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THE

NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR J U N E, 1791.

THE PRETTY VILLAGER. A TALE.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

IN a village, on the borders of Leicester-shire, lived Mr. Fallow, one of those singular, but valuable characters, an honest, open hearted farmer, happy in himself, and happy in his connections. He occupied a farm of his own about the value, had it been let out, of fourscore pounds a year; but, through the good management of its owner, it was much more productive. It was sufficient to give him a degree of consequence among his neighbours. He had married the daughter of a farmer in the same village, whose recommendation was, rather her skill in the care of a dairy, than her portion. By her he had four sons and four daughters; the boys, like himself, hearty and industrious; the daughters like their mother, healthy, florid, and notable; one alone, excepted (the heroine of our tale) who appeared to be of a more exalted nature than the rest.

It may not be improper here to mention some traits of farmer Fallow's character, which will serve to make our readers the better acquainted with him. As his family increased, he did not view that circumstance with an attention only to the accumulating expence, as is sometimes the case; on the contrary, whenever the birth of a son or daughter was announced to him, his usual exclamation was, 'Well! thank God! the more the merrier.' And at the same time he used to observe, that the more his family increased, the more prolific his cattle were, and the more abundant his crops.

The youngest of his daughters, whose name was Lucinda, excelled all the rest in the beauty of her person and the endowments of her mind. To a lovely face, in which the lily and the rose were duly com-

bined, nature had added a gracefulness of person that is not always to be met with in the rank wherein she was born, or to be expected from the appearance of her parents. An air of gentility was conspicuous in every movement, and even by the instructions she was able to procure in a country village, she became far more accomplished than her school-fellows.

Such was Lucinda when she attained her sixteenth year. And with all these attractions it is no wonder that she became, not only the darling of her parents, but the pole-star to which the eyes and wishes of all the young rustics were directed. Every holiday saw her surrounded by a train of admirers, each endeavouring to engage her attention by a display of his perfections. And she might have returned from the fair loaded with ribbands, and other tokens of their love, had she deigned to accept them. But these adulations, though they could not be totally displeasing to a young mind, did not make the least impression on Lucinda's heart.—She received them with indifference, and could not be prevailed on to accept a present from any of them.

There was indeed one among them, the youngest son of a farmer of some opulence, (and to whom, from his resemblance in many respects to Shakspeare's Orlando, we shall give that name) on whom she now and then bestowed a smile of approbation, and beheld his attempts to attract her notice with complacency.

Orlando was the buck of the village. He excelled all his young companions, not only in the vigour, activity, and gracefulness of his person, but in his adroitness at every sport and pastime, which usually employ

ploy the vacant hours of peasants. To these attractive qualifications there was added another, which was a sprightly air and address, that captivated the hearts of all the damsels around. There was scarcely one among them who did not acknowledge his superiority, and strive, by every winning art to supersede the rest in his affections. Orlando, however, was proof against their allurements; and though he appeared to encourage the hopes of each of them by a free and easy gallantry, he avoided a particular attachment. His time was not yet come.

Lucinda had often viewed the achievements of Orlando with pleasure. She always, though she scarcely knew why, interested herself in his favour, and secretly rejoiced when he was victorious. His gallant manner likewise charmed her; and, notwithstanding she had been taught by her parents to expect a wealthier husband, she now and then deigned to smile at the sallies of his wit, and his attempts to please her.

Orlando, who was an adept in every art that led to the conquest of a female heart, beheld with pleasure these sparks of a kindling passion, and was not without hopes that time would fan it into a brighter flame. But other incidents were needful to produce this effect.

Lucinda's beauty was too resplendent to be confined to the devoirs of her present admirers. The fame of it, even in its budding state, found its way to the great house of the village, and attracted more than the notice of its proprietor, Sir Thomas Hazle, who viewed with pleasure her ripening charms, and marked them for his own.

Sir Thomas was one of those country gentlemen, that devote the greatest part of their time to rural sports, and by way of relaxation from this grand business of their lives, amuse themselves in undermining the chastity of the wives and daughters of their tenants. Having always been a professed debauchee, the restraints of virtue and decency were neither known or acknowledged by him; he therefore was constantly on the watch to take advantage of innocence and simplicity; though sometimes, indeed, he fell a prey to cunning and deception.

Sir Thomas had marked the beauties of Lucinda as they budded forth, and determined to make them subservient to his pleasures, when they arrived at maturity; he consequently sought every occasion to ensnare her virtue. He was about the age of fifty, and had been some years a widower, an event, which is said to have been precipitated by his irregularities. He

had two daughters, somewhat older than Lucinda, accomplished young ladies, but rather haughty in their carriage.

In order to have the readier access to his devoted prey, Sir Thomas's first care was to make a proposal to farmer Fallow of taking Lucinda to wait on his daughters, in the quality of attendant or humble companion. And as this could not but be considered by her parents both as an honor and a comfortable establishment, it was readily accepted by them. Lucinda, accordingly, entered upon her employment, for which she was not unqualified.

Her situation, however, did not prove so agreeable as she had expected; for though the Miss Hazles were accomplished young ladies, yet, as in respect of personal charms, they fell far short of their attendant, on whom, instead of themselves, every eye was rivetted when they happened to be together, they could not suppress the envious sensations which upon these occasions arose in their mind. Their behaviour therefore to her, after she became settled in the family, was accompanied with so much haughtiness as rendered her state far from agreeable. The behaviour of Sir Thomas, at the same time, was no less irksome to her. Having thus got her under his roof, he omitted no opportunity of putting in practice all the arts and wiles that a man skilled in deception and intrigue was capable of.

Though Lucinda, from her residence in an obscure village, had acquired but little knowledge of the world, she was soon able to perceive the purposes of the baronet, (who indeed, pluming himself on his superior situation, took but little pains to conceal them,) and determined to exert all her prudence and foresight to circumvent them.

Sir Thomas being wearied out with a resistance, to which he had not been accustomed formed the resolution of taking by force, whenever it should be in his power, what he could not obtain by intreaty; an accident soon furnished him with as favourable an opportunity for the accomplishment of his wishes as he could himself have contrived.

One fine summer's evening, while the young ladies were on a distant visit, Lucinda incautiously roved to a pavilion situated at the bottom of a long serpentine walk, that bounded the pleasure grounds which surround Hazle Hall. Here, as she sat with a book in her hand, her whole attention engaged on an interesting story, she perceived the person, whose presence she had most reason to dread, approaching. Alarmed at her situation, she instantly arose, and would have made toward the house,

house, but was prevented by Sir Thomas, who, laying hold of her hand, led her back; endeavouring, at the same time, to dissipate her apprehensions. He then entered into discourse with her on the story she had been reading; and from that he proceeded to a subject more interesting to him, viz. the affection and good will he bore her, and the pleasure it would afford him to place her in a more independent state than she was at present.

Lucinda, displeas'd with the tendency of the baronet's discourse, made no reply to it, but attempted to get away. She was, however, prevented from doing this, partly by his remonstrances, and partly by compulsion; and she found her herself obliged to hear what he had to say. At length, the contemplation of her charms, heightened by the disorder she was in, and the convenient solitude of the place, raised his passions to such a pitch, that he proceeded to take liberties not to be admitted by a virtuous woman. The reflection that she was at too great a distance from the house to receive any assistance, induced Lucinda at first to temporise; and she accordingly endeavoured to ward off the threatening evil by intreaties; but, finding these ineffectual, she had recourse to struggles and shrieks, which she happily found of more efficacy.

From the time that Lucinda had resided at Sir Thomas Hazle's Orlando had felt a chasm in his heart. He grew restless and unhappy. His favourite sports had no longer their accustomed incitements. Nor could the partiality of the females of the village, which had used to furnish him with opportunities of exerting his vivacity and gallantry, and had till now proved an amusement to him, afford him the satisfaction it was wont to do. His chief pleasure arose from the transitory glances he now and then obtained of Lucinda; a pleasure which he was almost constantly on the watch for. In short, he now found that she had made a more lasting impression on his heart, than he once thought it would ever be in the power of any female to do. Thus disposed, he employed most of his leisure hours in walking round the environs of that abode which contained all he held dear. And in this employ he happened to be engaged, at the very time the scene, so interesting to his own and Lucinda's happiness, was acting. A sympathetic impulse, not to be accounted for by natural causes, had led him that evening to a grove, from which the pavilion was separated only by a slight hedge.

As he here reclined upon a mossy bank, indulging his melancholy reflections, and little dreaming of what was going forward

so near him, he was on a sudden startled by the sound of a female voice, which seemed to carry with it the tone of distress. Aroused by so unexpected an incident, he sprung up, and listening to hear more distinctly from whence it proceeded, thought it resembled a voice with which he was not unacquainted. A repetition of the shrieks convinced him that he was not mistaken; he recognized the sweet voice of her for whom he sighed, and needing no other incitement, he instantly leaped over the hedge, and, reaching the pavilion, beheld a sight that awakened every tender feeling. Compassion for a distressed female, increased by a newly imbibed affection, engrossed for a moment his thoughts—but these were soon succeeded by jealousy and resentment; which rushed like a torrent into his breast, and would have emboldened him to attempt her rescue, even from a troop of armed banditti.

Sir Thomas had at this juncture so far overpowered the trembling maiden, that her strength and senses had nearly forsaken her; and he must soon have completed his libidinous purposes, had not Orlando been thus fortunately sent to her relief. But he no sooner became sensible of the interruption, than he turned about, and with a countenance highly marked with anger and indignation, asked Orlando what occasioned his intrusion, and how he dared to enter his gardens without permission?

Orlando, with firmness, tempered by modesty, replied, that the shrieks of a woman in distress had called him there, and as a man, he thought it incumbent on him to enquire into the cause of them. 'Whatever be their cause,' said Sir Thomas, 'they need not your interference; therefore begone; nor tempt me to take that revenge for your insolence which the superiority of my rank puts it in my power to do.'—'As for your superiority of rank,' returned Orlando, 'such unwarrantable acts as you are now engaged in, level all distinction, I therefore value it not; nor will I stir, till I know whether that young lady, who seems to be in great distress, requires my assistance.'—'I do require it,' exclaimed the terrified maiden, 'and most fervently intreat that you will conduct me to my father's house, for I will no longer sleep under the same roof, with a person who has thus forfeited all claim to my respect.' Saying this, she sprung forward, and giving her hand to her deliverer, flew on the wings of terror toward the house, and from thence, without crossing the deserted threshold, to her father's habitation; leaving Sir Thomas motionless, through shame and vexation; not from compunction, but from the apprehension that his conduct

conduct would be exposed, and from finding his designs upon Lucinda so unexpectedly frustrated.

When Orlando and Lucinda arrived at farmer Fallow's, they found him sitting before the door of his house, under a canopy of woodbines, smoking his evening pipe over a jug of his own home-brewed; and indulging himself in a train of pleasing meditations on the prosperity that attended him, and the domestic happiness he enjoyed. 'But what mortal,' says the son of Abdallah, the hermit of the rock, 'was ever known to enjoy uninterrupted happiness!' This reflection of the eastern sage was now verified in farmer Fallow. Till the present period, his bark had smoothly sailed through the ocean of life, nor had scarcely a rude blast ruffled his canvas. But he was no sooner informed of what had happened, (which the perterbations of Lucinda would not suffer to remain concealed) than down went his pipe, an universal trepidation shook his frame, his countenance glowed with resentment; and snatching up his oaken sapling, he was hastening away, to take instant revenge for the insult offered him through his favourite daughter. 'Let him be a baronet, or let him be a lord,' said the enraged farmer, 'what care I for him! I don't owe him, or any man a shilling; and though I am not so great a man as he, yet he shan't make a w— of my daughter. I'll find him out, and if he were a king, surrounded by his guards, I'd give him such a basting as he never had in his life, let him take the law of me if he will.'

He was posting with all speed toward the great house, when Mrs. Fallow, hearing him so vociferous, rushed out of the dairy, attended by her three daughters, and having been informed of the cause of his anger, though she felt almost as great a degree of resentment against the assailer of her daughter's honour, yet being possessed of more coolness than her husband, and prudence suggesting to her the consequence of his assaulting so great a man, she hastened after him, and binging her arms about him, obstructed his passage; and Lucinda, at the same time, intreating her father not to be so precipitate, they got him back, and persuaded him to be calm. But this could not be effected till he had vented many severe reflections on Sir Thomas, and repeatedly vowed that he would be revenged on him. 'What have I done!' exclaimed the honest farmer, in the fullness of his heart, 'what have I done to deserve this treatment? I, who have always made it a rule never to give offence? But what a fool was I to trust my daughter in the hands of such a liber-

tine. I might as well have sent my geese to feed within the haunts of a fox!

Sir Thomas had no sooner lost Lucinda, than he cursed his stars for snatching from his lips such a delicate morsel, just as he was upon the point of enjoying it; and much blamed himself, verfed as he was in the art of seduction, for not laying his plans better. Vexation at the same time racked his heart relative to the consequences of his amorous adventure; for though he was not ashamed of having made the attempt, yet knowing that farmer Fallow was much esteemed in the neighbourhood, he was apprehensive that a general indignation would be excited by his conduct, which even his own consequence would not be able to oppose. He therefore came to the resolution of withdrawing awhile, till the storm should be a little overblown. He accordingly, under pretext of visiting a brother sportsman, set out the next morning for a neighbouring county, taking with him his daughters, who shared in some measure in their father's disappointment; for though they behaved with some degree of decency toward Lucinda while she was with them, yet they would not have been displeased to have had her envied superiority in point of beauty brought down.

Farmer Fallow, with his success in life, had imbibed those ideas which are usually generated upon such occasions in little minds. An increase of property created an increase of consequence; and priding himself at the same time in the accomplishments of his daughter Lucinda, he entertained no very distant hope of being able to marry her to a squire, at least, and thereby to elevate his name and family from the obscurity in which it had hitherto been involved. Mrs. Fallow, catching the ambitious infection from her husband, who frequently entertained her with his views on this head, would likewise hear of nothing but a gentleman as a husband for her favourite daughter. Many an hour, while the farmer has been smoking his evening pipe, have this good couple indulged themselves in looking forward into tuture, and taking a view of the grandeur of their family. Like Alnascher (whose aspiring reveries are so pleasingly described in the Spectator) they saw their progeny, after a few descents, advanced to the highest honours; and they enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasing reverse.

The services of Orlando, when they were made known, were of course acknowledged with grateful fervour by both of them; as, without this fortunate interference, their ideal elevation, through the future alliance of their daughter, must have

have been circumvented. But when, emboldened by their repeated thanks, he hinted that it was in their power to shew their sense of what he had done in a manner far more acceptable to him (casting at the same time a look of tenderness on Lucinda) they instantly took the alarm, and a forbidding coolness instantly spread itself over their countenance; so that Orlando was obliged to retire, without receiving any satisfactory answer on this head. This repulse, however, was not, upon the whole, of disservice to him; for that attention which was wanting in the parents, was made up by the daughter. The sense of the obligation she lay under to him, being impressed upon her heart in a much livelier manner, than it was on those of her father and mother, the susceptibility already implanted there by his merit, was not a little augmented by it, and it was not long before that gratitude and that susceptibility ripened into love.

From this moment, Lucinda began to be less reserved to Orlando. She met him, as often as she could escape the observation of the family, in a retired grove, on the outskirts of the village; accepted now and then a present from him; and listened, without reserve, to his professions of affection. A conduct so unguarded must be acknowledged to have been highly imprudent in Lucinda; and she might have fallen a victim, through it, to that deception she had so lately escaped. But Orlando, amid the levities of youth, had, fortunately for her, a high sense of honour; and a pure and honourable love, mutually impressed, was the result of their meetings.

But to return to Sir Thomas Hazle.—An idea once excited in a depraved mind, is seldom to be eradicated; it is much oftner cherished till it meets with its due reward.—Thus it was with Sir Thomas. Having once indulged an illicit passion for Lucinda, he was not able to suppress it. Time and absence, instead of abating it, added to the flame. The place to which he had retired, not being very far distant from his family-seat, he had frequent intelligence of the state of affairs in the village; and he had no sooner received the news of Lucinda's attachment to Orlando, and their frequent meetings, than he determined to be revenged on them. Impressed with this resolution, he returned privately to Hazle-Hall, and entered into consultation with his butler, who usually assisted him in his intrigues, on the method to be pursued to accomplish this end. It was then agreed, with the assistance of three or four dependents, on whose fidelity he could rely, to seize on the lovers du-

ring one of their stolen interviews, and while some carried off Lucinda to a neighbouring farm-house, where Sir Thomas was to be in waiting, the rest were to drag Orlando to an adjacent town, and there detain him, for a time, under pretence of arresting him for a debt.

This was effected the following night. The moon beamed faintly through the trees, and formed a checkered shade, analogous to the hopes and fears of the lovers. Still silence reigned throughout the grove, save when interrupted by the low whispers of the happy pair, who sat under the spreading branches of an aged oak, exchanging vows of everlasting constancy and truth. While thus engaged, they found themselves instantly seized, and as one party was hurrying away the shrieking maiden to their expecting employer, another body of them forced Orlando a different way; nor could his courage or strength avail him against such superior numbers.

As the night advanced, Lucinda's absence began to cause some uneasiness at her father's, and not returning at the usual hour of rest, she was sought for in vain till the morning dawned; when farmer Fallow, returning through the grove, where his daughter and her lover had met with so unexpected an interruption to their happiness, saw a ribband laying on the ground, which he knew had graced Lucinda's bosom the preceding day. This circumstance added not a little to his apprehensions; and meeting soon after with one of his neighbours, he was informed by him, that as he returned home the night before, at a later hour than usual, he heard the shrieks of a woman, which proceeded from a field that lay to the westward of the grove, and, as he thought, not far from a house occupied by a person who had lately lived with Sir Thomas Hazle.

The moment farmer Fallow heard the name of Sir Thomas mentioned, the attempt he had made on his daughter's honour recurred to his mind, and he entertained not a doubt but that Lucinda's absence was occasioned by some fresh manoeuvre of the baronet's. Aroused at the thought, he, with all expedition, put himself at the head of his own family, and such of his neighbours as he found stirring, and with this formidable posse made his way to the suspected farm.

The men who had been employed to carry off Lucinda, had executed their charge with so much expedition and trustiness, that they put their employer in possession of his prize, nearly as soon as he was ready to receive it. But when she arrived at the house, the distracted maiden

was so exhausted with her cries and struggles, that Sir Thomas found it necessary to commit her to the care of the mistress of the house, and to conceal himself from her sight, till she should have recovered a greater degree of strength and spirits.

This woman, though devoted to the service of Sir Thomas, and ready at all times to assist the benefactor of her husband upon such occasions, could not help being moved with the beauty and distress of the weeping Lucinda. The question of, how she would wish another to act, were a daughter of hers in the same situation? occurred to her mind, and had its full effect. She instantly determined to pursue the golden rule, and to restore the captive maiden to her parents, if she could do it without running too great a risk of her patron's resentment. She accordingly prevailed on Sir Thomas to take a few hours of repose, promising she would endeavour in the mean time to prepare Lucinda for an interview with him, when he should awake. With this advice Sir Thomas complied, having first ordered his carriage to be at the door by day-break, in order to remove his prize to a place of greater safety.

In this situation were things here, when farmer Fallow and his assistants approached the house; who pushed on with his usual impetuosity, not in the least doubting but he should find his suspicions confirmed; and he determined to force the door, if admittance was not readily granted. No sooner was the baronet informed that numbers of people were approaching, than, conscious of the impropriety of his conduct, he leaped from the bed, and threw himself into his post chaise, which luckily happened to be just arrived at the door. So great was his terror, that he decamped without even attempting to take with him the object of his present enterprise, or paying any regard to the safety of his assistants. They, however, thought it most prudent to follow the example of their employer, in which they were joined by the master of the house.

When farmer Fallow gained the door, finding nothing to oppose him, he made his way to an inner room, where he discovered his daughter lying on a bed dissolved in tears; and the mistress of the house sitting by her. An explanation soon took place, and the woman having endeavoured to exculpate herself, by saying that she intended to give him intelligence of what had happened, as soon as she could with safety, the farmer after bestowing a volley of execrations and threats on the baronet, and all concerned, took Lucinda with him, and soon restored her to the arms of her distracted mother.

During these transactions, Orlando, overpowered by numbers, was hurried away to a town, which lay about eight miles distant; where, by the directions of Sir Thomas Hazle, he was to be confined till Lucinda could be removed out of the reach of his, or her father's knowledge.— And as it was concluded this could be done in two days, at the expiration of that time they were to set him at liberty, with a slight excuse that his confinement had arisen from a mistake. From some accidental delays on the road, the sun had risen before they reached the inn, which they had been ordered by their employer to make the temporary prison of Orlando; and which was kept by a person always dependent on Sir Thomas. As they entered the gateway, they were met by a gentleman on horseback, who immediately recognizing the face of Orlando, enquired the reason of his being in that situation. The men surlily replied, that they were taking him to prison for a debt.— But this being denied by Orlando, and the gentleman seeming inclined to make more particular enquiries into the transaction than it would bear, they found themselves instantly seized with a terror similar to that which their employer had experienced, and they thought fit to make a precipitate retreat.

The person who had been thus sent by Orlando's kinder stars to his relief, was Sir Gerand Pomeroy, a gentleman possessed of a considerable estate in those parts; one of the farms belonging to which was rented by Orlando's father, and out of respect to whom he had stood godfather to Orlando. Instigated by these claims to his attention, Sir Gerand enquired with some degree of concern and impatience, into the cause of what he had seen; and being informed without reserve by Orlando, he assured him of his immediate assistance, to procure every redress in his power. And as soon as Orlando had taken some refreshment; and a horse could be procured for him, he set out with him for his father's.

As young men in the country frequently spend their nights abroad, his absence had not occasioned any alarm; but no sooner was his father informed of the severity with which he had been treated, than fresh execrations were heaped on Sir Thomas. A consultation upon the steps necessary to be taken for punishing such an outrage was now held. But what was of infinitely more importance to Orlando, the baronet, on perceiving his attachment to Lucinda, readily accompanied him to farmer Fallow's, in order, if possible, to put his godson in possession of the first wish of his heart. Upon

Upon their arrival there, they found Lucinda, to the inexpressible joy of Orlando, not only restored to her parents, but to as much tranquillity of mind, as her anxiety to know the fate of her lover would admit of. So that their satisfaction at meeting each other in health, was visible to every one. Being thus convinced of their mutual affection, the worthy baroner, without delay, proposed an union of their hands to the father of Lucinda; and as an inducement, offered on the part of Orlando, to put the young couple into a farm of his, worth two hundred pounds a year, which he further promised to stock for them with every needful article.

Farmer Fallow hearing this, and seriously reflecting on the dangers to which the beauty and accomplishments of his daughter hourly exposed her; at the same time considering the uncertainty of those ambitious expectations he had hitherto indulged; to which might be added, the comfortable situation this offer would place his favourite daughter in; weighing, I say, all these circumstances in his mind, at length gave his consent to the union. He however could not do this, without adding, in his blunt way, 'that he thought the daughter of farmer Fallow, such as she was, a match for the first lord in the land.'

Orlando and Lucinda were soon after united; and being put in possession of the promised farm, by their prudent manage-

ment of it, were enabled to live in a genteel manner, and to support with ease and elegance that happiest of stations in this happy isle, the superior rank of yeomanry.

This agreeable situation of his beloved daughter, cherishing in some degree the desire of being thought a man of consequence, a foible interwoven with much worth in farmer Fallow's frame, he soon recovered that placidity of mind, and native heartiness, which the late attempts of Sir Thomas Hazle on the virtue of his daughter had robbed him of; and he lived several years in the enjoyment of it.

As for Sir Thomas, the earliest intelligence of what passed in the village having been as usual, conveyed to him, he no sooner heard what a turn things had there taken against him, than he removed with his daughters to London; where, conscious of the baseness of his conduct, he continued for some years. And notwithstanding Sir Gerard Pomeroy offered to support Orlando in any steps he should think proper to take, in order to obtain redress for the injuries he and Lucinda had received at Sir Thomas's hands, yet, as these injuries had been productive of the greatest good to them, they both declined the offer; chusing rather with a commendable moderation, to leave him to those self-reproaches which he had brought upon himself.

METEOROLOGICAL CONJECTURES:

[By Dr. Franklin.]

THERE seems to be a region higher in the air over all countries, where it is always winter, where frost exists continually, since, in the midst of summer on the surface of the earth, ice falls often from above in the form of hail.

Hailstones, of the great weight we sometimes find them, did not probably acquire their magnitude before they began to descend. The air, being eight hundred times rarer than water, is unable to support it but in the shape of vapour, a state in which its particles are separated. As soon as they are condensed by the cold of the upper region, so as to form a drop, that drop begins to fall. If it freezes into a grain of ice, that ice descends. In descending both the drop of water, and the grain of ice, are augmented by particles of the vapour they pass through in falling, and which they condense by their coldness, and attach to themselves.

It is possible that, in summer much of what is rain, when it arrives at the surface of the earth, might have been snow, when it began its descent; but being thawed, in passing through the warm air near the surface, it is changed from snow into rain.

How immensely cold must be the original particle of hail, which forms the centre of the future hailstone, since it is capable of communicating sufficient cold, if I may so speak, to freeze all the mass of vapour condensed round it, and form a lump of perhaps six or eight ounces in weight! When in summer time, the sun is high, and continues long every day above the horizon, his rays strike the earth more directly, and with longer continuance than in the winter; hence, the surface is more heated, and to a greater depth, by the effect of those rays.

When rain falls on the heated earth, and

foaks

soaks down into it, it carries down with it a great part of the heat, which by that means descends still deeper.

The mass of the earth, to the depth perhaps of thirty feet, being thus heated to a certain degree, continues to retain its heat for some time. Thus the first snows that fall in the beginning of winter, seldom lie long on the surface, but are soon melted, and soon absorbed. After which, the winds that blow over the country on which the snow had fallen, are not rendered so cold as they would have been by those snows, if they had remained, and thus the approach of the severity of winter is retarded, and the extreme degree of its cold is not always at the time we might expect it. viz. when the sun is at its greatest distance and the day shortest, but some time after that period, according to the English proverb, which says, 'as the day lengthens, the cold strengthens.' The causes of refrigeration continuing to operate, while the sun returns too slowly, and his force continues too weak to contract them.

During several of the summer months of the year 1783, when the effect of the sun's rays to heat the earth in these northern regions should have been greatest, there existed a constant fog over all Europe, and great part of North America. This fog was of a permanent nature; it was dry, and the rays of the sun seemed to have little effect towards dissipating it, as they easily do a moist fog, arising from water. They were indeed rendered so faint in passing through it, that when collected in the focus of a burning-glass, they would scarce kindle brown paper, of course their sum-

mer effect in heating the earth was exceedingly diminished.

Hence the surface was early frozen; hence the first snows remained on it unmelted, and received continual additions. Hence the air was more chilled, and the winds more severely cold.

Hence perhaps the winter of 1783—4, was more severe than any that had happened for many years.

The cause of this universal fog is not yet ascertained; whether it was adventitious to this earth, and merely a smoke, proceeding from the consumption by fire of some of those burning balls or globes which we happen to meet with in our rapid course round the sun, and which are sometimes seen to kindle and be destroyed in passing our atmosphere, and whose smoke might be attracted and retained by our earth: or whether it was the vast quantity of smoke, long continuing to issue during the summer, from Hecla in Iceland, and that other volcano, which smoke might be spread by various winds over the northern part of the world, is yet uncertain.

It seems, however, worth the enquiry, whether other hard winters, recorded in history, were preceded by similar permanent and widely extended summer fogs. Because if found to be so, men might from such fogs conjecture the probability of a succeeding hard winter, and of the damage to be expected by the breaking up of frozen rivers, in the spring, and take such measures as are possible and practicable, to secure themselves and effects from the mischiefs which attended the last.

ANECDOTES of the unparalleled VICISSITUDES in the LIFE and REIGN of JOHN ERNEST BIRON, the last DUKE of COURLAND.

[From Coxe's Travels.]

JOHN ERNEST BIRON was descended from a family of mean extraction. His grandfather, whose name was Biren, or Bieren, was head groom to James the Third, Duke of Courland, and obtained from his master the present of a small estate in land. His son accompanied Prince Alexander, youngest son of the Duke of Courland, in a campaign into Hungary against the Turks, in quality of groom of his horse, and with the rank of lieutenant. Prince Alexander being killed before Buda, in 1686, Biron returned into Courland, and was appointed murther-huntman to the Duke.

Ernest John, his second son, was born in 1687, received the early part of his education in Courland, and was sent to the University of Konigsbergh in Prussia, where he continued until some youthful imprudencies compelled him to retire.

In 1714, he made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and solicited the place of page to the princess Charlotte, wife of the Czarevitch Alexey; but being contemptuously rejected as a person of mean extraction, retired to Mittau, and chanced to ingratiate himself with Count Bestuchef, master of the household to Anne, widow of Frederic William Duke of Courland, who resided

resided at Mittau. Having through his means obtained the office of gentleman of the chamber, and being of a handsome figure and polite address, he soon gained the good will of the Duchess, and became her chief favourite. The first use which he made of his favour, was to obtain the disgrace and removal of his benefactor Bestuchef. He soon gained such an entire ascendancy over the affections of his mistress, that his will became her's; and the upstart favourite offended by his arrogance the whole body of the nobility of Courland.

Having espoused Mademoiselle de Trenden, a lady of noble family, and maid of honour to the Duchess, he endeavoured, by means of that alliance, and the favour of his mistress, to be admitted into the body of nobles; but his solicitations were rejected with great contempt.

His ascendancy over the Duchess, his spirit of intrigue, and his extreme arrogance, were so notorious, that when Anne was declared sovereign of Russia, one of the articles proposed to her by the council of state at Moscow, expressly stipulated, that she should not bring Biron into Russia. She consented, but instantly broke her word; for she had scarcely arrived at Moscow, before he made his appearance at her court.

By his secret advice, the Empress formed a strong party among the Russian nobility, gained the guards, and brought about the revolution, which restored to the crown despotic authority.

But when the whole plan was ripe for execution, Anne hesitated, and was alarmed, till Biron took her by the hand, and led her to the door of the apartment in which the council of state, senate, and principal nobility were assembled; and she was declared absolute sovereign.

Within the space of a few months, Biron was appointed gentleman of the bed-chamber, knight of the order of St. Andrew, and lord high chamberlain, and, as Manstein says, was omnipotent in the government; for, during the whole reign of Anne, and some weeks after her death, he ruled with despotic sway the vast empire of Russia.

On the death of Ferdinand Ketter, in 1737, the Empress dispatched General Bismarck, Governor of Riga, to Mittau, at the head of a considerable army. The nobles having assembled in the cathedral, Bismarck surrounded the church with troops, and compelled them to elect for their sovereign, the same Biron whom they had refused to admit into their corps. But his new dignity did not prevent him from keeping his post of high chamberlain, and

his wife that of first lady of the bed-chamber.

Biron governed Courland with the same despotic spirit with which he governed Russia; and the nobles, who had been accustomed to great freedom of debate in their diets, were suddenly restrained. Those who ventured to oppose his will, or to speak with their usual freedom, were privately seized by persons in masks, forced into kibirkas, and conveyed to Siberia.

Of a violent and sanguinary temper, Biron ruled Russia with the knout in his hand, and compelled his Imperial Mistress, who was naturally of a mild and merciful disposition, to order acts of the most atrocious cruelty, though she oftentimes interceded, but in vain, with tears in her eyes, for the unhappy victims of his suspicion and vengeance.

The cruelties exercised upon the most illustrious persons of the country almost exceed belief; and Manstein conjectures, that 'during the ten years in which Biron's power continued, above 20,000 persons were sent to Siberia, of whom scarcely 5,000 were ever more heard of.'

The violence of his temper would break forth in a manner most disrespectful to the Empress. Once in particular, while the Duke of Bevern had an audience, Biron burst into the apartment without ceremony, threatening, with the most horrid imprecations, that he would no longer be vexed and tormented by her servants, but would retire into Courland. Having uttered these words, he quitted the room, and shut the door with great violence. The Empress, in the highest consternation, lifted up her hands to heaven, then clasped them together, and being almost ready to faint, she opened the window for fresh air. While she continued in this agitation, the Duchess of Courland, accompanied with her children, entered the room, knelt down, and entreated the Empress to forgive the passionate behaviour of her husband. Anne in this, as in every other instance, relented, and bore with his insolence.

His influence over his Imperial Mistress was such, that during the sitting of the cabinet council, she used frequently to repair to an adjoining room, in which her favourite remained, to receive his advice, or rather his orders. She had no table of her own, but used to dine with his family.

He knew only two languages, the German, and his native jargon spoken in Courland; so that he governed the extensive empire of Russia without even understanding its language. He even piqued himself on his ignorance of that tongue, having once said in the presence of the Em-

press Anne, that he would not learn the Russian, because he could not bear to read before her Majesty all the reports and memorials which were daily transmitted to him.

Biron was undoubtedly a man of very great capacity; during his whole administration, the external splendour of the Russian empire, and its internal tranquillity, announced the wisdom of his measures; and he shewed his judgment in employing such a statesman as Osterman, and such a general as Munich.

He was a sincere friend and an implacable enemy; and it was justly said of him, that he seldom forgot a benefit, and always remembered an injury.

He amassed an enormous fortune in money and jewels; and on public occasions his magnificence far exceeded the magnificence of the Empress.

He had so long directed the affairs of a great Empire, that he could not brook retiring into Courland. He accordingly prevailed upon the Empress, on her death bed, to appoint her great nephew, Prince Ivan, her successor, and himself regent, until the Prince had attained the age of seventeen; and he managed this whole transaction with so much art, that he seemed only to accept the regency at the earnest request and recommendation of Marshal Munich, the Chancellor Osterman, and the principal Russian nobility, as it were for the good of the empire, and not to satisfy his own ambition.

Having thus secured the regency, to the exclusion of Anne, the mother of the young Emperor, the first act of his power in that capacity, was to obtain for himself a clear revenue of 500,000 roubles per annum, and the title of Imperial Highness.

But the power which he had thus acquired by intrigue, he attempted to secure by repeated acts of arrogance, persecution, and cruelty. Piquets were placed in the streets to prevent commotions. The numerous spies which he entertained brought him vague accounts of contemptuous expressions, and ill formed plots. Such numbers were arrested, that scarcely a day passed in which persons suspected were not imprisoned and tortured in order to force confession. But instead of disarming the envy and jealousy of the natives, who were disaffected at being governed by a foreigner, he increased his own unpopularity by the haughtiness of his demeanour, and treated even the parents of his sovereign with the most extreme brutality.

It was natural that Prince Anthony Ulrich and the Princess Anne, the father and mother of the infant Emperor, should be disaffected at being set aside, and a foreigner preferred to the regency; and Anthony Ulrich, who was a Prince of great spirit, even expressed his disapprobation in the strongest terms to the regent himself.

The Duke of Courland, suspecting that the Prince was forming cabals against his government, called on him early one morning unexpectedly, and without being announced; 'Your Highness,' he said, 'does not deal fairly with me; for you promised to inform me if any disaffected persons caballed against me, and you now know what intrigues are carrying on against me.' 'I know not,' replied the Prince, 'that any thing is now in agitation which will be detrimental to the Emperor and the country.' 'I will take care,' returned Biron, 'to place this empire in such a situation as no other person is capable of doing; for I am neither deficient in knowledge or in power.' 'The nobles must assist you,' said the Prince, 'and you must all be accountable to the Emperor.' 'Am I not regent,' replied Biron, 'with absolute authority? Such assertions, Sir, may occasion great commotions; and your Highness must know, that whenever factions arise, the Emperor and the country are in danger; and what must be the inevitable consequence, if you and I should be at variance?'—'A massacre!' returned the Prince with great warmth, putting at the same time his hand upon his sword.

After much altercation, the Prince accused Biron of having forged the testament and signature of the Empress; and the Duke quitted the apartment with these words: 'This affair, Sir, is of such importance, that it must be laid before the principal nobility of the realm.' Repairing instantly to his palace, he summoned the cabinet council, the senate, and the principal nobility, and acquainted them with the conversation which had passed between him and the Prince. But when the Imperial Minister, Count Keyserling, who was present, endeavoured to justify the Prince, he called the Prince a liar, who had misrepresented the conversation; and turning to Keyserling, said, 'We want here no advocates, and no lawyer's quirks;' and walking up and down the apartment in great agitation, exclaimed, 'Am I a poisoner! or do I contend for the throne and sceptre!'

The Princess Anne, who had been informed

formed of the misunderstanding, now arriving, he turned to her, and explained with great bitterness what had already passed. Anne was exceedingly affected, and appeared to blame her husband's conduct. At length, the Prince himself being summoned, was prevailed upon to attend, and soon afterwards made his appearance, being reprimanded by Biron, and by several who were present, in the grossest terms, his Highness at length submitted to demand pardon, the tears starting from his eyes from this necessary but degrading confession; and the affair was hushed up.

Soon afterwards, the Regent sent a message by Marshal Munich, ordering the Prince to resign his military employments, and not to stir out of his chamber. But this state of things could not last long. The Regent, at variance with the parents of the Emperor, suspicious of plots forming against him, and detested by the nation in general, became agitated and uneasy, felt the precariousness of his situation, paid his court with great assiduity to the Princess Elizabeth, and seems even to have formed the design of marrying her to the Prince, his eldest son, and of raising her, or her nephew the Duke of Holstein, to the throne of Russia. He was imprudent enough to declare publicly, that if the Princess Anne was refractory, he would send her husband into Germany, and place the Duke of Holstein on the throne.

While he was fluctuating concerning his future conduct, and laying plans to remove those who gave him umbrage, his own ruin came from a powerful quarter which he did not expect, and was not prepared to resist. Marshal Munich, secretly displeas'd with the Regent at not being appointed generalissimo of the Russian forces, fomented the discontents, awakened the suspicions of the Princess Anne, and prevailed upon her to permit him to arrest the Duke of Courland. His offer being accepted, he succeeded in securing the person of the Regent, and arresting him on the 18th of December, only twenty days after he had been appointed to the regency. Lieutenant-Colonel Manstein, who was employed by Munich on that memorable occasion, and who has related the transaction in his authentic memoirs, penetrated, at the head of only twenty men, into the palace inhabited by the Duke of Courland, though guarded by forty soldiers, who were placed under the windows of the Regent's bed-chamber, and by numerous sentinels posted in the several apartments through which he was to pass. Being personally known to the sentinels, they permitted him to pass, thinking that he had an affair of consequence to com-

municate to the Regent. Having burst open the door of his bed-chamber, he approached the bed, in which the Duke and Duchess were so fast asleep, that the noise did not awaken them. On drawing the curtains, both started up in surprise, and the Duke instantly got out of bed with an intention to escape, but was prevented by Manstein, who threw himself upon him, and held him fast till the soldiers came to his assistance. In this interval the Duke had disengaged himself from Manstein, and endeavouring to burst from the soldiers who had laid hold of his arm, received several blows from the but-ends of their muskets. Being at length thrown down on the floor, his mouth gagged with a handkerchief, and his hands tied behind him with an officer's sash, he was led to the guard-room, where being covered with a soldier's cloak, he was conveyed in a carriage to the winter palace, in which the princess Anne resided. While he was leading away, the Duchess sprang out of bed, and though only in her shift, ran after him, screaming, in an agony of despair, into the street, till being forced away by the soldiers, she dropped down upon the snow, and would have perished with cold, if the captain of the guard had not sent for some clothes to cover her, and re-conducted her to her apartment.

The next day the Duke and his family were conveyed to the fortress of Schlussemburgh; and in June were removed to Pellyn, a small town in Siberia, where he was imprisoned in a wooden house under the strictest confinement. Fortunately he did not long occupy this dreary prison. The Empress Elizabeth had no sooner ascended the throne, by the deposition of Ivan, than she recalled Biron from his imprisonment; and if his misfortunes had not softened his vindictive spirit, he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his enemy, Marshal Munich, occupy that prison which he had just quitted.

Biron was transferred to Yaroslaf, where he had a comfortable mansion assigned to him and his family, five roubles a day, and the permission of hunting within twenty or thirty miles of Yaroslaf. In this situation, wretched when contrasted with his former dignified station as the omnipotent favourite of Anne, or as Regent of Russia, but a paradise when compared with his prison at Pellyn, he passed his days during the whole reign of Elizabeth.

On the demise of Elizabeth, Peter the third recalled Biron to Petersburg, but did not reinstate him in the duchy of Courland. Biron had refused, during his confinement, to resign his right to that duchy, although he was offered his li-

erty, and a pension of 100,000 roubles per annum; nor could he be prevailed upon by Peter the third to abdicate in favour of the Duke of Holstein; nobly adding, that nothing should induce him to do such an injury to his family; but that he would prefer even a second imprisonment.

Catharine, soon after the revolution which placed her on the throne of Peter the Great, took compassion on his misfortunes, and restored him to his former dignity.

Biron repaired to Mittau in 1763, twenty eight years after he had been elected Duke of Courland, and for the first time

since he had been raised to that dignity. Prince Charles of Saxony, although supported by a large party in Courland, yet receiving no assistance from his father Augustus the third, was compelled to retire before the Russian forces; and Biron received the oaths of allegiance and fidelity from the whole nation.

In 1764, he obtained from the King and Republic of Poland the investiture of Courland for his eldest son Peter, the present Duke; in 1769, abdicated in his favour; and, in 1772, closed at Mittau, in the eighty-third year of his age, a life of almost unparalleled vicissitudes.

AN ESSAY ON FLATTERY.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

— Miseri quibus
Intentata nites.

HOR.

Alas! what anguish must they share,
To whom, untried, thou sumest fair!

THERE are two sorts of praise, between which it is of the utmost importance to our happiness, that we should be able properly to discriminate; but which vanity and the want of a proper knowledge of the world, too frequently occasion us to confound or mistake. The constrained, or hyperbolic, originating, sometimes, in a desire to gratify our own vanity, by saying fine things—no matter to whom, or about what; but, more frequently, in a wish, from interested motives, to impose on the self-love of those to whom it is addressed; and the sincere or involuntary, flowing from the pure fountain of undesigned simplicity, and extorted by a generous sensibility of merit, or an amiable attachment to the favoured object it endeavours to distinguish.

In the former, the words are always more elevated than the thought: in the latter, the thought as constantly outstrips the words: or rather, the feelings outstrip both language and conception. In one, the periods swell aloft with toilsome pomp, and leave the meaning (which is mostly very diminutive) at a distance below: in the other, the sentiment mounts with involuntary ardour, and mocks the pursuit of eloquence itself.

It is, perhaps, an insensibility to this

kind of distinction in matters of literature, that makes the frivolous tribe think the strained conceits of our *Della Crusca** so vastly fine; and occasions the pedantic critic to treat with dogmatic harshness productions of a very different description; the light wits of a former class, being easily wasted aloft by the tumid breath of verbosity, and the cold judgment of the latter being prevented by the heavy mass of undigested learning, from soaring with the warm spirit of more generous compositions. So that the scribble and the critic, are in this case frequently on a par: both attending to verbal scraps, while the man of real taste is feasting on sentiment.

But to return. The conceit or panegyrick of the head, having no original warmth, the words toil forward with wonderful effort, to acquire an artificial glow. But the sincere, or genuine plaudit, comes warm from its source, and requires no forced exertion; but hurries to its destined goal. The one is caparised by invention, and spurned from the lips to the ear—the other starts at once from the heart, and, without whip or spur, flies, if unobstructed by intervening prejudices, directly to the feelings.

But.

* *Della Crusca* is the signature of one of the poetic contributors to a morning paper.

But as the bulk of mankind, like the patient Pegasus of Balaam, have more ears than soul, what wonder that it should be more easy to lug them along by these useful ornaments of the head, than to urge them forward by appealing to their sensibility.

It grieves me that these reflections should ever be applicable to that gentle sex whose claim of superiority, in point of tender susceptibility, has ever been so justly acknowledged. Yet certain it is, that the present unfortunate mode of education, and the manners of modern gallantry, have so far perverted these amiable dispositions, as to make the feelings of the fair, in one particular instance, too frequently the dupes of their habitual vanity.

Deluded in their infancy by the flattery of parental pride, made giddy by an unreasonable attention to dress and finery, and rendered (in one case by custom, and in the other by affectation) strangers to the voice of truth, alike from our sex and their own, they seem by cruel necessity, subjected to a delusion, of which too many of those who ought to be their guardians, are watchful to take an ungenerous advantage. It is to this circumstance, we may chiefly attribute the success, with which youthful beauty is so frequently addressed by men of mature, or rather of decaying years; who, long hackneyed in the ways of gallantry, know how to apply with dexterity to their prejudices, and to gild with specious appearances the passion they have learned to feign.

Fatima, the only child of her doting parent, had a form, which, from earliest infancy, had borne the promise of attractive beauty, and which sixteen smiling years, with the anxious care of those around her, had cherished to the most delicate bloom of loveliness. Her fine blue eyes were already become eloquent in the language of the heart; and her soft complexion was tinged with the modest blush of dawning passion, which awakens the gazer's heart to love.

Nor was Fatima unconscious of her charms: as the principal attention of her parents had always been devoted to her person, and the sole care of her education was directed to such accomplishments as might heighten its native graces, she had learned to set, at least, their full value on those personal advantages, with which nature had so liberally endowed her: of the neglected beauties of her mind, she was indeed (as well as her parents) both careless, and, in some degree, unconscious.

Such was the heroine of my tale, when her tea-table (already the favourite resort of contented beaux) was first graced with the presence of young Aimwell.

This worthy young man had some traits in his character, which, in the present age, could not fail of being censured for eccentricity. He had the keenest sensibility without making it his boast, and an attachment to sincerity which no forms of politeness or motives of interest, could ever induce him to violate. He was a man of gallantry, without being a debauchee; and though a lover of science and erudition, had neither suffered sophistry nor affectation to cheat him of his religion. But what is most to our present purpose, is the singular manner in which he shewed his strong attachment to the fair. For, as he had laid it down as an invariable maxim, never to retain the kindness of his friends by ceasing to deserve it, he applied his principles to his intercourse with the sex, and disdained to flatter what he could not approve, or suppress an observation which he thought might promote their real happiness.

The reception of such a character by the fair Fatima, was not likely to be exceedingly flattering. But it so happened, that the charms of her person made an impression on his heart; and as his penetrating eyes discovered the neglected beauties of her mind, he rashly fed his passion with the hope, that a kind and tender monitor might have influence sufficient to disperse the prejudices of education, and call forth the native virtues of her character. Nor was he, for some time, entirely without the prospect of success. For, independent of the considerations of fortune, Aimwell had all the recommendations of person and manners; and as there was much in his mistress which sincerity might approve, he blended his gentle reproofs of little foibles, with commendations of greater merits which she had hitherto been unconscious of possessing.

But the commendation was remembered and the reproof neglected; and as soon as Aimwell appeared in the acknowledged character of a lover, the latter was no longer submitted to with patience.

Nor was the discovery of Aimwell's sentiments the only cause of the change in Fatima's deportment. Gnatho, an experienced veteran in the field of gallantry, had been introduced to her acquaintance, and familiarized her ear to a more pleasing mode of address.

Gnatho had few advantages of person or mind, was advanced beyond the meridian of life, and had impaired both his fortune and constitution by the irregularity of his conduct, in the pursuit of pleasure. But all these defects were more than counterbalanced by his consummate knowledge of the female heart; and the possession of

all those superficial accomplishments which are dignified by the appellation of knowledge of the world.

Aimwell, the dupe of his principles, had always conceived that his passion for Fatima was perfectly conditional, and that he could tear her from his heart the instant he despaired of making her the character which his judgment could approve. But no sooner did he discover that he had a rival in her affections, than his fine-spun theory yielded to the force of nature, and he felt all the power of an irresistible passion. Spite of his generous pride, he condescended to place himself on a footing with his rival; and as the monitor and lover could not be successfully reconciled, he consented, with a sigh, to sacrifice to the ardent feelings of the latter, the generous sentiments of the former character.

It might now have been expected that victory would decide in his favour. Youth, genius, manly beauty, and personal accomplishments, assisted by the smiles of fortune, were set in opposition to one who, verging toward the decline of life, was almost destitute of these shining recommendations.

But Gnatho's deficiencies were too forcibly supplied. 'schooled in the science of love's mazy wiles,' he knew how to approach the unguarded heart at the most accessible quarters; and he testified his entire devotion to the charms of his mistress, in such well coined sentiments, and with so artful a polish of metaphor and diction, as engaged the fancy, and amused the ear, at the same time that it soothed the fond vanity of the object of his addresses. He had also learned to rouse the soft harmony of those chords, whose melody the modest praises of young Aimwell had but imperfectly awakened; and he could hail, as flourishing in full-blown radiance, those mental endowments, which the honest simplicity of his rival had only considered as germs, which he advised the careless owner of the luxuriant soil to cultivate and mature.

In short, Gnatho poured forth the vows of affection, and eternal adoration, in such polished terms of affected enthusiasm, as he conceived that female vanity expected, though he never thought of consulting his feelings, how they were merited; while Aimwell, who really felt more than the utmost force of language could express, faltered whenever he attempted to give a voice to his passion; and could only display the sincerity of his attachment, by broken vows and unavailing sighs.

The preference which Fatima gave to the insidious courtier was soon conspicu-

ous; and the generous lover, though his passion had been unsuccessful, disdained to be a witness of his rival's triumph. He therefore withdrew himself from his country, to bury in the bustle of foreign camps (where human nature was struggling to regain its native liberties) that hopeless passion, he never expected to subdue.

Gnatho, thus left master of the field, lost no time in pressing for the reward of his victory; and as, considering all things as they were, it was doubtful whether he could succeed in obtaining the consent of her parents, he found it no very difficult matter to persuade the tender Fatima to agree to an elopment.

The happy morn was appointed, when, before the first inquisitive glance of the tall tale sun peeped over the tops of the houses in Berkeley-square, the expecting virgin was to escape from the tyranny of parents, who would sometimes presume to advise, into the longing arms of the enraptured swain, who had hitherto only complimented and entreated. Yes, the hour was appointed, and the hour arrived, and found the expecting virgin already equipped for the expedition, listening with eager expectation for the appointed signal, and fancying in every motion of the wind, she heard the wheels of the chaise approaching the corner of the square.

But she listened in vain.—No rattling of the post-chaise—no appointed signal was heard. Her eyes went every minute to her watch; and she saw the hands, reproachful of her dilatory lover, point almost to the hour beyond the time of appointment. She doubted whether it did not delude her; she looked out at the window, and saw no symptom of her lover's approach; she appealed again to her watch; compared it with the appearance of the sky; looked out at the window again; and thus, in painful perturbation, endeavoured to keep alive her hopes, till the full blaze of day warned her to her bed, to bleed with mingled grief and disdain over her cruel disappointment.

In short: Gnatho had the very night before induced a young creature of far superior fortune (to whom he had paid his addresses at the same time, and who, having more coquetry, had kept him longer in suspense) to take a trip to Gretna Green; and the post-chaise he had already hired to convey Fatima to the temple of Caledonian Hymen, assisted his more lucrative, and therefore more agreeable expedition, with the gay Flirtilla.

Fatima was distracted when she heard this; and the memory of the virtues and sincerity of the youth she had neglected and abused, rushing upon her mind, increased her

her distress by the mortifying comparison. It was long before her mind recovered any degree of tranquility; and the soft serenity of her soul has never yet returned. But ashamed of her own folly, and disgusted with the world, she has retired into a distant county, to cherish in solitude the gloom of misanthropy, and execrate the treachery of a sex, in whom she might have met with virtue, sincerity, and the most disinterested purity of love, had not vanity blinded her judgment, and impelled her to reject the proffered happiness.

Ye blooming daughters of thrice happy Albion! listen to the voice of the monitor and the friend—who feels for *one* too sincere an ardour, not to be anxious for the happiness of *all*. Listen, ye fair ones, to the kind monition; do not sacrifice to vanity the happiness of your lives; nor deem the far-strained hyperbole the language of love. Pure affection is a modest deity, arrayed, like truth, in a plain and simple robe; of itself too lovely, in the

eyes of uncorrupted nature, to need the embroidery of deceptive art!

Fly then from him who worships you as deities and angels, for we neither believe, nor would we wish you such.

It is not the glittering wit, ever ready in your praise, nor the smooth-tongued promptitude of voluble adulation, but

Th' unbidden sigh—th' unconscious tear,
That prove the artless soul sincere.

But vain is the warning voice of the friendly monitor, if parental weakness will indulge its vanity by corrupting the infant heart with the early praise of fading charms, and cherish the seeds of depravity by lavishing all its attention on personal decoration; for then the loveliest and most ductile part of the creation will unavoidably be the victims of flattery in their youth, and spend those years which should be crowned with domestic enjoyment and felicity, in fruitless tears, and unavailing repentance.

A HINT TO THE MARRIED.

AN Italian author, of considerable reputation, has observed, that one of the principal causes of the superiority of the Jesuits, while they existed, to all other religious communities, was the never-failing propriety of their attention to each other. 'The Jesuits,' says he, 'with whom none can vie in the pleasures of civil life, were exceedingly attentive to appear to each other in the most amiable light. The polite behaviour of the first day was uniformly preserved by them during the many years that they continued together; so that the honey-moon of their

consociation, if this expression may be allowed, lasted for their lives. This reciprocal complaisance, at first merely adopted, improved, by habit, into a solid and uninterrupted harmony, which even their numerous enemies allowed to be the foundation of that superior reputation by which they eclipsed all the other orders.' Ye lords of the creation—ye fair, to whose soft domination these lords unreluctantly submit—be Jesuits in this instance, at least, and matrimony and happiness may yet be synonymous.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE FIDELITY OF A DOG.

[From *Vaillant's Travels*.]

HAVING left Swilendin, on the 12th of January 1782, I took an easterly course, and, after two days journey, arrived at a wood, named Le Bois du Grand Pere, I determined to stay here till the next day, and prepared accordingly, wishing to explore the wood.

In calling my dogs, I observed that a little bitch, named Rosette, which I was

very fond of, was wanting. Concerned at her absence, as she was a real loss to my pack, I enquired of all my people whether they had seen her on the road. One, only, assured me that he had fed her in the morning.

After an hour or two spent in fruitless searches, I sent out my Hottentots to call on all sides; I likewise fired my piece several

veral times, thinking the report might reach her, and put her on the scent. When I saw their endeavours did not succeed, I ordered one of my men to mount my horse, and return the way we came; directing him to spare no pains in tracing my favourite.

In about four hours we saw the messenger returning on full gallop, carrying before him on the pommel of the saddle, a chair and a large basket. Rosette was running before, appearing as pleased to see me, as I was satisfied with her return.

The Hottentot informed me that he had found her, at about two leagues distance, seated in the road, by the side of the chair and basket, which had dropped from our waggon without being perceived.—I had heard much of the fidelity of dogs in similar cases, but this was the first instance I had ever witnessed it.

I own the little recital affected me; and the proof she had given of her attachment made her still more valuable. If my man had not been successful in his search, she must have perished with hunger, or become a prey to some wild beast.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

ON THE ARTIFICES OF VARIOUS KINDS OF ANIMALS.

One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, th' inferior family of Heaven.

DRYDEN.

For He, Supreme Existence, ever near,
Informs them.

DYER.

HAVING treated lately on the principle of association, and the instinct of affection, as they pervade the brute creation, I shall close my observations on animals in general, with some instances of the wonderful artifices which various kinds of them employ, either for self-preservation, or protection of their young.

Many of these arts are purely instinctive, and others are acquired by experience and imitation. The love of life, the desire of multiplying and continuing the species, and that strong attachment which every animal has to its offspring, are the sources from which we must trace all the movements, dexterity, and sagacity of animals. The principle of self-preservation is strongly impressed upon the minds of all animated beings. It gives rise to innumerable arts of attack and defence, and not unfrequently to surprising exertions of sagacity and genius.

When cattle are attacked by a bear, or other rapacious animal, they instantly form a phalanx for mutual defence. In the same circumstances, horses rank up in lines, and beat off their enemy with their heels. Bishop Pontoppidon relates, that the small Norwegian horses, when attacked by bears, instead of striking with their hind-legs, rear, and, by quick and repeated strokes, with their fore feet, either kill the enemy, or oblige them to retire. This curious, and generally successful defence,

is frequently performed in the woods, while a traveller is sitting on the horse's back. When the Norwegian horse, moreover, at such a juncture, has a mare or gelding with him, he generously puts them behind him, while he attacks the bear with his fore-legs; but if he should turn about to kick with his hind legs, he is ruined, the bear, which has double his strength, instantly leaping, and fixing on his back, when the poor horse gallops on, till he drops down with the loss of blood. It has often been remarked, that troops of wild horses, when sleeping, have always one of their number awake, who acts like a sentinel, and gives notice of approaching danger.

The monkeys in Brazil, while they are sleeping on the trees, have uniformly a sentinel to warn them of the approach of the tiger or other rapacious animals; and if ever this sentinel is found sleeping, his companions instantly tear him in pieces for his neglect of duty. For the same purpose, when a troop of monkeys are committing depredations on the fruits of a garden, a sentinel is placed on an eminence, who, when any person appears, makes a chattering noise, when the rest immediately make their escape.

The deer kind are remarkable for the arts they employ in order to deceive the dogs. With this view the stag often returns twice or thrice upon his former steps

steps. He endeavours to raise hinds or younger stags to follow him, and to draw off the dogs from the immediate object of their pursuit. If he succeeds, in this attempt, he then flies off with redoubled speed, or springs off at a side, and lies down on his belly to conceal himself. When in this situation, if by any means his foot is recovered by the dogs, they pursue him with more advantage, because he is now considerably fatigued. Their ardour increases in proportion to his feebleness; and the scent becomes stronger as he grows warm. From these circumstances the dogs augment their cries and their speed; and, though the stag employs more arts of escape than formerly, as his swiftness is diminished, his doublings and artifices become gradually less effectual. No other resource is now left him but to fly from the earth which he treads, and go into the waters, in order to cut off the scent from the dogs, when the huntsmen again endeavour to put them on the track of his foot. After taking to the water, the stag is so much exhausted, that he is incapable of running much farther, and is soon *at bay*, or, in other words, turns and defends himself against the hounds. In this situation he often wounds the dogs, and even the huntsmen, by blows with his horns, till one of them cuts his hams to make him fall, and then puts a period to his life.

The fallow-deer is more delicate, and approaches nearer to the domestic state than the stag. The males, during the rutting season, make a bellowing noise, but with a low and interrupted voice. They are not so furious as the stag. They never depart from their own country in quest of females; but they bravely fight for the possession of their mistresses. They associate in herds, which generally keep together. When great numbers are assembled in one park, they commonly form themselves into two distinct troops, which soon become hostile, because they are both ambitious of possessing the same part of the enclosure. Each of these troops has its own chief or leader, who always marches foremost, and he is uniformly the oldest and strongest of the flock. The others follow him; and the whole draw up in order of battle, to force the other troop, who observe the same conduct, from the best pasture. The regularity with which these combats are conducted is singular. They make regular attacks, fight with courage, and never think themselves vanquished by one check; for the battle is daily renewed till the weaker are completely defeated, and obliged to remain in the worst pasture. They love elevated and hilly countries. When hunted, they run not straight out,

like the stag, but double, and endeavour to conceal themselves from the dogs by various artifices, and by substituting other animals in their place. When fatigued and heated, however, they take the water, but never attempt to cross such large rivers as the stag. Thus, between the chase of the fallow-deer and of the stag, there is no material difference. Their sagacity and instincts, their shifts and doublings, are the same, only they are more frequently practised by the fallow deer. As he runs not so far before the dogs, and is less enterprising, he has oftener occasion to change, to substitute another in his place, to double, and to return upon his former tracks, which renders the hunting of the fallow-deer more subject to inconveniencies than that of the stag.

The roebuck is inferior to the stag and fallow-deer both in strength and stature; but he is endowed with more gracefulness, courage, and vivacity. His eyes are more brilliant and animated. His limbs are more nimble; his movements are quicker, and he bounds with equal vigour and agility. He is likewise more crafty, conceals himself with greater address, and derives superior resources from his instincts. Though he leaves behind him a stronger scent than the stag, which increases the ardour of the dogs, he knows how to invade their pursuit, by the rapidity with which he commences his flight, and by his numerous doublings.

Heaven taught, the roebuck swift
Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain pursuit: not far
he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming
scent,
That freshens on the blade, provokes their
rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded
foes,
Soon stag fatigued; strain to excess each
nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant;
they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the
high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd
crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

Hares possess not, like rabbits, the art of digging retreats in the earth. But they neither want instinct sufficient for their own preservation, nor sagacity for escaping their enemies.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode. With steps re-
vers'd

She forms the doubling maze; then ere
the morn

Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her
close recess.

As wandering shepherds on the Arabian
plains;

No settled residence observe, but shift

Their moving camp; now, on some
cooler hill

With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing
breeze;

And then, below, where trickling streams
distil

From some precarious source, their thirst
allay,

And feed their fainting flocks: So the
wife hares

Oft quit their seats, lest some more cu-
rious eye

Should mark their haunts, and by dark
treacherous wiles

Plot their destruction; or perchance in
hopes

Of plenteous forage, near the ranker meal,
Or matted blade, wary and close they sit.

When spring shines forth, season of love
and joy,

In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes
hid,

They cool their boiling blood. When
summer suns

Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-wav-
ing fields

Of corn full grown, they lead their help-
less young:

But when autumnal torrents and fierce
rains

Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling
bank

Their forms they delve, and cautiously
avoid

The dripping covert. Yet when winter's
cold

Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed
return'd

In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking
creep,

Among the wither'd leaves, thus chang-
ing still,

As fancy prompts them, or as food in-
vites.

The fox has, in all ages and nations,
been celebrated for craftiness and address:

For all his father's wiles the fox retains.

Acute and circumspect, sagacious and prudent, he diversifies his conduct, and always reserves some art for unforeseen accidents. Though nimbler than the wolf, he trusts not entirely to the swiftness of his course. He knows how to ensure safety, by providing himself with an asy-

lum, to which he retires when danger appears. He is not a vagabond, but lives in a settled habitation and in a domestic state. The choice of situation, the art of making and rendering a house commodious, and of concealing the avenues which lead to it, imply a superior degree of sentiment and reflection. The fox possesses these qualities, and employs them with dexterity and advantage. He takes up his abode on the border of a wood, and in the neighbourhood of cottages. Here he listens to the crowing of the cocks and the noise of the poultry. He scents them at a distance. He chooses his time with great judgment and discretion. He conceals both his route and his design. He moves forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. When he leaps the wall, or gets in underneath it, he ravages the court-yard, puts all the fowls to death, and then retires quietly with one of them, which he conceals under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. In a short time he returns for another, which he carries off and hides in the same manner, but in a different place. In this manner he proceeds, till the light of the sun or some movements perceived in the house, admonish him that it is time to retire to his den. He does much mischief to the bird-catchers. Early in the morning he visits their nets and their bird lime, and carries off successively all the birds that happen to be entangled. The young hares he hunts in the plains, seizes old ones in their seats, digs out the rabbits in the warrens, finds out the nests of partridges, quails, &c. seizes the mothers on the eggs, and destroys a prodigious number of game. When pursued he runs to his hole; and it is not uncommon to send in terriers to detain him till the hunters remove the earth above, and either kill or seize him alive. The most certain method, however, of destroying a fox is to begin with shutting up the hole, to station a man with a gun near the entrance, and then to search about with the dogs. When they fall in with him, he immediately makes for his hole. But, when he comes up to it, he is met with a discharge from the gun. If the shot misses him, he flies off with full speed, takes a wide circuit, and returns again to the hole, where he is fired upon a second time; but, when he discovers that the entrance is shut, he darts away straight forward, with the intention of never revisiting his former habitation. He is next pursued by the hounds, whom he seldom fails to fatigue; because, with much cunning, he passes through the thickest part of the forest, or places of the most difficult access, where

where the dogs are hardly able to follow him; and, when he rakes to the plains, he runs straight out, without either stopping or doubling. He is an exceedingly voracious animal. Beside all kinds of flesh and fishes he devours eggs, cheese, fruits, and particularly grapes. He is so extremely fond of honey, that he attacks the nests of wild bees. They at first put him to flight by numberless stings; but he retires for the sole purpose of rolling himself on the ground, and of crushing the bees. He returns to the charge so often, that he obliges them to abandon the hive, which he soon uncovers, and devours both the honey and the wax. Sometime before the female brings forth, she retires, and seldom leaves her hole, where she prepares a bed for her young. When she perceives that her retreat is discovered, and that her young have been disturbed, she carries them off, one by one, into a new habitation. The fox sleeps in a round form, like the dog; but, when he only reposes himself, he lies on his belly with his hind-legs extended. It is in this situation that he eyes the birds on the hedges and trees. The birds have such an antipathy against him, that they no sooner perceive him than they send forth shrill cries to advertise their neighbours of the enemy's approach. The jays and blackbirds, in particular, follow the fox from tree to tree, sometimes two or three hundred paces, often repeating the watch-cries. The count de Buffon kept two young foxes, which, when at liberty, attacked the poultry; but, after they were chain'd, they never attempted to touch a single fowl. A living hen was fixed near them for whole nights; and, though destitute of victuals for many hours, in spite of hunger and opportunity, they never forgot that they were chained, and gave the hen no disturbance.

In Kamtschatka, the animals called *gluttons* employ a singular stratagem for killing the fallow deer. They climb up a tree, and carry with them a quantity of that species of moss of which the deer are very fond. When a deer approaches near the tree, the glutton throws down the moss. If the deer stops to eat the moss, the glutton instantly darts down upon its back, and, after fixing himself firmly between the horns, tears out its eyes, which torments the animal to such a degree, that, whether to put an end to its torments, or to get rid of its cruel enemy, it strikes its head against the trees till it falls down dead. The glutton divides the flesh of the deer into convenient portions, and conceals them in the earth to serve for future provisions. The gluttons on the river Lena kill horses in the same manner.

A species of rats in Kamtschatka make neat and spacious nests under-ground. These are lined with turf, and divided into different apartments, in which the rats deposit stores of provisions for their support during the winter. It is worthy of remark, that the rats of this country never touch the provisions laid up for the winter, except when they cannot procure nourishment any where else. These rats, like the Tartars, change their habitations. Sometimes they totally abandon Kamtschatka for several years, and their retreat greatly alarms the inhabitants, which they consider as a presage of a rainy season, and of a bad year for hunting. The return of these animals is, of course, looked upon as a good omen. Whenever they appear, the happy news is soon spread over all parts of the country. They always take their departure in the spring, when they assemble in prodigious numbers, and traverse rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea. After they have made a long voyage, they frequently lie motionless on the shore, as if they were dead. When they recover their strength they recommence their march. The inhabitants of Kamtschatka are very solicitous for the preservation of these animals. They never do the rats any injury, but give them every assistance when they lie weakened and extended on the ground. They generally return to Kamtschatka about the month of October; and they are sometimes met with in such prodigious numbers, that travellers are obliged to stop two hours till the whole troop passes. The track of ground they travel in a single summer is not less wonderful than the regularity they observe in their march, and that instinctive impulse which enables them to foresee, with certainty the changes of times and of seasons.

With regard to birds, their artifices are not less numerous nor less surprising than those of quadrupeds. The eagle and hawk kinds are remarkable for the sharpness of their sight and the arts they employ in catching their prey. Their movements are rapid or slow, according to their intentions, and the situation of the animals they wish to devour. Rapacious birds uniformly endeavour to rise higher in the air than their prey, that they may have an opportunity of darting forcibly down upon it with their pounces. To counteract these artifices, Nature has endowed the smaller and more innocent species of birds with many arts of defence. When a hawk appears, the small birds, if they find it convenient, conceal themselves in hedges or brush-wood. When deprived of this opportunity, they often, in great numbers, seem to follow the hawk; and to expose themselves

themselves unnecessarily to danger, while, in fact, by their numbers, their perpetual changes of direction, and their uniform endeavour, to rise above him, they perplex the hawk to such a degree, that he is unable to fix upon a single object; and, after exerting all his art and address, he is frequently obliged to relinquish the pursuit. When in the extremity of danger, and after employing every other artifice in vain, small birds have been often known to fly to men for protection.

The ravens often frequent the sea-shores in quest of food. When they find their inability to break the shells of muscles, &c. they use a very ingenious stratagem: they carry a muscle, or other shell-fish, high up in the air, and then dash it down upon a rock, by which means the shell is broken.

The wood-pecker is furnished with a very long and voluble tongue. It feeds upon ants and other small insects. Nature has endowed this bird with a singular instinct. It knows how to procure food without seeing its prey. It attaches itself to the trunks of branches of decayed trees; and, wherever it perceives a hole or crevice, it darts in its long tongue, and brings it out loaded with insects of different kinds. This operation is certainly instinctive; but the instinct is assisted by the instruction of the parents; for the young are no sooner able to fly, than the parents by the force of example, teach them to resort to trees, and to insert their tongues indiscriminately into every hole or fissure.

Of the œconomy of fishes, our knowledge is extremely limited. But, as the ocean exhibits a perpetual and general scene of attack and defence, the arts of assault and of evasion must, of course, be exceedingly various.

The insect tribes, though comparatively diminutive, are not deficient in artifice and address. But I shall only mention the *formica leo*, or ant lion, which is a small insect, somewhat resembling a wood-louse, but larger. Its head is flat, and armed with two fine moveable crotchets or pincers. It has six legs, and its body, which terminates in a point, is composed of a number of membranous rings. In the sand, or in finely pulverised earth, this animal digs a hole in the form of a funnel, at the bottom of which it lies in ambush for its prey. As it always walks backward, it cannot pursue any insect. To supply this defect, it lays a snare for them, and especially for the ant, which is its favourite food. It generally lies concealed under the sand in the bottom of its funnel

or trap, and seldom exhibits more than the top of its head. In digging a funnel, the *formica leo* begins with tracing a circular furrow in the sand, the circumference of which determines the size of the funnel, which is often an inch deep. After the first furrow is made, the animal traces a second, which is always concentric with the first. It throws out the sand, as with a shovel, from the successive furrows or circles, by means of its square flat head and one of its fore legs. It proceeds in this manner till it has completed its funnel, which it does with surprising promptitude and address. At the bottom of this artful snare it lies concealed and immovable. When an ant happens to make too near an approach to the margin of the funnel, the sides of which are very steep, the fine sand gives way, and the unwary animal tumbles down to the bottom. The *formica leo* instantly kills the ant, buries it under the sand, and sucks out its vitals. It afterwards pushes out the empty skin, repairs the disorder introduced into its snare, and again lies in ambush for a fresh prey.

A spider of that species which carries her eggs in a bag attached to her belly, was thrown into the funnel of the *formica leo*. The latter instantly seized the bag of eggs, and endeavoured to drag it under the sand. The spider from a strong love of offspring, allowed its own body to be carried along with the bag. But the slender silk by which it was fixed to the animal's belly broke, and a separation took place. The spider immediately seized the bag with her pincers, and exerted all her efforts to regain the object of her affections. But these efforts were ineffectual; for the *formica leo* gradually sunk the bag deeper and deeper in the sand.— The spider, however, rather than quit her hold, allowed herself to be buried alive. In a short time, the observer removed the sand, and took out the spider. She was perfectly unhurt; for the *formica leo* had not made any attack upon her. But, so strong was her attachment to her eggs, that, though frequently touched with a twig, she would not relinquish the place which contained them.

When arrived at its full growth, the *formica leo* gives up the business of an ensnaring hunter. He deserts his former habitation, and crawls about for some time on the surface of the earth. He at last retires under the ground, spins a round silken pod, and is soon transformed into a fly.

THOUGHTS upon the AMUSEMENTS and PUNISHMENTS which are proper for SCHOOLS.

(Concluded from Page 272.)

I COME next to say a few words upon the subject of PUNISHMENTS which are proper in schools.

In barbarous ages every thing partook of the complexion of the times. Civil, ecclesiastical, military, and domestic punishments were all of a cruel nature. With the progress of reason and christianity, punishments of all kinds have become less severe. Solitude and labour are now substituted in many countries, with success, in the room of the whipping-post and the gallows. The innocent infirmities of human nature are no longer proscribed, and punished by the church. Discipline, consisting in the vigilance of officers, has lessened the supposed necessity of military executions; and husbands—fathers—and masters now blush at the history of times, when wives, children, and servants, were governed only by force. But unfortunately this spirit of humanity and civilization has not reached our schools. The rod is yet the principal instrument of governing them, and a schoolmaster remains the only despot now known in free countries. Perhaps it is because the little subjects of their arbitrary and capricious power have not been in a condition to complain, I shall endeavour therefore to plead, their cause, and to prove that corporeal punishments (except to children under four or five years of age) are never necessary, and always hurtful, in schools. The following arguments I hope will be sufficient to establish this proposition.

1 Children are never sent to school before they are capable of feeling the force of rational or moral obligation. They may therefore be deterred from committing offences, by motives less disgraceful than the fear of corporal punishments.

2. By correcting children for ignorance and negligence in school, their ideas of *improper* and *immoral* actions are confounded, and hence the moral faculty becomes weakened in after life. It would not be more absurd to inflict the punishment of the whipping post upon a man, for not dressing fashionably or neatly, than it is to ferule a boy for blotting his copy book, or misspelling a word.

3. If the natural affection of a parent is sometimes insufficient, to restrain the violent effects of a sudden gust of anger upon a child, how dangerous must the power of correcting children be, when lodged in the hands of a schoolmaster, in

whose anger there is no mixture of parental affection! Perhaps those parents act most wisely, who never trust themselves to inflict corporal punishments upon their children, after they are four or five years old, but endeavour to punish, and reclaim them, by confinement, or by abridging them of some of their usual gratifications, in dress, food or amusements.

4. Injuries are sometimes done to the intellects of children, by corporal punishments. I recollect, when a school-boy, to have lost a school-mate, who was said to have died in consequence of a severe whipping he received in school. At that time I did not believe it possible, but from what I know now of the disproportion between the violent emotions of the mind, and the strength of the body in children, I am disposed to believe, that not only sickness, but that even *death* may be induced; by the convulsions of a youthful mind, worked up to a high sense of shame and resentment.

The effects of thumping the head, boxing the ears, and pulling the hair in impairing the intellects, by means of injuries done to the brain, are too obvious to be mentioned.

5. Where there is *shame*, says Dr. Johnson, there may be *virtue*. But corporal punishments, inflicted at school, have a tendency to destroy the sense of shame, and thereby to destroy all moral sensibility. The boy that has been often publicly whipped at school, is under great obligations to his maker, and his parents, if he afterwards escape the whipping-post or the gallows.

6. Corporal punishments, inflicted at school, tend to beget a spirit of violence in boys towards each other, which often follows them through life; but they more certainly beget a spirit of hatred, or revenge, towards their masters, which too often becomes a ferment of the same baneful passions towards other people. The celebrated Dr. afterwards Baron Haller declared, that he never saw, without horror, during the remaining part of his life, a school-master, who had treated him with unmerited severity, when he was only ten years old. A similar anecdote is related of the famous M. de Condamine. I think I have known several instances of this vindictive, or indignant spirit, to continue towards a cruel and tyrannical school-master, in persons who were advanced.

vanced in life, and who were otherwise of gentle and forgiving dispositions.

7. Corporal punishments, inflicted at schools, beget a hatred to instruction in young people. I have sometimes suspected that the devil who knows how great an enemy knowledge is to his kingdom, has had the address to make the world believe that *feruling, pulling and boxing ears, cudgelling, berfing, &c.* and in boarding-schools, a *little flogging*, are all absolutely necessary for the government of young people, on purpose that he might make both schools, and school-masters odious, and thereby keep our world in ignorance; for ignorance is the best means the devil ever contrived, to keep up the number of his subjects in our world.

8. Corporal punishments are not only hurtful, but altogether unnecessary, in schools. Some of the most celebrated and successful school-masters, that I have ever known, never made use of them.

9. The fear of corporal punishments, by debilitating the body, produces a corresponding debility in the mind, which contracts its capacity of acquiring knowledge. This capacity is enlarged by the tone which the mind acquires from the action of hope, love, and confidence upon it; and all these passions might easily be cherished by a prudent and enlightened school-master.

10. As there should always be a certain ratio between the strength of a remedy, and the excitability of the body in diseases, so there should be a similar ratio between the force employed in the government of a school, and the capacities and tempers of children. A kind rebuke, like fresh air in a fainting fit, is calculated to act upon a young mind with more effect, than stimulants of the greatest power; but corporal punishments level all capacities and tempers, as quack-medicines do all constitutions and diseases. They dishonour and degrade our species; for they suppose a total absence of all moral and intellectual feeling from the mind. Have we not often seen dull children suddenly improve, by changing their schools? The reason is obvious. The successful teacher only accommodated his manner and discipline to the capacities of his scholars.

11. I conceive corporal punishments, inflicted in an arbitrary manner, to be contrary to the spirit of liberty, and that they should not be tolerated in a free government. Why should not children be protected from violence and injuries, as well as white and black servants? Had I influence enough in our legislature to obtain only a single law, it should be to make the punishment for striking a school-boy, the

same as for assaulting and beating an adult member of society.

To all these arguments I know some well disposed people will reply, that the *rod* has received a divine commission from the sacred Scriptures, as the instrument of correcting children. To this I answer that the *rod* in the Old Testament, by a very common figure in rhetoric, stands for the punishments of any kind, just as the *sword*, in the New Testament, stands for the faithful and general administration of justice, in such a way as is most calculated to reform criminals, and to prevent crimes.

The following method of governing a school, I apprehend, would be attended with much better effects, than that which I have endeavoured to shew, to be contrary to reason, humanity, religion, liberty, and the experience of the wisest and best teachers in the world.

Let a school-master endeavour, in the first place, to acquire the confidence of his scholars, by a prudent deportment. Let him learn to command his passions and temper at all times in his school.— Let him treat the name of the Supreme Being with reverence, as often as it occurs in books, or in conversation with his scholars.— Let him exact a respectful behaviour towards himself, in his school; but in the intervals of school-hours, let him treat his scholars with gentleness and familiarity. If he should even join in their amusements, he would not lose, by his condescension, any part of his authority over them. But to secure their affection and respect more perfectly, let him, once or twice a year, lay out a small sum of money in pen-knives, and books, and distribute them among his scholars, as rewards for proficiency in learning, and good behaviour. If these prudent and popular measures should fail of preventing offences at school, then let the following modes of punishment be adopted.

1. *Private admonition.* By this mode of rebuking, we imitate the conduct of the divine Being towards his offending creatures, for His *first* punishment is always inflicted *privately*, by means of the *still* voice of conscience.

2. *Confinement* after school-hours are ended; but with the knowledge of the parents of children.

3. *Holding a small sign of disgrace*, of any kind, in the middle of the floor, in the presence of a whole school.

If these punishments fail of reclaiming a bad boy, he should be dismissed from school, to prevent his corrupting his school-mates. It is the business of parents, and not of school-masters, to use the last means

for eradicating idleness and vice from their children.

The world was created in love. It is sustained by love. Nations and families that are happy, are made so only by love. Let us extend this divine principle, to those little communities which we call schools. Children are capable of loving in a high degree. They may therefore be governed by love.

We are grossly mistaken in looking up wholly to our governments, and even to ministers of the gospel, to promote public and private order in society. Mothers and school masters plant the seeds of nearly

all the good and evil which exist in society.

The occupation of a school-master is truly dignified. He is (next to mothers) the most important member of civil society. Why then is there so little rank connected with that occupation? Why do we treat it with so much neglect, or contempt? It is because the voice of reason, in the human heart, associates with it the idea of despotism and violence. Let school-masters cease to be tyrants, and they will soon enjoy the respect and rank, which are naturally connected with their profession.

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

(Continued from Page 274.)

Count Scheffer to his Royal Highness.

I AM glad to hear that you are going upon a very agreeable journey. You purpose first, as I have heard, to visit Upsal. That city deserves your attention in many respects. Its antiquity, celebrity, monuments, and present establishments will, I doubt not, be interesting objects of your observation and reflection. Especially, I take it for granted, that you will form a pleasing acquaintance with those men so useful to the State, who devote their time and talents to the instruction of youth. If genius, knowledge, and civil virtues, contribute to the felicity of the world, what grateful respect do we not owe to those, who take upon them the troublesome task to form the understandings and the hearts of our youth! to investigate their dispositions: to discern their different talents; and thus to make the best of the gifts that each individual may possess! To inspire all with a desire of true glory; to excite an emulation among them; to enlighten them by precepts and animate them by examples! to trace the path which will conduct them to happiness, by good and patriotic actions! This is the picture, though imperfect of a good university. It is almost impossible that a young person educated in such a school, should come from it without an heart-felt ardour for all his duties, which ought to be the great design of all our studies. Thus, my prince, you will be sensible what care and protection a government owes to such establishments in order to give them all the perfection of which they are capable.

Answer from His Royal Highness.

I HAVE been at Upsal, and there found all that you told me of. It is true, that among the principal cares of governments is that of watching over the education of youth: This it is that forms good citizens, which make the prosperity and power of the State. Upsal is venerable for its monuments of antiquity. It was the ancient seat of many illustrious kings. It was also famous by the temple of Odin, where all the nations of the North came to worship. It afterwards became a center of the Northern christian hierarchy. That celebrated temple, now changed into a Christian Cathedral, is a striking example of human vicissitudes, and a proof of our felicity, in a religion whose truths are eternal.

Count Scheffer to his Royal Highness.

IT gives me great joy, my prince, that you are pleased with your visit to Upsal. I take great interest in the honour of that university; which depends, not a little, on satisfying a traveller of your character. I am informed that an academic disputation was held in your presence, the object of which was to prove, that the *qualities of a good heart are greatly superior to all the perfections of genius.* I do not know how far this literary exercise gave public satisfaction; but I am sure that a more important subject could not have been chosen, in a time when morality is extremely neglected. One cares now but little for what is just and honest. Interest is the great

great pursuit. A spirit of intrigue is become estimable: the greatest encomium is bestowed upon a person, by saying, that he is a *knowing man*,* which is a word of reproach in all countries, where good morals prevail. An upright man, who scorns dissimulation, who minds nothing but his duty, who directs his views to the public good, regardless of personal and partial interests, is but little esteemed by his countrymen; they pay more respect to schemers, who know how to make their own fortune and that of their friends, without being scrupulous in the choice of means. You will, no doubt, my dear prince, deem this an alarming evil, and ask what remedy can be applied against it. The most effectual would be to restore that sacred reverence for religion, which is generally diminished. Its morality is the most perfect: A good christian is necessarily an honest man, and a good patriot.

Answer from the Prince.

I AGREE with you, Sir, that a good heart is preferable to intellectual talents. But I cannot approve the expressions, that 'a spirit of intrigue has obtained the national esteem.' Perhaps I am prejudiced by the affection I have for my nation, because I am born a Swede, and will not suspect my countrymen of such sentiments; or that I willingly ascribe to others the dispositions I feel within myself, and therefore believe them to be sincere. Be that as it may, the Swedish nation has, in all times, been so noted for sincerity, that when in other, perhaps more polished, but less upright nations, one would describe a person who spoke what he thought, it was customary to say, *he is right down honest as a Swede*. This testimony to Swedish sincerity, given by rival nations, who could not help respecting virtue, even in their enemies, should, I think, justify the nation against your surmise. It can not have changed its character in so short a time, and have adopted one of a contrary nature.

The Count's Reply.

IT is very laudable, my prince, to love our nation; but we ought to love our

country still more. We may love our nation too much; that is, our contemporaries. We may become partial to their failings; magnify their good qualities; and, in many respects, be prejudiced by the tastes and manners which connect us with them. Besides, there is a kind of affection for our nation, which, in fact, is nothing but self-love: We extol it above all others, from a secret pride, which appropriates to ourselves a share of those liberal encomiums. The love of our country is free from this weakness. This affection, which may in other words be called, a *zeal for the public good*, render us very sharp sighted, both with respect to their faults and virtues. It prompts us to expose those, in order to correct them; because they generally exist—*only by not being known*.—After having made this observation, I will candidly acknowledge, that our nation has many excellent qualities. The common people are thoroughly good, have hearts full of honour, are brave, yet mild; are faithful to their duties, and easily governed, provided nothing unreasonable is required. The higher classes have also, no doubt, a fund of these virtues; but the luxury introduced among them, has produced that corruption of manners, of which I complained in my last letter.

You have not yet had an opportunity of knowing this evil; therefore I thought proper to inform you of it; because I have a confident hope, that you will at a future day, do much for the abolition for it. The first step towards it, (I cannot too often repeat it,) will be to prove, both by your precept and example, that honesty, beneficence, justice, and zeal for the public good, have the first place in your esteem; and that these virtues deserve the same respect from the public mind. *With the greatest abilities, one will never be a great man, without an excellent heart*, says Trublet; *Essai de litter; et de mor*; Strive to imprint this maxim upon the nation. The event will be, to diminish, at least, if not to destroy that luxury, which has proved, to our national manners, a Pandora's box, from which issue all the plagues that afflict us.

ADVICE FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

A Child being brought into the world, the care of its health lies wholly upon the mother; and that mother, who, ac-

ording to the present polite custom, more barbarous than any that prevails among the brutes, turns her own offspring over to

* In French, *finet ruse*, in Swedish, *flug*.

to the care of a mercenary nurse, on any pretence but absolute necessity, ought not to be surpris'd, if her child grows up with a diseas'd constitution, or a deprav'd disposition, the effects of sucking the breast of an unhealthy or ill-temper'd woman.

Whoever would have healthy or hardy children, must not only live temperately themselves, but must take care that their children, especially in their infancy, be kept from all manner of gross food, as meat and sauces, and be allowed to indulge very sparingly in sweet-meats, but by no means to touch strong liquors. Withevery bit of the one, or sip of the other, an infant swallows the seeds of a variety of diseases. For, it being impossible that the stomach of a child should be strong enough to digest what those of grown people cannot, without prejudice to their constitutions, and shortening of their days, it is plain, that such substances must turn to crudities, which must mix with and corrupt the whole mass of blood. If a child is never us'd to indulgence in this respect, he will suffer nothing from the refusal of what is not fit for him. For he will be just what he is made by habit and custom.

From the time a child begins to speak, to four or five years of age, is the proper period for breaking and forming his temper. If that important work is not done within this time, it is, in most children, not to be done at all. For the mind quickly acquires a degree of obstinacy and intractableness, not to be conquered by any methods which tender parents can bring themselves to use. And habits once rooted are not to be eradicated but by very violent means. So that it is incumbent on parents not to shut their eyes from the very beginning against the faults of their children, or to resolve not to correct them for fear of giving a little pain; to effeminate and enervate their spirits by fondling them; to grant to their impotunity what they ought on all accounts to refuse; to hurt their constitutions by indulging them in what is improper for them; and to neglect the cultivation of their minds with useful knowledge, thro' fear of overburdening their faculties.

If you observe your child given to falsehood, one of the worst tendencies that can discover itself in a young mind, as implying a kind of natural baseness of spirit, the point of view must be to endeavour to raise in him such a sense of honour, as may set him above that base practice. For this purpose, it may be proper to express the utmost astonishment upon the first information of his transgressing that way; to seem to disbelieve it, and to punish him rather with shame and the loss of your fa-

vour, than any other way; and, if you can raise in him a sense of shame, you will quickly habituate him to take care of falling into shameful actions. A turn to pilfering of play-things, or sweet meats, is to be treated in the same manner; as is also a disposition to tricking at play, and in purchasing play-things of others his equals.

To remove out of the way one great temptation to lying, or equivocation, which is as bad, it would be a good method to let him know he may always expect to be pardon'd what he has done amiss, upon an honest and ingenuous confession. For indeed there is no fault a child is likely to be guilty of, that is so bad as a lye, or trick, to excuse it. Therefore it will be best, before you mention what you have to accuse him of, to put it in his power to save his punishment, by making the discovery himself, intimating, that you know more than he may think of, and that you will treat him accordingly as you find he deals ingenuously with you, or otherwise.

If your son seems to shew a turn to craft and sly deceit, which appears in some children very early, and is a very unpromising character, the likeliest way to break him of that vice is by shewing him that his little arts are seen through; by triumphing over him, and ridiculing his ineffectual cunning in the severest manner you can; and by suspecting some design in all he says and does, and putting him to such inconveniencies by your suspicions of him, as may make him resolve to be open and honest, merely in self defence.

If he is bent to passion and resentment, shutting him up, and keeping him from his diversions and play fellows is the proper method of treating him; because it gives him an opportunity for what he most wants, to wit, consideration and attention to his own weakness, which is all that is in early age necessary to the conquest of it.

If he appears timorous or cowardly, it will be necessary to accustom him by degrees to crowds, to stormy weather, to rough waters, to the sight of counterfeit fighting-matches, and to be handled a little roughly, but without danger of being hurt, by others of his own age. If his temper seems too boisterous, so that he is always ready to quarrel, and loves fighting for fighting-sake, keeping him among the female part of the family is the likeliest mechanical means for softening his manners.

If he shews too much self-conceit, it will be necessary to mortify him from time to time, by shewing him his defects, and how much he is exceeded by others. If he is bashful and timorous, he must be encouraged

encouraged and commended for whatever he does well.

If he seems inclined to fauntering and idleness, emulation is the proper cure to be administered. If he sees others of his equals honoured and carressed for using a little diligence, he must be of a temper uncommonly insensible, and of a spirit uncommonly abject, if he is not moved to emulate their improvements: And, if he is from his infancy accustomed to hear schools and places of education spoke of as scenes of happiness and has books (not sweet-meats, play-things and fine cloaths) given him as the most valuable presents and the richest rewards, he can hardly fail to be moved to exert himself. But all this is directly contrary to the common practice of threatening a child with school, whenever he does amiss; of setting him a task as a punishment, and of sending for him from school, from time to time, as a gratification.

A tendency to prodigality in a child is to be curbed as early as possible; for he who will in his youth lavish away halfpence, when he comes to manhood, will be apt to squander away guineas. The best method for correcting this bias in a child is encouraging him to save a piece of money some little time, on the promise of doubling it; and, which is to the same purpose, lessening his allowance (but not by any means depriving him wholly of pocket money) in case of misconduct; and obliging him to give an exact account of his manner of laying out his money, by memory at first, and afterwards in a written account, regularly kept. There is no error more fatal than imagining, that pinching a youth in his pocket money will teach him frugality. On the contrary, it will only occasion his running into extravagance with more eagerness, whenever he comes to have money in his own hands; as pinching him in his diet will make his appetite only the more voracious. In the same manner confining him too much from diversions and company will heighten his desire after them. And overloading and fatiguing him with study, or with religious exercises, will disgust him against learning and devotion. For human nature is like a stream of water, which, if too much opposed in its course, will swell, and at length overflow all bounds; but, carefully kept within his banks, will enrich and beautify the places it visits in its course.

As to a turn to covetousness and hoarding, it is in a child a frightful temper, indicating a natural inclination to sordid selfishness. This being a disposition which strengthens with years, and holds to the

last, when it begins to appear so early, it is to be expected it will come to an excessive degree in time. A lad ought to be broke of this unhappy turn, by shewing him the odiousness of it in the judgment of all open-hearted people, and by exposing his churlishness to the ridicule of his equals. Children ought to be accustomed, from their earliest years, to bring themselves with ease to quit what they have a right to; to give away part of their fruits or sweet meats, and to bestow out of their pocket-money for the relief of the poor.

A natural perverseness and obstinacy in the temper of a child it is hardly possible to break after seven or eight years of age, till reason and experience do it, which may never happen. And, even before that early period, it is not, in some, to be conquered, but by severe means; though severity may be used without violence, as by confinement and diet. When a parent finds himself obliged to come to extremities, the mildest way of proceeding is to resolve to go through with it at once. It is likewise a more effectual method to punish once with some severity, than a great many times in a superficial manner. For, when once a child, of a sturdy spirit and constitution, becomes accustomed to punishment, he grows hardened against it, till at length it loses its effects and becomes no punishment. Yet correction, when things come to the extremity which renders it absolutely necessary, ought always to be administered with coolness and deliberation, and not without visible reluctance, that the child may plainly see it is not passion in the parent, but a regard to his good; and absolute necessity, that bring it upon him. And, as nothing but a visible depravity of mind is sufficient to make so tough a remedy necessary, so whenever the perverseness or wickedness of disposition, which occasioned it, seems perfectly conquered, it ought by all means to be given over, and a quite contrary behaviour assumed by the parent.

When it is found necessary to insist disgrace the utmost care ought to be taken, that the whole family appear to be of a mind. If the father chides, and the mother, or any other person, encourages, what effect can be expected to be worked upon the mind of the child? On the other hand when he meets with a coldness and discouragement from every body, he will find himself under a necessity of amending his manners in his own defence.

To make the young mind the more susceptible of a sense of shame, and to inspire it with sentiments of true honour, youth should be very early taught to entertain worthy thoughts of the dignity of human nature,

nature, and the reverence we owe ourselves; so that they may be made to stand in so much awe of themselves as not to do a mean action, though never to be known to any creature.

All methods of education ought in general to be directed to the improvement of some good tendency, or the correction of some wrong turn in the mind. And that parent or tutor, who thinks of forming a rational creature, as he would break a hound or colt, by severity alone, without endeavouring to rectify the judgment and bend the will, shews himself wholly ignorant of human nature, and of the work he has undertaken. From the time a child can speak, it is capable of being reasoned with, in a way suitable to its age; and of being convinced of the good or evil of its actions; and is never to be corrected without; otherwise you may conclude, that the effect will cease with the smart. A sense of honour and shame, and of the right and wrong of actions, are the proper handles of education, as they lead directly to virtue, and lay a restraint upon the mind itself. Punishments if not managed with great judgment, and administered rather as a mark and attendant of that disgrace, into which a youth has brought himself by bad behaviour, may have no other effect, than that of persuading him, that pain is a great evil, which he ought not to think, but be taught to despise it. Or it may tend, if overdone, to harden and brutalise his temper, and lead him to use others as he has been used. In chiding too, or correcting, it will be necessary to take the utmost care not to represent to a young person his fault as unpardonable, or his case as desperate; but to leave room for reformation; lest he think he has utterly lost his character, and so become stupidly indifferent about recovering favour, or amending his manners. Nor is the recovery of any person under thirty years of age to be wholly despaired of, where there is a fund of sense, and an ingenuous temper to work upon.

There are few children that may not be formed to tractableness and goodness, where a parent has the conscience to study carefully his duty in this respect, the

steadiness to go through with it, and the sagacity to manage properly the natural tendencies of the mind; to play them against one another, to supply what may be defective, to correct what may be wrong, and to lop off what may be redundant.

Let only a parent consider with himself what temper he would have his son be of, when a man; and let him cultivate that in him, while a child. If he would not have him fierce, cruel, or revengeful, let him take care early to shew his displeasure at every instance of surliness, or malice, against his play-fellows, or cruelty to brutes or insects. If he would not wish him to prove of a fretful and peevish temper, ready to lose all patience at every little disappointment in life, let him take care, from the first, not to humour him in all his childish freaks, not to shew him that he can refuse him nothing, nor especially to give him what he asks, because he cries, or is out of humour for it, but for that very reason to withhold what might otherwise be fit for him. If he would not have him a glutton, when he comes to be a man, let him not consult his appetite too much in his childhood; and so of other particulars.

It is a most fatal mistake, which many parents are in with respect to the important business of forming the moral character of their children, that the faults of children are of little consequence. Yet it is the very same disposition which makes a child, or youth, passionate, false, or revengeful, and which in the man produces murder, perjury, and all the most atrocious crimes. The very same turn of mind, which puts a child, or youth, upon beating his play-fellows with his little harmless hand, will afterwards, if not corrected, arm him with a sword to execute his revenge. How then can parents be so unthinking as to connive at, much more to encourage, a wrong turn of mind in their children? At the same time that they would do their utmost to rectify any blemish in a feature, or limb, as knowing that it will else be quickly incurable; they allow the mind to run into vice and disorder, which they know may be soon irretrievable.

THE TOILET: ADDRESSED TO THE FAIR.

A N attention to dress, especially in the fair sex, if not attended with too great a sacrifice of time, or simplicity, is not only justifiable, but laudable; for a solicitous regard to neatness (I do not mean

preciseness) preserves that air of delicacy, without which the ardour inspired by the brightest charms will quickly sicken into disgust. Indeed, the graces of the person, as well as those of the mind, are to be

ranked among the choice blessings of bounteous heaven; and though we should not be vain of a superiority, either fancied or real, yet neither the one nor the other of these blessings ought to be neglected: and, provided too much is not sacrificed to superfluous ornament, it is a point of duty to embellish them both to the best advantage, and not to suffer our talent to be buried in the dust.

Neither the mind nor the person, indeed, ought to be disguised with the enamel of art; but both should be kept free from the soil of negligence, and graced with such ornaments as are most congenial with their respective peculiarities.

Thou, lovely Maria! sweet child of simplicity, thou well knowest the truth of these maxims; and thy practice is the best comment on my text.

At the toilet of Maria there is no powder for the hair, no washes for the skin, no rouge for the cheeks, nor pencils for the eyebrows; in short, none of those innumerable articles with which the silly part of the sex think to improve their charms, by disguising nature.

It must, however, be confessed, that, as Maria is a girl of fine taste and good understanding, she cannot challenge much applause for rejecting practices that purchase a short, uninteresting bloom, at the expense of early wrinkles and immature

old age. Nature has already done to perfection all that the silly attempts of art would feebly imitate. But those for whom nature has done less, only expose their defects, and their consciousness of them, by appealing to ineffectual artifice.

Behold now the sweet Maria just rising from her toilet: and tell me in which of the ideal beauties, even of the most elegant designer, you ever gazed on more attractive loveliness.

*'Her form is fresher than the morning rose
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained,
and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.'*

Through the undisguised transparency of her charming countenance beams the animation of a soul, which it were shame the foil of art should obscure from the admiring gaze; and consistent with the general ease, and Arcadian simplicity of her whole person, her hair of brightest auburn, twines in little careless curls around her forehead, and flows in easy ringlets, waving irregularly over her shoulders.

In short, the whole appearance of Maria has assumed as much of the air of artless nature, as the present rage for grotesque embellishment would possibly admit, without risking the imputation of affected singularity.

AN ACCOUNT of the celebrated IRON MINES, of DANEMORA, in SWEDEN.

[From Cox's Travels.]

THE iron mines of Danemora, in the province of Dalecarlia, in Sweden, seem to differ from all other mines, inasmuch as they have no subterraneous galleries, but are worked in the open air.

The pits are deep excavations, like gravel pits, and form so many abysses or gulphs. The descent is not, therefore, as is usual in mines, down a narrow subterraneous shaft. Here I stepped into a bucket, and hung suspended in the open air, in the same manner as if a person was placed in a basket at the top of Salisbury Spire, and gradually let down to the ground by a rope and pulley. The inspector accompanied me to the bottom; and while I was placed at my ease in the inside upon a chair, seated himself on the rim of the bucket with his legs extended to maintain the equilibrium. He had in his hand a stick, with which he gently touched the sides of the rock, and the rope of the ascending bucket, in order to prevent our bucket

from swerving against them, which must infallibly overset us.

While I hung suspended in mid-air, and so giddy that I could not venture to look down, I observed three girls standing on the edge of the ascending bucket, and knitting, with as much unconcern as if they had been on terra firma; such is the effect of custom! We were about five minutes in descending; and the depth which we reached, before I stepped out of my aerial seat, was 300 feet. Not being a mineralogist, my curiosity was soon satisfied; I again got into the bucket, and was drawn up in the same manner.

In this situation I closed my eyes, and conversed in Latin with the inspector. He informed me, that the richest ore yields 70 per cent. of iron, the poorest 30; that, upon an average, the collective mass gives one-third of pure mineral; that about 12,000 tons are annually drawn from the mines, which yield about 4,000 tons of bar-iron.

The mass of ore occupies a small compass. The length of the pits considered as one is 760 feet, and the breadth from three to twelve. The richest ore is near 500 feet in depth; and the vortex Grube is not yet fathomed. The matrix of the ore, being a calcareous earth, consequently contains but little sulphur, which is perhaps the reason of its superior quality.

The mines of Danemora, so renowned for yielding the finest iron in the world, the greatest part of which is sent to England for the use of our steel manufactories, were discovered in 1488. They consist of twelve pits.

The mines belong to thirteen proprietors; of whom Baron Geer possesses more

than one-third. The proprietors work each pit separately, defray the expences, and divide the profits according to their respective proportions.

The ore, which is dug in the summer, is laid out in heaps, and divided in the winter months, from November to March, when it can be conveyed in sledges. Each of the proprietors send it to their respective forges, on sell it on the spot.

Near three hundred persons are employed in mining and in transporting the ore. The miners are paid by the work, and can gain at most one shilling and three pence half penny per day, the others can earn one shilling and a penny.

ON THE LITERARY TASTE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

[Addressed to the Editor of the Universal Magazine.]

SIR,

TO me there has always appeared so intimate a connection between the taste and the morals of a people, that I cannot help condemning the fastidious gravity of those pretended philosophers, who, in directing their pupils in the study of human nature, would fix their attention only on great and serious objects, and superciliously neglect the lesser articles of arts, amusements, and recreations; not considering, that the real movements of the soul are most discernible in those minute circumstances, of which we can, with facility, comprehend the whole; as the architect first forms his genius for more noble attempts, by contemplating such edifices as present all their proportions at one view; and the physician discovers the real condition of the blood, not by consulting the strong vibrations of the heart, but by attending to the slighter motions of the distant pulse.

If, in these sentiments, Sir, I should be fortunate enough to meet with your concurrence, the following essay on the present Taste for Literature in this kingdom, may not be entirely unacceptable.

It has in all ages been the practice of poets and rhetoricians to declaim against the degeneracy of the times, and extol the superior virtue, and more distinguished talents; of the days that were to return no more. But with all due deference to the illustrious heroes of literature—from the immortal Homer to the news-factors of this degenerate year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one—this, I presume to suspect may, in no inconsiderable degree,

be attributable to the propensity we have to admire in description, those manners which would have disgusted us in spectacle, and to certain lurking dregs of a no very amiable quality, called Envy, which makes us look with a kind of jaundiced eye upon the talents and prosperity of our contemporaries.

Be this as it will, the present era has not escaped the misfortune of its predecessors—that of being reprobated, and condemned by those whose duty, and, one would think, whose interest it is to defend and exalt it. There are many (in the hope, perhaps, of keeping their own depravity in countenance) who would persuade us that this age, in reality, presents us with the most degrading picture of human nature that was ever exhibited since the waters of the firmament and those of the great deep swept, in the torrent of divine indignation, our antediluvian ancestors from the face of the earth.

Nor are they at a loss to support this assertion; for though the benevolence of the age (in this metropolis in particular) cannot be denied, and of its liberality of sentiment and opinion they chuse not to speak, the utter degeneracy of literary ability, and the absolute extinction of public spirit, furnish sufficient ground of declamation to those predetermined to complain. With the latter of these charges I can, however, never accord, while I behold the struggles of a few real patriots, and am taught to hope for the restoration of the trial by jury to its original purity and usefulness, by the pending motion for a reform

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mation of the practice of the courts in matters of libel. Neither shall I readily admit the truth of the former charge, while our language can boast a Gibbon, a Moore, a Priestley, a Hayley, a Mason, and the long train of brilliant geniuses who dignify the various departments of literature at this period.

But though I scruple not to declare that the want of knowledge, in the various branches of Philosophy, Science, History, and Literature, can be attributed to the writers of the present age, only by those whom spleen or indolence has prevented from perusing the works of cotemporary scholars; though I feel a Briton's pride when I proclaim that

* — none can doubt the genius of our isle,

Rich in each beauty of poetic style,
Who e'er with classic Cowper learn'd to glow,

To melt with Jerningham in tender woe,
Or, with majestic Hayley, rove sublime,
Thro' sacred History's instructive clime;

Yet must I confess, that within these few years the voluptuous affectation of Italian ornament has begun to degrade the chaste and simple taste so congenial with our language, and for a considerable time so conspicuous in our writings. Not content with blemishing to unrivalled splendour (unrivalled at least in modern ages) our native bullion, we begin to encrust it with the gaudy enamel of foreign vanity; and even in those works which demand the purest simplicity, we often substitute painted soil for the artless polish of the virgin ore. Nor is it an omen much in favour of the morals of the rising generation, that this species of affectation is much encouraged by the popular taste,

* Both the great vulgar and the small;

not only the herd of vulgar intellects, but those also, from whose enlarged understandings, we might have better hopes.

Gibbon—I speak it with sorrow and reluctance—Gibbon himself, to whose elaborate researches into the chaos of Imperial History, we owe one of the noblest monuments of modern literature, seems to have caught this infection from the contagious air of Italy; and, in the over-anxious pursuit of elegance, to have run, perhaps not unfrequently, into an affectation unworthy of his great and enlightened mind.

Elegance is a deity whom, in a refined and polished age, learning can deem it no idolatry to worship; but she certainly falls into an impious kind of devotion, when, like the worshippers of Moloch, she makes her children the victims of her zeal, and sacrifices at the shrine, perspicuity, simplicity, and instruction.

That this charge may, in its utmost extent, be brought against Mr. Gibbon, far be it from me to say; but it is not without regret that I sometimes observe the force and clearness of expression sacrificed to the flowing harmony of period; and the attempt to reconcile the redundancy of a picturesque imagination with the appearance of energy and compression, produce, not unfrequently, a contusion and incoherency in his sentences, which, in despite of their musical cadences, cannot fail to displease the attentive reader.

But the grand defect into which Mr. Gibbon has been betrayed by his figurative style, and poetical arrangement, is the obscurity in which he too frequently leaves the less informed class of his readers, with respect to the facts he professes to narrate. To preserve the lofty tone of his language, he seems to have deemed it necessary to avoid every approach to that familiarity of imagery and expression, which are so unfriendly to the figurative sublime. He, therefore, according to the custom of poets, introduces many facts by way of allusion, as though they were already known,—a practice inconsistent with the duty of an historian, whose province it is to instruct and inform, and not to amuse such as are already informed. By this method he frequently leaves those who happen not to have been previously in possession of the facts, just in the same state of ignorance in which he found them. And yet Mr. Gibbon, in his extreme love of ornament, indulges himself, with the utmost licence, in the use of irony; a figure perhaps more inconsistent with the true dignity of Historical, or even Epic composition, than the utmost simplicity of minute narration.—But Lucan and the Italians think otherwise.

To turn from Historians to Poets; I fear we must admit that even my favourite Hayley is not entirely free from the affectation of superfluous ornament. He dwells sometimes on a thought, till his most brilliant images degenerate into conceits; and crowds beauty upon beauty, till we see the art and labour with which they are accumulated.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

[From the *Columbian Magazine*.]

OF all the qualifications of the mind, which are not positive virtues, I do not know any that is more desirable than Good Humour. No quality renders the possessor more easy and happy in himself, or recommends him more forcibly to other people. Virtue itself receives additional lustre, abates the rigid severity of its character, and takes its most ravishing graces and embellishments from such a disposition; a disposition so amiable in its nature, that even a man of loose principles, when of so agreeable a turn, often conciliates to himself many friends and well-wishers. The men at least allow that he is a pleasant fellow, court his company, and account him no body's enemy but his own; while the women call him a dear agreeable creature, and declare, that though to be sure, he is a wild devil, it is quite impossible to be angry with him.

It is hardly saying too much in favour of this quality, to assert that it is one of the first requisites in society; for though strict honour and integrity are of more essential value in the grand purposes of human life, yet Good Humour, like small money, is of more immediate use in the common commerce of the world. There is no situation in life, no engagements in business, or party of pleasure, wherein it will not contribute to mitigate disappointments, or heighten enjoyment. A husband, friend, acquaintance, master, or even servant, however faithful or affectionate, will occasion many miserable hours to himself, as well as to those with whom he is connected, if his virtues are not seasoned with Good Humour; and whether he is a partner for life, or a partner in a country-dance, an associate in great and mighty undertakings, or a companion in a stage, he should, on every occasion, cherish and keep alive this agreeable disposition.

Some persons may almost be said to be of a good-humoured complexion, and seem to be constitutionally endued with this amiable turn of mind; a blessing for which they may thank heaven, with the same kind of gratitude that he ought to feel, who experiences the comforts of being born in a delightful and temperate climate.

Good Humour is the fair weather of the soul, that calms the turbulent gusts of passion, and diffuses a perpetual gladness and serenity over the heart; and he that finds his temper naturally inclined to

break out into sudden bursts of fretfulness and ill humour, should be as much upon his guard to repress the storm, that is for ever beating in his mind, as to fence against the inclemencies of the season. We are pleased with the awkward fondness and fidelity of a dog: Montaigne could discover agreeable music in the good-humoured purring of his cat; and though our modern grooms and jockies bestow all their attention on make, colour, eyes, and feet, yet the best writers on horsemanship consider a good temper as one of the best qualities in a horse.

We should be the more attentive to encourage and preserve this pleasing quality, because many people lose it by little and little in the progress of their lives. The thoughts of interest frequently prove a growing rust and canker in the mind; and the many troubles and embarrassments attending worldly pursuits often sour the temper, and entirely destroy the spirit of Good Humour, that prevailed in the articles and undesigning season of our youth. I do not know a more disagreeable companion, than a man, who having set out in life with vast and vain hopes of advancement, together with a mighty consciousness of his own merit, has not been able to sustain the shock of disappointment, but has permitted his misfortunes to embitter his disposition. Such a man overflows with gall on every occasion, and discharges the spleen, that rises within him, on all his fellow creatures. He disturbs the peace of the family to which he belongs, and poisons the happiness of every company to which he is admitted. But the disquiet that he brings with him, wherever he comes, is nothing but an evidence of his own misery and weakness of soul. How much more is he to be imitated, who meets the strokes of fortune with an even temper, who suffers neither reproach nor distresses to ruffle his Good Humour, and is, as Hamlet describes his friend, 'As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing!' Life is like a game at backgammon; and if an unlucky throw comes, we must make the best of it; and play on without grumbling at our ill luck; but who would venture to sit down to the table with a man who could not bear an adverse cast without turning over the board in a fury, and throwing the dice-box at the head of his companion? The character of Sir Thomas More, tho' peculiarly illustrious for unshaken integrity, was

was in no instance more winning and amiable, than in true pleasantry and Good Humour. His cheerful behaviour on the scaffold, and in every particular relative to his death, is familiar to all; but there is no circumstance in which the evenness of his mind is more truly delineated, than in his behaviour to his family on his resignation of the chancellorship. The way in which he discovered it to his wife bespoke the most genuine Good Humour. When he went out of church, it was usual for some of his officers to go to his lady and acquaint her of his departure; but the Sunday after his resignation, he went himself up to her pew, and bowing; gravely said, 'Madam, My Lord is gone.' She, though accustomed to the facetiousness of his manner, did not immediately comprehend his meaning; but on his explaining the matter to her, as they went home, she began to unbraid him for his shameful inattention to his interest upon which, without being at all disconcerted by this conjugal lecture, he took occasion to turn the discourse, by finding fault with some part of her dress—The absolute command of temper, and pleasant vein; is

surely to be envied; and he who sees the good of fortune fall from him, not only without shaking his fortitude, but also without abating the gaiety of his heart, may fairly be said to possess an uncommon share of Good Humour.

The want of Good Humour renders a man so extremely disagreeable, that few wish to cultivate his acquaintance. But of how many charms does the want of this amiable quality deprive the gentler sex! Softness is their distinguishing characteristic; but though, like milk, they are naturally smooth, yet, like milk, they create particular disgust when they turn sour. No female character is more offensive than a shrew. The greatest reproach on an old maid, that character so much dreaded and ridiculed in the female world, is her ill-humour; and crossness is the worst part of a prude. On the contrary, Good Humour, like the Cestus, encircles the fair one with new beauties, and is an antidote to the ravages of age and the small pox. It is the best part of the portion with an amiable wife, and the most amiable feature in the face of a queen.

ON THE BENEVOLENT AFFECTIONS.

[From Mr. Reid's *Essays on the Active Powers of Man.*]

WE ascribe no dignity to instincts or to habits. They lead us only to admire the wisdom of the Creator, in adapting them so perfectly to the manner of life of the different animals in which they are found. Much the same may be said of appetites. They serve rather for use than ornament.

The desires of knowledge, of power, and of esteem, rise higher in our estimation, and we consider them as giving dignity and ornament to man. The actions proceeding from them, though not properly virtuous, are manly and respectable, and claim a just superiority over those that proceed merely from appetite. This, I think, is the uniform judgment of mankind.

If we apply the same kind of judgment to our benevolent affections, they appear not only manly and respectable, but amiable in a high degree.

They are amiable even in brute animals. We love the meekness of the lamb, the gentleness of the dove, the affection of a dog to his master. We cannot without pleasure observe the timid ewe, who never shewed the least degree of courage in her

own defence, become valiant and intrepid in defence of her lamb, and holdly assault those enemies, the very sight of whom was wont to put her to flight.

How pleasant is it to see the family economy of a pair of little birds, in rearing their tender offspring; the conjugal affection and fidelity of the parents; their cheerful toil and industry, in providing food to their families; their sagacity in concealing their habitation; the arts they use, often at the peril of their own lives, to decoy hawks, and other enemies, from their dwelling-place; and the affliction they feel, when some unlucky boy has robbed them of the dear pledges of their affection, and frustrated all their hopes of their rising family!

If kind affection be amiable in brutes, it is not less so in the sight of our own species. Even the external signs of it have a powerful charm.

Every one knows, that a person of accomplished good breeding charms every one he converses with. And what is this good breeding? If we analyze it, we shall find it to be made up of looks, gestures and speeches.

speeches, which are the natural signs of benevolence and good affection. He who has got the habit of using these things with propriety, and without meanness, is a well-bred and polite man.

What is that beauty in the features of the face, particularly of the fair sex, which all men love and admire? I believe it consists chiefly in the features which indicate good affections. Every indication of meekness, gentleness and benignity, is a beauty. On the contrary, every feature that indicates pride, passion, envy, and malignity, is a deformity.

Kind affections, therefore, are amiable in brutes. Even the signs and shadows of them are highly attractive in our own species. Indeed they are the joy and comfort of human life, not to good men only, but even to the vicious and dissolute.

Without society and the intercourse of kind affection, man is a gloomy, melancholy, and joyless being. His mind oppressed with cares and fears, he cannot enjoy the balm of sound sleep; in constant dread of impending danger, he starts at the rustling of a leaf. His ears are continually upon the stretch, and every zephyr brings something that alarms him.

When he enters into society, and feels security in the good affection of friends

and neighbours, it is then only that his fear vanishes, and his mind is at ease. His courage is raised, his understanding is enlightened, and his heart dilates with joy.

Human society may be compared to a heap of embers, which, when placed afunder, can retain neither their light nor heat, amidst the surrounding elements; but when brought together, mutually give heat and light to each other; the flame breaks forth, and not only defends itself, but subdues every thing around it.

The benevolent affections, though they be honourable and lovely, are not all equally so. There is a subordination among them; and the honour we pay to them generally corresponds to the extent of their object.

The good husband the good father, the good friend, the good neighbour, we honour as a good man, worthy of our love and affection. But the man in whom these more private affections are swallowed up, in zeal for the good of his country, and of mankind, who goes about doing good, and seeks opportunities of being useful to his species, we reverence more than a good man, as a hero, as a good angel.

A REMARKABLE HISTORY of the TREATMENT of the SPANIARDS to the NATIVES of FLORIDA, after their CONQUEST.

[From the *Lady's Magazine*.]

IT was once my fortune to be present at a public execution, the unhappy subjects of this were partly foreign Indians, the captives of their wars, and partly the natives of the place, for what the Spaniards called rebellion. The tortures used at these executions, are too horrid for a christian ear, but the magnanimity and courage, with which these unhappy creatures bore them, were by far more astonishing to him, than all he had before seen in a life of observation of them.

The unhappy victims of revenge and butchery, were seated on the ground in a circle, bound hand and foot; the war captives were to be first executed, and when with much solemnity and ceremony, the executioners came to enquire which they were first to take; a youth of about twenty-five an Indian of a manly face, and majestic deportment, started up calling eagerly, to the executioners in his own language, me, take me first; and if you

are men, as you christians seem proud to call yourselves, take me only: I am Discaptica, the war-captain, who led these on to slaughter you; and if you will revenge the lives we have taken, satiate your vengeance all on me. I have an Indian captain's soul, and can bear more, and bear it longer than all these; and shall give your blood thirsting sakers here, more joy than legions of common slaves. Ye talk of mercy and of justice; if ye possess more than the names of these, continued he, give these their pardon—I led them out; what they did was my act alone, and they are no more guilty of what injuries they have done you, than you are of my blood and tortures, who are but the ministers of that savage tyrant's orders.

The executioners, taking him at his word, pointed to the burning pile before him, at which he was to suffer; and the young hero fixing at-once his eyes upon it, never

never took them off again, or turning to any other object; but walked slowly and majestically to it, and at his third step, began his death song. It is the constant custom of these hardy people, who expect no other than death with the severest tortures, if they fall into their enemies hands, to be always prepared for it, and to support their spirits in it, by commemorating in a rude sort of musick, their own warlike exploits against those enemies, who are now to sacrifice them to their revenge.

The youth began his song, with rejoicing that he had been an early enemy to his country's tyrants; that he had killed a Spaniard when but ten years old, that he had never ceased his conquests since, nor had a day of the last twenty months gone idle over his head; a day in which his country had not by his valour one tyrant less to curse.

When he came to the stake, he entered on the particulars of his boldest actions, and when his tortures grew to their height, and life was hardly enough to support them: tell says he, with an intrepid and yet manly voice, tell that Spaniard, (pointing to the governor, who sat a spectator of the horrible scene) I am the man who killed his base, perfidious father; tell him, continued he, in the same tone, this is the hand that tore out his base heart, and tossed to the eastern winds that and his perjured tongue together, to tell his king who lives beyond the great lake, an Indian though he scorns to be a villain, is proud to know the way to punish one.— His spirits just supported him to finish the last period, and he sunk at once, having thro' the course of his most dreadful tortures, given no sign that he had descended but to feel them.

The rest gave a loud huzza of acclamation at his behaviour, and each in the same undaunted manner, met the same horrid fate. When these had suffered singly, a whole troop of the natives rose to die together.

These walked dejected, silent, and as if in all the agonies of terror, to the place of execution; but arrived there, none shewed the least sign of fear, or, in the bitterest agonies, the least sense of pain, nor once opened their lips, nor even lifted up their eyelids. They seemed sensible of death in all its terrors as they approached it; but when they met it, not to fear, or think it worth their notice; astonished at this mysterious behaviour, the stranger asked an old Indian who sat nearest him, the reason of it; to which the venerable victim made the following reply.

We are to follow them. But stranger!

whoever thou art, as thou seemest not to be one of these, judge not so poorly of the Indian courage, to think the agonies that those, and that we feel, are the effects of fearing that idle phantom death. The Indian courage has its rise from innocence, we tremble not because we go to death, but because we are guilty. Those who first perished were worthy of a better fortune; we merit worse than we feel. We have before sold ourselves to destruction, and we now but receive the reward such vices call for. There was a time said he, when these, who now are our tyrannic masters, were few, and weak to us; we gave them leave to seat themselves amongst us, and suffered them to grow too strong to be resisted, and then began to feel we were slaves. Our fathers, born to better fate, disdain'd to live without their liberty; and these, and we saw when one morning sun, discovered the whole Indian race extinct, destroyed by their own hands, and by mutual consent hanging on; on fatal trees.

The master of these men, who lives beyond the vast lake, displeas'd at this, sent in submissive terms, and said our friendship; he told us, that he meant these his servants as our friends, to teach us the useful arts of life, and make us happy; and out of all that were then here, we might ourselves elect whom we most liked, to act for him with us.

Here we agreed with him; but must we tell the sequel? this perfidious man, this butcher of our fathers, wooed us with civil words to re-choose him. We are an honest race, and know no other use of words but to declare our minds. He told us he repented of his faults; and we alas! believed; he promised us all our hearts could wish, and bribed us with what of all things is most dear to us, each of us two guns, to sign a writing, wishing his master to continue him in his employment. We the remaining offspring of those parents, who chose death rather than slavery, chose alas! the very author of that slavery ourselves to be our ruler. What had we then to expect, but what we feel; bribes never did a real good to any; our guns were seized from us again, by his first act of power; and to prevent our complaining of his baseness, we are accused of forming a design against his life; and now go to die with torture in his presence, for what he knows us guiltless of. But let us not complain: we meet the just reward of our venal profligation and our credulity. May he meet his; and our tortures will be delight, to what his perjured heart must groan with.

The old man ended here his pathetic speech.

speech, and rose with his companions to meet his fate; which, like the rest, they all suffered without a groan; all that he said at parting was, lifting his eyes towards heaven, with fervent zeal; may every man who lives hereafter know, from our sad fate, that he who offers him

a bribe, means but to cut his throat, and is a villain.

Words are too soon forgotten, but may our destruction live in the remembrance of the latest ages, and even our tortures then will not be useless to the world.

ON HAPPINESS.

THERE is no point on which moralists are more undetermined than concerning the existence of happiness. Some have placed it in the goods of life; others in the contented mind; and some have denied that there is any such thing. The most rational system of happiness I ever met with, is Mr. Harris's, who places it not in possession, nor the ends, but the means of attaining them. Indeed, it is absurd to the last degree, to expect happiness at any particular time when our hopes promise us the aim of our wishes. Disappointments crowd in so thick upon us, that we seldom fail learning, by dear-bought experience, the emptiness of our desires. But while the mind is engaged in any pursuit, it certainly may enjoy happiness. The author that writes with the hopes of fame, when he comes to publish, may have all his expectations blasted; but while he was busied in the labour, he felt the charms of those sensations which proved phantoms when he attempted to grasp them. The lover wishes, with the most ardent impatience, for that happy hour that is to render these forests were often resorted to by the married and unmarried savage women, whom the meeting of a Frenchman put into no terrors. All these women, for the most part, are handsome, and certainly their beauty owes nothing to the embellishments of art: much less has it any influence on their conduct. Their character is naturally mild, and flexible, their humour gay; they laugh in the most agreeable and winning manner. They have a strong propensity to love; a propensity, which a maiden, in this country, may yield to, and always indulges without scruple, and without fearing the least reproach. It is not with a married woman: she must be entirely devoted to him she has married; and, what is not less worthy of notice, she punctually fulfils this duty.

An heroine of this class, and who was born among the Hurons, one day happened to wander in a forest that lay contiguous

happiness does not consist in riches; and they who place their desires on them, are too apt to fancy those who do not possess them unhappy. But let the rich commune with their own bosoms, and be silent: they need only consult themselves to be acquainted with the insufficiency of wealth to confer happiness. That the most permanent pleasure we can enjoy in this life, consists in content, is undoubtedly true: he who with little, is content with that little should be considered as the only happy man. There is no happiness in so miserable a world as this, but what the philosophic mind enjoys in its own contemplation; and no studies or reflection is so likely to confer happiness, even in this world, as that of the Divine Being: he who would be happy here, should aim at being happy hereafter; he should meditate on those great and sublime truths which religion teaches; he should, to use an expression of the poets, *Wing his way sublime*, and contemplate that glorious immortality which the good wish to enjoy, but the wicked fear to believe.

Thus is the savage phrase, for expressing that a woman has a husband, and that she cannot be wanting in fidelity to him. The phrase is not a vain form; it contains a peremptory refusal; it is common to all the women of those barbarous nations; and its force, the neighbourhood of the Europeans, and their examples, were never able to diminish.

St. Castins to whom the language and customs of the Hurons were familiar, saw immediately that he must drop all pretensions; and this persuasion recalled all his generosity. He therefore made no other advances, than to accompany the beautiful savage, whom chance alone had directed into the wood, and who was afraid of new encounters. As they passed on, he received all possible marks of gratitude, except that which he at first requested.

Some time after, St. Castins being insulted by a brother officer, killed him in a duel.

REMARKS on the best MODE of raising young HOGS.

[Addressed to, and published by, the Philadelphia County Society, for the Promotion of Agriculture and Domestic Manufactures.]

GENTLEMEN,

IT is with pleasure I communicate an experiment I lately made, to discover the best method of raising young hogs. Having frequently been informed that pigs would thrive best, if turned into a good clover field, with the sow; but having never verified it by my own observation; I was induced to make the following accurate experiment.

A sow, two years old, of the English and Guinea breed, had seven pigs; at a month old, in a state proper to make good roasters, I selected three of the best, and put them, with the sow, into a field of ten acres, very luxuriant, with red and white clover with some little timothy and blue grass; it short, they could not be in better pasture. They had also the advantage of shade, a fine spring of water to drink or wallow in at pleasure, and the common wash of the kitchen. Their weight, when turned out, was eleven twelve and thirteen pounds. The remaining four were put into a stable by themselves; they had plenty of clean straw; and as much skimmed milk as they could drink; the weight of three of them was nine, ten, and thirteen pounds. The result of the experiment was, that, in three weeks time, from their being put up, those with the sow, with all the advantages above mentioned, and the milk of the seven, weighed sixteen,

seventeen, and nineteen pounds: the three in the stable, twenty-five, twenty-two, and nineteen pounds; which, together, make fourteen pounds weight in favour of the latter, to which we should add the four pounds against them, when first put up, which, added, make eighteen pounds superior to the former.

Our farmers, in general, are too negligent of their young stock of every kind. It is customary for them to suffer the mother and young to shift for themselves; all animals grow in the inverse ratio to their age, and therefore the younger they are, the more necessary to give them plenty of food, if you desire them to acquire the full growth, of which their nature is capable. An animal stunted when young, never thrives afterwards equally with those which have had justice done them. I am satisfied, from a little experience, that a stricter attention to the raising of our cattle and stock of all kinds, would give us a breed on our farms, equal to any in the world, and would, at the same time, add greatly to our own wealth and that of our country.

I am, gentlemen,
your friend,
GEORGE LOGAN.

Stenton, June 25, 1789.

same undaunted manner, met the same horrid fate. When these had suffered singly, a whole troop of the natives rose to die together.

These walked dejected, silent, and as if in all the agonies of terror, to the place of execution; but arrived there, none shewed the least sign of fear, or, in the bitterest agonies, the least sense of pain, nor once opened their lips, nor even lifted up their eyelids. They seemed sensible of death in all its terrors as they approached it; but when they met it, not to fear, or think it worth their notice; astonished at this mysterious behaviour, the stranger asked an old Indian who sat nearest him, the reason of it; to which the venerable victim made the following reply.

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two guns, to sign a writing, wishing his master to continue him in his employment. We the remaining offspring of those parents, who chose death rather than slavery, chose alas! the very author of that slavery ourselves to be our ruler. What had we then to expect, but what we feel; bribes never did a real good to any; our guns were seized from us again, by his first act of power; and to prevent our complaining of his baseness, we are accused of forming a design against his life; and now go to die with torture in his presence, for what he knows us guiltless of. But let us not complain: we meet the just reward of our venal profligation and our credulity. May he meet his; and our tortures will be delight, to what his perjured heart must groan with.

The old man ended here his pathetic speech

ous humours, which, in such cases, are almost continually dripping upon them. It is to be questioned, whether, for these purposes, there is to be had, in the whole *materia medica*, a medicine so innocent, so safe, and yet so pleasant and effectual; or that can afford relief so soon as this will: for grown people make it stronger than for children—Get the herb of the same year's growth and drying, that you use it in, and the larger and fuller grown the leaves, the better. It is best to be made as you want it, and not too much at a time, especially in warm weather.

I shall only add, that upon the above

remedy being made public, it was followed by several letters in the public papers, acknowledging the benefit received by it, (and heaping blessings upon the generous communicator of it) as well in cases of grown persons, as children—but one of the persons who wrote that he was sixty years of age, says he doubled the quantity of colt's foot, taking four spoonfuls, as often as the fit came upon him.

N. B. When sugar-candy cannot conveniently be had, perhaps honey, or good clean brown sugar may be used instead of it; but it will be best to use the sugar-candy, as mentioned, when it can be done.

AZAKIA: A CANADIAN STORY.

THE ancient inhabitants of Canada were, strictly speaking, all savages. Nothing proves this better than the destiny of some Frenchmen, who first arrived in this part of the world. They were eaten by the people whom they pretended to humanize and polish,

New attempts were more successful. The savages were driven into the inner parts of the continent; treaties of peace, always ill observed, were concluded with them; but the French found means to create in them wants, which made their yoke necessary to them. Their brandy and tobacco easily effected what their arms might have operated with greater difficulty. Confidence soon became mutual, and the forests of Canada were frequented with as much freedom by the new inmates, as by the natives.

These forests were often resorted to by the married and unmarried savage women, whom the meeting of a Frenchman put into no terrors. All these women, for the most part, are handsome, and certainly their beauty owes nothing to the embellishments of art: much less has it any influence on their conduct. Their character is naturally mild, and flexible, their humour gay; they laugh in the most agreeable and winning manner. They have a strong propensity to love; a propensity, which a maiden, in this country, may yield to, and always indulges without scruple, and without fearing the least reproach. It is not with a married woman: she must be entirely devoted to him she has married; and, what is not less worthy of notice, she punctually fulfills this duty.

An heroine of this class, and who was born among the Hurons, one day happened to wander in a forest that lay contiguous

to the grounds they inhabited. She was surprised by a French soldier, who did not trouble himself to enquire, whether she was a wife or a maiden. Besides, he found himself little disposed to respect the right of a Huron husband. The shrieks of the young savage, in defending herself, brought to the same place, the Baron of St. Castins, an officer in the troops of Canada. He had no difficulty to oblige the soldier to depart: but the person he had so opportunely saved, had so many engaging charms, that the soldier appeared excusable to him. Being himself tempted to sue for the reward of the good office he had just rendered, he pleaded his cause in a more gentle and insinuating manner, than the soldier, but did not succeed better. "The friend that is before my eyes, hinders my seeing thee," said the Huron woman to him. This is the savage phrase, for expressing that a woman has a husband, and that she cannot be wanting in fidelity to him. The phrase is not a vain form; it contains a peremptory refusal; it is common to all the women of those barbarous nations; and its force, the neighbourhood of the Europeans, and their examples, were never able to diminish.

St. Castins to whom the language and customs of the Hurons were familiar, saw immediately that he must drop all pretensions; and this persuasion recalled all his generosity. He therefore made no other advances, than to accompany the beautiful savage, whom chance alone had directed into the wood, and who was afraid of new encounters. As they passed on, he received all possible marks of gratitude, except that which he at first requested.

Some time after, St. Castins being insulted by a brother officer, killed him in a duel.

duel. This officer was nephew to the general governor, who was absolute and vindictive; St. Castins had no other resource than to betake himself to flight. It was presumed, that he had retired among the English at New-York; which, indeed, was very probable; but persuaded that he should find an equally safe asylum among the Hurons, he gave them the preference.

The desire of again seeing Azakia, which was the name of the savage he had rescued, contributed greatly to determine him in that choice. She knew immediately by her deliverer. Nothing could equal her joy at this unexpected visit, and she declared it as ingeniously, as before, she had resisted his attacks. The savage, whose wife she was, and whose name was Ouabi, gave St. Castins the same reception, who acquainted him of the motive of his flight. 'May the Great Spirit be praised, for having brought thee among us,' replied the Huron! 'This body,' added he, laying his hand on his bosom, 'will serve thee as a shelter for defence; and this head-breaking hatchet will put to flight, or strike dead thy enemies. My hut shall be thine; thou shalt always see the bright star of the day appear and leave us, without any thing being wanting to thee, or any thing being able to hurt thee.'

St. Castins declared to him, that he absolutely desired to live as they did, that is, to bear a part in their labours and their wars; to abide by their customs; in short to become a Huron; a resolution which redoubled Ouabi's joy. This savage held the first rank among his people—he was their grand chief—a dignity which his courage and services had merited for him.—There were other chiefs under him, and he offered one of the places to St. Castins, who accepted the rank only of a private warrior.

The Hurons were then at war with the Iroquois, and were intent on forming some enterprise against them. St. Castins would fain make one in the expedition, and fought as a true Huron: but was dangerously wounded. He was brought back with great difficulty to Ouabi's house on a kind of litter. At this sight, Azakia appeared overwhelmed with grief; but instead of vain lamentation, she exerted all possible care and assiduity to be of service to him. Though she had several slaves at command, she depended only on herself, for what might contribute to the relief of her guest. Her activity equalled her solicitude. One would have said, that it was a lover watching over the precious life of her beloved. Few could help drawing the most flattering consequences, on such an occasion; and this was what St. Castins

did. His desires and his hopes revived with his strength. One only point disconcerted his views, which was the services and attentions of Ouabi. Could he deceive him without adding ingratitude to perfidy? 'But,' said St. Castins, arguing the case with himself, 'the good natured Ouabi is but a savage, and he cannot be so scrupulous herein, as many of our good folks in Europe.' This reason, which was no reason in fact, appeared very solid to the amorous Frenchman. He renewed his tender advances, and was surprised to meet with new refusals. 'Stop Celario,' which was the savage name that was given to St. Castins; 'stop,' said Azakia to him; the shivers of the rod which I have broken with Ouabi, have not yet been reduced to ashes. A part remains still in his power, and another in mine. As long as they last, I am his, and cannot be thine.' These words spoke in a peremptory manner, quite disconcerted St. Castins. He dared not insist upon the matter farther, and fell into a melancholy reverie. Azakia was deeply affected by it. 'What can I do?' said she to him; 'I cannot become thy companion, but by ceasing to be the companion of Ouabi; and I cannot quit Ouabi, without causing in him the same sorrow thou feelst thyself.' Answer me, has he deserved it? 'No!' cried out Celario, 'no! he deserves to be entirely preferred before me; but I must abandon his dwelling. It is only by ceasing to see Azakia, that I can cease to be ungrateful to Ouabi.'

These words chilled with paleness the young savage's face; her tears flowed at the same instant, and she did not endeavour to conceal them. 'Ah! ungrateful Celario!' cried she with sobs, and pressing his hands between her own; 'is it true, ungrateful Celario! that thou hast a mind to quit those, to whom thou art more dear than the light of the bright star of the day? What have we done to thee, that thou shouldst leave us? Is any thing wanting to thee? Dost thou not see me continually by thy side, as the slave that wants but the beck to obey? Why wilt thou have Azakia die of grief? Thou canst not leave her without taking with thee her soul; it is thine, as her body is Ouabi's.' The entrance of Ouabi stopped the answer of St. Castins. Azakia still continued weeping, without restraining herself, without even hiding for a moment the cause. 'Friend,' said she to the Huron, 'thou still seest Celario; thou seest him; but he will soon disappear from before thine eyes; he is going to seek after other friends.' 'Other friends,' cried the savage, almost as much alarmed as Azakia herself; and what,

what, dear Celario, what induces thee to tear thyself from our arms? Hast thou received here any injury, any damage? Answer me; thou knowest my authority in these parts. I swear to thee, by the great Spirit, that thou shalt be satisfied, and revenged."

This question greatly embarrassed St. Castins. He had no reasonable subject for complaint; and the true motive of his resolution ought to be absolutely unknown to Ouabi. There was a necessity of pretending some trivial and common reasons, which the good Ouabi found very ridiculous. "Let us speak of other things," added he; "to-morrow I set out on an expedition against the Iroquois; and this evening I give to our warriors the customary feast. Partake of this amusement, dear Celario." "I am equally willing to partake of your dangers and labours," said St. Castins interrupting him; "I shall accompany you in this new expedition." "Thy strength would betray thy courage," replied the Huron chief; "it is no great matter to know how to face death; thou shouldst be able to deal death among the enemy; thou shouldst be able to pursue the enemy, if they are put to flight; and thou shouldst be able to fly thyself, if they be an over match. Such were at all times our warlike maxims. Think now, therefore, only of getting thyself cured, and taking care of this habitation during my absence, which I confide to thee." It was in vain for St. Castins to make a reply. The warriors soon assembled, and the feast begins. It is scarce over, when the troops march off, and St. Castins remains more than ever exposed to the charms of Azakia.

It is certain, that this young savage loved her guest, and loved him with a love purely ideal, without doubting that it was such a love. She even took a resolution, which others, who loved as she did, certainly would not have taken, which was to procure for St. Castins the opportunity of obtaining from another what herself had obstinately refused him. The charms of the rival she gave herself, were well calculated to attract his regards. She was but eighteen years old, was very handsome, and which was not less necessary, was still a virgin. It had been before observed, that a maiden enjoys full liberty among the North American Indians. St. Castins, encouraged by Azakia, had divers conferences with Zisma, which was the name of the young Huron lady, and in a few days he could read in her eyes that she would be less severe than his friend. It is not known whether he profited by the discovery; at least it did

not make him forget Azakia, who, on her side, seemed to have no inclination to be forgotten. St. Castins felt himself, notwithstanding all his interior struggles, more attracted towards her. An accident, which every where else might have contributed to unite them, had like to have separated them forever.

They were informed, by some runaways, who had more speed than others, that Ouabi had fallen into an ambuscade of the Iroquois; that he had lost some of his party; and that he himself was left in the field of battle. This news filled St. Castins with true sorrow. His generosity made him set aside all views of interest. He forgot, that, in losing a friend, he found himself rid of a rival. Besides, the death of this rival might also occasion that of Azakia. Her life, from that moment, depended on the caprice of a dream. Such was the force of a superstitious custom, sacred from time immemorial among these people. If in the space of forty days, a widow, who has lost her husband, sees and speaks to him twice successively in a dream, she infers from thence, that he wants her in the region of souls, and nothing can dispense with her putting herself to death.

Azakia had resolved to obey this custom, if the double dream took place. She sincerely regretted Ouabi; and though St. Castins gave her cause for other sorrows, if she was to die, the prevalency of the custom had the ascendant over inclination. It is not easy to express the inquietudes, the terrors that tormented the lover of this beautiful and credulous Huron. Every night he fancied her a prey to those sinister visions; and, every morning, he accosted her with fear and trembling. At length, he found her preparing a mortal draught: it was the juice of a root of the citron tree; a poison which, in that country, never fails of success. "Thou seest, dear Celario," said Azakia to him, "thou seest the preparation for the long journey which Ouabi has ordered me to make." "Oh! heavens!" said Castins, interrupting her, "how can you believe in a foolish dream, a frivolous and deceitful delusion?" "Stop Celario," replied the Huron; "thou deceivest thyself, Ouabi appeared to me last night; he took me by the hand, and ordered me to follow him. The weight of my body opposed this order. Ouabi withdrew with a mournful countenance. I called him back, and the only answer he gave me, was to stretch out his arms to me, and he afterwards disappeared. He will return without doubt, dear Celario; I must obey him, and, after bewailing thy hard lot, I will swallow this draught,

which

which will lull my body into the sleep of death; and then I will go, and rejoin Ouabi, in the abode of souls.

This discourse quite dismayed St. Castins. He spoke against it every thing that reason, grief and love could suggest to him most convincing: nothing seemed to be so to the young savage. She wept, but persevered in her design. All that the disconsolate Celario could obtain from her, was a promise, that, though Ouabi should appear to her a second time in a dream, she would wait, before she put herself to death, to be assured of his; of which St. Castins was resolved to know the truth, as soon as possible.

The savages neither exchange nor ransom their prisoners; contenting themselves to rescue them out of the enemy's hands, whenever they can. Sometimes the conqueror destines his captives to slavery; and he ostenters puts them to death. Such are particularly the maxims of the Iroquois. There was therefore, reason to presume, that Ouabi had died of his wounds, or was burnt by that barbarous nation. Azakia believed it to be so, more than any other: but St. Castins would have her at least doubt of it. On his side he reanimates the courage of the Hurons, and proposes a new enterprise against the enemy. It is approved of—they deliberate upon electing a chief, and all voices unite in favour of St. Castins, who had already given proofs of his valour and conduct. He departs with his troop, but not till after he had again Azakia's word, that, notwithstanding all the dreams she might yet have, she would defer, at least till his return, the doleful journey she had designed.

This expedition of the Huron warriors was attended with all imaginable success. The Iroquois believed them to be too much weakened or discouraged, to think of undertaking any thing, and were themselves on their march to come and attack them; but they were no way cautious how they proceeded. It was not so with St. Castins's band of warriors. He had dispatched some of his people to reconnoitre. They discovered the enemy without being seen by them, and returned to give advice thereof to their chief. The ground was found very fit for lying in ambuscade; and the Hurons availed themselves so well of it, that the Iroquois saw themselves hemmed in, when they believed they had no ritque to run. They were charged with a fury that left them no time to know where they were. Most of them were killed on the spot; and the remaining, maimed, or grievously wounded. They then marched directly to the next vil-

lage, and surround the Iroquois assembled there. They were going to enjoy the spectacle of seeing a Huron burnt; and already the Huron was beginning to sing his death song. This, no savage, whom the enemy is ready to put to death, ever fails to do. Loud cries, and a shower of musket balls, soon dispersed the multitude. Both the fugitives, and those that faced about to resist, were killed. All the savage ferocity was fully displayed. In vain St. Castins endeavoured to stop the carnage. With difficulty he saved a small number of women and children. He was apprehensive, particularly, that in the midst of this horrid tumult, Ouabi himself was massacred, supposing he was still living, and was in that habitation. Full of this notion, he ran incessantly from one place to another. He perceived on a spot, where the battle still continued, a prisoner tied to a stake, and having all about him the apparatus of death; that is, combustibles for burning him by a slow fire. The chief of the Hurons flies to this wretched captive, breaks his bonds—knows him and embraces him with transports of joy.—It was Ouabi,

This brave savage had preferred the loss of his life to that of his liberty. He was scarcely cured of his wounds, when life was offered him, on condition of remaining a slave; but he had chosen death, determined to procure it, if refused to him. The Iroquois were a people that would spare him that trouble; and, one moment later, his companions could not have saved him.

After having dispersed or made slaves of the remains of the Iroquois in that quarter, the Huron army marched home. St. Castins wanted to give up the command of it to Ouabi, which he refused. On the way, he informed him of Azakia's purpose to die, persuaded that he was not alive, and that he had required her to follow him; he acquainted him also of the poison she had prepared on that account, and of the delay he had obtained from her with great difficulty. He spoke with a tenderness and emotion that deeply affected the good Ouabi, who called to mind, some things, he had not much attended to; at the time they happened: but he then let him know nothing of what he intended.—They arrive: Azakia, who had another dream, fancied this return as the signal of her fate. But, how great was her surprise, to see, among the number of the living, the husband she was going to meet in the abode of spirits!

At first, she remained motionless and mute; but her joy soon expressed itself by lively caresses and long discourses. Ouabi received

received the one, and interrupted the others. Afterwards addressing himself to St. Castins: 'Celario,' said he, 'thou hast saved my life, and, what is still dearer to me, thou hast twice preserved to me Azakia: she therefore belongs more to thee than to me. I belong to thee myself: see whether she be enough to acquit us both. I yield her to thee through gratitude, but would not have yielded her, to deliver myself from the fire kindled by the Iroquois.'

What this discourse made St. Castins feel, is hard to be expressed; not that it seemed so ridiculous and strange to him, as it might to many Europeans: he knew that divorces were frequent among the savages. They separate, as easily as they come together. But, persuaded that Azakia could not yield up to him without a supernatural effort—he believed himself obliged to evince equal generosity. He refused what he desired most, and refused in vain—Ouabi's perseverance in his resolution was not to be conquered. As to the faithful Azakia, who had been seen to resist all

St Castin's attacks, and to refuse surviving the husband, whom she believed to be dead, it might perhaps be expected that she would long hold out against the separation her husband had proposed. To this she made not the least objection. She had hitherto complied only with her duty; and thought she was free to listen to her inclination, since Ouabi required it of her. The pieces of the rod of union were brought forth, put together and burnt. Ouabi and Azakia embraced each other, for the last time, and, from that moment, the young and beautiful Huron was reinstated in all the rights of a maiden. It is also said, that, by the help of some missionaries, St. Castins put her in a condition of becoming his wife, according to the rules prescribed to christians. Ouabi, on his side, broke the rod with the young Zisina; and these two marriages, so different in the form, were equally happy. Each husband well assured that there were no competitors, forgot that there had been any predecessors.

DESCRIPTION of the ABYSSINIAN FEAST; or BLOODY BANQUET.

[From Bruce's Travels.]

A LONG table is set in the middle of a large room, and benches beside it, for a number of guests who are invited. Tables and benches the Portuguese introduced among them; bulls-hides, spread upon the ground, served them before, as they do in the camp and country now. A cow or bull, one or more, as the company is numerous, is brought close to the door, and his feet strongly tied; the skin that hangs down under his chin and throat, which I think we call the dew-lap in England, is cut only so deep as to arrive at the fat, of which it totally consists, and, by the separation of a few small blood-vessels, six or seven drops of blood only fall upon the ground; they have no stone, bench, nor altar upon which these cruel assassins lay the animal's head in this operation; I should beg his pardon, indeed, for calling him an assassin, as he is not so merciful as to aim at the life, but on the contrary, to keep the beast alive till he be eat up. Having satisfied the Mosaiacal law, according to his conception, by pouring these six or seven drops upon the ground, two or more of them fall to work on the back of the beast, and on each side of the spine they cut skin-deep; then

putting their fingers between the flesh and the skin, they begin to strip the hide off the animal half way down his ribs, and so on to the buttock, cutting the skin wherever it hinders them commodiously to strip the poor animal bare. All the flesh on the buttock is cut off then, and in solid, square pieces, without bones, or much effusion of blood; and the prodigious noise the animal makes, is a signal for the company to sit down to table.

There are then laid before every guest, instead of plates, round cakes, if I may so call them, about twice as big as a pancake, and something thicker and tougher. It is unleavened bread, of a sourish taste, far from being disagreeable, and very easily digested, made of a grain called *teff*. It is of different colours, from black to the colour of the whitest wheat-bread. Three or four of these cakes are generally put uppermost, for the food of the person opposite to whose seat they are placed; beneath these are four or five of ordinary bread, and of a blackish kind: these serve the master to wipe his fingers upon, and afterwards the servant for bread to his dinner.

Two or three servants then come, each with

with a square piece of beef in their bare hands, laying it upon the cakes of teff, placed like dishes down the table, without cloth, or any thing else, beneath them; by this time, all the guests have knives in their hands, and their men the large crooked ones, which they put to all sorts of uses during the time of war; the women have small clasped knives, such as the worst of the kind made at Birmingham, sold for a penny each.

The company are so arranged, that one man sits between two women; the man with his long knife cuts a thin piece, which would be thought a good beef steak in England, while you see the motion of the fibres yet perfectly distinct and alive in the flesh. No man in Abyssinia, of any fashion whatever, feeds himself, or touches his own meat. The women take the steak, and cut it length-ways like strings, about the thickness of your little finger, then cross-ways into small pieces, something smaller than dice; this they lay upon a piece of teff bread, strongly powdered with black pepper, or Cayenne pepper, and fossile salt; they then wrap it up in the teff bread like a cartridge.

In the mean time, the man having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbour's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open very like an idiot, turns to the one who has a cartridge, who puffs the whole of it into his mouth, which is so full, that he is in constant danger of being choked. This is

a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger piece he takes in his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite he is thought to be. They have, indeed, a proverb that says, *Beggars, and thieves only eat small pieces, or without making noise.* Having dispatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his next female neighbour holds forth another cartridge, which goes the same way, and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he hath finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair one that fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form; each of his neighbours open their mouths at the same time, while with each hand he put their portion into their mouths: he then falls to drinking out of a large handsome horn; the ladies eat till they are satisfied, and then all drink together, *Vive la joye. et la jeunisse!* A great deal of mirth and joke go round, very seldom with any mixture of acrimony or ill humour.

All this time the unfortunate victim at the door is bleeding indeed, but bleeding little. As long as they can cut off the flesh from his bones, they do not meddle with the thighs, or the parts where the great arteries are. At last, they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after, the animal bleeding to death, becomes so tough, that the cannibals, who have the rest of it to eat, find very hard work to separate the flesh from the bones with their teeth, like dogs.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

[From the Description generale de la Chine.]

A Person, whose only daughter was ill, and given over by the physicians, be- thought himself of imploring the assistance of the gods. Prayers, offerings, alms, sacrifices—every thing, in fine, was employed to obtain her cure. The bonzes, whom these gifts enrich, answered for her recovery, on the faith of an idol, of whose power they boasted much. Nevertheless, this daughter died, and the father, enraged and inconsolable, resolved to avenge her death, and to prosecute the idol in due form of law. He lodged his complaint, therefore, before the judge of the place. After having strongly represented in his declaration, the treacherous conduct of this unjust divinity, he urged the judge to inflict an exemplary punishment upon him for his breach of faith. 'If the spirit,' ad-

ded he, 'were able to cure my daughter, it was an absolute fraud, to take my money, and suffer her to die. If he had not this power, why did he interfere in it? What right had he to assume the quality of a god? Is it for nothing that we adore him, and that the whole province offer sacrifices to him?' In a word, he contended, that, considering the impotence, or the malice of the idol, his temple should be demolished, his priests driven ignominiously from it, and he himself undergo some severe corporal punishment.

The affair appeared important to the judge, and he referred it to the governor, who, unwilling to have any contest with the gods, requested the viceroy to examine into the merits of the case. The latter, after having heard the bonzes, who ap-
peared

peared much alarmed, called the plaintiff, and advised him to desist from the prosecution. 'You are not wise,' said he, 'to embroil yourself with these spirits: they are naturally malignant, and I fear, may play you a scurvy trick. Be advised by me: accept the proposals of compromise which the bonzes will make you.' They assure me, that the idol, on his part, will listen to reason; provided, on the other hand, that you do not push matters to extremity.'

But this man, who was inconsolable for the death of his daughter, still persisted in declaring, that he would rather perish; than recede in the least instance from his rights: 'My lord,' answered he, 'my resolution is taken: the idol is persuaded, that he can commit all manner of injustice with impunity: he imagines that no one will be hardy enough to attack him: but he is mistaken; and we shall soon see, whether he or I be the most intractable of the two.'

The viceroy, perceiving that all farther expostulation would be in vain, permitted the cause to proceed, and sent information of it, in the mean time, to the sovereign council at Peking, who ordered it to be removed, by appeal, to their tribunal, before which, both parties soon appeared. The idol did not fail to find very able pleaders at the bar. The counsel, to whom the bonzes gave a fee to defend him, were clear that his right was incontestible, and they spoke with such eloquence on the subject, that the god in person could not have excelled him. But they had to contend with a much more able man, who had already had the precaution to have his arguments preceded by a round sum of money, in order to give his judges a clearer insight into the merits of the case; being persuaded, that the devil must be very cunning, if he could withstand this last argument. In reality, after many eloquent pleadings, he gained a complete victory. The idol was condemned, as useless, in the empire,

to perpetual exile; his temple was demolished; and the bonzes, that represented his person, met with exemplary punishment.

The superstitious credulity of the Chinese is assiduously kept up by these bonzes; who are vagabonds, brought up from their infancy in effeminacy, idleness, and aversion to labour; and the greatest part of whom devote themselves to this profession for mere subsistence. There is, consequently, no kind of artifice which they do not employ; to extort presents from the devout worshippers of Fo. Nothing is more common in China, than recitals of the artful tricks of these pious cheats. The following instance of this may divert our readers:

Two of these bonzes, roving about the country, perceived two or three large ducks in the farm-yard of a rich peasant. They instantly prostrated themselves before the gate, and began to moan and weep very bitterly. The farmer's wife, who saw them from her chamber, went out to know the subject of their grief. 'We know,' said they, 'that the souls of our fathers have passed into the bodies of those ducks; and our fears, lest you should kill them, will inevitably make us die, ourselves, of grief.' 'It is true,' answered the farmer's wife, 'it was our intention to sell them; but since they are your fathers, I will give you my word to keep them.' This was not what the bonzes wished for: 'Ah!' said they, 'your husband may not be so charitable; and we shall certainly die, if any accident betide them.' In fine, after a long conversation, the good woman was so affected by their apparent grief, that she committed the ducks to their filial care. They received them with great respect, after having twenty times prostrated themselves before them; but, that very evening, they put their pretended fathers on the spit, and very handsomely regaled their little community.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

TRUTH and Reality have all the advantages of appearance and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be

any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour, to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts Sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world. Integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of Dissimulation and Deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them, whereas Integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those whom we have to deal with, saves the trouble of many enquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to

his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever conveniences may be thought to be in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not beloved when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither Truth nor Falshood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of Truth and Integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage; nor forbear to seize upon it, tho' by-ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remotest consequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages, which it will bring a man at last.— Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent all his reputation at once, and ventur'd it at one throw. But if he is to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation while he is in it, let him make use of Truth and Sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Let this be well regarded by those fashionable blades who form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising

despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty; or swayed by that very silly pride, which too

much prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point.

MODES OF LIFE AND PRIVATE MANNERS OF THE ANCIENT WELSH.

[By Mr. Warrington.]

THE Welsh (according to Giraldus Cambrensis, who was himself a native of that country, and wrote in a period when their native manners were pure and unadulterated by foreign intercourse) were a nation light and nimble, and more fierce than strong; from the lowest to the highest of the people they were devoted to arms, which the ploughman as well as the courtier was prepared to seize on the first summons.

As they were not engaged in the occupations of traffic, either by sea or land, their time was entirely employed in military affairs. They were so anxious for the preservation of their country and its liberties, that they esteemed it delightful not only to fight for them, but even to sacrifice their lives: and agreeable to this spirit, they entertained an idea, that it was a disgrace to die in their beds, but an honour to fall in the field.

In the time of peace, the young men accustomed themselves to penetrate the woods and thickets, and to run over the tops of mountains; and by continuing this exercise through the day and night, they prepared themselves for the fatigues and employments of war.

There was not a beggar to be seen among these people; for the tables of all were common to all: and with them bounty, and particularly hospitable entertainment, were in higher estimation than any of the other virtues. Hospitality, indeed, was so much the habit of this nation, by a mutual return of such civilities, that it was neither offered to, nor requested by travellers. As soon as they entered any house, they immediately delivered their arms into the custody of some person; then, if they suffered their feet to be washed by those who for that purpose directly offered them water, they were considered as lodgers for the night. The refusal of this offered civility, intimated their desire of a morning's refreshment only. The offer of water for the purpose of washing the feet, was considered as an invitation to accept of hospitable entertainment.

In the evening, when the visitors were all come, an entertainment was provided

according to the number and dignity of the persons, and the wealth of the house; on which occasion the cook was not fatigued with dressing many dishes, nor such as were highly seasoned, as stimulatives to gluttony; nor was the house set off with tables, napkins, or towels; for in all these things they studied nature more than show. The guests were placed by threes at supper, and the dishes at the same time were put on rushes, in large and ample platters made of clean grass, with thin and broad cakes of bread baked every day. At the same time that the whole family, with a kind of emulation in their civilities, were in waiting, the master and mistress in particular were always standing, very attentively overlooking the whole. At length, when the hour of sleep approached, they all lay down in common on the public bed, ranged lengthways along the sides of the room; a few rushes being strowed on the floor, and covered only with a coarse hard cloth. The same garb that the people were used to wear in the day, served them also in the night; and this consisted of a thin mantle, and a garment or shirt worn next to the skin. The fire was kept burning at their feet throughout the night as well as in the day.

The women of this nation, as well as the men, had their hair cut round at the ears and eyes. The women also, as a head dress, wore a large white robe, folding round, and rising by degrees into a graceful tuft or crown. The men were accustomed to shave the whole beard, leaving only a whisker on the upper lip; they likewise cut short or shaved the hair of their heads, that it might be no impediment to their activity in passing through the thick woods and forests that covered their country.

There were among the Welsh, what were not to be found among other nations, certain persons whom they called *Arwenyd-bion* (a word expressive of poetical raptures), who appear to have been solely under the influence of the imagination. These persons, when they were consulted about any thing doubtful, inflamed with a high degree of enthusiasm, were carried

out of themselves, and seemed as if they were possessed by an invisible spirit. Yet they did not immediately declare a solution of the difficulty required, but by the power of wild and inconsistent circumlocution, in which they abounded; any person who diligently observed the answer, would at length, by some turn or digression in the speech, receive an explanation of what he sought. From this state of extacy they were at last roused; as from a deep sleep; and were compelled, as it were, by the violence of others, to return to themselves. Two things were peculiar to these persons; that after the answer was given, they did not come to themselves unless recalled by force from this apparent species of madness; and, when they recovered their reason, they did not, it is said, recollect any of those things which in their extacy they had uttered. And if it happened that they were again consulted about the same or any other thing, they would speak, it is true, but would express themselves in other and far different words. This property was bestowed upon them, as they fancied, in their sleep; at which time it appeared to some of them as if new milk or honey was poured into their mouths; to others as if a written scroll had been put into their mouths; and on their awaking, they publicly professed that they had been endowed with these extraordinary gifts. This imaginary spirit of divination has been in much use in the Highlands of Scotland, and there known under the expressive term of *second sight*.

Pride of ancestry and nobility of family were points held in the highest estimation among the Welsh; and of course they were far more desirous of noble than of rich and splendid marriages. So deeply rooted was this spirit, that even the very lowest of the people carefully preserved the genealogy of their families, and were able from memory readily to recite the names, not only of their immediate ancestors, but even to the sixth and seventh generations, and even to trace them still farther back, in this manner, Rhys ap Gryffyd, ap Rhys, ap Teiwdur, ap Enion, ap Owen, ap Howel, ap Cadwal, ap Roderic the great.

A Welshman was considered as honourable, if among his ancestors there had been neither slave, nor foreigner, nor infamous person. Yet if any foreigner had saved the life of a Welshman, or delivered him from captivity, he might be naturalised, and was entitled to the rights of Welshmen. And any foreign family, having resided in Wales for four generations, was also admitted to the same privileges.

The Welsh did not usually reside in cities, villages, or camps; but led a solitary life in the woods.

From a spirit of superstitious piety, very peculiar privileges of sanctuary have been given to the Welsh churches. Not only in cemeteries or burial places, but within the precincts of certain bounds appointed by the bishop, all animals had the liberty of feeding in perfect security. The larger churches, endowed with greater privileges, on account of their antiquity, extended their bounds of sanctuary still farther, as far as the cattle go in the morning and return at night. So sacred were the privileges of sanctuary, that if any person at mortal enmity with his prince, sought the refuge of the church, his own person, his family, and all his property, remained in the most perfect security. If any attempt was made to violate the sanctuary, the parties under its protection marched out with great boldness, and not only molested the prince himself, but grievously infested the country.

If the king granted a licence to build a church in any village whose inhabitants were villains, to which a cemetery was assigned, and priests were appointed to celebrate mass, the village from that moment became free. The hermits and other ascetics in this country were in peculiar degree austere in the habits of mortification, and in their piety more spiritualised than the religious in any other nation. As it was the disposition of this people to pursue every object with vehemence, none were elsewhere to be found so bad as the worst, nor any better than the good among the Welsh.

The stag was hunted with hounds and grey-hounds; and this was called a common diversion, because every person, who was at his death, had a right to a share. Even if a man on his journey happened to pass by at the time the stag was killed, he was entitled, by the game laws, to a share in common with those who had hunted him down. A swarm of bees was likewise a common property; for, whoever found them on his own, or other people's lands, unless the finder should have put a mark that he first found them, every one who passed by had a right to enjoy a share; but a fourth part went to the owner of the ground. Salmon were also considered in the same light; for when they were caught with a net, or struck with a spear, or taken in any other way, whoever should come to the place before a division was made, was entitled to a part, provided the salmon was taken out of common water.

It was necessary, that every person who carried a horn, should be acquainted with

the nine game laws. If he could not give an account of them, he forfeited his horn. Whoever went a hunting with couples, forfeited those, likewise, if he could not properly give an explanation of them. No one was allowed to shoot a beast that was appropriated for the chase, when at rest, on pain of forfeiting his bow and arrows to the lord of the manor: though he might shoot at, and kill any such, if he could, when the dogs were in full cry; but he was not allowed to shoot among the dogs.

The tenants of bond lands and villages, being inferior to freeholders, were bound to servile employments, and in many things were at the disposal of their princes or lords. A lord had the privilege of part-

ing with his vassal, either by sale or donation. There was, however, a distinction in point of privilege, between such tenants. The free natives were those who possessed some degree of freedom, who might go where they pleased, might buy and sell, and enjoyed many other immunities. The pure natives were considered as the entire property of their princes or lords — were sold along with the estate, and confined within its limits; out of which, if they happened to wander, they were liable to be driven back, like brutes, with great severity. The profession of any of the mechanical or liberal arts, made a vassal free; but no vassal could acquire them without the permission of his lord.

ALMIRA AND CHRISTIANA: A TALE.

[From the *Lady's Magazine*.]

THE vicissitudes of fortune are more numerous than those of the seasons, but yet not less beneficial. Those virtues which would otherwise lie dormant, are by this means called forth to action, and an heroic character is formed.

The history of Almira and Christiana is an illustration of this remark. They were the daughters of Palæmon, a name well known in the county of —, and illustrious for the acts of beneficence with which he smoothed the brow of care, and wiped away the trickling tear from the cheeks of affliction. His estate was considerable, which he derived both from his ancestors, and from his traffic as a merchant. His two daughters lost their mother in their early days, but found her place so well supplied by the attentions of their father, and a maiden aunt, that their loss was in some measure, unperceived. Almira, the eldest, was of a remarkable delicate form; Christiana was more robust; yet there was an elegance in the manner of the latter, that more than compensated for the advantage of the former. The mutual affection which they had for each other was proverbial in the village where they resided, and attracted the notice of every one in their neighbourhood. — Many were the offers which were made them to recommend to them the Hymeneal ties; but they could not bear the thoughts of a separation: Palæmon both admired and lamented the strength of their attachment.

When Almira was in the seventeenth year of her age, her father received a terrible shock by the capture of four vessels in

their return from Jamaica; but as losses generally meet us in a croud, a litigious neighbour, who had instituted a suit against him, gained his cause, and by that means stripped him of his patrimonial estate. The numerous croud of suitors, which buzzed about Almira and her sister disappeared as soon as they heard of Palæmon's misfortunes; only two remained, Damon and Lycidas, whose love was disinterested and warm, and originated from benevolence. They each of them strove to solace the partner of their choice: they offered Palæmon their best offices; but he, alas! was too deeply wounded with his own distress, and the forelight of the distress to which his two daughters were ready to be exposed, to receive either comfort or assistance. Grief soon cut the thread of his life, and he left his daughters to the care of Providence.

Unable to bear the sight of a place where they had lost every thing that was dear, they removed into a distant part of the county, and determined to earn the bread of necessity by the hands of industry.

The distaff was the support of Christiana and the cares of a rural life the employ of Almira. Some years elapsed in this solitude, before their assiduity had conciliated them friends, or made them noticed by their neighbours. — The scanty provision which they acquired by their toil was sweetened by their resignation to the awards of Providence, and instead of repining at their lot, they were thankful to heaven for its being no worse. They had felt the vanity of affluence, and looked up

to the wealthy without either admiration or envy. The dependance which they had on that being that showers blessings upon every condition of life, and irradiates with his sun both the cottage of the peasant, and the palace of the monarch, had determined to reward their assiance, and bring them out of their obscurity.

In the days of harvest Almira issued into the fields with her snowy measure in her hand. The rustics, on seeing her, were smit with her form, and the patience which shewed itself in her modest eyes. They felt their bosoms glow with benevolence, and wondered how elegance could be dressed in the raiment of rusticity. They suspended their work to admire her charms; but they were still more attracted by the meekness which displayed itself in her manner. By a laudable negligence they designedly scattered the golden spikes, which she gathered up with silent ejaculations, and carried home with a religious transport.

On her return she found her sister sitting with her distaff, who mingled the tears of joy with her on viewing the greatness of her acquisition. The rustics were so much smitten with what they had seen, that they made it the subject of their discourse during the whole evening. Their master overheard their conversation, and enquired whether they knew the name and occupation of the person who was the object of their admiration, and being apprised of their ignorance, he begged them not to be too careful of his property, but to suffer the fair gleaner to profit from a spontaneous supineness.

The next day he visited his fields in person, he beheld the fair gleaner; on the sight of her he felt a tumultuous emotion in his breast, to which he had long been a stranger; but pride made him check it, lest he should demean himself too much, by making an attachment with one in so low a condition; yet beholding so much elegance under so mean attire, he could not but persuade himself, that the

person must once have figured in a higher sphere, and must have been reduced to the state in which he saw her by the hands of distress.

When she had almost filled her measure, Almira bent her steps to the cottage in which she dwelt, and the master of the reapers followed her, at a distance, without her perceiving him.

Her sister, amazed at the plentifulness of her new acquisition, fell on her knees and offered up the ejaculations of gratitude for this addition to its blessings. Almira joined with her in the solemn address. The stranger who saw their attitudes, resolved to share with them in their happiness, and to inform himself of their history. He approached them with the utmost delicacy, asked pardon for his intrusion, and begged to be acquainted with the nature of their employments, and promised them his best offices.

Almira who eyed him as he spake, recognized in him her old suitor Lycidas; she blushed and cast her eyes downward. Lycidas looking at her more attentively, discovered her to be the object of his affections; he pressed her hands to his lips with raptures, which she drew away with precipitation, and with her eyes told him that he had been guilty of a freedom which delicacy could not warrant. Lycidas, after apologizing for his temerity, made himself acquainted with the incidents which had befallen them, from their father's death; expatiated on the constancy of his passion; told Christiana that Damon's was not less inviolate; and promised to visit them the next day, and bring him along with him.

He kept his word—The tenderness of the interview may be better imagined than expressed. With much persuasion the two sisters consented to give them their hands, after having extorted from them this condition, that as they had always been inseparable, they should be separated by no other cause but that which dissolves every tie on earth.

Why the JAPANESE totally extirpated CHRISTIANITY, and prohibited all COMMERCE with CHRISTIANS.

THE Portuguese about the year 1559 settled a factory and a mission of jesuits in Japan, with great success. Trade increased, and converts were numerous; amongst whom were the Princes of Bungo, Arima, and Omura. And in 1582 they tendered their homage to Pope Gregory

XIII. But when it was thought that the whole nation of Japan were resolved to profess Christ, the heathen priests prevailed so effectually with their emperor, that by proclamation in 1586, he forbid all his subjects, under pain of death, to embrace the Christian faith. Which was followed immediately

Immediately by a most severe persecution ; in which 20,570 suffered death in the year 1590,—and 12,000 in 1591, 1592. And it was thought that if the new converts had not at last been disgusted at the pride and covetousness of the Portuguese clergy as well as of the laity, it had not been in the power of tortures to extirpate Christianity.

The Dutch, in imitation of the Portuguese, resolved some time before the year 1600, to extend also their navigation into the East Indies. Their first factory in Japan was at Firando, and they had a free commerce granted them. Being in war with Spain, which was then possessed of all the Portuguese dominions, they undertook to supplant the Portuguese, and to ruin their trade. Besides, they had great reason to complain of the Portuguese, who represented them as the worst and most unjust people in the world. Wherefore they took hold of an opportunity, which offered itself soon after. Having taken an homeward bound Portuguese ship, near the Cape of Good Hope, in which they found a traiterous letter to the King of Portugal, written by one Captain Moro, a Japanese, and a great zealor for the Christian religion ; they delivered that letter to their protector, the Prince of Firando, who communicated it to the governor of Nagasaki. Captain Moro being taken up, boldly denied the fact, and so did all the Portuguese at Nagasaki ; but they were convicted. The letter was sent to court, and Moro was burnt alive. The letter laid open the plot, which the Japanese Christians, in conjunction with the Portuguese, had made against the Emperor's life, the want they stood in of ships and soldiers, which were promised them in Portugal, and the names of the Japanese Princes concerned in the conspiracy. This discovery, made by the Dutch, was afterwards confirmed by another letter, written by the same Captain Moro to the Portuguese government at

Macao, which was intercepted and brought into Japan by a Japanese ship. It was therefore ordered in the year 1637, that no foreigners should have leave to come into the country, and that none of the Emperor's subjects should travel abroad. However the directors of the Portuguese trade staid in Japan about two years longer : But at last, upon assurances given to the Emperor by the Dutch East-India company, that they would supply the country with such commodities as had been formerly imported by the Portuguese, he declared the latter to be enemies to the empire. Thus the Portuguese lost their trade with Japan, and were totally expelled before the latter end of the year 1639.

The next year, they resolved to try again to revive that profitable branch of their trade. In order to it, the government of Macao sent two ambassadors to the Emperor of Japan, attended with a retinue of seventy-three persons. As soon as these ambassadors came into the harbour of Nagasaki, they were put under arrest with their whole retinue, tho' they had no goods on board, to shew that they did not come with an intention to trade. The Emperor ordered them all to be beheaded, except twelve of the lowest rank, who were to be sent back to Macao, to carry to their countrymen the news of this unhappy success, with a proud and threatening message from the Prince, importing, that ' should the King of Portugal himself, ' nay, the very God of the Christians, presume to enter his dominions, he would ' serve them in the very same manner.' It is highly probable that those twelve men, for want of skill in the management of their ship, perished at sea. Each of the other Portuguese had, according to the custom of the country, his own executioner standing by him ; so that upon the signal given, all their heads were struck off in an instant.

SEASONABLE DIRECTIONS FOR PRUNING TREES.

A Skilful gardener is not only a physician to aged and infirm trees, but a nurse to the young ones : and he may, with good management, make fruit buds grow where he pleases, but not when he pleases ; and this by a discretionary pruning. When a tree is planted, and has produced two fine, well-disposed branches, with some weak ones amongst them, the only business you have then to do, is to shorten them all equally to within five

or six inches in length. But if the position of the two branches be irregular, as one lower than the other, or both on one side, there must be but one preserved to begin the formation of a fine figure.

It sometimes happens, that a tree will produce five, or six, or seven branches the first year ; in which case it is sufficient that three or four of the best be preserved ; for the rest must be wholly taken off. And a multitude of branches in the first year,

year, is not always a sign of vigour, they sometimes proving weak, from whence you may conclude there is an infirmity in the roots; though in pruning, generally a vigorous tree cannot have too many branches; if they are well ordered, as a weak tree can't have too few.

The sap of all trees must be kept within bound for their preservation, and greater liberty is to be allowed strong trees than weak ones; for which reason all strong and vigorous branches are to be left of a greater length than feeble ones, and the branches of a sickly tree, are to be pruned shorter, and to be fewer in number than those of an healthy tree: and it is best to prune weak trees early, that the sap may waste itself on such parts as ought to be retrenched. Fruit buds that are nearest the ends of the branches, are usually thicker and better fed than others.

In the pruning of wall-fruit trees, all branches which shoot directly forward, are to be cut off close to the branch from whence they spring. And to preserve your trees in their beauty and full health, the utmost care must be taken to keep them from being crowded with wood, and it is oftentimes necessary to take away even bearing branches; for it is impossible that a too great number of branches can be supplied with juices, whereby either the blossom will drop off, or the fruit will never ripen, but wither on the tree.

A convenient space between one branch and another, is consistent with regularity, and constantly to be observed in all manner of pruning: and that you may please the sight, you are to take care not to let one branch across another, unless it be to fill a space in the wall, which is more un-

seemly; though a slender bearing branch may be sometimes permitted to steal behind the main body of the tree, or its larger-branches, and be no offence to the eye, but may gratify the taste at the end of the year.

The more horizontally the branches of a tree are carry'd, the more apt and the better disposed that tree is to bear fruit; and the more perpendicular the branches are led, the more inclin'd such a tree is to increase in wood. When small, weak branches shoot from the like, and the third shoot is strong, always use them as false wood: and it is very difficult to strengthen weak branches, without sometimes cutting away others, that are superior to them, even the upper part of those which they shoot. Shoots put forth in autumn are always bad, and must be taken off.

When an old tree shoots stronger branches towards the bottom than the top, and the top appears in an ill state of health, it will be necessary to cut it off, and form a new figure from the lower branches; but if the top be vigorous, cut off the lower ones, unless it be those that are well placed, to continue for the benefit of the tree: and where old trees are very weak, to preserve, you are to disburden almost totally, leaving very few branches for wood, and those to be shortened to five or six inches, always taking care that those that are left be not over-much wasted.

These are the general rules to be observed in the management of pruning, wherein I have been very exact and particular, without troubling the reader with a tedious, indigested heap of infirmities, or omitting any thing necessary.

CLEOPHILA: A TALE.

IT is something wonderful, that in historical narratives, the softer virtues of domestic life should scarcely ever meet with any applause, while those of the warrior are emblazoned with all the arts of eloquence, with all the luxuries of rhetoric.

The exertion of power to destroy, and, in a manner to annihilate the human species, surely cannot be recommended but by a savage, or a heart void of the tender feelings of humanity.

The praise which one butcher receives from another on account of the number of cattle which he has slain, or the multiplicity of battles in which he has come off conqueror, is what no rational, no culti-

vated understanding, would either desire or deserve. Hence it is that in recommending the Supreme Being to the love and admiration of mankind, we expatiate on the attribute of mercy, but not on that of power. We praise him for the exertions of goodness, but we dread him when we reflect on the instances of his vengeance.

Why the milder irradiations of social virtue should be neglected by historians, and those most inimical to society should be honoured as the displays of true heroism, is not to be accounted for, unless we suppose that those who could, by the force of arms, rob half the world of their properties, could force half the world to contra-

dise their own sensations, and buy both their lives and the continuation of their property, at the expense of their consciences.

Though no one is so lost to humanity as to extol the cruel ferocity of a lion before the endearing mildness of a lamb, yet there are very few among the votaries of the historic muse who are not more ready to display the exertions of power, which are destructive to the human species, than those actions which are productive of happiness, preservatives of the species, and the solace of suffering virtue and unavoidable distress.

To pour the balm of comfort into the heaving bosom of agony, to wipe away the tear of desponding indigence, to dispel the glooms of oppressed virtue, is surely more worthy human nature, than the ravaging of cities, plundering the innocent, and peopling the world with widows and orphans.

The seeds of humanity are implanted in our nature, whence comes it then that they are so soon eradicated? True glory can spring only from doing good, not from perpetrating mischief, and propagating misery, therefore, in this view, I imagine that the fair sex have the advantage over their countryparts: sympathy characterizes them more than bravery does us. The former makes them resemble angels, and the king of angels, while the latter makes us appear like and approach nearer to the brutal creation, and to that being who delights in mischief, in misery, in devastation.

Who has not heard of the sanguinary triumphs of Alexander, of Julius Cæsar? On the contrary, who has been acquainted with the benevolent actions of Cleophila? Born to a crown, she thought her wealth and power was intrusted to her from heaven for the benefit of mankind. From the earliest dawn of infancy, she pitied, she relieved distress. She gloried in her station only because it presented her with a larger sphere of doing good.

'Princes,' said she, 'are stewards to the Deity, and ought to follow his example. His power is exerted chiefly in doing good. Mercy is his darling attribute. Punishment is his strange work. I will answer the benevolent purpose for which he exalted me to the throne. I will not encrease my happiness but by promoting that of others; and if it were in my power, there should not be a victim of misery and wretchedness in my dominions.'

Sophronia, a lady of her court, overheard these whispers of benevolence. She approached her royal mistress with that timidity which is due to majesty.

'Permit me, said she, with faltering

accents to give your highness an opportunity of exerting that benevolence in which you glory.'

'Has then escaped me any object, replied the princess, whose distresses claim my notice, whose indigence calls for a relief. I could wish that the eyes of princes could pervade as extensively as their power. Your intimation both affects and pleases me. Inform me where I am to direct the ray of comfort, but first inform me of the circumstances and the claims of distress?'

Sophronia rejoiced at the opportunity of increasing the benevolent actions of her royal mistress, and relieving the calamities of a worthy family, begged pardon for the liberty she had taken, and thus began her narrative.

'The name of Lorenzo cannot be unknown to you. He was eyes to the blind; he was feet to the poor: The whole vicinage blessed him, whenever they saw him. They thought him a prodigy of goodness, and offered up continual prayers for safety. The late king, your father, admired him no less for his goodness than for his courage, he gave him the command of his forces, and expected that heaven would reward those virtues which it could not but approve: but this world, and its wealth, is not the proper recompence for virtue. Virtue is best seen in difficulties, most conspicuous in trials.

'To be short, Lorenzo proved unsuccessful.—His army was totally defeated, and the victorious enemy marched into the country wherein Lorenzo had long resided, depopulated the place, and stripped it of every thing he possessed. He languished in captivity and misery for a series of years, but at last made his escape. On his return to his patrimonial lands, he saw a scene more piercing than that he had fled from: his family reduced to the greatest distress. His neighbours, involved in the same distress, could afford him no solace but the tears of sympathy, and he is now languishing under the afflicting hand of Providence, which, he says, reserves its blessings for virtue only in a future state.'

'Do you know the spot where he lives?' cried Cleophila, with her eyes suffused with tears.

'I do,' replied Sophronia.

'Then to-morrow's dawn shall not gild the mountains,' answered Cleophila, 'till the rays of my benevolence shall have warmed the frozen bosom of indigence; of fortitude, of humanity. Order my guards to attend me to the place, to behold one of the most glorious sights they ever saw—a princess soothing the sighs of distress, and exhilarating the heart of desponding virtue.'

The guards were ready the next morning at the hour appointed, accompanied by the princess, who, having arrived at the hovel where Lorenzo dwelt, alighted from her carriage, from an opinion that humility is the best attendant upon charity.

The noise of so numerous a retinue drew Lorenzo and his infant family from their mud-built cot, and the princess on per-

ceiving them, ran to meet them, gave them a sum of money to purchase cloaths and other necessaries; and settled a pension on Lorenzo, at the same time adding, that virtue will be always befriended by heaven, that the benevolent feel more pleasures than those who are the objects of their bounty, and that despair is rebellion against heaven.

THE ADVANTAGES OF CLEMENCY IN A PRINCE.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes against the storm prepar'd;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous cloak away;
Lightning and thunder, heav'n's artillery,
As Harbingers of th' Almighty fly;
They but proclaim his stile, and disappear,
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

DRYDEN.

THERE is a certain ambition in the nature of man that makes him uneasy under impositions: we are better to follow than to drive, as a generous horse rides best with an easy bit: people obey willingly, when they are commanded kindly: a tyrannical government is a perpetual trouble both to prince and people; and he that is a terror to mankind, is not without apprehensions himself: frequent punishment may suppress the power of a few enemies, but then it raises the detestation of more. It is therefore upon many occasions the most consummate prudence as well as the most amiable excellence, to master an inclination to Severity tho' there may be sufficient reason for it.

When Augustus Cæsar was betwixt forty and fifty years of age, he was told that Cinna, a person who had received very distinguishing favours from him, was in a plot to murder him: he had the particulars of the time, place, and manner from one of the confederates. Tho' the fact was indisputable, yet he was very much at a loss what to do; the thought kept him waking when he considered that there was the life of a young nobleman, the nephew of Pompey, that lay at stake, a person otherwise innocent: he was on and off several times, whether he should put him to death or not: 'What, says he, shall I live in trouble myself whilst the contriver of my death is perfectly easy? Will nothing serve him but my life? that life which has been preserved in so many wars, must it fall a sacrifice in time of universal peace? and must I not only be murder'd,

but sacrificed? Can he find no place to perpetrate his villany at but the altar? And shall the contriver of all this impiety and treason escape unpunished?' Here he made a little pause; and then recollecting himself, said, 'No, no, 'tis rather myself than Cinna that I ought to be angry with: Why do I live any longer, since my death is become the interest of so many of my countrymen? My single life is not worth preserving, if it can't be saved without cutting off such a multitude.

Here his wife, Livia, interrupted him, and desired that for once he would hear a woman's counsel: 'Act, says she, like the physicians, who, when the usual remedies fail, try the contrary; hitherto you have made use of Severity, try now what mercy will do: forgive Cinna: it can be no damage to you, and may greatly tend to your future safety, but ruin to your reputation.' Augustus thanked her for her advice, and resolved to follow it. Presently after he order'd Cinna to be brought into his presence single; then causing a chair to be set for him, he dismissed the rest of the company.

Cinna, says Augustus, you must promise not to give me the interruption of one syllable till I have told you all I have to say, and you shall have liberty afterwards to say what you please: You cannot forget that when I found you in arms against me, and not only made my enemy, but born so, I gave you your life and fortune: upon your petition for the priesthood, I granted it tho' at the same time I refus'd some of my fellow-soldiers, and

you

you are at this day so happy and so rich, that even the conquerors envy him that is overcome; and—yet after all this, Cinna, you are in a plot to murder me.—At that word Cinna started, and seem'd to deny it with exclamation. 'This is a breach of conditions, Cinna, says Augustus, 'tis not your time to speak yet; I tell you again, that you are in a plot to murder me;' Then he told him the time, place, confederates, order and manner of the design, and who was appointed to strike the blow. Cinna at this was in too great consternation and confusion to make any reply, so Augustus went on; 'What, says he, may your design be in all this? Is it that you would step into my place? The common wealth were in an ill condition if only Augustus were betwixt you and the government: You were cast the other day in a cause by one of your own freemen, and do you expect to meet a weaker adversary in Cæsar? But if I were removed, there are twenty great families of noble blood and extensive interest, that would never bear your superiority.' Augustus

went on in this manner above two hours, resolving to lengthen the punishment in words, since he designed that should be all. At last, 'Well, Cinna, says he, the life I once gave you as to an enemy, I will now repeat as to a traitor and parricide, and this shall be the last reproach I'll give you; hereafter there shall be no other contention betwixt you and me, than which shall out do the other in point of friend ship.'

After this Augustus made Cinna consul, an honour which he never could have hoped for, and Cinna was ever affectionately faithful to Cæsar: at his death he made him his sole heir; and his merciful conduct of Augustus had so engaging an influence that this was the last conspiracy that ever was formed against him.

This clemency it was that secured Augustus in his greatness, ingratiated him with the people, and has rendered his name famous to all posterity: This it was that caused him to be reckoned divine without the authority of an apotheosis, and for which his character will be immortal when time shall be no more.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

A Curate of great learning and merit, but without any view of preferment, found an opportunity of preaching in Worcester cathedral, when Dr. Hough was bishop of that see; the curate made a most excellent discourse, in which he discovered greater abilities than were usually found in the common run of young clergymen. The bishop, who was present, and had remarked him, sent, after service was over, his verger, with a message, desiring to know of the young gentleman his name, and where his living was: My duty to his lordship, Sir, said he to the verger, and tell him, *my name is Lewis; that living I have none, but my starving is in Wales.* His lordship was not displeas'd with the humour of his answer, and in a short time remembered to provide for him.

Dr. KING, who had been many years archbishop of Dublin, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. Lindsey, the primate of Ireland died, made claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions were prevalent. He was looked upon as *too far advanced in years* to be removed. The rea-

son alledged was as mortifying as the refusal; but the archbishop had no opportunity of shewing his resentment except to the new prelate Dr. Boulter, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining room parlour, without rising from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by saying in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, *My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because you know, I am too old to rise.*

THE late lord Waldegrave, on abjuring the Catholic religion, was sent ambassador to France; where he resided several years; and one day being at an entertainment, at which many noblemen were present, his cousin, the duke of Berwick, who was disgusted and wanted to mortify him, took occasion to speak of religion, and in the course of the conversation, asked his lordship to say frankly, whether the ministers of state, or the ministers of the gospel had the greatest share in his conversion? To which the earl with no less humour than vivacity replied, *Truly, my lord duke, you must excuse me; for when I quitted the Roman Catholic Religion, I left off confession.* This unexpected answer turned the laugh upon the duke, who never after attempted to be witty on so serious a subject.

GENERAL KIRK, who commanded at Tangier for many years, upon his return home in king James II's time, when the army began to be new modelled, being a gallant officer, was pressed by his majesty to become a profelyte to the Roman faith, as the most acceptable means of recommending him to favour and preferment. — The general, when the king had done speaking, expressed great concern that it was not in his power to comply with his majesty's desire, because he was really pre-engaged. His majesty smiled, and asked him what he meant? *Why truly,* answered Kirk, *when I was abroad, I promised the emperor of Morocco, that if ever I changed my religion, I would turn Mahometan—and Heaven did break my word in my life, and must beg leave to say, I never will.*

WHEN the reverend Basil Kennet was chaplain to the English factory at Leghorn, though the English exercised their religion with the utmost privacy and caution, he met with great opposition from the papists, and was in great danger from the inquisition: they had given secret orders to apprehend him, and to hurry him away to Pisa, and there dispose of him in the most rigid manner. Upon notice of this design, Dr. Newton, the English envoy at Florence, interposed his offices at that court, but could obtain no other answer, than that he might send for the British preacher, and keep him in his own family as his domestic chaplain, otherwise he must take the consequences, for in religious matters the court of Inquisition was superior to all civil powers. The envoy communicated this answer to the earl of Sunderland, then principal secretary to queen Anne, who returned for answer in her majesty's name, that if any affront was offered to the British chaplain at Leghorn, her fleets should take satisfaction. This answer being communicated to the great duke, and by him to the pope, his holiness replied, *That the canons of the church, and the canons of the fleet were two things; and therefore the master in dispute might be dispensed with, as there was no likelihood of engaging upon equal terms.*

DURING the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, Sir John Heworth of Surry, one of Cromwell's knights, and attached to his party, was sued by the minister of the parish fortyshes. While the suit was depending, Sir John fancied the parson preached at him every Sunday. Whereupon he complained to the protector, who having heard the parson's defence, and that he only preached in general terms against whoremongers, drunkards, thieves,

liars and robbers, he dismissed the knight with this reprimand, 'Sir John, go home, and hereafter live in good friendship with your minister. The word of the Lord is a searching word, and I am afraid it has found you out.'

DURING a short truce in queen Anne's wars in Flanders, the cook of a marshal of France invited Mr. Lamb, cook to the duke of Marlborough, to dinner, which invitation Mr. Lamb very readily accepted. The Frenchman had at his entertainment all the extraordinary kickshaws the fertile imagination of his country's genius could invent; and Mr. Lamb was highly and elegantly entertained. At parting, great professions of friendship passed on both sides, and the Frenchman promised soon to return the visit; which he accordingly did; but to his great astonishment, and to the surprize of those he carried with him, Mr. Lamb had prepared nothing for his reception but a plain surlin of beef and plumb-pudding. 'Sir,' said the Frenchman in broken English, 'begar, mesexpect no such dith as dis on dis tre-grand occasion, me expect de soup pullon, deragout, de fricasse, de tout la, de l'art culinaire.' Monsieur, replied Mr. Lamb, 'this is better than all the dainties that France can produce. 'Tis what every Englishman should be proud of; this dith has carried my countrymen twice through France already, and I don't doubt but it will a third time.' 'Merblieu,' cried the Frenchman, laughing, 'but ve vill eat beef and puddang too, and den vat vill you do?' and so they all fell on and eat heartily.

WHEN Sir Charles Wager commanded the squadron in the Baltic in 1725, which was sent thither in order to preserve the peace of the north, he dispatched a frigate to Petersburg with a letter from George I. to the Czarina. Upon receiving it, he enquired of the officer who had the honour to present it, 'What number of ships the English squadron might consist of?' His answer was, 'of twenty-two.' 'How,' said she, in surprize, 'twenty-two sail of men of war to bring me one single letter! 'tis the dearest postage I have ever heard of, and I hope it is not expected an answer should be sent back at the same charge.'

DR. DOVER, an eminent physician, in the beginning of the reign of George II. published a book, entitled, *Dr. Dover's last legacy to his country*, in which he strongly recommended the use of quicksilver, inso-much that it became the medicine of high

and low, till a lady of distinction dancing at a public assembly, the quicksilver she had taken that morning dropt plentifully from her, and all bespangled the floor; which, by the glaring light of many candles, the gentlemen took to be brilliants, and stooped down to take them up accordingly; but finding it was only quicksilver, and judging from whence it came, they cried out, 'that somebody had scattered her diamonds,' which occasioned a hoarse laugh among the gentlemen, and put all the ladies to the blush. This whimsical accident quite discredited the prescription.

GENERAL WOLFE had very fair hair. Observing one day several young officers more attentive to the outside of their heads than they ought to be, in the field, he took out a pair of scissars and cut off those locks which had been frequently admired by both sexes. Then he gave his scissars to the young gentleman who seemed to have the greatest affection for his hair—'I dare say, Sir, you will be polite enough to follow my example.' He did so, and his well curled companions immediately cropped themselves.

THE late Sir William Trumball was wont to tell a story which he had from one that was present when King Charles I. being with some of his court at Oxford, during his troubles, and a discourse arising what sort of dogs deserved the pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound; the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound; 'because,' said he, 'it has all the good-nature of the other, without its *swarming*.'

TWO friends of the celebrated Racine, knowing that he was on a certain day to pay a visit to Mademoiselle de Gournai (who had testified the greatest desire to see him) were determined to have a little mirth at the expence of both; and well-knowing that she was quite unacquainted with Racine's person, one of them came within an hour of the time appointed, to the house of Mademoiselle de Gournai, and ordered his servant to inform his mistress that M. Racine was come to pay his respects to her. She received him with singular pleasure, and after some conversation on different subjects, he took his leave, and left the good lady highly gratified by the pleasure and honour he had done her; but before he had quitted her house a quarter of an hour, a second gentleman desired admittance, and sent in the name Mademoiselle de Gournai, concluding Racine had left something behind him, or

something unsaid, which he wished to communicate to her, prepared for his second visit; when, to her great surprize, another gentleman appeared under the same character! she then informed him what had passed. Racine, the second, affected to be very angry at the liberty taken with his name and person, and shortened his visit, in order to find out the impostor; promising to return as soon as possible, to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation; and left Mademoiselle de Gournai thoroughly convinced, that she had now seen the veritable Racine. But behold, before Racine the second was well out of the street, her door was accosted by M. Racine himself; upon the appearance of this third visitor, what! another Racine, said she? he was however admitted, in order to receive that chastisement which she thought due to the imposition. Sir, said she in a high tone, did you come here to insult me? A reception of so extraordinary a kind quite dismayed poor Racine, he was so utterly confounded, that when he attempted to speak, his tongue faltered, which she perceiving, concluded it arose from being detected; so losing all patience and temper, she fell upon poor Racine with the heel of her slipper, and dealt her blows so freely that he was obliged to save himself by flight.

This anecdote of the three Racines became so much the subject of conversation, that a comedy of five acts, in verse, was written by the Abbé du Bois, which was represented at the Hotel de Bourgogne, in 1652, under the title, Des trois Arontes, and has served as a model to some others of the same sort;—as, Les trois Gascons, Les trois Freres Rivaux, and Les trois Cousins, performed on the Italian theatre.

A FRENCH nobleman, who waited upon the late Frederic of Prussia, at Sans-Souci, expressed his astonishment at seeing the Emperor's portrait in every apartment of his palace; and asked the King what might be the reason of his thus honouring the portrait of his greatest enemy? 'Oh!' said the King, 'the Emperor is a busy and enterprising young monarch, and I find it necessary always to have an eye upon him.'

DURING Lord North's administration, a dispute happened one evening at the Smyrna Coffee-house, whether the premier had any honour. A gentleman who had been heartily piqued at a refusal from Lord North, would not allow him any share of it; whilst another, as warmly espoused his having pretensions to every virtue

virtue. The subject created much warmth on both sides, and might perhaps have terminated very disagreeable to one or other of the parties, had not one of the company played the mediator,—and very archly said,—‘There was no doubt of his honour, who had purchased half the honour of the nation.’ A general laugh ensued, at which my Lord’s advocate seemed nettled, and, turning upon his heel, said, ‘it was a purchase very easily made.’

THE city of Dantzick takes its name from the German word *Dantzen*, which signifies to dance. The story of this etymology is, that certain peasants being accustomed to assemble upon the spot where Dantzick now stands, to celebrate festivals with rural sports, took a fancy to build a village upon it: for this purpose they applied to the bishop who was the owner of the domain, who granted them as much ground as they could encircle, holding each other by the hand in a ring, and dancing round it.

AMESA, nephew to Scandenberg, King of Albania, and one of the Generals of his armies, in an expedition against the Turks, having taken a rich Turk prisoner, demanded a considerable sum for his ransom, which the captive instantly paid him; but Amesa refused to set him at liberty, alleging, that he had not been paid by his relations, from the effects he had in his own country, but with money he had about him, which belonged, as well as his person, to the conqueror. The Turk replied, that the Mahometans never served the Christians in this manner; that there was no such exception in the agreement; and that a man of honour ought to keep his word, even with his enemies.

The affair was at length referred to the King, who gave the following judgment, which did equal honour to his wisdom and his love of justice: ‘Both parties are in the wrong; the prisoner, because every thing he had about him, by the rules of war, is lawful prize; my nephew, because he appropriated to himself a ransom which belonged to me as his master and generalissimo; I therefore order him to place the money in my hands, and I will give it to the Turk for his ransom.’

THE Emperor Conrad, having in the siege of Wiltburgh reduced the inhabitants to great extremity, and having taken pity on the women who were innocent,

permitted them to depart from the town with what luggage they could bear on their backs. The Duchess took Guelpho, her husband, on her back; and all the other women following her example, issued forth, laden not with gold and silver, but with men and children. The Emperor, pleased with this stratagem, took the Duke into favour, with all his adherents.

SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, who had been very severely attacked, in one of Junius’s celebrated letters, addressed himself to Mr. Burke (whom he supposed to be the author), in these words—‘I am informed, Sir, that you wrote the letter which appeared in this day’s Public Advertiser, under the signature of Junius—I shall be obliged to you, if you will tell me, whether you did or not.’—‘Really, Sir,’ replied Mr. Burke, ‘that is a question I cannot be so obliging as to answer; as I see no reason for your asking me the question. If you believe your informer, it is needless; and if you do not, it is rather rude to found your suspicion of me, on the information of one you suspect to be a liar.’

A Young man, well known in the city of Lyons, handsome, well made, of an amiable disposition, and very accomplished, fell in love with a young woman, whose parents refused their consent to this proposal of marriage.

The lover, in an agonizing fit, broke a blood vessel. The surgeon declared there was no remedy to stop the bleeding. His mistress found the means of getting an interview with her lover, and presented him with a brace of pistols and two poignards, that in case the former should fail, the latter might certainly dispatch them.

They embraced each other tenderly, for the last time. The triggers of both the pistols were fastened to rose-coloured ribbands. The lover took hold of that pistol which was designed for his mistress,—and she held that designed for her lover. At a signal agreed upon, they both fired at the same time,—and both instantly fell down dead.

THE Deputies of a great metropolis in Germany offered Marshal Turenne one hundred thousand crowns not to pass with his army through their city.—‘Gentleman,’ said he, ‘I can’t in conscience accept your money, for I had no intention to pass that way.’

P O E T R Y.

ODE for his MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,
JUNE 4, 1791.

[By Henry James Pye, Esq; Poet Laureat.]

LOUND the whirlwind rag'd around
That shook affrighted Britain's shore.
In peals of louder thunder drown'd
That mingled with the wint'ry roar;
Dreadful amid the driving storm
The gliding meteor's horrid form
With transient gleam illum'd the air,
While thro' December's murky night
Resulgent with unwonted light,
The livid flashes glare.

But see! the radiant Lord of Day
Now northward rolls his burning car,
And scatters with victorious ray
The rage of elemental war.
To rest the troubled waves subside,
And gently o'er the curling tide
Young Zephyr leads the vernal hours,
Adorns with richest dyes the vale,
And fragrance wafts on every gale
From June's ambrosial flowers.

O may no lowering gloom o'ercast
Th' auspicious morn to Britain dear,
Or Eurus check with envious blast
The promise of the rip'ning year;—
Or should some transitory cloud
A while th' ethereal splendour shroud,
Soon shall the sun his stream renew,
Soon shall the landscape smile around
With more luxuriant verdure crown'd,
And bloom with livelier hue.

Exulting in her Prince rever'd,
Whose mild parental virtues grace
The sacred Throne by Glory rear'd
On Freedom's adamantine base,
While Albion pours the festive strain,
Responsive to her choral train,
The Muse, enraptur'd, joins the throng,
Proud that a grateful people's praise
Echoes the votive verse she pays,
And consecrates her song.

CELIA'S ADVICE to her SEX, when they
chuse to enter into the STATE of MA-
TRIMONY.

TO make the man kind, and keep true
to the bed,
Whom your choice, or your destiny, brings
you to wed;

Take an hint from a friend, whom expe-
rience has taught,
And experience, we know, never fails when
'tis bought.

The arts which you practis'd, at first, to
ensnare;
For, in love, little arts, as in battle, are
fair!
Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit,
were the bait.
Let the hook be, still, cover'd, and still
play the cheat.

Should he fancy another, upbraid not his
flame;
To reproach him is, never, the way to re-
claim:
'Tis more to *recover*, than *conquer*, an heart;
For this, is all nature—and that, is all art.

Good-sense is, to them, what a face is to
you!
Flatter that! and like us, they but think
it their due.
Doubt the strength of your judgment com-
par'd to his own,
And he'll give you perfections, at present,
unknown.

Shou'd you learn that your rival his boun-
ty partakes,
And your merited favour, ungrateful, for-
sakes!
Still, still Debonair--still engaging and free!
Be *deaf* tho' you hear, and be *blind* tho'
you see,

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

[From 'Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-
One: a Poem, in Imitation of the
Thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, by Arthur
Murphy, Esq.]

YET think not that the wretch, who
finds a flaw,
To baffle justice, and elude the law,
Unpunish'd lives: he pays atonement
due;
Each hour his malefactions rise to view.
Vengeance, more fierce than engines,
racks, and wheels,
Unseen, unheard, his mangled bosom
feels.

What greater curse can earth or heaven
devise,
Than his, who self condemn'd, in torture
lies ?

From agony of mind who knows no rest,
But hears his own accuser in his breast ?
What charm shall bid these horrors rage
no more ?

Heal the hurt mind, and gentle peace re-
store ?

That charm is virtue ; virtue can supply
Comfort in life, and courage when we die.
Virtue the purest blessing can impart,
The conscience clear, and self-applauding
heart.

At Delphos when a Spartan youth applied,
What think you then the Pythian maid
replied ?

The treach'rous knave his friend's best
treasure stole,

And meant by perjury to keep the whole ;
Unpractis'd yet in fraud, he ask'd advice :
The priestess answer'd, ' The bare thought
is vice ;

' Vice, that strikes deep infection to the
mind ;

' Vice, that in time will retribution find.'
And if the slave no deeper plung'd in ill,
Twas fear, not virtue, that controul'd his
will.

Who but conceives a crime, with malice
fraught,

Warps into vice, and kindles at the
thought.

What though the embryo sin, conceal'd
with art,

In thinking die ? Guilt rankles in his
heart.

If the strong motive urge him to the deed,
Horror, remorse, and misery succeed.

See him at table, listless, wan with care,
In thick-eyed musing lost, and pale de-
spair,

Within his mouth, now unelastic, slow,
The viands loiter, and insipid grow.

In vain for him the banquet spreads its
store,

The rarest banquet now can please no
more.

In vain for him the mellowing years re-
fine:

The precious age of the pure racy wine.

In vain gay wit calls forth her magic
train ;

He flies the scene, to think, and dwell
with pain.

No respite from himself, with cares op-
press'd,

If weary nature sink at last to rest,

In the dead waste of night pale phantoms
rise,

Stalk round his couch, and glare before
his eyes.

The temple bends its arches o'er his head,

And the long isles their slumber'd twilight
shed,

He sees the altar perjur'd where he trod,
The violated altar of his God !

He groans, he rises, but the conscious
mind,

Wakes to worse horrors than he left be-
hind.

Of his fix'd doom each object is a sign,
A visitation from the Pow'r Divine !

Kindled in air if sudden meteors fly,
And hollow murmurs shake the vaulted
sky,

No more the tempest springs from gen'ral
laws ;

The winds have now a preternatural cause.
'Tis God in wrath, that spreads his ter-
rors round ;

'Tis God, who now his enemies has found ;
'Tis God's right arm, that shakes the
distant poles,

Wings the red lightning, and the thunder
rolls.

Soon as the warring elements subside,
And nature smiles with renovated pride,

Remorse and horror now no more appal ;
'Tis Chance, not Providence, that rules
the ball

A fever comes : tis heaven's avenging red !
Again he owns the attributes of God.

He dies, and leaves the church his child-
ren's share,

And hopes in heaven to make his soul his
heir.

Such the deep pangs obdurate villains
find ;

Such the dire furies of the guilty mind.
Temptation saps its way by slow degrees,

First a mere thought, by habit taught to
please.

While yet our actions in their motives lie,
Their dang'rous sophistry the passions ply.

The deed perform'd assumes its genuine
hue ;

He starts, turns pale, and trembles at the
view

Grief, and remorse, and madness, and
despair,

In sad vicissitudes his bosom tear.
New fears, new hopes, now rise, and now
subside,

And the will drives with the alternate tide.
The bound once pass'd, farewell the peace-
ful shore,

Where dwells fair virtue ! he wades back
no more.

In the wide annals of recorded time,
Where find the knave who dar'd one only
crime ?

His life a climax of flagitious deeds ;
Fraud grows on fraud, and guilt to guilt
succeeds.

The laws at length demand their victim
due ;

He joins at Boulogne the self-exil'd crew ;
 Or to some cottage, where conceal'd he
 lies,
 Trac'd and detected in his mean disguise,
 He's dragg'd in fetters to the dungeon's
 gloom,
 Condemn'd in anguish there to wait his
 doom ;
 And leave, at length, this lesson to man-
 kind :
 ' Eternal Justice is nor lame nor blind.'

O blind to each indulgent aim
 Of pow'r supremely wise
 Who fancy happiness in aught
 The hand of heav'n denies ?

Vain are alike the joys we seek,
 And those that we possess,
 Unless harmonious reason tames
 The passions into peace.

To temperate wishes, just desires
 Is happiness confin'd ;
 And deaf to folly's call, attends
 The music of the mind.

HAPPINESS to be found in our own
 MINDS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er nature's soft repose:
 No lowering cloud obscures the sky
 No rustling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
 The throbbing heart lies still,
 And varying schemes of life no more
 Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice
 Attends each mental pow'r.
 Come dear Emilia, and enjoy
 Reflexion's fav'rite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene invites.
 Let's search this ample round ;
 Where shall the lovely, fleeting form
 Of happiness be found ?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
 Of gay assemblies dwell ;
 Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
 That shades the hermit's cell ?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
 A sick'ning heart conceals ;
 And through the cloister's deep recess
 Invading sorrow steals !

In vain, thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
 The fugitive we trace ;
 It dwells not on the faithless smile,
 That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deriv'd
 The heart in friendship finds !
 Ah dear delusion, gay conceit
 Of visionary minds !

How'er our varying notions rove,
 Yet all agree in one,
 To place its being in some state
 At distance from our own.

WOMAN'S HARD FATE. By a LADY

HOW wretched is poor woman's
 fate !
 No happy change her fortune knows ;
 Subject to man in ev'ry state,
 How can she then be free from woes ?

In youth, a father's stern command,
 And jealous eyes, controul her will ;
 A lordly brother watchful stands,
 To keep her closer captive still.

The tyrant husband next appears,
 With awful and contracted brow ;
 No more a lover's form he wears :
 Her slave's become her sov'reign now.

If from this fatal bondage free,
 And not by marriage chains confin'd,
 If, blest with single life, she see
 A parent fond, a brother kind—

Yet love usurps her tender breast,
 And paints a phoenix to her eyes ;
 Some darling youth disturbs her rest ;
 And painful sighs in secret rise.

Oh cruel pow'rs, since you've design'd,
 That man, vain man, should bear the
 sway,
 To slavish chains add slavish mind,
 That I may thus your will obey.

The ANSWER. By a GENTLEMAN.

HOW happy is a woman's fate !
 Free from care, and free from woe,
 Secure of man, in ev'ry state,
 Her guardian-god below.

In youth, a father's tender love,
And well experienc'd eye,
Restrain her mind, too apt to rove,
Enamour'd with a toy.

Suppose her with a brother blest—
A brother, sure, is kind:
But in the husband stands confest,
The father, brother, friend.

'Tis man's to labour, toil, and sweat,
And all his care employ,
Honour, pow'r, or wealth, to get;
'Tis woman's to enjoy.

But look we on those halcyon days,
When woman reigns supreme,
While tupples man his homage pays,
Full proud of her esteem—

How dutious is poor Stephen's love!
How anxious is his care,
Lest e'en the zephyr breathe too rough,
And discompose the fair!

Then say not, any pow'r's ordain,
That man should bear the sway:
When reason bids, let woman reign,
When reason bids, obey.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

BEHOLD that scene, yon trembling
main,
On whose smooth brow soft breezes
sleep!
No breath disturbs the azure plain,
Or moves the surface of the deep.
Fond o'er the tide the vessels run,
Nor fear the rocks, nor dread the wind;
Unfold their canvases to the sun,
Regardless of the storms behind.
But, hark! from yonder burbling clouds,
The tempest breaks, loud thunders roar,
Which split the masts, tear off the shrouds,
And dash them headlong on the shore.
By flatt'ring gales, too soon betray'd
To leave their port and tempt the wave,
Those billows, where they lately play'd,
Become, alas! too soon their grave.
In this sad scene thyself behold,
Nor does thy bliss the image wrong;
The rocks that dash our hopes, as bold,
The storms that vex our life, as strong.
Op'ning by fortune's smiles to-day,
Our fame looks fair, our honours bloom:
To-morrow, with'ring, all decay,
Shadow'd by envy or a tomb.

BELINDA'S CANARY-BIRD.

DELIGHTFUL, airy, skipping thing,
To charm by nature taught,
How canst thou, thus imprison'd, sing,
And swell thy downy throat?

Divine would be the poet's lays,
Breath'd with that melting air,
With which thy warbling voice repays
Thy beauteous feeder's care.

Perhaps the favours of her hand
These happy strains inspire:
And I might notes as sweet command,
Warm'd by so fair a muse.

The influence of her radiant eye,
And her reviving smiles,
The absence of that sun supply,
Which cheers thy native isles.

Blest isles! where with such kindly rays
On birds and trees he shines,
We thence enjoy seraphic lays,
And thence celestial wines!

See the enliven'd liquor rise,
As dancing to her song!
Its virtue with the music vies,
As sweet, as clear, as strong.

Had but those forests, Orpheus drew,
Clos'd in their shades a bird
Of equal harmony with you,
No tree of taste had stirr'd.

The groves had listen'd to the tongue
Of their own feather'd choir,
Nor on the vocal strings had hung,
But on their boughs the lyre.

ON A BEE STIFLED IN HONEY.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager
pains,
See the blest, busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is, in the sweets she hoards, to die.

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite
joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

C H R O N I C L E.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Warsaw, May 7.

THE event of the 3d inst. has not only filled this city with the utmost joy, but all the provinces which have received tidings of it. To-morrow Warsaw will be illuminated, and the citizens will celebrate at the same instant the restoration of liberty to the body of the nation, and of good order to the government, both established on the ruins of aristocratic anarchy, regretted at present by very few. Without this almost universal sentiment, so great a revolution could never have been effected with so little trouble. In the session of the 5th inst. it was decreed, that the deputation established lately to reform and settle the constitution, should sign that which had been proposed and resolved upon two days before, which it accordingly acceded to. This, however, was not all: those who in the session of the 3d had resolved to enter into a protest, and publish their manifesto, have withdrawn their opposition. They declare, "that by their instructions they deemed themselves obligated to it, but that the revolution having been consummated with the apparent applause of nearly the whole nation, fully persuaded of the patriotic intentions of the King, and those who were the chief agents in bringing about this great change, and, in fine, perceiving by the form in which the King, the whole Senate, and nearly all the Chamber of Nuncios had already taken an oath, it did not extend the royal power beyond its just bounds, but on the contrary guaranteed the full and entire liberty of every individual by maintaining the sovereignty of the nation assembled in Diet, they would no longer impede or retard by a vain resistance the effect of a revolution commenced, conducted and accomplished with so much good fortune; that they should heartily concur therein; that they should congratulate their country on the occasion; and should return their most sincere and unfeigned thanks to those who had contributed to the happy change, especially to the King, who had been the chief author and promoter of it."

Amongst the antagonists of the revolution was M. Branitzky, grand General of the Crown; but the revolution having been effected, he has acceded to it, and was not only amongst those who signed it on the 5th inst. but had also the honour

afterwards to dine with his Majesty, to whom he expressed the utmost approbation of an event which is fraught with the greatest advantages for this country. The greatest regret we feel on this occasion is the secession of M. Malachowski, grand Marshal of the Crown, who, without signing the constitution, has retired to his estates, and offered the King his resignation, but it has not yet been accepted. We have also remarked the sudden departure of M. Hailes, Envoy from Great Britain, who is gone to Berlin, where he will probably be soon followed by Baron de Reide, Envoy from the States General of the United Provinces.

Vienna, May 7. According to the last accounts from Constantinople, the number of houses which were burnt in that city amounts to 1,400. The greatest damage was in one of the principal squares.

Madrid, May 8. The battalion of Spanish and Walloon guards, on their march from Barcelona, are ordered to repair to Carthage, where they are to embark for Oran. The fleet expected from America is arrived at Cadiz.

Paris, May 26. The Baron Thugut, a person of confidence with the House of Austria, is just arrived at Paris. He is said to be charged with a secret and important commission, and the public attention is consequently much fixed on his motions. Whatever may be the object of his visit, we shall be sure to have it through the medium of the Diplomatic Committee, as nothing can be now effected at the Court of France, without the concurrence of the National Assembly.

There was a most dreadful scene at Castle-nau, on the 16th—four National guards on duty were amusing themselves singing *ça ira, ça ira*; their patriotic mirth offended the two Beludes, brothers, formerly in the King's body guards; they ordered the officer to silence his men; he replied that he had not that authority: one of the brothers without any further ceremony, seized the officer by the collar, and dragged him about twenty paces; he guessed the meaning of the Aristocrate, and told him he had not his small sword: "We shall give you one," continued the other; the officer on duty replied, "That he should prefer his own, and attempted to release himself from the hands of his antagonist." Belude then drew his sword, and was going to run the young gentleman through the body,

body, when the soldiers perceiving the fracas, hastened to put an end to it; the brothers sought safety in flight, and barricaded themselves in their house. The Municipality sent for troops to Cahors, and were soon obeyed—The two brothers, with a man servant, kept firing at the multitude, and killed many of them; at length the people set fire to the house, and the besieged were dragged from under its ruins; one of the brothers was found dead, his mangled limbs were disputed for by the multitude; his head was stuck on a pike, and borne away in savage triumph; the servant was torn to pieces. Belude, the elder, was taken by the guard, but the mob rescued him, and divided his palpitating heart among them!

BRITISH NEWS.

London, June 1,—4.

THE Queen of Bohemia Danish East Indiaman, arrived at Scilly, was, on her sailing from Batavia, oblig'd by stress of weather to make the Island of Cocos, situated on the North West side of the island of Sumatra, and about 100 miles south of Achun, from which place it was reported Lord Cornwallis's Squadron had sailed. At Cocos a report was in general circulation, that Shah Allum, the Great Mogul, who was dispossessed of his throne and fight by Goolaum Khader Khan, one of the Rohilla Chiefs, in September 1788, and who had since continued in confinement at Delhi, died in December 1790, 90 years old. This monarch afforded a wonderful instance of the mutability of human affairs; when he ascended the Throne of Delhi, his revenue amounted to upwards of 60,000,000 per ann. and at the time of his decease, his allowance from Madajee Schindia did not exceed 1500 rupees per month. The death of Shah Allum will effect a Revolution in the Hindostan Empire, which must ultimately prove highly advantageous to this country. Madajee Scindia, who is the most powerful of the Mahratta Chiefs, has long been the most faithful and friendly of our Asiatic allies. By the expulsion of the usurper, Goolaum Khader Khan, he had greatly increased his influence at Delhi; and having the chief management of the Empire during the life of Shah Allum, he had made such arrangements as must insure his accession to it; added to this, he has constantly maintained an army of 50,000 cavalry and 13,000 foot to support his pretensions. Mantury, a town between

Agra and Delhi was his head quarters; and by this central situation he kept both cities in awe of his power, while by acts of kindness, he endeavoured to conciliate the affections of the people.

A person in the vicinity of Liverpool has invented a machine for sawing timber, the construction of which is very simple, can be erected at a very trifling expence, and two boys, when erected, will be able to work as much as 25 men, and that with the most critical exactness.

On Saturday morning died, at Mrs. Leigh's, at Broadwell, Gloucestershire, Captain John Frodsham, of the Royal Navy. He was 38 years in the service, had been in seven actions, and experienced all the dangerous and trying vicissitudes incident to his profession, without the good fortune of acquiring any advantage in return. He was promoted from the rank of Lieutenant by Admiral Byron, in approbation of his conduct in negotiating with Comte D'Estaing, when employed on a flag of truce; and to the rank of Post Captain by Admiral Keppel, for his signal and memorable action with La Fete, a French frigate of 36 guns, to which he gallantly opposed the Alligator, a sloop of 14 guns, for an hour and three quarters, till his vessel was reduced to a wreck.

All recruits on their arrival at Chatham are to be supplied with an uniform dress, to consist of a scarlet jacket, trowsers, round hat, &c.

Colonels are in future to send to their regiments the necessary quantities of cloth, buttons, &c. in order that the uniforms may be fitted to each man by the regimental tailors; this will be a saving of nearly two shillings to the soldier, and the clothes may by this means be made larger, and to fit better.

All Field officers are to wear two epauletts to distinguish their rank; Flank officers are to be confined to their wings only.

The Halbert is to be taken from the Serjeants, and a short Pike substituted in its stead.

Troopers are to have an epaulet of copper wire to guard the whole of the arm from sword wounds.

And it is recommended to his Majesty to allow the troops serving in the East and West Indies to wear round hats.

These regulations were finally agreed on by the Board of General Officers yesterday.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Dickens, one of the King's Messengers, arrived at the Secretary of States Office, with dispatches from Berlin, which were immediately carried by Lord Grenville to his Majesty, who

who had just returned from Westminster Abbey; in consequence of which, a Council was held. The contents of the dispatches had not transpired at a late hour, last night; but they were said to be favourable to the views of this country.

Government have received advice, that there is but too much reason to apprehend that a plan had been laid by the enemies of this country for setting fire to the dock-yards and arsenals; for which purpose several desperate foreign incendiaries have lately arrived in England; in consequence of which, orders have been issued for the strictest vigilance to be used at our several dock yards, to guard against their sinister designs; to which no person, who is not well known, can now gain admittance, without undergoing the most rigid examination.

These orders are so strictly observed at Portsmouth, that even the Captains of the fleet at Spithead are not suffered to come on shore at the Jetty after sun-set. All the warrant officers are ordered to sleep on board their several ships whether on weekly duty or not.

A number of gun-boats, lately constructed at the Merchant's yards, have been put together in the boat house at Deptford-yards, to be surveyed by the Commissioners of the Navy; after which they are to be taken to pieces, and sent on board the men of war under the command of Lord Hood, destined for the Baltic.

Prayers, according to the rites of the Protestant church, were publicly read in Paris, on the 22d inst. for the first time, except in the chapels of Ambassadors, since the revocation of the edict of Nantz. The preacher, with very laudable gratitude, employed part of his sermon in recommending submission to that Government, which had given him the privilege of addressing his congregation.

The last letters from the British merchants in Russia are more calm in their apprehensions than they were before. No immediate symptoms of hostility or ill-humour having taken place, they hope that the inconvenience to the trade will be merely ideal. It does not indeed appear by the private letters of the latest date, that any memorial from our Court had arrived at Peterburgh; at least, no circumstance had transpired to the public.

About 2000 seamen are all that are wanted, for the full complement of manning the fleet, which it is expected will sail immediately after the prorogation of Parliament.

Yesterday morning a messenger was sent off from the Earl of Chatham's house in the Admiralty, with dispatches to Lord

Hood, Commander in chief of the Squadron at Spithead, where they are rendezvousing, previous to their coming round to the Downs, which is the general rendezvous before sailing to the Baltic.

Orders are sent to the dock-yards to get six more ships of the line ready to put in commission.

Parliament, it is said, will certainly be up on Thursday next; at least such is mentioned to be the Royal determination at present.

A man of the name of Baker, near Dunganon in Ireland, being reduced to the greatest distress, took the horrid resolution of destroying both himself and family, which he effected by means of arsenic: in consequence of which, his wife and five children died; and after administering the fatal potion, the wretched man cut his throat.

Lately died at Yaxley, near Peterborough, Mrs. Higby, aged upwards of 90 years. She retained her faculties to the latest hour of her life; and was mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, to 250 children.

The Assembly of Jamaica have voted a present of a sword, value one hundred guineas, to Captain Samuel Hood of the Juno, for his conduct on the following occasion:

During a very violent gale of wind, in which the Juno lay in St. Ann's harbour, a raft was discovered at sea, with three persons upon it, who appeared every moment likely to be washed off. Captain Hood immediately ordered a boat to their assistance, and the sailors appearing unwilling to go, upon what they thought their certain destruction, he leaped into the boat saying, that he never ordered a man to do what he would not. They put to sea, and saved the men upon the wreck, though with the utmost danger of their own lives.

The granting of reverfionary annuities out of the the Chest of Invalids at Paris, has been prohibited by a late decree of the National Assembly. One family alone has the honour of an exception—that of PERNANDERFER KERANSTREIT, who was killed on board the Flora English frigate, upon the deck of which he leaped singly in an engagement, in the year 1780.

Cagliostro is not to be confined in the fortress of St. Leon, but in the castle of St. Ange, which is the better residence of the two. His sentence has been published at Rome, with no other reasons for his conviction, than that he has been declared an heretic, a judicial astrologer, a *magician*, and a *free-mason*!

The decision of the National Assembly

of France, upon the affair of Avignon, is not final. They have resolved, that it does not at present belong to the empire of France; but the question, whether it shall not be united to it, in conformity to the wishes of the people, still remains to be determined.

The body of Voltaire has been removed, by order of the National Assembly of France, from the Abbey de Lellieres, which is about to be sold, to the parochial church of Romilly.

Government are about to establish a spice plantation on the North West side of New South Wales, from which they are led to expect great commercial advantages.

Great advantages are expected from the proximity of our new Colony on the N.W. side of Botany Bay, to the Coast of Ceromandel; it being nearer from this part of South Wales to Madras, than from the Isle of Mauritius to Pondicherry.

The Providence sloop, in which Capt. Bligh is about to embark on a second bread-fruit tree expedition, mounts sixteen carriage guns; she measures 400 tons burthen, and her upper deck is flush throughout; independent of her compliment of officers, she takes out an Astronomer, a Botanist, and Assistant. She has taken in the spacious wooden pots, for the reception of the bread fruit trees, and is expected to sail about the middle of this month:—she will touch first at the Canary Isles.

The Neptune, a new second rate, of 90 guns, on a large scale, is begun building in the King's yard, at Deptford. Her keel is laid, and the ribs are now getting up. She is to stand two years in the frame to season the timbers.

According to the Laws of the Isle of Man, a young woman lately prosecuted a young man of that place for a rape; he was returned to the Spiritual Court, being found guilty. When the Dempsler, or Temporal Judge, delivered to her, according to the custom of the island, a rope, a sword, or a ring, by these presents giving her the choice, whether she would hang, behead, or marry him, she very naturally chose the latter as the *severest punishment!*

Extract of a Letter from Gottenburgh dated April 30.

"It affords the British merchants here satisfaction to know for certain, that Sweden will not take part with Russia against England; that the King of Sweden has, on the contrary, declared that his harbours shall be opened to the British fleet, in case they come up the Baltic, or the Gulph of Finland. This has been strenuously remon-

strated against by the Russian Minister at Stockholm. The King, however, considers he has a right to do what he pleases with his own harbours, which is answering the Empress in her own stile precisely."

Extract of a Letter from Elfmour, May 14.

"Two ship-masters arrived from St. Petersburg say, that the Russians are very vigilant in fitting out the fleet, and are otherwise making great warlike preparations. The British Merchants were dispatching the ships as fast as they could, for fear of a rupture taking place.

"The two Petersburg ships left Cronstadt the 28th of April; none of the other vessels which wintered there had got any cargo on board, except the John and Catherine of London.

"The Kite cutter, which has been in our road since the 18th ult. is just now got under weigh to drop down with the current."

Extract of a Letter from Plymouth May 31.

"A King's Messenger arrived here last night with dispatches for Commissioner Fanshaw, which has alarmed the whole place. A general search has been made throughout the dock yard and storehouses. The yard-gates are not now opened till half past six o'clock in the morning, and even the shipwrights, and other persons employed, are strictly searched and examined."

Extract of a Letter from Pertmouth, June 1.

"The last express received by commissioner Sexton contained intelligence of an intention, by means of foreign emissaries, to effect the destruction of our dock-yards and arsenal. Such measures are, however, taken, as must render the plot abortive, should they be daring enough to make the attempt.

"Two foreigners were yesterday followed to Gosport; but proving, upon examination, to be French gentlemen, and giving a satisfactory account of themselves, they were only requested immediately to leave the place, which request was readily complied with."

Married] at Cowley, William Taylor, Esq. of London, to Miss Van Cortlandt, daughter of Major Van Cortlandt, of Halifax in Nova-Scotia.

Office of Ordnance, May 27. Royal Regiment of Artillery, Captain Lieutenant Frederick Irwin is appointed to be Captain of a Company, vice Alexander Mackenzie, deceased.

First Lieutenant George Scott to be Captain-Lieutenant, vice Frederick Irwin, promoted.

Corps of Royal Engineers, Second Lieutenant William Gordon to be First Lieutenant, vice Thomas Wheldale.