter had no signature.

Upon the Count's informing her that he had received this letter, and that she was recommended to his care in the strongest terms, she replied, 'I am much obliged to you for your goodness; but I will tell you honestly, that if I wanted any particular favour, I would rather address myself to God than to the saints.

While the Emperor was on his travels in Italy, the King of Spain received a letter apparently written by his Imperial Majesty, informing him in confidence, that his father, the late Emperor, had left a natural daughter, who had been earnestly recommended to his care by his father, and that she was resident at Bourdeaux. He intreated the King of Spain to send for her, and give her an establishment at Madrid, till some plan should be fixed on for her future life; which he himself could not do, lest the Empress should hear of it. The King of Spain sent his letter to the Emperor, requesting some explanation. He, who had not written the letter, sent it to the Empress, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to Bourdeaux to have the lady seized. She was accordingly arrested and conveyed to Brussels to be examined. She arrived at the house of the Count de Cobenzel; and he beheld a figure that would have interested the most insensible heart. She was tall and elegantly formed, her air was at once simple and majestic, her complexion fair, her hair brown, and calculated to receive the embellishments of art to the greatest advantage. She had fine dark eyes, and a look which expressed every emotion of her soul. She spoke French with a German accent, and appeared much confused, but without any particular symptom of female weakness.

By Mr. Cobenzel she was received with great kindness; but enjoined to adhere strictly to truth at her examination, if she wished to preserve his friendship.

The account she gave of herself was as follows:—She said she did not know where she was born; but that she was educated at a sequestered house somewhere in Bohemia, under the care of two women and an ecclesiastic. That here she was three times visited at distant intervals by a handsome man in a riding suit, who embraced, caressed, and even wept over her, gave her the two pictures she had sent to M. de Cobenzel, and promised her a palace, money and attendants. That afterwards being told by the ecclesiastic that her protector was no more, she was taken from her solitude, brought to Hamburg, and then to Bourdeaux. Being charged with prevarication in this part of her narrative, she confessed that from Hamburg she had gone

to

to Sweden, where ſhe ſtayed ſome time, and had received many civilities from the Imperial miniſter at Stockholm. From Sweden ſhe went to Bourdeaux, and there refuſed ſeveral advantageous offers of marriage, in conſequence of a promiſe made to the ſtranger in Bohemia, binding herſelf to perpetual celibacy.

At Bourdeaux ſhe had received at different times, from unknown hands, about 150,000 livres; which confirmed her in the idea that ſhe belonged to a very wealthy family. But this reſource having all at once ſtopped, ſhe contracted debts to the amount of 60,000 livres.

In this deſperate ſituation ſhe took the wild reſolution of fabricating the letters mentioned above, to wit, that dated Vienna—*from my bed—two in the morning*; another ſigned 'Le Comte de Weiſſendorff,' the letter to the King of Spain, &c. but declared her ignorance of the letter ſigned 'Le Comte de Dietrichſtein.' She ſaid ſhe had received 700 Louis d'ors of the late Duke of York, with a promiſe of as much as would diſcharge all her debts. That one morning he wrote her a letter as follows: 'I was about to ſend you the remainder of your money; but when I left your houſe, I received a letter, which poſitively commanded me to give you no more than a part of it. I have written to the Princeſs d'Averſberg, and have requeſted permiſſion at leaſt to ſend you the ſum you want to ſhelter you from your creditors;—but——!' In a few days after his Royal Highneſs died.

From this examination, the Empreſs formed a very diſadvantageous opinion of the ſtranger, and determined to treat her with the utmoſt ſeverity. M. de Cobenzel oppoſed himſelf to this determination; for though he was convinced that the lady was not the daughter of the Emperor, yet he thought there were circumſtances in her ſtory which threw a myſterious perplexity over her birth. He was therefore of opinion that ſhe ſhould be confined in a convent till time ſhould throw ſome light on her hiſtory. But Cobenzel dying in a ſhort while after, the lady was taken out of priſon, a ſub-lieutenant of the Merechauſee of Brabant conducted her to a ſmall town between Mons and Valenciennes,—fifty Louis d'ors were put into her hands, and ſhe was abandoned to her wretched deſtiny.

An ACCOUNT of the PHLOGISTIC and ANTI-PHLOGISTIC THEORIES.

[*From the Biographical Magazine.*]

IN different periods of time, particular ſubjects have engroſſed the attention of philoſophers, whilſt other branches of knowledge have been either little attended to, or entirely neglected: and as at preſent the philoſophical world is principally engaged in the examination of the phlogiſtic or anti-phlogiſtic ſyſtem, we ſhall promiſe a ſhort and comprehenſive proſpect of it for the information of our readers, who will thereby be enabled to underſtand the various ſubjects depending upon it.

When a metallic ſubſtance is by any means calcined, as, for inſtance, when a piece of iron is converted into ruſt, which the chemiſts call the calx of iron, a very remarkable alteration takes place; for the piece of iron, which was hard, ſmooth in its ſurface, and of the uſual well known colour, is converted into a browniſh red, granulated and friable matter, incapable of malleability, of acquiring a poliſh, and, in ſhort, deſtitute of all the eſſential and uſeful properties of iron. In explanation of the cauſe of this remarkable change, the philoſophers of the late hundred years ſay, that iron is a compound of two ſubſtances; viz. an earthly and fixed one, called the calx; and another volatile ingredient, called phlogiſton; and that the calcination is no more than the ſeparation of the two component ſubſtances, viz. the eſcape of the phlogiſton; ſo that after the calcination, the calx or earthly part remains alone, which poſſeſſes its peculiar properties, ſo very different from thoſe of the iron of which it was one of the component ſubſtances.

The phlogiſton, in the act of calcination, is ſuppoſed to be attracted by the air; and in fact the calcination cannot take place unleſs the calcinable metal is expoſed to reſpirable air, or to ſubſtances which contain reſpirable air.

As in the abovementioned proceſs of calcination, one of the component ſubſtances has been ſeparated from that which remains, it might be naturally expected that the remaining ſubſtance ſhould weigh leſs than the original body or piece of iron, of which it was only a

part; the fact, however, is far different, the calx being actually heavier (it is not meant in ſpecific gravity) and larger in bulk than the original piece of iron.

This addition of weight and bulk was, a few years ago, proved to be owing to a quantity of pure air, which the calx condenſes and imbibes from the atmoſphere.

If this calx be ſurrounded by ſubſtances which are ſuppoſed to abound with phlogiſton, as charcoal, and other combuſtible bodies, and be thus expoſed to a proper degree of heat, the calx, by imbibing the phlogiſton from the ſurrounding bodies and parting with its air, will become iron again. This operation is called the *reduction* of the calx.

If it be aſked, what is this phlogiſton, and whether it may be exhibited by itſelf, the anſwer is, that it is the inflammable principle, and that it cannot be produced by itſelf; but that it may be only ſeparated from one ſubſtance, and imparted to another, in which caſe the former is ſaid to be dephlogiſticated, and the latter to be phlogiſticated.

Now the new antiphlogiſtic doctrine, which ſeems daily to acquire additional credit and new adherents, aboliſhes entirely the exiſtence, or rather the ſuppoſition of the exiſtence of the phlogiſton, and explains the phenomena of calcination and reduction, merely on the addition or privation of a proper quantity of pure air.—Thus moſt of the preſent philoſophers ſay, that a piece of iron, combined with a ſufficient quantity of pure air, becomes, what is commonly known under the name of calx of iron,—and that the ruſt or calx of iron, when deprived of its pure air, becomes iron. The neceſſity of ſurrounding the calx with charcoal or other inflammable ſubſtance, is not for the purpoſe of imparting the ſuppoſed phlogiſton to it, but to extract the pure air from it; as the pure air, they ſay, is more forcibly attracted by charcoal than by the calx.

This new theory, which for perſpicuity's ſake is here exemplified in iron, muſt be underſtood of all the other, hitherto called, phlogiſtic proceſſes. Thus in reſpiration, the phlogiſtians ſay, that the lungs depoſit the ſuperfluous phlogiſton of the blood upon the air, which is ſucceſſively introduced into their cavities by the act of reſpiration, and the antiphlogiſtians ſay, that the lungs only ſeparate and imbibe the purer part of the atmoſphere. Thus, alſo, in combuſtion, agreeably to the old theory, the combuſtibles part with their phlogiſton, which is therefore called the inflammable principle; but according to the other theory, the combuſtible ſubſtances abſorb pure air.

There are ſeveral circumſtances which ought to be duly ſtated and examined, in order to ſhew the merits and objections which attend the two theories; but the limits of this publication can only allow a ſhort view of the ſubject.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

IT has been ſaid that Richard Plantagenet, natural ſon of Richard III. King of England, died with a trowel in his hand. The following Anecdote on this ſubject is related in a French work entitled, *Lettres de Comte de B———*.

Sir Thomas Moyle, being employed in building a caſtle in the pariſh of Eaſtville, in the burial regiſters of which are ſtill ſeen theſe words, Richard Plantaganet was interred the 22d of December, 1550, obſerved that his principal maſon retired at the uſual hours of breakfaſt and dinner, and that, when he got to the diſtance of about an hundred paces, he took a book from his pocket, and read while he was making his repaſt.

Sir Thomas being deſirous of knowing what the book was, which ſo much engaged the attention of his maſon, endeavoured for ſome days to ſurpriſe him, but always without effect; for as ſoon as the maſon heard him approaching, he put the book in his pocket and went away.

Sir Thomas' curioſity was ſtill more excited by this caution, and as he was continually on the watch, he at length diſcovered that his maſter maſon read Virgil's Æneid, and that he was a man of no mean talents. He therefore formed a cloſe intimacy with him, and admitted him to his table; where, by treating him with every mark of reſpect and attention, he drew from him the following confeſſion:

'Fate, which does every thing in the world, would have it that I ſhould be a maſon; nevertheleſs, my anceſtors cauſed cities to be built, and I build your caſtle. They had palaces, and poſſeſſed a throne, but I poſſeſs only an humble cot. I have not always known what I am; but when ignorant of my own extraction I was happier and more contented than at preſent.

'Until the age of ſixteen I was boarded with

with a maſter, at whoſe houſe I was viſited every three months by a man of great dignity, who paid for my board, ſaluted me very reſpectfully, and then retired, after having taken great pains to let me know that he was not my father.

'This man came one day (a month before the expiration of a quarter) begged me to accompany him, and making me get into an elegant coach, conducted me to the gate of a beautiful palace, before which we alighted. After croſſing ſeveral large halls, we arrived at one much better ornamented than the reſt, where my conductor left me, and deſired me to wait for a few moments.

'I had not remained here long, when a nobleman about the age of forty-ſix, ſuperbly dreſſed, and wearing a garter enriched with diamonds, entered the apartment, advanced towards me, and claſping me for ſome time in his arms, embraced me, and aſked a great number of queſtions, which I anſwered in the beſt manner I could.

'With this perſon I remained a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which he gave me a purſe filled with pieces of gold, embraced me again, and departed. My firſt guide then made his appearance, and, without revealing the myſtery of this ſtrange viſit, conveyed me back to my place of reſidence, and left me a prey to a thouſand reflections, which afforded me very little ſatisfaction.

'Some months after, when it was ſcarcely day, the ſame man returned, and brought me a rich dreſs, which he made me put on, and deſired me to follow him. Having obeyed, I found a phæton with ſix horſes waiting for us at the gate, into which we mounted, and immediately drove to Boſworth, to the tent of King Richard III, who, as ſoon as he perceived us, came to meet me, laid hold of my hand, and diſcovered himſelf to be the ſame perſon who had before received me with ſo much kindneſs.

'This Prince, after claſping me in his arms, ſhewed me to ſome noblemen who ſtood round him, ſaying, behold my ſon! then turning towards me, my child, ſaid he, I ſhall fight to-morrow for my crown, and your's; it ſhall either remain on my head, or I ſhall loſe my life. As you are by far too young, my ſon, do not expoſe yourſelf in the combat. You ſee that eminence before you, poſt yourſelf there. If I am victorious, fly to my arms, and I ſhall acknowledge you as my ſon; but if I am vanquiſhed, be perſuaded that you have no father ſurviving; fly as far as you can, and reveal to no one the ſecret of your birth, for none of my friends can hope for mercy from the conqueror, whoſe intereſt it will be to deſtroy even the laſt branch of my family. Go, ſaid he, with his eyes bathed in tears, while his words were interrupted by ſighs—go, my ſon, fulfil your deſtiny, carry with you this portfolio, and give it your guide, who will take care of it for you; then turning towards him, he added, I recommend to you my ſon and this depoſit.

'Motionleſs at this diſcourſe, I was ſtruck almoſt ſenſeleſs; and, divided between a deſire to follow the deſtiny of my father, and the fear of diſobeying him, I waited with my eyes fixed on him, till he ſhould renew his orders for me to retire, or permit me to remain near him; but my guide took me by the hand, and dragged me towards the eminence, for my legs were almoſt incapable of ſupporting the weight of my body.

'I ſhall only tell you that I ſaw my unhappy father, on a white horſe, make wonderful efforts by his valour, and bring back to the charge his ſhattered troops, always ready to fly. I ſaw, and I ſtill ſhudder at the thoughts of it, a Scotſman fall furiouſly upon him, and after loſing one of his arms by a ſabre, make uſe of the other to cut off the Prince's head; and this head at length carried in triumph on a pole, decided my fate and that of the battle.

'When I had loſt all my hopes, I turned towards my guide, to pour forth in his boſom the burden of my grief, but alas! the unhappy man was no longer near me; he had fled with the portfolio which my father delivered to him, and thus deprived me of every reſource.

'Not knowing what courſe to purſue in this critical conjuncture, I mounted a horſe which I found tied to a tree, and which he had left me, and repaired to London, where I ſold him, and all the other effects that I poſſeſſed.

'I took lodgings in Piccadilly, where the money I had procured from the ſale of my effects ſupported me for nearly eighteen months, but my purſe being at length empty, I ſaw no other reſource to preſerve my life but to conceal my name, and no means of eſcaping miſery but to labour.

'As ſome maſons lodged in the ſame tavern with me, I one day accoſted them as they were ſitting down to dinner. Contentment ſeemed to beam in all their countenances, joy animated their converſation, and the food which was ſet before them, though exceedingly ſimple, awakened my appetite. Having entered into converſation with them, I aſked them ſeveral queſtions reſpecting their condition, and their emoluments, and being very well ſa-

tisfied with their answers, I hired myself to them as a day labourer.

'My first attempts were successful, and my progress so rapid, that at the end of twenty years, being highly distinguished by my master, I became his foreman. He then proposed to admit me to his table, and the son of Richard, who had not disdained to handle the trowel, thought himself very happy to eat at the table of a man who had taught him the use of it. I therefore accepted his proposal with pleasure.

'Sir William, for this was the name of my master, had a daughter, who rendered my residence in his house very agreeable. Like Hebe, she was full of graces; her virtue was equal to that of Lucretia, and her countenance was never contracted by a frown.

'I lived with the father and daughter till the death of the former, in the most perfect harmony, and without ever thinking of the future; but this unexpected loss, by filling our hearts with sorrow, told us that we could no longer live in a manner that would wound the delicacy of my virtuous companion, and scandalize our neighbours, and that we must either separate, or unite together for life.

'The idea of the grandeur I was going to renounce for ever, could not even for a moment prevail over the friendship which I entertained for the daughter of my deceased master; I disclosed my passion to her; she gave me a favorable reception, and when the time of mourning was expired, I married her. By this virtuous spouse I had three children, who are still my greatest comfort. Having succeeded to the employment of my master, I am now become your principal mason. This is my history, which you was so desirous to learn.'

Sir Thomas, much surprised by this recital, and filled with respect for the mason, Prince, said he, it does not belong to me to examine whether your highness could do better than assume the situation of your master; but this I know, that as you are the son of my sovereign, I consider myself obliged to offer you a lodging in my castle, with full assurance that you shall remain there unknown, and live in whatever manner you think proper.

'Sir Thomas,' cried the mason, 'spare your titles, and look upon me as a man much less unfortunate than you imagine. I have triumphed over the caprice of fortune, and I have *rendered myself* independent of others. My wife has preserved her honour, which in the world she must have lost; my children do not regret the want of honours with which they were never acquainted; and the labour of their hands procures enough for the subsistence of my family. I shall consent to partake of your bounty, since you require it, but only upon condition that you keep within those bounds which I shall prescribe.'

Speak, said Sir Thomas, and be assured that I will grant whatever you may require. 'Well,' said the mason, 'give me a small corner in your park on which I may build a cot, to defend me and my family from the inclemency of the weather. Nothing more, I beg of you, else I must retract my request.'

Sir Thomas, admiring the disinterestedness of his mason, was obliged, with the utmost regret, to give nothing else but a small portion of land, upon which he erected a cottage, where he lived happy, with his wife and his children, till he reached the great age of ninety, and he had the misfortune to survive his wife as well as his three children.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING PARMESAN CHEESE.

[*Brought from Italy by Mr. Arthur Young, well known for his Labours in Agriculture.*]

THE Lodisan is chiefly low grounds, and mostly watered.

A dairy farm of 200 cows, makes daily a cheese of 75lbs. or 75lb of 28 ounces. The cheeses in winter smaller but better. The cows fed only four or five hours a day upon pasture, the rest on hay at home. Eighty cows for the dairy, 20 for calves, and the farm 1000 pertiches of land, 800 of standing meadow, and 200 in corn and grass. Rotation; the cows milked twice a day, and give, with one another about 32 cocalli of 30 oz. of milk. The evening's milk is put to the morning's. At 16 Italian hours or so in the morning, the evening and morning's milk, after being skimmed, were put together into a boiler, eight feet diameter at top, five feet three inches deep at the bottom, about 2½ wide, about 272 cocalli, and put under it two bundles of wood, which made the milk rather more than lukewarm; then the boiler

was

was withdrawn from the fire, and a ball of rennit about an ounce weight diſſolved in the milk, turning it in the hand in the milk; it was not ſufficiently coagulated till about noon, being early in the ſpring; but in ſummer it is done in half or three quarters of an hour; but they then uſe half as much more rennit as was coagulated, ſo as to be taken in pieces from the boiler.

The foreman with a ſtick that had 18 points, or rather 9 ſmall pieces of wood fixed by their middle in the end of it, and forming nine points on each ſide, began to break exactly all the coagular milk, and continued to do ſo for more than half an hour, from time to time examining it to ſee its ſtate. He ordered to renew the fire, and four faggots of willow branches were uſed all at once. He turned the boiler, that the fire might act; and then the underman began to work in the milk with a ſtick like the above, but with only four ſmaller ſticks at the top, forming 8 points, four at each ſide, a ſpan long each point. In a quarter of an hour, the foreman mixed in the boiler, the proper quantity of ſaffron (about one third of an ounce) and the milk was all in knobs, and finer grained than before, by breaking continually.—Every moment the fire was renewed or fed, but with a faggot only at a time, to keep it regular. The milk was never heaped much, nor does it hinder to keep the hand in it, to know the fineneſs of the grain, which refines continually by the ſtick work of the underman. It is of the greateſt conſequence to mind when the grain begins to take conſiſtence. When it comes to this ſtate, the boiler is hurried from the fire, and the underman immediately takes out the whey, putting it into proper receivers. In that manner, the grain ſubſides at the bottom of the boiler, and leaving only in it whey enough to keep the grain covered a little, the foreman, extending himſelf as much as he can over, and in the boiler, unites with his hands the grained milk, making like a body of paſte of it; then a large piece of linen is run by him under that body of paſte, while another man keeps the four corners of it, and the whey is directly again put into the boiler, which facilitates the raiſing the paſte, which is put for a quarter of an hour into the receiver, where the whey was in the linen: The boiler is then put on the fire to extract a poor cheeſe; after a quarter of an hour, the paſte is put into a wooden ſerm without top or bottom; a piece of wood like a cheeſe, put on top of it, putting, and gradually increaſing weights upon it; in the evening, the cheeſe ſo formed, is carried into the ware-houſe, where, after 24 hours, they begin to give the ſalt. It remains in that ware-houſe 15 or 20 days, but in ſummer only from 8 to twelve, where the cruſt will be formed, when it is carried into another ware-houſe. Then turn all the cheeſes under ſix months every day; after that, once in 46 or 60 hours, keeping them clean, otherwiſe they acquire a bad ſmell, diſtinguiſhed by the name of grained cheeſe.

METHOD OF FREEING APPLE TREES FROM MOSS.

THIS method conſiſts in daubing over the trunk, and all the large branches of the tree, when the ſap begins to riſe, with a large bruſh dipped in whiting made of lime, pretty thick; the moſs, and all the rotten bark will ſoon after drop off, and be replaced by a new bark entirely ſmooth.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

THE performance known by the title of Burn's Treatiſe on the office of a Juſtice of Peace, was written by a poor clergyman in the north of England. He went to London to ſell his manuſcript, and enquired of the landlord at the inn where he lodged, if he was acquainted with any bookſeller? The maſter of the houſe introduced him to a perſon in trade, who, after keeping the manuſcript for examination eight days at laſt offered him twenty pounds for it. After a variety of diſappointments of the ſame kind, the author waited on Mr. Miller, who was riſing faſt into fame and fortune. He had ſufficient ſtrength of mind to ſee that 'honeſty is the

beſt

beſt policy;' and by treating every writer with juſtice, and often with generoſity, he acquired a moſt opulent fortune. He had in his employment gentlemen in every different branch of learning, who were to inform him of the merit of the different books ſubmitted to their inſpection. The manuſcript in queſtion was tranſmitted to a Scotch ſtudent in the temple, and Burn in the interim received a general invitation to Mr. Miller's table. In eight or ten days, the manuſcript was returned to Mr. Miller, with a note that it would be an excellent bargain at two hundred pounds. Next day after dinner, when the glaſs had begun to circulate, he aſked Burn, what was the loweſt ſum that he would take? The poor man replied, that the higheſt offer which he had received was twenty pounds, a ſum too ſmall to defray the expences of his journey.—'Will you accept two hundred guineas?' ſaid Mr. Miller. 'Two hundred guineas!' cried the parſon, clapping his hands, 'I am extremely fortunate.'—The book went through many impreſſions, and Miller, of his own good will, paid the clergyman an hundred pounds additional for each of them. As the author loved port, the bookſeller farther gave him a letter of credit for the purchaſe of a pipe per annum during the reſt of his life, in any wine-cellar in London, where he thought proper. 'After all this,' added Mr. Miller, in telling the ſtory, 'I have lived to clear eleven thouſand pounds by the bargain.'

CASIMIR II. King of Poland, received a blow from a Poliſh gentleman, named Koparſki, who had loſt all he had, while playing with this prince. Scarcely was the blow given, when, ſenſible of the enormity of his crime, he betook himſelf to flight, but he was ſoon apprehended by the King's Guards. Caſimir, who waited for him in ſilence amidſt his courtiers, as ſoon as he ſaw him appear, addreſſed them as follows: 'My friends, this man is leſs 'culpable than I, ſince I put myſelf upon 'a level with him; I have been the cauſe 'of his violence, and the firſt emotions of 'our paſſion do not depend upon our'ſelves.' Then turning to the criminal, 'you are ſorry for your fault; that is ſuf'ficient, take your money again, and let 'us renounce gaming for ever.'

STANISLAUS, King of Poland, who by his humanity and ſublime virtues, juſtly acquired the noble epithet of the *Beneficent*, being perſecuted by his rebellious ſubjects, and baniſhed from his territories, was forced to ſeek an aſylum in the Duchy of Deux-Pont. Here he thought himſelf in perfect ſecurity; when ſome deſperadoes reſolved to ſeize him, in order that they might deliver him up to thoſe who had ſet a price upon his head. Theſe wretches, however, were arreſted in his preſence, when the prince ſaid to them,—'My friends, what have I done, that you 'ſhould wiſh to deliver me into the hands 'of my enemies? of what country are 'you?' Three of theſe people having replied that they were Frenchmen, 'Well,' returned Staniſlaus, 'act like your coun'trymen, whom I eſteem, and ſhew your'ſelves incapable of committing a bad ac'tion.' When he had finiſhed theſe words, he gave them every thing he had about him, money, watch, and gold ſnuff-box, upon which he ſet them at liberty.

THE grandfather of John Deſmarets, aſſaſſinated by De Talart, having thrown himſelf at the feet of Francis I. to requeſt that the aſſaſſin of his grandſon might be puniſhed: 'Riſe up,' ſaid the King, 'it 'is not neceſſary to kneel before me to de'mand juſtice; I owe it to all my ſub'jects.' The crime was puniſhed, and Talart had his head cut off at Paris.

CHARLES V. Emperor of Germany, paſſing once by a village of Arragon, one Eaſter-day, a perſon met him, who according to the cuſtom of the country, was crowned Paſchal King, and ſaid, gravely to him,—'Sir, it is I that am King,'—'Much good may it do you,' ſays the Emperor as gravely; 'you have choſen a troubleſome employment.'

THE Count de Lauzun paſſed the long interval from the year 1672 to 1681 in the priſon of Pignerol. It has been well obſerved by Sterne, that 'with pen, ink and paper, albeit a man cannot get *out of* priſon, he may do very well within, and at laſt come out a wiſer man than he entered;' but theſe conſolations did not fall to the lot of M. de Lauzun. At a diſtance from the voice of friend or relation; without any light except the glimmering thro' the ruins of the roof; without books, means of occupation, or poſſibility of exerciſe; a prey to hope deferred, corroding langour, and uninterrupted horror; he at laſt, as the only means of avoiding inſanity, had recourſe to the means of taming a ſpider. 'Miſery,' ſays Trunculo, 'makes a man acquainted with ſtrange companions.' The ſpider received his flies every morning with gratitude, carried on his webs through the day with alacrity, and engaged the whole attention of his benefactor, until the gaoler, converſant in

ſcenes

ſcenes of wretchedneſs, and conſequently ſteeled againſt every tender ſenſation, accidently diſcovered this amuſement of his priſoner, and in the wantonneſs of tyranny, officiouſly deſtroyed the ſubject of it. M. de Lauzun afterwards declared, that he conceived his agony on this occaſion to have been more painful than that of a fond mother on the loſs of a darling child.

AT the coronation of the Emperor Frederick I. at Rome, in the year 1155. the Pontiff inſiſted upon the Emperor's performing the office of equerry, and holding the ſtirrup to his holineſs.——The above Emperor, after having during the ſpace of three years, been alternately defeated and victorious, was at length ſo fatigued with the hardſhips he had ſuffered, and ſo dejected at the difficulties he had yet to overcome, that in the year 1177, he concluded a treaty of peace at Venice with Pope Alexander III. and a truce with the reſt of his enemies. Upon this occaſion the haughty Pontiff trod upon the neck of the ſuppliant Emperor while he kiſſed his foot repeating at the ſame time thoſe words of the royal Pſalmiſt—'Thou ſhalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon ſhalt thou trample under feet.' (Pſam xci. 13.)

WHEN Doctor Johnſon was travelling through Scotland with his conductor, Mr. James Boſwell, they one day halted at a town to dine. The inhabitants being apprized of the arrival of ſo renowned a character as Doctor Johnſon, intimations were given to Mr. Boſwell, ſoon after dinner, that the populace would be much gratified with a ſight of him, on the piazza. A requeſt ſo reaſonable could not be refuſed. The Doctor was accordingly preſented to them, and their curiority fully gratified. When Johnſon retired, a ſhrewd old Scotchman took an Engliſh ſix-pence out of his pocket, and preſented it to Boſwell—'What mean you mon?' (ſaid Boſwell) 'I donna want your ſax pence.'—'Tak it Jamy,' (ſaid the other)—'I ken, weel eno' that ye canna afford to lead aboot that huge beaſt for naithing!'

COLONEL BARRE, in travelling thro' America ſome years ago, paid a viſit to the Governor of Connecticut, of whom he made enquiries reſpecting the conſtitution of the country; his Excellency informed him, that, literally ſpeaking, there was no government whatever—that as to his power, he was a mere cypher—that the legiſlature met only to wrangle and do nothing—in a word, it was mere anarchy and confuſion, whenever any active ſtep was to be taken; and that, upon the whole, the people generally governed themſelves, by every man doing as he pleaſed. The converſation changed; and the Col. ſpoke of the face of the country—the improvements every where viſible;—and the univerſal appearance of plenty and happineſs in the fields, dwellings, and clothing of the people. The governor aſſented, and ſaid he believed there was hardly a country in the world that exceeded it in all thoſe particulars.—Such, ſaid the Col. were the effects of the *no* government he had but juſt expatiated upon.

WHEN Quin was one day lamenting that he grew old, a pert young fellow aſked him what he would give to be as young as he was? 'I would even ſubmit,' ſaid Quin, 'to be almoſt as fooliſh.'

AT Croydon aſſizes, a ſurgeon was called as a witneſs, for the purpoſe of proving damages, upon an action of aſſault. He depoſed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being aſked upon oath if bleeding had been neceſſary, candidly anſwered, 'we always find it *neceſſary* to do *ſomething* when ſent for.'

OF the domeſtic character of Pope, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wiſely and magnanimouſly rejected all temptations to expence unſuitable to his fortune. This general care muſt be univerſally approved; but it ſometimes appeared in petty artifices of parſimony, ſuch as the practice of writing his compoſitions on the back of letters, as may be ſeen in the remaining copy of the Illiad, by which perhaps in five years five ſhillings were ſaved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and ſcantineſs of entertainment, as, when he had two gueſts in his houſe, he would ſet at ſupper a ſingle pint upon the table; and having himſelf taken two ſmall glaſſes would retire, and ſay, *Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.* Yet he tells his friends, that *he has a heart for all, a houſe for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all.*

A Gentleman, whoſe father had been robbed of a conſiderable quantity of plate, dined with the ſon of a wealthy man ſuppoſed to be a receiver. A large ſilver tureen was brought to table without a cover.—'I am admiring your tureen (ſaid the gueſt to his hoſt) not ſo much from its faſhion or value; but from a very extraordinary circumſtance, which is, that a *cover* I have got at home would exactly *fit* it.

POETRY.

THE FAIR THIEF.

(By the late Earl of Egremont.)

I Tell with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She ſtole the whiteneſs of the ſnow;
And more, that whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn;
Stole all the ſoftneſs æther pours
On primroſe buds in vernal ſhow'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles;
She ſtole the Graces winning ſmiles;
'Twas quickly ſeen ſhe robb'd the ſky,
To plant a ſtar in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And ſtole the cowſlip's ſweeteſt breath;
The cherry ſteep'd in morning dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips, and hue.

Theſe were her infant ſpoils; a ſtore
To which in time ſhe added more:
At twelve, ſhe ſtole from Cyprus' queen,
Her air, and love commanding mein;
Stole Juno's dignity, and ſtole
From Pallas ſenſe to charm the ſoul.
She ſung—Amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to aſſert their voice appear'd.

She play'd—the Muſes from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their ſkill:
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day;
While Jove her pilf'ring tricks to crown,
Pronounc'd theſe beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t'other day ſhe ſtole my heart.

Cupid! If lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy vot'ry on the fair;
Do juſtice on her ſtolen charms,
And let her priſon be my arms.

A BALLAD.

(From Rannie's poems.)

THE ſummer night was clear and ſtill,
The ſea was ſmooth, the winds were low:
And from its ſource the village rill
Wept'd with mournful lapſe and ſlow.
The nightingale complain'd aloud;
The ſorrowing dove prolong'd her moan;
And, ſmiling from the ſnowy cloud,
The moon with ſoften'd luſtre ſhone.

The lucid ſtars through azure ſkies,
All beauteous glow'd with ſilvery ſhene;
While fair Alfreda's lovely eyes
With milder luſtre grac'd the ſcene.
As o'er a barren rock ſhe lean'd,
And view'd the wat'ry ſwell below,
She thus her penſive boſom ſtrain'd,
With themes of recollected woe.

'When doom'd by unrelenting Fate,
'My charmer fled his native land,
'What agonies did love create,
'As blooming Damon left the ſtrand?
'As hov'ring o'er the veſſel's ſide
'I ſaw the foaming billows roll,
'And ſtrength'ning breezes liſt the tide,
'A louder tempeſt ſway'd my ſoul.

'I gave to grief the tender tear,
'Which melted on my Damon's heart,
'As ſtruck on my aſtoniſh'd ear,
'The dreadful ſignal of 'depart.'
'Encircled in his fond embrace,
'I ſtrove to lengthen our adieu,
'Till from the ſhrine of matchleſs grace,
'Forc'd by a rude unfeeling crew.

'And ſwift, unheld by love's controul,
'O'er breaking waves the veſſel flew,
'I ſaw the day-ſtar of my ſoul
'Decline from my enquiring view.
'My eyes, while faſt he urg'd his flight,
'Purſu'd the object of their care;
'My tearful eyes purſu'd, till ſight
'Was loſt in undiſtinguiſh'd air!'

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

No

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 let the blaze of thy celeſtial fire
Wake into life the ſentiment refin'd;
For hope deferr'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'imperiſhable charm!

The PHILOSOPHER *and the* COXCOMB.

(By Mr. Cawthorn.)

A Coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it ſound;
O'er the fine ſtops his aukward fiſt he flings,
And rudely preſſes on th' elaſtic ſtrings:
Awaken'd Diſcord ſhrieks, and ſcolds and raves,
Wild as the diſſonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harſh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
And hoarſer far than all th' ecſtatic race
Whoſe drunken orgies ſtunn'd the wilds of Thrace.
Friend! quoth the ſage, that fine machine contains
Exacter numbers and diviner ſtrains,
Strains ſuch as once could build the Theban wall,
And ſtop the mountain torrent in its fall:
But yet, to wake them, rouze them, and inſpire,
Aſks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling ſoul whoſe all expreſſive pow'rs
Can copy Nature as ſhe ſinks or ſoars;
And, juſt alike to paſſion, time, and place,
Refine correctneſs into eaſe and grace.
He ſaid—and, flying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
Spread his light hand, and ſwept it on the lyre.
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The ſound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The liſt'ning paſſions hear, and ſink, and riſe,
As the rich harmony or ſwells, or dies:
The pulſe of avarice forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breaſt of love;
Devotion lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a ſofter ſigh.
Life has its eaſe, amuſement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itſelf, as muſic in the lyre;
And, like the lyre, will all its pow'rs impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art:
But half mankind, like Handel's fool deſtroy,
Through rage and ignorance, the ſtrain of joy,
Irregularly will their paſſions roll
Through Nature's fineſt inſtrument, the ſoul:
While men of ſenſe, with Handel's happier ſkill,
Correct the taſte, and harmonize the will;
Teach their affections like his notes, to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor never ſunk too low;
Till ev'ry virtue, meaſur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the maſter-mind,
Melts in its kindred ſounds, and pours along
Th' according muſic of the moral ſong.

VERSES in Honour of THOMSON.

(By Mr. Burns.)

WHILE virgin Spring by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the ſod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian ſtrains between:

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling ſhade,
Yet oft, delighted, ſtops to trace
The progreſs of the ſpiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And ſees with ſelf-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence claſſic Yarrow flows,

Rouſing the turbid torrents roar,
Or ſweeping wild a waſte of ſnows:

So long, ſweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well haſt won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaim that Thomſon was her ſon.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

(By a young Lady.)

WITHOUT the Sun's indulgent beam
Could Nature beauty yield?
What tho' her womb with treaſure teem,
How barren were the field.

Without his golden, gladſome ray
Could ſmiling Spring ariſe?
Could blooming bloſſoms grace the day,
Or bluſhes paint the ſkies?

Bereft of his all-cheerful ſmile
Mute were the blackbirds lay:
No more with muſic he'd beguile
The evening hours away.

So muſt the heart unwarm'd by Love,
Or Friendſhip's finer glow,
A fruitleſs waſte unfertile prove,
Nor one true bleſſing know.

As the warm Sun can life impart
To ſeed immers'd in earth,
So friendſhip vegetates the heart,
Gives tender paſſions birth.

Oh! may the Sun my ſoul refine;
It's genial fire impart;
Affection live for ever mine,
Within my glowing heart.

IMITATION of SHENSTONE's PASTORAL.

THO' Summer exerts her ſweet pow'r,
Tho' roſes and jeſſamines bloom,
Tho' the eglantines twine round my bow'r,
And ſpread all my fields with perfume,
No joy can theſe proſpects impart,
When Philida the is not nigh;
Like a turtle then droops my fond heart,
When depriv'd of its mate and its joy.

When winter howls thro' the dark ſkies,
And the ſun ſcarce illumines the day,
When the ſtorms and the tempeſts ariſe,
And the thruſh ſits alone on the ſpray,
Then if Phillida grace my low cot,
How charming the proſpects appear!
The cold of the ſeaſon's forgot,
And it ſeems but the ſpring of the year.

Thro' the fields and the meadows ſo gay,
How oft do we careleſsly roam,
Or paſs the ſoft rivulets do ſtray,
Nor think of our diſtance from home;
The turtle that cooes for its mate,
The lambkins that play in the grove,
New pleaſure theſe objects create,
And ſupply us with topics of love.

But hark! the hoarſe tempeſts ariſe,
The torrents impetuous deſcend,
Black clouds ſweep along the dark ſkies,
And we ſpy no kind refuge at hand;
Even ſo when our youth is no more,
And our juvenile ſun-ſhine is paſt,
'Tis then the gay ſcenes are all o'er,
And we ſhiver before the bleak blaſt.

But love ſhall a refuge ſupply,
When youth, wit and beauty ſhall fade,
'Tis love which ſhall eaſe the deep ſigh,
And conduct our old ſteps through the glade;
And when we reſign our laſt breath,
'Tis love ſhall his ſuccours impart
Shall blunt the keen arrow of death,
And raiſe with ſoft comfort the heart.

THE BIRD's NEST.

THE other day as Clara fair
Reſolv'd to taſte the rural air,
To view what beaming ſmiles adorn,
The vernal ſplendors of the morn;
Chance led me to that very way
My Clara had reſolv'd to ſtray.
Tranſported, thus, the fair to find
Intent for walk, I quickly join'd.
In meditation while we go,
It happen'd, in a quickſet row,
Clara perceiv'd two birds diſtreſt,
And hard at work to build their neſt.
We ſtop'd to view the anxious pair
Contrive their houſe, ſo firm and fair.
See Clara, ſee! I then expreſt,
What various things compoſe the neſt,
What diff'rent parts, connected join,
To make the whole both neat and fine.
So ſhould the ſoul of every maid
With different beauties be array'd;
Virtue ſhould guard the tender fair

From

From man's deceptive flatt'ring snare;
Prudence, direct her wav'ring youth,
And teach her feet the path of truth;
And modesty in outward mein,
Shou'd speak the harmless soul within;
Honour protect her virgin heart
From ev'ry low, insidious art,
And soft good nature ever roll
Its tender impulse in her soul;
And when these excellencies join'd,
Display a Clara's lovely mind,
The composition soon would prove
A nest of harmony and love.

A BALLAD.

TO please me the more, and to change the dull scene,
My swain took me oft to the sports on the green;
And to every fine sight would he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd that my heart should grow weary at home.

To yield to my shepherd so fond and so kind,
I left my dear cot and true pleasures behind;
And of't as I went saw t'was folly to roam,
For false all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt and be proud, was to me no delight;
I sigh'd for no swain, with my own in my sight:
Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,
When love and contentment were always at home.

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there too long,
I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad song;
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds so frolick and free,
Who in roving now flutter the moment away,
Believe it my aim shall be never to roam,
But to live my life through and be happy at home.

SONNET.

Written by MARY, Queen of Scots, in her Passage from France to Scotland.

'Oh ma patrie tres cher it!
'Ou je passai ma jeunesse,' &c.

OH thou lov'd country, where my youth was spent,
Dear golden times, all pass'd in sweet content!
Where the fair morning of my clouded day
Shone mildly bright, and temperately gay;
Dear France, adieu! a long and sad Farewell!
No thought can imagine, and no tongue can tell,
The pangs I feel at that drear word farewell!
The ship that wafts me from thy friendly shore
Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
My soul is thine, that spark of heavenly flame;
That better portion of my mangled frame
Is wholly thine; that part I give to thee,
That in the temple of thy memory
The other ever may enshrined be.

The MISER and MOUSE.

(An Epigram from the Greek.)

TO a Mouse says a Miser, 'my dear little mouse,
Pray what may you please for to want in my house?'
Says the Mouse, 'Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,
Your are safe in your person, your purse and your diet;
A lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,
But none would come here to beg, borrow or board.'

CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Vienna, Sept. 28.

THE reduction of our troops is ſtill going on.—The diminution which has, and is ſtill to take place, will amount to 60 or 70,000 men, in the whole army.

Monſ. de Jakubſaw, the Ruſſian Plenipotentiary, is ſafely arrived at Galacz, to conclude the definitive treaty with the Ottoman Porte.

A Meſſenger is arrived here from Prince Repnin with accounts that peace between the Empreſs of Ruſſia and the Porte is ſigned. The diſpatches brought by the ſaid meſſenger are to the following purport:

The Turkiſh Admiral had ranged his fleet in a long line, to operate againſt the Ruſſians; but General Ribas, who commanded the Ruſſian Galley fleet, had drawn up his ſhips in ſuch a manner that the Turks found themſelves in the utmoſt danger of being ſurrounded and beaten, which induced the Captain Pacha to ſend word of his ſituation to the Grand Vizir, and requeſt ſome aſſiſtance from him, which the Vizir was about to furniſh, when he found, that by the motions of the Ruſſian army, he was himſelf almoſt ſurrounded, and upon the point of being attacked by the enemy. This ſo effectually damped the courage both of the Vizir and his troops that he immediately ſent Deputies to Prince Repnin, with propoſals to accept the conditions of peace offered by the Empreſs laſt year; and on the 11th of laſt month, without foreign intervention, the preliminaries were ſigned, by which the Crimea, with Oczakow, and all the diſtrict as far as the Neiſter (which is henceforward to be the boundaries between the two empires) is ceded to Ruſſia for ever. The Turkiſh deputies required hoſtages; but Prince Repnin refuſed, ſaying, that hoſtages on the part of the Turks would be much more requiſite, as the Ruſſians always keep their word. To allow time to bring the definitive treaty into order, a truce of eight months was agreed upon.

The report of an alliance between Auſtria, Ruſſia and Pruſſia, is ſtill much talked of, to which it is ſaid Sweden and Denmark will unite themſelves. The reduction of the troops of thoſe different Powers will be the chief point to be ſettled, which it is reported will be done in the following manner:—Ruſſia is to have 150,000 men, Auſtria 120,000, and Pruſſia 90,000 men, in time of peace.

Cologne, Sept 3. M. de Coigny has left Coblentz, and M. de Cazales has arrived there; the latter is thought to be charged with a negociation to the French Princes. We hear that the Comte de Artois is again upon his return to this place.

We learn, that the King of Pruſſia and the Electors of Hanover and Saxony have formally declared, that they will take no part in any hoſtile oppoſition to the French Conſtitution, but that they will adviſe the King of the French to accept the Conſtitutional Act, and to endeavour to induce the emigrants to return to the kingdom, by guaranteeing to them the ſafety of their perſons and effects, according to the laws of the National Aſſembly, and that for the reſt they muſt wait to ſee what time and circumſtances will bring about for them.

Paris, Sept. 29. The former Biſhop of Autun in his report on public education, conſidered the ſchools of medicine, of law, and of that conſecrated to the art of war. He then paſſed to the organization of the public libraries; and on this, as on many other ſubjects, he threw much light, which was highly applauded. He by no means overlooked the means of perfecting the national language; he was particularly deſirous that it ſhould be purged of thoſe *equivoques* which too frequently give riſe to injuſtice and malevolence. According to the plan of the Biſhop, every thing henceforward in the language of men ſhould be clear, evident and intelligible: and he was deſirous that there ſhould be nothing in the world, except modeſty, from which the veil ſhall not be drawn aſide. He expreſſed his wiſh, that the art of expreſſion, either in writing or *viva voce*, might in future be brought to ſuch a point of perfection, that no one ſhould have pretenſions to eloquence without ideas, or to poſts and employments without talents.

Towards the concluſion of his plan, he examined whether the education of women ſhould be public, and whether it ſhould in every particular reſemble that of the men. On this queſtion he gave his decided negative. His diſcourſe was, upon the whole, highly applauded.

Berlin, Oct. 1. This evening the marriage was celebrated here between her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, ſecond daughter of his Pruſ-

ſian

ſian Majeſty, an dhis Serene Highneſs the Hereditary Prince of Orange.

Hague, Oct. 9. The Peterſburgh Gazette contains an official account of the laſt naval engagement in the Black Sea.

It chiefly mentions, that Admiral Utſchakow, after a ſignal victory over the Turks, was preparing to attack Conſtantinople, with all his forces, but was diverted from his reſolution by the arrival of orders, to deſiſt from all hoſtile attempts.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Oct. 8 *to* 20.

THE King's yacht is now beautifying at Deptford-Dock, and undergoing ſuch ſmall repairs as are neceſſary, preparatory, as it is ſaid, to her ſailing to bring the Duke of York and his newly eſpouſed conſort to England.

The petty warfare between the King of Spain and the Emperor of Morocco is at an end.

The brother of the latter Monarch, eſcaping from confinement, collected an army, as it is ſaid, of forty thouſand men, but which was certainly ſo numerous as to require the oppoſition of the Emperor's whole force.

He accordingly found it convenient to make an offer of peace to the Spaniards, which the latter were ſo ready to accept, that the terms were almoſt inſtantly ſettled at Ceuta.

M. D'Urbina, was the repreſentative of his Catholic Majeſty upon the occaſion; the name of the *Moriſh Plenipo*, is not mentioned.

The King of Sweden has recalled all his ſubjects in the ſervice of France—all the Officers of Royal Suedois, two veterans excepted, have ſent their reſpective reſignations, from Valenciennes, where the regiment is in garriſon.

Monſ Roſſignol, a French Avocat and a Refugee, who had reſided ſome time at Aix la Chapelle, in the courſe of the laſt fortnight went to Spa, where after having ſtayed a night or two, he called for his bill, and diſcharging it, ſaid, that he would ſet out in the evening in a poſt-chaiſe, that would wait at a little diſtance from the houſe, after which he retired to his room and ſhot himſelf through the heart. Some letters were found directed to be read in the preſence of the Juſtice of the Police, explaining the motive of his conduct to be abſolute diſtreſs, as he had paid to the laſt farthing of which he was poſſeſſed. He was a fine young man, about twenty four years of age.

The patriotic Mr. Dempſter, with a view of preventing the emigrations which ſo frequently happen from the Highlands of Scotland, has given very advantageous propoſals to perſons ſettling on his eſtate of Skibo, in Sutherland. Every ſettler is to have given him a ſtone of iron, for making inſtruments—ſeed, either potatoes or corn, for what ground ſhall be cultivated the firſt two years. They are to be free from all ſervices, thirlage, &c. and are to have a right to take peat from the neareſt moſſes on the eſtate. They are only to pay a ſhilling a year of rent during the life of the firſt ſettler. Their heirs will have a preferable right to their poſſeſſions, if cultivated or incloſed, at ſuch a rent as ſhall be fixed by arbiters mutually choſen, no addition to be made to his rent during the lives of the ſaid heirs. The ſame rule of preference will be obſerved in favour of all future heirs; ſo that the poſſeſſion may belong forever to the man who made the firſt ſettlement.

Captain Markham, it is ſaid, ſtill retains a ſtiffneſs in his neck, from the wound he received in the late engagement with Tippoo Saib's forces.

The Canal to the Liffey, by the Circular road, is in great forwardneſs; and will be executed at an expence not exceeding the original eſtimate. Five aqueducts, nine bridges, and ſix locks, are nearly finiſhed in this line; the great excavacation of the quarries at Dolphin's barn, and the general excavacation to the Artichoke-road, are nearly completed.

The ſeveral parts of the floating and graving docks, at the junction of the Grand Canal with the Liffey, have been lately laid out by Mr. Jeſſop, in that accurate and maſterly ſtyle peculiar to himſelf, and the Directors are diligently purſuing the meaſures pointed out by him for their completion.

Thoſe docks which, when finiſhed, will be the nobleſt work of the kind in Europe, include in all a ſpace of thirty two Iriſh acres of ground, being upwards of thirty-four Engliſh; of this twenty ſix acres will be covered with water, ſixteen feet deep, and the reſt of the ground will be occupied with the ſea locks, graving docks, wharfs from ſeventy to eighty four feet wide, and ſtores.

The great ſhip baſon will be three thouſand ſeven hundred feet long, and three hundred and thirty feet average breadth, capable of containing four hundred ſail of ſquare rigged veſſels, which is equal in extent to the whole of the Liverpool docks united.

Parliament

Parliament has granted the Company 22,000l. in aid of theſe docks; 10,000l. in aid of the execution of the Canal to the Liffey, and 57,000l. in aid of the extenſion thereof to the River Shanon at Banagher.

The Alligator frigate, of 28 guns, Capt. Coffin, lately on the American ſtation, which brought the Governor-General and his family from Quebec, was paid off on Tueſday, the 18th inſtant, at Deptford, and laid up in the ordinary of the Navy at that port.

A very extraordinary wedding was lately celebrated at St. Hypolitus. The corporal of a company, who had ſerved for five years, was a woman; upon receiving intelligence that a conſiderable eſtate had fallen to her, ſhe diſcovered her ſex; offered her hand to the Lieutenant, who had given her the halbert, and they were married.

The expectation of a foot-race for 100 guineas, between Hartill and Dank, two noted pedeſtrians, drew together upwards of 3000 people, at Wiltenhall, to Staffordſhire, on Monday laſt.—Dank objected to run, unleſs the ground was ſcraped. The people expreſſed their reſentment, when he ſaid he would firſt try a hundred yards. This was permitted, and he ran that diſtance, then jumped upon a horſe and rode off, leaving the mob to laugh at each other.

A ſingle grain of wheat, which ſowed itſelf this year in the orchard of Mr. William Abraham at Bathwick, near Bath, produced 51 ears, beſides nine others, which were beat out by the birds; theſe 51 ears contained 1728 corns, weighing, when cleaned, 4 oz. 8 dwts.

Monday morning a man who keeps a ſhoe ware-houſe at the corner of York-ſtreet, Queen Ann-ſtreet Weſt, having conceived that his wife favoured the addreſſes of a young man who uſed to viſit her, cut her throat in ſo ſhocking a manner that her life is deſpaired of. He afterward ſtabbed himſelf with the ſame weapon, in three parts of his body. He was immediately ſecured, but is in a very dangerous way from the wounds.

Yeſterday, about three o'clock, an alarm was given by one Suſannah Hill, an unfortunate woman of the town, reſiding in Vine-ſtreet, near the Strand, that a gentleman was dead in her apartments.

Suſannah Hill was apprehended and confined in the watch houſe of St. Martin's pariſh till ſix o'clock, when ſhe was removed for examination to the Public Office, Bow ſtreet.

There it appeared, that the name of the deceaſed was Cotzwarer, and that he reſided at Number 35, Berwick-ſtreet, Soho. It was ſtated, that it was his peculiar paſſion to be treated with violence and harſhneſs by the unfortunate women whom he viſited; and that he had ſhewed the priſoner many ſcars on his body, which, he ſaid, had at his deſire, been inflicted by females.

He deſired her to purchaſe a rope, for which he gave her money, and afterwards made her a preſent of a guinea to tye him up, that he might hang for five minutes. When ſhe cut him down, which was within that time, ſhe thought him dead.

This ſtory is ſo far confirmed, even by its ſtrangeneſs, as that its improbability muſt make it very ineligible to be invented; and it is almoſt impoſſible, that the deceaſed could be forcibly hanged by the woman.

Nothing further was ſaid, till the Coroner's Inqueſt ſat, which it did in the evening, at the Sun alehouſe, in the ſtreet where this *ſuicide* or *murder* was committed.

The Jury were a long time determining their verdict, nor was it till paſt one o'clock in the morning that they were agreed. The conſequence of their deliberation was, that Suſannah Hill was guilty of—*Murder, not wilful.*

In the courſe of the examination before the Jury, many ſhocking inſtances of the depravity of human nature appeared.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, Nov. 10.

ON Saturday laſt Major Thompſon received the following letter from his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor:

SIR;

HAVING with pleaſure remarked the general good conduct of his Majeſty's 57th Regiment, now under your command, for eight years paſt, during which time it has been doing garriſon duty in Nova-Scotia, and for the greater part of it at Halifax, under my intimate and immediate obſervation—I cannot ſuffer it to depart, without publicly declaring the good opinion I have had occaſion to form of both officers and ſoldiers; and I beg you will do me the favour to make known to the gentlemen of the regiment the high eſteem I have of their regularity and officer-like behaviour; and to the men, my approbation of their attention to order and diſcipline as ſoldiers, and of their peaceable demean-

or

ar as citizens, during their residence in the Government over which I have the honor to preside.

Wishing you and them a safe passage, and a reception in England adequate to your and their merits.

I have the honor to be,
with great regard and esteem,
Sir, your most obedient,
and faithful humble servant,
J. PARR.

Nova-Scotia, Halifax, Nov. 5, 1791.

To Major THOMPSON, commanding his Majesty's 57th Regiment, Halifax.

Major THOMPSON's Answer.

Halifax, Nov. 5, 1791.

SIR,

I am honoured with your letter of this date, and have communicated to the officers and men of the 57th regiment, the very favourable opinion your Excellency entertains of their conduct, during the period they have done garrison duty in this Province.—I have their directions to express how highly they esteem so respectable and so flattering a testimony of the regularity and good conduct of the corps, which must ever afford them, on reflection, the greatest satisfaction.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
your Excellency's most obedient,
and faithful humble servant,
T. THOMPSON.

To his Excellency Governor PARR, *&c. &c. &c.*

Nov. 17. Sunday morning sailed for England, his Majesty's Ships Argo and Assurance, with the 57th Regiment on board.

Sunday evening last the following melancholy accident happened:—A shallop belonging to Mr. John Lawlor, of this town, left Prospect for this place between eight and nine o'clock, with 115 barrels of pickled fish, and a quantity of dry. There were on board five men and two women. Shortly after they sailed, the shallop suddenly sprung a leak; they were then about half way between Prospect and Pennant Point. After pumping a while, the pump choaked, and the water gained rapidly upon them, notwithstanding they threw over upwards of twenty barrels of the fish. They now perceived a shallop stretching towards them; on which, expecting relief, they bore their vessel's head to the sea, and hailed the people on board the other shallop; who, hearing their cries, supposed they were only in jest, and did not immediately come to their relief. At length one of the men on board the other shallop perceived plainly the distressing situation they were in, and hallooed out, they were sinking. The distance between the two shallops was, at this time, about 2 miles. At the very moment this man cried out, the shallop actually sunk, and two men, with the two women, it is supposed, went down with her, as they were neither seen nor heard afterwards. The skipper of the shallop, with two other men, kept upon the water; one of them, who could not swim, supporting himself with an oar, which the skipper helped him to. This man, on the oar, and the skipper, reached the other shallop, after being in the water upwards of an hour and a quarter. The third man who had attempted, with them, to swim to the shallop, supported himself above water a considerable time; but at length sunk under the fatigue and went to bottom.——At and previous to the time of the shallop's sinking, the wind blew very fresh; but it almost instantly becoming calm, prevented the shallop from coming sooner to the relief of these unfortunate men. After the two men had reached the shallop, the people on board threw a rope to the man on the oar, who, eagerly attempting to catch it, in the feeble effort, lost his oar, and missing the rope, instantly disappeared, and was seen no more. The skipper was taken on board the shallop, and is the only one who survived the melancholy catastrophe.

The following are the names of some of the unfortunate sufferers:—David Quaid—John Keily—Francis Conrad—Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Glover.

Another distressing accident of the same kind happened on Monday afternoon.—A shallop belonging to Mr. Christian Bartling, of Dartmouth, was coming from Portuguese Cove, laden with fish and oil. Near the White Buoy, at the North end of M'Nab's Island, a squall suddenly took them, threw them on their beam ends, and two hogsheads of oil, which were carelessly placed to windward without any lashing, instantly falling to leeward, the vessel filled and immediately disappeared, with every soul on board. There was a boat just astern of them, when the shallop went down, but they saw neither of the unfortunate people.——The persons on board were, Mr. Christian Bartling—his son—Mr. John Wild, and another man, whose name we cannot learn.

Nov. 24. Tuesday arrived his Majesty's Ship Triton, Capt. Murray, from Quebec. Colonel Simcoe, who is appointed Governor of Upper Canada, came out to Quebec in the Triton.

Extract

Extract of a letter from Capt. Charles M'Lean, formerly Master of the Schooner Seaflower, of Shelburne, to a gentleman of this place, dated Shelburne, Nov. 18, 1791.

'I sailed from New-York the 26th of September last, bound for Antigua, and on the 4th of October was unfortunately upset, by a sudden shift of wind from the northward, being for 26 hours before laying too, under a balance reefed foresail, wind S.S.E. in lat. 36, and long. 66. We lost four men—two passengers and two seamen: the mate and myself being all that were saved.

'We were four days and three nights upon the wreck, without any thing to eat or drink. The schooner's quarter-deck, main-deck and stern were washed away, two days before we were taken off the wreck; which was by a ship from Amsterdam bound to Philadelphia, where we arrived four days after: there I was destitute of both money and clothes: but it was not long before a friend appeared—Mr. Mullowney, son of Capt. Mullowney, of Halifax, although I was a perfect stranger to him, with much humanity and kindness supplied me with both.'

Nov. 29. It is with the deepest sorrow we announce the death of our much beloved Governor, his Excellency JOHN PARR, Esq; who, after a short illness, departed this transitory life on Friday last at about one o'clock in the morning, in the 66th year of his age.—During his administration, which was upwards of 9 years, the welfare and happiness of his Majesty's subjects in this Province was his invariable study and pursuit, and the inhabitants have to deplore the loss of a sincere and firm friend.

This day the last tribute of affection and respect was paid to his remains, and all ranks and conditions testified their esteem by attending the funeral solemnity, the procession being in the following order:—

The several Lodges of Free Masons in their Badges, his Excellency being Grand Master of the Order.

The 20th Regiment, in which his Excellency served and commanded for many years with honor to himself and the corps, formed the Funeral Party.

The Church Wardens.
The Organist.
The Physicians to the deceased.
The Clergy.
The Bishop.

THE BODY,

Covered with a black Velvet Pall, adorned with eight Escutcheons.

The Pall supported by

Hon. Mr. Brymer	Hon. Mr. Blowers
Major Boyd	Hon. Mr. Cochran
The Commissioner	Major Rollinson
The Admiral	The General.

Servants of the deceased { The Relations and particular Friends. } Servants of the deceased

The Sheriff of the County.

Hon. Mr. Morris { Hon. Mr. Bulkeley President of the Council. } Hon. Mr. Newton

Judge Brenton and Judge Hutchinson.
The Treasurer of the Province.
Speaker of the House of Assembly.
Members of Assembly in Town.
The Custos Rotulorum of the County, and Justice Binney.
The Magistrates.
Gentlemen of the Bar.
Staff of the Army.
Officers of the Navy and Army.
Officers of the Militia.
The Major.
Gentlemen of the Town.

The Garrison were under arms, and paid every honorable attention and respect to his remains.

Minute guns were fired by the fleet under the command of his Excellency Sir Richard Hughes, Bart. and a party of the Royal Artillery, from the citadel, during the procession.

The Royal Artillery, the 16th and 21st Regiments, formed a line through the streets from the Government-House to St. Paul's.

At the entrance within the Church, the Body was received by the Right Reverend Bishop of Nova-Scotia, who performed the solemnities of the funeral service, after it was placed in the middle isle leading to the altar.

During the interment and whilst the body was depositing in the vault, the 20th Regiment fired three vollies.

Friday last the Honourable RICHARD BULKELEY was sworn into the Administration of the Government of this Province;

And I. M. FREKE BULKELEY, Esq; appointed Acting Secretary of the same.

—DIED,

Nov. 3. Mrs. Margaret Mullowney, aged 68 years.
4. Mr. Benjamin Thompson, aged 46.
6. Mr. William Winlock, aged 42.