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T H E

Nova-Scotia Magazine,

FOR AUGUST, 1790.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF LIONS.

[From Dr. Sparrman's Voyage to the Cape of Good Hope.]

IT had not been dark two hours, before we heard the roaring of lions, which at times appeared to be pretty near us. This was the first time that I had heard this kind of music, and, as there were several performers, it might be properly called a concerto of lions. They continued roaring the whole night, whence my guide concluded, that they had assembled on the plains in order to copulate, and carry on their amours, by fighting and attacking each other after the manner of cats.

To describe the roaring of the lion as nearly as I can, I must inform the reader that it consisted in a hoarse inarticulate sound, which at the same time seemed to have a hollowness in it, something like that proceeding from a speaking trumpet. The sound is between that of a German u and an o, being drawn to a great length, and appearing as if it came from out of the earth; at the same time that, after listening with the greatest attention, I could not exactly hear from what quarter it came. The sound of the lion's voice does not bear the least resemblance to thunder, as M. de Buffon, tom. ix. p. 22. from the Voyage of Boullaye le Gouz, affirms it does. In fact, it appeared to me to be neither peculiarly piercing nor tremendous; yet, from its slow prolonged note, joined with nocturnal darkness, and the terrible idea one is apt to form to one's self of this animal, it made one shudder, even in such places as I had an opportunity of hearing it in with more satisfaction, and without having the least occasion for fear. We could plainly perceive by

our animals, when the lions, whether they roared or not, were reconnoitring us at a small distance. For in that case the hounds did not dare to bark in the least, but crept quite close to the Hottentots; and our oxen and horses sighed deeply, frequently hanging back, and pulling slowly with all their might at the strong straps with which they were tied up to the waggon. They likewise laid themselves down upon the ground and stood up alternately, appearing as if they did not know what to do with themselves: and, indeed, I may say, just as if they were in the agonies of death. In the mean time, my Hottentots made the necessary preparations, and laid each of them their javelins by the side of them. We likewise loaded all our five pieces, three of which we distributed among those of our Hottentots who spoke Dutch.

Fire and fire brands are universally reckoned, and indeed were said by my Hottentots, to be a great preservative and defence against lions and other wild beasts: they could, however, themselves mention instances, in which the lion had leaped forward to the fire, and carried off some one of them, who had been sitting round it and warming themselves. The animal too has sometimes taken its prey to so short a distance, that the poor wretch's companions have plainly heard it champing and chewing his flesh. The Hottentots desired us who were placed in the waggon, not to be in too great haste to fire in case a lion should take a leap among them, for fear that in the dark we might

at the same time hurt some of them. They had concerted matters so, that some of them should rather attempt to pierce him through with their hassagais or spears, while at the same instant the others should endeavour to cling about its legs.

They looked upon it as a certain fact, and I have since heard the same from others, that a lion does not immediately kill the person he has got under him, unless he is excited to do so by the resistance he meets with. At length, however, it is reported, the royal tyrant gives the coup de grace on the victim's breast with a hideous roar. On this occasion I must do my Hottentots the justice to say, that they did not shew the least fear; though they conceived the old and commonly received notion to be absolutely true, that both lions and tigers would attack a slave or a Hottentot before they will a colonist or a white man. Consequently Mr. Immelman and I had no such great reason to be in fear for our own persons, unless more than one lion should come to attack us, or that we should discharge our pieces too precipitately and miss him; for in such a case, the lion always rushes on the marksman. In another respect, however, we that lay in the waggon and at a distance from the fire, were most liable to receive a visit from the lions; or at least to see our horses and oxen, which were tied up to the waggon, seized by them. Otherwise, for the singularity of the spectacle, I should have been glad to have seen an attack of this kind, if it had not cost me more than a couple of my oxen. In such a case, indeed, my horses would probably first have fallen a prey to this rapacious animal, as it is generally supposed that the lion gives them the preference.

Among our oxen there was one which at this time, as well as since upon other similar occasions, appeared extremely disquieted and restless. It had, besides, a singular and astonishing habit of making an inward noise, which cannot be described; and this was the case likewise with the stone-horse, in his own peculiar way. This, in fact, was sufficient to make us keep ourselves in readiness, though it happened not to be absolutely necessary; however, we quickly got accustomed to it, and several times laid ourselves down to sleep, void of care, leaving our beasts to sigh unheeded. It is, indeed, a wonderful circumstance, that the brute creation should have been taught merely by nature to be in dread of the lion; for our horses and oxen were all from places, where I am certain they could have no knowledge of this dreadful adversary of theirs: so that in this we must admire the bounty of

Providence, which, while it has sent such a tyrant as the lion among the animal creation, has likewise taught them to discern and distinguish it with trembling and horror.

One would suppose, that the roaring of the lion would prove serviceable to the other animals, as being a warning for them to betake themselves to flight; but as when he roars, according to all report, he puts his mouth to the ground, so that the sound is diffused equally all over the place, without, as we have already mentioned, its being possible to hear from what quarter it comes, the animals are intimidated and scared to such a degree, as to fly about backwards and forwards in the dark to every side; in consequence of which, some of them may easily chance to run on to the very spot from whence the tremendous sound actually proceeds, and which they meant most to avoid.

A writer, in other respects extremely rational, who styles himself *Officier du Roi*, asserts, in his *Voyage à l'Île de France*, &c. p. 63, that in Africa there are found whole armies of lions; a fact of which, he says, he was informed, by three persons of consequence in the government, whose names he mentions.

This author, as well as his informers, and those, if such there be, who may have given any credit to him, may be easily made to conceive the palpable absurdity of the idea by this single consideration, that to support armies of lions, it would require a greater quantity of quadrupeds and game, as it is called, than is to be found not only in Africa, but in all the world besides. In order to confirm this assertion, we may appeal to a witty observation made by the Indians, and reported by *Lastau*. 'It is a very fortunate circumstance, said they, that the Portuguese are as few in number as they are cruel in their dispositions; just as it is with the tigers and lions with respect to the rest of the animal creation, or otherwise there would soon be an end of us men.'

With regard to the testimonies of the persons of consequence here, appealed to, I must beg leave to observe, that we may at any time, without the least hesitation, call in question any position which militates against common sense. Besides, in the East-Indies, knowledge and the appearance of truth are not always inseparable from authority. I myself have heard a man belonging to the council at the Cape, relate to strangers the most ridiculous absurdities concerning the country in which he lived. Stories of this kind often originate from the farmers and yeomen, who

come from a great distance, and who often find their account in amusing their rulers with pleasing tales; which, the more wonderful they are, with the greater avidity they are swallowed. Another source of these false reports is in the depraved disposition of mankind who are prone to impose as much as they can on the credulity of the weak and simple. Admitting it to be true, that the Romans introduced into their public spectacles a great number of lions, which, indeed, they might easily collect from the extensive tracts of country they possessed in Africa and Asia, yet it never can be consonant either with truth or probability, that armies of lions should be found in these quarters of the globe, where only, according to the very probable position, of M. de Buffon they exist. So that when a later writer, the Abbé de Manet, in his description of the northern parts of Africa, affirms, that the same kind of lion is likewise found in America, we may safely consider this merely at a hasty assertion, which is not warranted either by the authority of others or his own experience: indeed, this author's testimony is much to be credited when he informs us, that the negroes in the northern parts of Africa, are used to catch lions in pits, but do not dare to eat any of the flesh, for fear lest the other lions should be revenged on them. In this particular, however I have not found the Hottentots, or inhabitants of the southern parts of Africa, equally superstitious, as they told me, that they eat the flesh of lions, and looked upon it to be both good and wholesome. They likewise informed me, that the lions as well as the hyænas, had been formerly much bolder than they are at present, as they used to seize them at night, and carry them off from their cottages: at the same time they assured me, that a lion that had once tasted human flesh would never after, if he could help it, prey upon any other. They added, that for the same reason, they were obliged to fix benches up in trees to sleep on; so that they could not so readily be caught unawares by the lions, and might likewise the easier defend themselves when they were attacked by them.

So that, in fact, they were obliged to acknowledge, that with the assistance of the Christians and their fire-arms, they are much less exposed to the ravages of this fierce animal; while, on the other hand, I could not but agree with them, that the colonists themselves were a much greater scourge to them than all the wild beasts of their country put together; as the Hottentot nations, since the arrival of the colonists in this part of the world, have

found themselves reduced to a much narrower space in their possessions, and their numbers very much decreased.

In these times, at least, the lion does not willingly attack any animal openly, unless provoked, or extremely hungry; in which latter case he is said to fear no danger, and to be repelled by no resistance. The method in which the lion takes his prey, is almost always to spring or throw himself on it, with one vast leap from the place of his concealment; yet if he chanceth to miss his leap, he will not, as the Hottentots unanimously assured me, follow his prey any further; but, as though he were ashamed, turning round towards the place where he lay in ambush, slowly, and step by step, as it were, measures the exact length between the two points, in order to find how much too short of, or beyond the mark he had taken his leap. One of these animals, however, was once known to pursue the elk antelope with the greatest eagerness and ardour, without any one getting to see the end of the chase. It is singular, that the foxes in Europe, according to M. Collon's *Hist. Nouv. de l'Univers*, tom. iv. p. 202, when they have leaped short of their mark, and their prey has got away from them, measure the length of their leap, in the same manner as the lion does.

It is particularly near rivers and springs, that the lion finds it best answers his purpose, to lie in wait. Any animal whatever that is obliged to go thither in order to quench his thirst, is in danger, *tanquam canis ad Nilum*, of becoming a victim to the irresistible power of this blood-thirsty tyrant.

It should seem, that in case gazels, and other such animals, had scent of the lion when he was near them, as strong as it appeared to be in my horses and oxen, they might easily avoid the danger. I do not know how the fact really stands; but it is possible that the lion, like the sportsmen of this country, may know so well how to chuse the place of its concealment, that the wind may drive its effluvia from the side whence it might be perceived by its prey.

Following the example of other travellers in such tracts of this part of Africa as are infested by lions, we always took the precaution to make loud cracks with our large ox-whip, whenever we were going to pass a river. These cracks of a whip, which, in fact, make a louder noise, and a greater vibration in the air than the discharge from a pistol, nay, are heard much farther than the report of a gun, is looked upon as a very efficacious method of scaring away wild beasts. These large whips

seem, therefore, to have contributed not a little to the great degree of dread which, since the arrival of the colonists, the lions have of mankind.

The lion's method of taking its prey, as described above, is not, however, probably, so universal as to be without exception. Soon after my arrival at the Cape, I heard speak of a married woman, who, somewhere in the Cagrow country, was killed at her own door by a lion, which likewise ate up her head; though others, indeed, thought she came by her death in a different manner. Several farmers related to me the following singular freak of a lion at Camdebo.

A few years ago a farmer on horseback, with a led horse in hand, met with a lion, which had laid itself down in the public road where the farmer was to pass. Thus circumstanced, he thought it most advisable to turn back, but found the lion had taken a circle, and laid itself in his way again; he was therefore obliged to turn back again, and so alternately backwards and forwards. Whether the lion was scared away by several other travellers coming up or no, I cannot say that I recollect; for I find, that I have forgot to make a minute of the story, probably, because I did not think my authority sufficiently to be depended upon. The following occurrence however, I think I may relate, as being tolerably well authenticated, and serving to shew the cowardice and insidious disposition of the lion.

An elderly Hottentot in the service of a Christian, near the upper part of Sunday river on the Camdebo side, perceived a lion following him at a great distance, for two hours together. Thence he naturally concluded, that the lion only waited for the approach of darkness, in order to make him his prey; and in the meantime, could not expect any other than to serve for this fierce animal's supper, inasmuch as he had no other weapon than a stick, and knew that he could not get home before it was dark. But as he was well acquainted with the nature of the lion, and the manner of its seizing upon its prey, and at the same time had leisure to ruminate on the ways and means in which it was most likely that his existence would be put an end to, he at length hit on a method of saving his life, for which, in fact, he had to thank his meditations on death, and the small skill he had in zoology (or, to speak plainly, his knowledge of the nature of animals). For this purpose, instead of making the best of his way home, he looked out for a *kisprani* (so they generally call a rocky place level and plain at top, and having a perpendicular precipi-

ce on one side of it), and sitting himself down on the edge of one of these precipices, he found, to his great joy, that the lion likewise made a halt, and kept the same distance as before. As soon as it grew dark, the Hottentot sliding a little forwards, let himself down below the upper edge of the precipice upon some projecting part or cleft of the rock, where he could just keep himself from falling. But in order to cheat the lion still more, he set his hat and cloak on the stick, making with it at the same time a gentle motion just over his head, and a little way from the edge of the mountain. This crafty expedient had the desired success. He did not stay long in that situation, before the lion came creeping softly towards him like a cat, and mistaking the skin-cloak for the Hottentot himself, took his leap with such exactness and precision, as to fall headlong down the precipice, directly close to the snare which had been set up for him; when the Hottentot is said, in his great joy, exultingly to have called out, *!katsi!* an interjection of very extensive import and signification.

This is not the only instance of lions in Africa being ensnared in the midst of their leap. In the out houses and waste grounds about farms, where a lion has been upon the watch for some animal and missed it, or where they have other reasons to expect him, they set up the figure of a man close by the side of several loaded guns; so that these discharge themselves into the body of the beast, at the very instant that he springs or throws himself upon the dressed figure.

As this is done with so much ease and success, and as they hardly ever think it worth while in Africa to take lions alive, they seldom give themselves the trouble of catching them by means of pit-falls. From all the most credible accounts I could collect concerning the lions, as well as from what I saw myself, I think I may safely conclude, that this wild beast is frequently a great coward; that is, very deficient in point of courage comparatively to his strength. On the other hand, however, he often shews an unusual degree of intrepidity, of which I will just mention the following instance as it was related to me.

A lion had broken into a walled inclosure for cattle through a latticed gate, and done a good deal of damage. The people belonging to the farm, were well assured of his coming again by the same way; in consequence of which, they stretched a line directly across the entrance, so thick set with loaded guns, that they must necessarily discharge themselves into the lion's body

body as soon as ever he should come, which they firmly expected he would, to displace the line with his breast. But the lion which came in the day time before it was yet dark, and probably had some suspicions with respect to the line, struck it away with his foot; and without betraying the least fear in consequence of the reports made by the loaded pieces, went on steadily and careless of every thing, and devoured the prey it had left untouched before.

M. Buffon (tom. ix. p. 7.) tells us, on the authority of Marmal and Thevenot, that the lions, which in the more cultivated and inhabited parts of Barbary and India, are used to experience man's superiority, sometimes suffer themselves to be intimidated with a few strokes of a stick (and that even by women and children) from carrying off their prey. This accords with several accounts that I have heard at the Cape, of slaves who had had courage enough, with a knife or some other weapon still more insignificant, to defend their master's cattle, which had been attacked in the dark by a lion.

It is singular that the lion, which, according to many, always kills his prey immediately if it belongs to the brute creation, is reported frequently, although provoked, to content himself with merely wounding the human species; or at least to wait some time before he gives the fatal blow to the unhappy victim he has got under him. A farmer, who the year before had the misfortune to be a spectator of a lion's seizing two of his oxen, at the very instant he had taken them out of the waggon, told me, that they immediately fell down dead upon the spot close to each other; though, upon examining the carcasses afterwards, it appeared that their backs only had been broken. In several places through which I passed, they mentioned to me by name a father and his two sons, who were said to be still living; and who being on foot near a river on their estate in search of a lion, this latter had rushed out upon them, and thrown one of them under his feet: the two others, however, had time enough to shoot the lion dead on the spot, which had lain almost across the youth so nearly and dearly related to them, without having done him any particular hurt.

I myself saw, near the upper part of Duyven-hoek rivier, an elderly Hottentot, who at that time (his wounds being still open) bore under one eye and underneath his cheek, bone the ghastly marks of the bite of a lion, which did not think it worth his while to give him any other chastisement for having, together with his master (whom I also knew) and several other

Christians, hunted him with great intrepidity, though without success. The conversation ran every where in this part of the country upon one Bota, a farmer and captain in the militia, who had lain for some time under a lion, and had received several bruises from the beast, having been at the same time a good deal bitten by him in one arm, as a token to remember him by; but, upon the whole, had, in a manner, had his life given him by this noble animal. The man was said then to be living in the district of Artaquas-kloof.

I do not rightly know how to account for this merciful disposition towards mankind. Does it proceed from the lion's greater respect and veneration for man, as being equal to, or even a mightier tyrant than himself among the animal creation? or is it merely from the same caprice, which has sometimes induced him not only to spare the lives of men or brute creatures who have been given up to him for prey, but even to care for them, and treat them with the greatest kindness? Whims and freaks of this kind, have, perhaps, in a great measure, acquired the lion the reputation it has for generosity; but I cannot allow this specious name, fixed only to virtue, to be lavished upon a wild beast. Slaves, indeed, and wretches of servile minds, are wont with this attribute to flatter their greatest tyrant; but with what shew of reason can this attribute be bestowed upon the most powerful tyrant among quadrupeds, because it does not exercise an equal degree of cruelty upon all occasions?

That the lion does not, like the wolf, tiger, and some other beasts of prey, kill a great deal of game or cattle at one time, perhaps, proceeds from this, that while he is employed in attacking one or two of them, the remainder fly farther than it accords with the natural indolence of this beast to follow them. If this be called generosity, a cat may be styled generous with respect to the rats; as I have seen this creature in the fields among a great number of the latter, where she could have made a great havoc at once, seize on a single one only, and run off with it. The lion and the cat, likewise, very much resemble each other, in partly sleeping out, and partly passing away in a quiet inactive state a great part of their time, in which hunger does not urge them to go in quest of their prey.

From what I have already related, and am farther about to mention, we may conclude, that it is not in magnanimity, as many will have it to be, but in an indolent and cowardly disposition, blended with a certain degree of pride, that the general character of the lion consists: and that

that hunger must naturally have the effect of now and then inspiring so strong and nimble an animal with uncommon intrepidity and courage. Moreover, being accustomed always itself to kill its own food, and that with the greatest ease, as meeting with no resistance, and even frequently to devour it waltering in its blood, it cannot but be easily provoked, and acquire a greater turn for cruelty than for generosity; but, on the other hand, not being accustomed to meet with any resistance, it is no wonder that when it does, it should sometimes be faint-hearted and crest fallen; and, as I have already said, suffer itself to be scared away with a cudgel. Here follows another instance of this fact.

A yeoman, a man of veracity (Jacob Kok, of Zeekoe-rivier), related to me an adventure he had, in these words. One day walking over his lands with a loaded gun, he unexpectedly met with a lion.—Being an excellent shot, he thought himself pretty certain, in the position he was in, of killing it, and therefore fired his piece. Unfortunately he did not recollect that the charge had been in it for some time, and consequently was damp; so that his piece hung fire, and the ball falling short, entered the ground close to the lion. In consequence of this he was seized with a panic, and took directly to his feet; but being soon out of breath, and closely pursued by the lion, he jumped up on a little heap of stones, and there made a stand, presenting the butt-end of his gun to his adversary, fully resolved to defend his life as well as he could to the utmost. My friend did not take upon him to determine, whether this position and manner of his intimidated the lion or not: it had, however, such an effect upon the creature, that it likewise made a stand; and what was still more singular, laid itself down at the distance of a few paces from the heap of stones, seemingly quite unconcerned. The sportsman, in the mean while, did not dare to stir a step from the spot: besides, in his sight he had the misfortune to lose his powder horn. At length, after waiting a good half hour, the lion rose up, and at first went very slowly and step by step, as if it had a mind to steal off; but as soon as it got to a greater distance, it began to bound away at a great rate. It is very probable, that the lion, like the hyæna, does not easily venture upon any creature that makes a stand against it, and puts itself in a posture of defence. It is well known, that it does not like the hound, find out its prey by the scent, neither does it openly hunt other animals. At least the only instance ever known of this, is that which I have mentioned be-

fore, in vol. i. p. 307, in which it is spoken of as having hunted an elk-antelope, though it might possibly be, that this wild beast was reduced by extreme hunger to such an extraordinary expedient. The lion, nevertheless is swift of foot. Two hunters informed me, that an imprudent and fool-hardy companion of theirs, was closely pursued by a lion in their flight, and very nearly overtaken by it, though he was mounted on an excellent hunter.

The lion's strength is considerable. This animal was once seen at the Cape to take an heifer in his mouth, and though the legs of this latter dragged on the ground, yet seemed to carry her off with the same ease as a cat does a rat. It likewise leaped over a broad dike with her, without the least difficulty. A buffalo perhaps would be too cumbersome for this beast of prey, notwithstanding his strength, to seize and carry off with him in the manner above mentioned. Two yeomen, upon whose veracity I can place some confidence, gave me the following account relative to this matter:

'Being a hunting near Boshies-man-rivier with several Hottentots, they perceived a lion dragging a buffalo from the plain to a neighbouring woody hill. They, however, soon forced it to quit its prey, in order to make a prize of it themselves; and found that this wild beast had had the sagacity to take out the buffalo's large and unweildy entrails, in order to be able the easier to make off with the fleshy and more eatable part of the carcase. The wild beast however, as soon as he saw from the skirts of the wood, that the Hottentots had begun to carry off the flesh to the waggon, frequently peeped out upon them, and probably with no little mortification.' The lion's strength however, is said not to be sufficient alone to get the better of so large and strong an animal as the buffalo; but in order to make it his prey, this fierce creature is obliged to have recourse both to agility and stratagem: inasmuch, that stealing on the buffalo, it fastens with both its paws upon the nostrils and mouth of the beast; and keeps squeezing them close together, till at length the creature is strangled, wearied out, and dies. A certain colonist, according to report, had had an opportunity of seeing an attack of this kind; and others had reason to conclude, that something of this nature had passed; from seeing buffaloes, which had escaped from the clutches of lions, and bore the marks of the claws of these animals about their mouths and nose. They asserted, however, that the lion itself risked its life in such attempts, especially if any other

other buffalo was at hand to rescue that which was attacked. It was said, that a traveller once had an opportunity of seeing a female buffalo with her calf, defended by a river at her back, keep for a long time at bay five lions which had partly surrounded her, but did not (at least as long as the traveller looked on) dare to attack her. I have been informed, from very good authority, that on a plain to the east of Kromme-rivier, a lion had been gored and trampled to death by a herd of cattle; having, urged probably by hunger, ventured to attack them in broad day light.

This the reader will, perhaps, not so much wonder at, when he is told, that in the day-time, and upon an open plain, twelve or sixteen dogs will easily get the better of a large lion. There is no necessity for the dogs, with which the lion is to be hunted, to be very large and trained up to the sport, as M. Buffon thinks they should be, the business being perfectly well accomplished with the common farm house dogs. When these have got pretty near the lion, the latter, from a greatness of soul, does not offer to fly any farther but sits himself down. The hounds then surround him, and rushing upon him all at once, are thus with their united strength able to tear in pieces, almost in an instant, the strongest of all wild beasts. It is said, that he has seldom time to give more than two or three slight strokes with his paws (each of which strokes is instant death) to an equal number of his assailants. M. de Buffon asserts also, that the lion may be hunted on horseback, but that the horses as well as the dogs must be trained to it: this is probably a mere conjecture of that ingenious author, as he does not mention his informers on this point. In Africa the colonists hunt the lion with common hunting horses: indeed I do not know how they could easily be able to get horses trained up only to the chase of the lion.

It is said, that horses in battle, or in other dangerous enterprizes, suffer themselves more willingly to be caparisoned by their riders than at other times; a circumstance which I think I have likewise remarked in these animals, on expeditions, where the danger indeed was not so great as in hunting the buffalo and rhinoceros, when they have passed rivers, and gone up and down steep places and precipices with the greatest alacrity. Our horses, the very same as had several times, in the manner above mentioned, shewn their disquietude when the lion happened to be in the vicinity of them, and which were not in the least trained to the chase, once exhibited a spirit in the pursuit of two large lions, equal to that which they had shewn at o-

times in chasing the timid gazels. Though in fact, hunting horses seem to partake much more of their master's pleasure in the chase: I remember, in particular, at Atger Brunjes Hoogte, I rode a horse, which, by a tremulous sound issuing from its chest, cocking up its ears, and prancing and capering, discovered, in an unequivocal manner, its ardour for the chase, whenever it came in sight of the larger kind of game. There have even been instances of hunting horses, who, when the hunter has jumped off their backs in order to discharge his piece, but has missed his mark, have, in their eagerness for the chase, not allowed him time sufficient to mount again, but followed the game alone for hours together, close at its very heels, in all its turnings and windings.

The chase of the lion on horseback is, in fact, carried on in the same manner as that of the elephant, which I have already described, in vol. i. p. 315; but as various particulars, hitherto unknown, concerning the lion's disposition, may be learned from it, a description of it here will perhaps not be superfluous; and, in case I should be too minute and circumstantial, I shall hope for the indulgence of the candid reader; particularly of such of them as are sportsmen, and are conscious with what glee and satisfaction they are wont to describe, with the utmost minuteness and prolixity, every turning and winding of a poor timid hare.

It is only on the plains that the hunters venture to go out on horseback after the lion. If it keeps in some coppice, or wood, on a rising ground, they endeavour to teize it with dogs till it comes out; they likewise prefer going together two or more in number; in order to be able to assist and rescue each other, in case the first shot should not take place.

When the lion sees the hunters at a great distance, it is universally allowed that he takes to his heels as fast as ever he can, in order to get out of their sight; but if they chance to discover him at a small distance from them, he is then said to walk off in a surly manner, but without putting himself in the least hurry, as though he was above shewing any fear, when he finds himself discovered or hunted. He is therefore reported likewise, when he finds himself pursued with vigour, to be soon provoked to resistance, or at least he disdains any longer to fly. Consequently he slackens his pace, and at length only sides slowly off, step by step, all the while eyeing his pursuers askant; and finally makes a full stop, and turning round upon them, and at the same time giving himself a shake, roars with a short and sharp tone, in order to shew

show his indignation, being ready to seize on them, and tear them in pieces. This is now precisely the time for the hunters to be upon the spot, or else to get as soon as possible within a certain distance of him, yet so as at the same time to keep at a proper distance from each other; and he that is nearest, or is most advantageously posted, and has the best mark of that part of the lion's body which contains his heart and lungs, must be the first to jump off his horse, and, securing the bridle by putting it round his arm, discharge his piece; then in an instant recovering his seat, must ride obliquely athwart his companions; and, in fine, giving his horse the reins, must trust entirely to the speed and fear of this latter, to convey him out of the reach of the fury of the wild beast; in case he has only wounded him, or has absolutely missed him. In either of these cases, a fair opportunity presents itself for some of the other hunters to jump off their horses directly, as they may then take their aim and discharge their pieces with greater coolness and certainty. Should this shot likewise miss, (which, however, seldom happens) the third sportsman rides after the lion, which at that instant is in pursuit of the first or the second; and, springing off his horse, fires his piece, as soon as he has got within a proper distance, and finds a sufficiently convenient part of the animal present itself, especially obliquely from behind. If now the lion turns upon him too, the other hunters turn again, in order to come to his rescue with the charge, which they loaded with on horseback, while they were flying from the wild beast.

No instance has ever been known of any misfortune happening to the hunters in chasing the lion on horseback. The African colonists, who are born in, or have had the courage to remove into the more remote parts of Africa, which are exposed to the ravages of wild beasts, are mostly good marksmen, and are far from wanting courage. The lion, that has the boldness to seize on their cattle, which are the

most valuable part of their property, sometimes at their very doors, is as odious to them as he is dangerous and noxious. They consequently seek out these animals, and hunt them with the greatest ardour and glee, with a view to exterminate them. When the lion, therefore, comes upon their grounds, it is much the same as if they were going to fight *pro aris et focis*; and I have heard several yemen at Agter Bruntjes Hoogte, when I was out a-hunting with them, merely express a wish to meet with the lions, in case there were any in that neighbourhood, without mentioning a word about shooting them; a sign that, with regard to that part of the business, they were pretty sure of their hands.

The lion is by no means hard to kill. Those who have had occasion to shoot several of these animals, have assured me, that while buffaloes and the largest species of antelopes will now and then make their escape, and run fairly off with a ball in their bowels, or in the cavity of their abdomen, of which I myself have seen instances; the lion, on the contrary, on being shot in this manner, will be thrown into a vomiting, and be disabled from running. But be that as it may, it is natural to suppose, that a well-directed shot that enters the heart or lungs, should suffice to kill the lion as well as the elephant and every other creature: therefore, as M. de Buffon acknowledges that the lion's hide cannot withstand either ball or dart, it is inconceivable how it should come into this author's head to assert, without having the least authority for it, that this furious beast is hardly ever to be killed with a single shot.

The hides of lions are looked upon as being inferior to and more rotten than those of cows, and are seldom made use of at the Cape, excepting for the same purpose as horses' hides. I met with a farmer, however, who used a lion's hide for the upper leathers to his shoes, and spoke highly of them, as being pliable and lasting.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. LEDYARD, A CELEBRATED TRAVELLER.

[From the Proceedings of the Association for promoting the Discovery of the interior Parts of Africa.]

MR. LEDYARD was an American by birth, and seemed from his youth to have felt an invincible desire to make himself acquainted with unknown

or imperfectly discovered regions of the globe. For several years he had lived with the Indians of America, had studied their manners, and had practised in their school the

the means of obtaining their protection, and of recommending himself to the favor of savages. In the humble situation of a corporal of marines, to which he submitted rather than relinquish his pursuit, he made, with Captain Cook, the voyage of the world; and feeling, on his return, an anxious desire of penetrating from the north western coast, which Cook had partly explored, to the eastern coast, with which he himself was perfectly familiar, he determined to traverse the vast continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

His first plan for the purpose, was that of embarking in a vessel which was preparing to sail, on a voyage of commercial adventure, to *Norika Sound*, on the western coast of America; and with this view, he expended in sea-stores the greatest part of the money which his chief benefactor, Sir Joseph Banks (whose generous conduct the writer of this narrative has often heard him acknowledge) had liberally supplied. But the scheme being frustrated by the rapacity of a custom-house officer, who had seized and detained the vessel for reasons which, on legal enquiry, proved to be frivolous, he determined to travel over land to Kamtschatka, from whence to the western coast of America the passage is extremely short. With no other than ten guineas in his purse, which was all that he had left, he crossed the British Channel to Ostend, and by the way of Denmark and the Sound, proceeded to the capital of Sweden; from whence, as it was winter, he attempted to traverse to the gulph of Bothnia on the ice, in order to reach Kamtschatka by the shortest way; but finding, when he came to the middle of the sea, that the water was not frozen, he returned to Stockholm, and, taking his course northward, walked into the arctic circle, and, passing round the head of the gulph, descended, on its eastern side to Petersburg.

There he was soon noticed as an extraordinary man.—Without stockings or shoes, and in too much poverty to provide himself with either, he received and accepted an invitation to dine with the Portuguese ambassador. To this invitation it was probably owing that he was able to obtain the sum of twenty guineas for a bill on Sir Joseph Banks, which he confessed he had no authority to draw, but which, in consideration of the business that he had undertaken, and of the progress that he had made, Sir Joseph, he believed, would not be unwilling to pay. To the ambassador's interest it might also be owing that he obtained permission to accompany a detachment of soldiers which the

Empress had ordered to be sent to Yakutz, for the use of Mr. Billings, an Englishman, at that time in her service.

Thus accommodated, he travelled eastward through Siberia, six thousand miles to Yakutz, where he was kindly received by Mr. Billings, whom he remembered on board Capt. Cook's ship in the situation of the astronomer's servant, but to whom the Empress had now entrusted the schemes of northern discovery.

From Yakutz, he proceeded to Oczakow, on the coast of the Kamtscharka sea; from whence he meant to have passed over to that peninsula, and to have embarked on the eastern side in one of the Russian vessels that trade to the western shores of America; but, finding, that the navigation was completely obstructed by the ice, he returned again to Yakutz in order to wait for the conclusion of the winter.

Such was his situation when, in consequence of suspicions not hitherto explained or resentments for which no reason is assigned, he was seized, in the Empress's name, by two Russian soldiers, who placed him in a sledge, and conveying him, in the depth of winter, through the deserts of the northern tartary, left him at last on the frontiers of the Polish dominions. As they parted they told him, that if he returned to Russia he would certainly be hanged; but that if he chose to go back to England, they wished him a pleasant journey.

In the midst of poverty, covered with rags, infested with the usual accompaniment of such clothing, worn with continued hardship, exhausted by disease, without friends, without credit, unknown and full of misery, he found his way to Koenigsberg.—There, in the hour of his utmost distress, he resolves once more to have recourse to his old benefactor, and he luckily found a person who was willing to take his draft for five guineas on the President of the Royal Society.

With this assistance he arrived in England, and immediately waited on Sir Joseph Banks, who told him knowing his temper, that he believed he could recommend him to an adventure almost as perilous as the one from which he had returned; and then communicated to him the wishes of the Association for discovering the inland countries of Africa.

Mr. Ledyard replied, that he had always determined to traverse the continent of Africa as soon as he had explored the interior of North America; and, as Sir Joseph had offered him a letter of introduction, he came directly to the writer of these memoirs. Before I had learnt from

the note the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the quietude of his eye. I opened the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennar, and from thence westward in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him that was his route; by which I was anxious that Africa might, if possible be explored. He said, he should think himself singularly fortunate to be entrusted with the adventure. I asked him, when he would set out? 'To-morrow morning,' was his answer.

On this grand adventure Mr. Ledyard left London on the 30th of June 1788, and reached Cairo on the 19th of August; whence he transmitted such accounts to his employers as plainly shewed he was a traveller of observation and reflection, endowed with a soul for discovery, and formed for achievements of hardihood and peril. He had promised his next communication from Sennar, about 600 miles South of Cairo; but death disappointed the hopes which were entertained of his projected journey.

We shall conclude the present article with Mr. Ledyard's character of the female sex.

'I have always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and chearful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With men it has been otherwise.

'In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through benevolent Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this Virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, I eat the course morsel with a double relish.'

THE PHILOSOPHICAL COBLER.

[From the London Chronicle.]

HIS cottage was situated on the margin of a small lake at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the great road, and at the distance of more than half a mile from any town or village. A few acres of ground which he rented, the privilege of fishing for eels and other small fishes in the lake, with the produce of his calling, enabled this philosophic Cobler to live with ease, and with decent hospitality. He exercised by turns the vocations of an husbandman, of a fisher, and of a cobler. We arrived at his humble mansion in the evening—'You are welcome, strangers,' said he, 'to my house. But luxury has made great strides since the song was first composed—*A cobler there was and he liv'd in a stall, That serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and all.* For, besides a stall, I have both a parlour and a kitchen. Step in, and you shall see the first. As to the second, please God, you shall by and by be satisfied of its existence by an appeal to another sense than that of seeing.

On entering this parlour I was struck with a spectacle which announced to me at once that I had the good fortune to be received under the roof of a philosopher and a humourist, as well as of an hospitable man. A skeleton of gigantic dimensions, fixed in a corner of the room served as a case for a clock of which he himself had been the artificer. Glass beads placed in the sockets of the eyes, and moved by the motion of the pendulum, struck the surprized spectator with horror. That (says he) is the skeleton of my grandfather which I made with the assistance of a poor student from Edinburgh. I have fitted up a clock in the middle of it, which serves at once as a *memento mori*, and to measure time. This skeleton I call the minister, because he preaches in his *rick rick* way, and the serious expression of his eyes and countenance, many an excellent sermon. Scarcely any occurrence happens, or passion arises, but one look of the minister produces the happiest effect.

We had not well recovered the shock which this fight had occasioned, when a lovely young woman came smiling into the room, with an infant in her arms little more than two years of age. After a few kind salutations to us, she held up the little girl to the skeleton, whose rueful mouth the child kissed with great cordiality, and shook both its hands, saying 'Dood night, dand dada.' A boy of four years old said distinctly at the same time, 'Good night, grandfather.'

'These are our children,' said the Cobler, 'They in this manner salute their grandfather every evening and morning. That old man whom you see busy in the garden is my father, he is to be placed, after his death, by the side of the minister, and is to be a frame for a piece of mechanism contrived to play some solemn church music, so that he will be in the station of clerk to the minister. Look how cheerful and brisk he is under his burden of years! It is the certainty I assure you, that he will not be buried in the cold, dark, and silent grave, deprived of all company, and of the cheerful light of the sun, but every day be a witness of what was going on in his family, and be embraced by his progeny, that supports him in that gay mood, even at the advanced age of four score years.—This mode of treating the remains of our progenitors, continued the Cobler, may probably appear to you a little extravagant and whimsical since skeletons to all appearance, have no sense either of good or evil. It is so. But if it serves a good purpose it is very excusable. We are not always, indeed we are very little governed by reason. We suffer greatly from the illusions of imagination, and if we can cheat ourselves into a little happiness by the same means, it is fair and right that we should do it. The whole dread of death proceeds from the imagination. We somehow without reflecting on the absurdity of the idea, naturally conclude that when enbodied in the earth we shall be uneasy at the lasting solitude and silence of that gloomy abode, not considering that a sound sleep of a single half hour or of a million of years is precisely the same thing.'

We prolonged our conversation until the minister proclaimed that it was 9 o'clock. The old man came from the garden with a profusion of sallads; butter-milk, cheese, butter, and whey, were placed on a large fire-table, regularly washed after every meal, in the adjacent lake, and bleached by the repetition of that operation as white as paper. Water was brought to the door in a large wooden trough, in which they washed their hands. 'This is not a piece

of superstition,' said the Cobler, 'but it is for health and cleanliness. We sometimes omit this ceremony when alone; but we would not, as our business is in leather, and oil, and tallow, give offence to strangers.' We here entered into a conversation on the Pharisees washing their hands before meat, a practice which is also common among the Gypsies, and indeed most nations in the East. 'I believe,' said the Cobler, 'that the origin of this custom is, no other than that of eating with their fingers, without the aid of knives and forks, and mostly out of the same platter.'

By the time we entered the house again, a roast pig was laid smoking on the board, besides a large dish of stewed eels. 'My dear,' said the Cobler, 'this is not well done. That pig might have been sold for four shillings; and at any rate, if you had a mind to play the fool, by affecting a magnificence above our fortune, it would have been better to have reserved it for to-morrow's dinner, being Sunday.' The eels I would have excused as we have visitors. Grace was not yet said, and we stood talking to each other. 'Go, call my brothers,' said the shoemaker. Two young men of modest and ingenious appearance came into the parlour, and in a few words expressed their satisfaction at seeing us, and their readiness to serve us. The boy that looked after the cow and the pigs, and a few sheep that fed on an adjacent common, was then called, and a little girl that assisted her mistress in household concerns. The house dog, a gentle and affectionate creature, was brought in. He sat down by the door; and by looks and mute gestures signified his complacency in all our happiness. The cat sat purring below the table. Two cows at that instant came lowing into the yard. The pigs issued out of their cribs; but the feathered flocks had long gone to rest.—Clover was administered to the cows who were considered as a kind of household gods; and grains, with roots, and some of the offals of the kitchen, to be swine and rabbits. Our landlord pointed to the clock, as it struck nine. All eyes were fixed on this memento mori; and his younger brother, while even domestic animals seemed to wait for their food on God, by way of grace, read with a devout and affecting air the 104th Psalm. The little group of animals, the assemblage of living creatures that struck the eye, gave infinite efficacy to these and other expressions in that divine ode: 'He sendeth the springs into the vallies, which run among the hills: They give drink to every beast in the field: the wild asses quench their thirst. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and hecks

herb for the service of man. The young lions roar, after their prey, and seek their meat from God. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour until the evening. The creatures wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them, they gather: thou openest thine hand: they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth! I could not help comparing this grace with the short, and often senseless ejaculations muttered in a low precipitate voice by little spruce domestic chaplains, doctors in divinity, with bushy wigs, and dignitaries of the church, as by law established, in lawn sleeves.—Had any such Hierophants been present, at the Cobler's grace, I could not have refrained under the feelings that then moved me from exclaiming to their face. 'Now you priests by profession! There is a grace for you, better than any (that is commonly said at York, or Lambeth, or in any of the halls in Oxford or Cambridge.'

The old man (the shoemaker's father) was seated at one end of the board, and the shoemaker himself, our host, at the other. The little girl did not wait but sat at table; as also did the boy, who was herdsman. Our beautiful hostess herself waited on us, and after we had fully destroyed our appetites for eating and drinking, she sat down, and with great modesty and parsimony, partook of what remained. When we first sat down to supper, the Cobler said, 'Now that this pig is indeed dressed, I should most cordially entreat you, according to the prevailing mode of hospitality, to eat heartily of it, and not to spare it.—But in truth, I think it is much better that we all of us satisfy the cravings of nature, especially at this late hour, with vegetables, and the milky bounty of our household gods. The sweetness of those slumbers, and the divine enchantment of those dreams that follow gentle labour, and a vegetable repast, afford a luxury of which the riotous eaters of flesh, and those addicted to strong drink, cannot form any conception. Pray do, divine strangers (for strangers are from love) eat sparingly of that animal, and attack with all imaginable ardour, those sallads. Here is abundance of butter fresh from the dairy; and whey; and butter-milk, food and drink for kings. Well, I see you will persevere in your attacks upon the pig. Since it is so, here, boy take that key, and fetch a quart of Otober. Fermented liquor is necessary to digest animal food. For ve-

getables and milk in all its modifications, it is not necessary. Come, since my visitors will not join me, I will play the fool for once for society's sake, and sacrifice a pleasing dream in honour of my company; hand me those eels;' of which he began to eat with a good appetite.—'You will be surprised,' continued the Cobler, 'at my avowal of a parsimonious disposition before my guests; but consider, I beseech you, that this is not any proof of solitary selfishness, but of the contrary.'

It is absurd to me, that men should lay aside all calculation and economy at the very time when economy is most wanted; I mean, when a temporary accession is made to one's family. To be guilty of waste, and live beyond one's income, on occasion of visits, is a ready way to drive guests from your house; but to be at perfect ease, to live with your wonted frugality, to avoid all excess, and to gain the love and confidence of strangers, by a simple and secure discovery of the inward sentiments of your heart, is the way to keep them with you for a long time, as, by such treatment, they are convinced that you are not put out of your way; that your mode of entertaining them puts you to no expence beyond what you can easily bear, and that they are heartily welcome. And with respect to the health and pleasure of moderate living, it is beyond all comparison greater than that gormandizing like a fat alderman. The mind too, whatever may be the cause, is more comforted by vegetable than animal food. This may be proved by the effect that wine has to stimulate the powers of fancy, and to strike collisions of imagination almost divine, and indeed; if I could afford it, I would now and then take a bottle of Champagne, if I was not afraid lest I should fall into an habit of intoxication. It is not fish, flesh, nor fowl, that inspires great designs, or that leads on to noble actions, but juices of fruits prepared by the hand of nature, always more gentle, gradual, and exquisitely fine in its operations than that of art.

In the course of drinking a can of beer with this extraordinary philosopher, I learnt, that it was their practice for one of the brothers to read, while the other two worked at the awl, and that they relieved one another by turns; that they read but a few books, but those of the highest character—and this, because it was the most economical plan in respect of both time, money, and improvement; because to read a few good books, was the way to become most learned. The Cobler gave me to understand also, that he had often been importuned to remove into some of the

the large towns, but that he had constantly resisted all solicitations of that kind, being convinced that a country life, such as they led, was the most happy as well as the most innocent. All the finest feelings, he insisted, were strongest in the country—conjugal and parental affection in particular, the source of all that is good, were very much blunted in great cities, by the attention, imagination, and passion being divided among different women. 'If men will live in crowded cities,' said he, 'the women should be confined, as in Asia, in Harams.' There was an air of warmth in all that this singular person did, as well as of sense in what he said. In the midst of this conversation, after supper, a MERRY air was perceived, of which the dog, who sat near the door, was suspected to have been the chymist. Every body declared for immediately turning him out of doors, as is usual in such cases, our host alone excepted. 'No,' said he, 'he shan't go out. He shall stay here, and help exhaust this vapour as well as us.' But it would be endless to enume-

rate all the wise sayings as well as the extravagancies of this Philosophical Cobler. Suffice it to say, that after being entertained chiefly in the Pythagorean style, that is to say, on vegetables and milk; in all its modifications, for three days together, during which time my spouse joined with his wife in spinning thread and cord for the shoemakers, and I with the host in the labour of the field, and on fishing on the lake; ease and alternate labour; friendship and philanthropy unmixed with deceit, freedom of thought unrestrained by any authority or custom whatever; with a country bold and varied, and that seemed to give men room to breathe and think in, and which by the natural boundaries that diversified its face, seemed to say to every one, 'Take your own way.' All these circumstances render the remembrance of the Cobler and his family still dear to me, who, in my opinion, enjoyed that true luxury which is, in a manner, independent of fortune; and which wealth and greatness alone are incapable of bestowing.

AN ESSAY ON LUXURY.

[By Dr. Franklin.]

IT is wonderful how preposterously the affairs of this world are managed. Naturally one would imagine, that the interest of a few particular, should give way to general interest. But particulars manage their affairs with so much more application, industry and address, than the public do theirs, that general interest most commonly gives way to particular—We assemble parliaments and councils, to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but we necessarily have at the same time the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower their wisdom, and dupe its possessors: and if we may judge by the acts, artful edicts, all the world over, for regulating commerce, an assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth.

I have not yet indeed thought of a remedy for luxury. I am not sure in a great state it is capable of a remedy; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented. Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all unnecessary expence, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expence are possible to be executed in a great country; and

whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, or even richer. Is not the hope of one-day, being able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labor and industry? May not luxury therefore produce more than it consumes, if without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be lazy and indolent? To this purpose I remember a circumstance. The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new fashioned cap. Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it; 'But (says he) it proved a dear cap to our congregation'—'How so?'—'When my daughter appeared in it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia; and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than an hundred pounds.'—'True' (says the farmer) but you do not tell all the story; I think the

cap was nevertheless an advantage to us ; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worried mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there : and you know that that industry has continued, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.—Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens.

In our commercial towns upon the seacoast, fortunes will occasionally be made. Some of those who grow rich will be prudent, live within bounds, and preserve what they have gained for their posterity. Others, fond of shewing their wealth, will be extravagant and ruin themselves. Laws cannot prevent this.—And perhaps it is not always an evil to the public.—A shilling spent idly by a fool, may be picked up by a wiser person, who knows better what to do with it. It is therefore not lost.—A vain silly fellow builds a fine house, furnishes it richly, lives it in expensively, and in a few years ruins himself ; but the masons, carpenters, smiths, and other honest tradesmen, have been by his employ assisted in maintaining and raising their families ; the farmer has been paid for his labour, and encouraged, and the estate is now in better hands.—In some cases, indeed, certain modes of luxury may be a public evil, in the same manner as it is a private one. If there be a nation, for instance, that exports its beef and linnen to pay for the importation of claret and porter, while a great part of its people live upon potatoes, and wear no shirts ; wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve, and sells his clothes to buy drink ? Our American commerce is, I confess, a little in this way. We sell our victuals, to the islands for rum and sugar ; the substantial necessaries of life for superfluities. But we have plenty and live well nevertheless ; though by being soberer, we might be richer.

The vast quantity of forest land we have yet to clear and put in order for cultivation, will for a long time keep the body of our nation laborious and frugal. Forming an opinion of our people and their manners, by what is seen among the inhabitants of the sea ports, is judging from an improper sample. The people of the trading towns may be rich and luxurious, while the country possesses all the virtues that tend to promote happiness and public prosperity. Those towns are not much regarded by the country ; they are hardly considered as an essential part of the state ;

and the experience of the last war has shewn, that their being in the possession of the enemy, did not necessarily draw on the subjection of the country, which bravely continued to maintain its freedom and independance notwithstanding.

It has been computed by some political arithmetician, that if every man and woman would work for four hours each day on something useful, that would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life ; want and misery would be banished out of this world, and the rest of the 24 hours might be leisure and pleasure.

What occasions then so much want and misery ? It is the employment of men and women in works that produce neither the necessaries nor the superfluities of life, who, with those who do nothing, consume the necessaries raised by the laborious. To explain this :

The first elements of wealth are obtained by labour from the earth and waters. I have land, and raise corn. With this, if I feed a family that does nothing, my corn will be consumed, and at the end of the year I shall be no richer than I was at the beginning. But if while I feed them, I employ them, some in spinning, and others in making bricks, &c. for building, the value of my corn will be arrested, and remain with me, and at the end of the year we may all be better clothed and better lodged. And if instead of employing a man I feed, in making bricks, I employ him in fiddling for me, the corn he eats is gone, and no part of his manufacture remains to augment the wealth and convenience of the family ; I shall therefore be the poorer for this fiddling man, unless the rest of my family work more, or eat less, to make up the deficiency he occasions.

Look round the world, and see the millions employed in doing nothing, or in something that amounts to nothing, when the necessaries and conveniences of life are in question. What is the bulk of commerce, for which we fight and destroy each other, but the toil of millions for superfluities, to the great hazard and loss of many lives by the constant dangers of the sea ? How much labour spent in building and fitting great ships to go to China and Arabia, for tea and coffee, to the West Indies for sugar, to America for tobacco : These things cannot be called the necessaries of life, for our ancestors lived very comfortably without them.

A question may be asked, could all these people now employed in raising, making, or carrying superfluities, be subsisted by raising necessaries ? I think they might.

The world is large, and a great part of it still uncultivated. Many hundred millions of acres in Asia, Africa, and America, are still a forest, and a great deal even in Europe. On a hundred acres of this forest a man might become a substantial farmer, and 100,000 men employed in clearing each his hundred acres, would hardly brighten a spot big enough to be visible from the Moon, unless with Herschell's telescope, so vast are the regions still in wood.

It is however some comfort to reflect, that upon the whole the quantity of industry and prudence among mankind exceeds the quantity of idleness and folly. Hence the increase of good buildings, farms cultivated, and populous cities filled with wealth, all over Europe: which a few ages since were only to be found on the

coasts of the Mediterranean; and this, notwithstanding the mad wars raging, by which are often destroyed in one year the works of many years peace. So that we may hope the luxury of a few merchants on the coast, will not be the ruin of America.

One reflection more, and I will end this long rambling letter. Almost all the parts of our bodies require some expence. The feet demand shoes; the legs stockings; the rest of the body cloathing; and the belly a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceedingly useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture.

ON THE POWER OF THE PASSIONS.

[From the Biographical and Imperial Magazine.]

PASSIONS are in the moral, what motion is in the natural world. If motion creates, destroys, preserves, animates the whole, that without it every thing is dead; so the passions animate the moral world. It is avarice which conducts ships over the deserts of the ocean; it is pride which fills up valleys, levels mountains, hews itself a passage through rocks, raised the pyramids of Memphis, digged the lake Moeris, and cast the Colossus of Rhodes. Love, it is said, formed the crayon for the first designer. In a country where revelation had never penetrated, it was love which, to sooth the grief of a widow, rendered disconsolate by the death of her young spouse, intimated to her the system of the immortality of the soul. It was the enthusiasm of gratitude which classed the benefactors of mankind among the gods; which invented the false religions and superstitions; all of which, however, have not their source in such noble passions as love and gratitude.

It is therefore to strong passions that we owe the invention and wonders of arts; and consequently they are to be considered as the germ productive of genius, and the powerful spring that carries men to great actions. But before we proceed, it may be proper to fix the idea I intend to convey by the words strong passion. If men in general speak without understanding each other, it is owing to the obscurity of

words; to this cause may be attributed the prolongation of the miracle wrought at the tower of Babel. For instance, if the word red contains the several gradations from scarlet to carnation, let us suppose two men, one has seen only scarlet, and the other carnation; the first will very justly say, that red is a vivid colour; the other will be as positive that it is a faint colour. For the like reason, two men may pronounce the word will without understanding each other; for this word extends from the coldest to be the most vehement degree of volition, which surmounts all obstacles. It is with the word passion as with that of the understanding; its signification depends on the pronunciation. If a man, who in a society of shallow persons is considered as weak, may be concluded simple, it is otherwise with him who is looked upon as a person of tolerable parts by geniuses of the first class; the choice of his company proves his superiority to common men. Here he is a middling orator, but would be the first in any other society.

By the words strong passion, I mean a passion, the object of which is so necessary to our happiness, that without the possession of it life would be insupportable. This was Omar's idea of the passion, when he said, 'Whoever thou art that lovest liberty, desirest to be wealthy without riches, powerful without subjects, a subject without

without a master; dare to contemn death! kings will then tremble before thee, whilst thou alone shalt fear no one.'

It is indeed only passions carried to this degree of force, that can execute the greatest actions, defy dangers, death, and heaven itself.

Dicaearchus, the general of Philip, in presence of the whole army, erects two altars, one to impiety, the other to injustice; sacrifices on them, and marches against the Cyclades.

Some days before the assassination of Cæsar, conjugal love, united with a noble pride, prevailed on Portia to make an incision in her thigh, to shew the wound to her husband; and at the same time to say to him; 'Brutus, you are meditating some great design which you conceal from me; I never before asked you an indiscreet question: I know that our sex, however weak in itself, gathers strength by conversing with wise and virtuous men, and that I was daughter to Cato, and spouse to Brutus; but love rendered me so timorous, that I mistrusted my weakness. You see the essay I have made of my fortitude; judge from this trial of pain, whether I am worthy of your confidence!'

It was the passion of honour and philosophic fanaticism alone that could induce Timicha, the Pythagorean, in the midst of torture, to bite off her tongue, that she might not expose herself to reveal the secrets of her sex.

Cato, when a child, going with his tutor to Sylla's palace, at seeing the bloody heads of the proscribed, asked with impatience the name of the monster who had caused so many Roman citizens to be murdered. He was answered, it was Sylla: 'How!' says he, 'does Sylla murder thus, and is Sylla still alive?' 'Yes,' it was replied, 'the very name of Sylla disarms our citizens.' 'O Rome!' cried Cato, 'deplorable is thy fate, since within the vast compass of thy walls, not a man of virtue can be found, and the arm of a feeble child is the only one that will oppose itself against tyranny.' Then turning towards his governor, 'Give me,' said he, 'your sword; I will conceal it under my robe, approach Sylla, and kill him. Cato lives, and Rome again is free.'

It was the same Cato, who, when retiring to Utica, being urged to consult the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, answered, 'Oracles are for the fearful and the ignorant. The brave man is independent of the gods, and knows when to live or die; he with composure offers himself to his fate, whether it be known or concealed.'

Cæsar after having fallen into the hands of pirates, is still the same man; threatens them with death, and at landing makes good his words.

In what climate has not this virtuous love of one's country performed heroic actions? In China, an emperor being pursued by the victorious forces of a private patriot, in order to oblige this victor to disband his troops, had recourse to that superstitious respect, which in that country a son pays to the orders of his mother. He dispatched an officer, who approaching her with his drawn poignard in his hand, told her peremptorily, she must comply or perish.

'Does thy master,' answered she, with a disdainful smile, 'flatter himself that I am ignorant of the tacit but sacred conventions between the people and their sovereigns, by which the people are to obey, and kings to render them happy?' 'He first broke the convention. And thou, base tool of a tyrant, learn from a woman what in such cases is due to thy country!'

Then snatching the poignard from the officer's hand, plunged it in her breast, saying, 'Slave, if thou hast still any virtue, carry this bloody poignard to my son; bid him revenge the nation, and punish the tyrant! He has now nothing to fear, no cautions to observe for me; he is at liberty to be virtuous.'

The passion of duty also animated Abdalla's mother, when her son being forsaken by his friends, besieged in a castle, and urged to accept of an honourable capitulation offered him by the Syrians, consulted how he should act, and she gave him this answer:

'Son, when thou tookest up arms against the house of Ommite, didst thou think it was espousing the cause of justice and virtue?' 'Yes,' answered he. 'O then,' replied his mother, 'what cause is there for deliberation? Dost thou not know that cowards only are swayed by fear? wilt thou be the contempt of the Ommites? and shall it be said, that when thou wast to determine between life and duty, thou didst prefer the former?'

It was the same passion for glory that, when the Roman army, perishing with cold for want of cloathing, was on the point of dispersing, brought to the assistance of Septimus Severus the philosopher Antiochus, who stripping himself before the army, leaped into a heap of snow; at which the troops cheerfully persevered in their duty.

Thraësa being one day counselled to make some submission to Nero, 'How,'

said he, 'shall I stoop so low to prolong my life a few days! No, death is a debt, I'll discharge it like a freeman, and not pay it like a slave.'

Vespasian, in a gust of passion, threatening Helvidius with death, received this answer; 'Did I ever tell you I was immortal? By putting me to death you will act in character, like a tyrant; I like a citizen, in receiving it without fear.'

If the generous pride, the passion of patriotism and glory, determine citizens to such heroic actions, with what resolution and intrepidity do not the passions inspire those who aim at distinction in the arts and sciences, and whom Cicero calls the peaceable heroes. It is from a desire of glory that the astronomer is seen on the icy summit of the Cordeleras, placing his instruments in the midst of snow and frosts; which conducts the botanist to the brinks of precipices in quest of plants; which anciently carried the juvenile lovers of the sciences into Egypt, Ethiopia, and even into the Indies; for visiting the most celebrated philosophers, and acquiring from their conversation the principles of their doctrine.

How strongly did this passion exert itself in Demosthenes, who for perfecting his pronunciation used every day to stand on the sea-shore, and with his mouth full of pebbles harangue the agitated waves! It was from the same desire of glory that the Pythagoreans submitted to a silence of three years, in order to habituate themselves to recollection and meditation; it induced Democritus to shun the distractions of the world, and retire among the tombs, to meditate on those valuable truths, the discovery of which, as it is always very difficult, is also very little esteemed; in fine, it was this that prompted Heraclitus to cede to his younger brother the throne of Ephesus, to which he had the right of primogeniture, that he might give himself up entirely to philosophy: which made the athletic improve his strength, by denying himself the pleasures of love—it was also from a desire of popular applause, that certain ancient priests renounced the same pleasures; and often, as Boindin pleasantly observes of them, without any other recompence for their continence than the perpetual temptations it occasions.

I have shewn that it is to the passions we owe most of the objects of our admiration; under their powerful influence, we sustain dangers, pain, and death; and that they animate us to take the boldest resolutions.

I am now going to prove that in critical occasions, it is by their assistance only that

great men are inspired to say, and act, and do the best.

Let us here call to remembrance the memorable and celebrated speech of Hannibal to his soldiers on the day of the battle of Ticinus; and we shall own that it could be inspired only by his hatred of the Romans, and his passion for glory, 'Fellow-soldiers,' said he, 'heaven assures me of the victory. Let the Romans, not you, tremble! View this field of battle; it offers no retreat for cowards; we all perish if any retire. What can be a more certain pledge of triumph? What plainer indication of the protection of the gods? they have placed us between victory and death.'

Can it be doubted that Sylla was not animated with the same passions? When Cræsus asked an escort to go and raise new levies in the country of the Marians, Sylla answered, 'If you are afraid of the enemy, the escort I give you are your fathers, brothers, relations, and friends; who massacred by the tyrants, cry for vengeance, and expect it from you.'

When the Macedonians, wearied with the toils of war, desired Alexander to discharge them, it was pride and the love of glory that dictated to him this spirited answer: 'Away ingrates, lazy cowards! I'll subdue the world without you! Alexander will never want subjects and soldiers, where there are men.'

It is only from men of strong passions that such speeches can be expected. Genius itself, in such cases, can never supply the want of sentiment. We are ignorant of the language of passions we never felt.

Besides, it is not only in a single act, as eloquence in the passions; every kind are to be esteemed as the germ-productive of superior understanding: it is they which, keeping a perpetual fermentation in our ideas, fertilize in us the same ideas, which in frigid souls are barren, and would be no more than seed scattered on a rock.

It is the passions which, having strongly fixed our attention on the object of our desire, causes us to view it under appearances unknown to other men; and which consequently prompts heroes to plan and execute those hardy enterprizes which, till success, has proved the propriety of them, appear ridiculous: and indeed must appear so to the multitude.

'The cause,' says the Cardinal de Richlieu, 'why a timorous mind perceives an impossibility in the most simple projects, when to an elevated mind the most arduous seems easy, is because before the latter the mountains sink, and before the former mole-hills are metamorphosed into mountains.'

It is in fact only a strong passion, which being more conspicuous than good sense, can teach us to distinguish the extraordinary from the impossible, which men of sense are ever confounding; because, not being animated by strong passions, these

sensible persons never rise above mediocrity; a proposition which proves the great superiority of the man of strong passions above any other, and that in reality great passions only can produce great men.

CAUSE OF, AND CURE FOR, HARD TIMES.

[From the American Museum.]

I profess myself to be an honest farmer, for I can say that no man could ever charge me with a dishonest action. I see, with great grief, that all the country is afflicted, as well as myself. Every one is complaining, and telling his grievances: but I find they do not tell how their troubles came on them. I know it is common for people to throw the blame of their own misdeeds upon others, or at least to excuse themselves of the charge. I am in great tribulation: but, to keep up the above character of an honest man, I cannot, in conscience, say, that any one has brought my troubles on me but myself. 'Hard times—and no money,' says every one. A short story of myself will shew how it came 'hard times—and no money' with me, at the age of sixty-five, who have lived well these forty years.

My parents were poor: and they put me at twelve years of age to a farmer, with whom I lived till I was twenty-one. My master nited me off with two stout suits of homespun, four pair of stockings, four woollen shirts, and two pair of shoes. At twenty two, I married me a wife, and a very good working young woman she was. We took a farm of forty acres on rent. By industry, we gained a head fast. I paid my rent punctually, and laid by money. In ten years, I was able to buy me a farm of sixty acres, on which I became my own tenant. I then in a manner grew rich; and soon added another sixty acres, with which I was content. My estate now increased beyond all account. I bought several acres of outland for my children, who amounted to seven, when I was forty five years old. About this time, I married my eldest daughter to a clever lad, to whom I gave one hundred acres of my outland. This daughter had been a dutiful working girl: and therefore I fitted her out well, and to her mind: for I told her, to take the best of my wool and flax, and to spin herself gowns, coats, stockings, and shifts: nay, I suffered her to buy some cotton, and make into sheets, as I was determined to do well by her.

At this time, my farm gave me and my whole family a good living on the produce of it; and lest me, one year with another, one hundred and fifty silver dollars: for I never spent more than ten dollars a year, which was for salt, nails, and the like. Nothing to wear, eat, or drink, was purchased, as my farm provided all. With this saving, I put money to interest, bought cattle, fatted and sold them, and made great profit.

In two years after, my second daughter was courted. My wife says, 'come, you are now rich—you know Molly had nothing but what she spun—and no other clothing has ever come into our house for any of us. Sarah must be fitted out a little. She ought to fare as well as neighbour N——'s Betty. I must have some money. and go to town.' 'Well, wife, it shall be as you think best. I have never been stingy: but it seems to me that what we spin at home would do.' However, wife goes to town, and returns in a few days, with a calico gown, a calamanco petticoat, a set of stone tea cups, half a dozen pewter tea-spoons, and a tea-kettle—things that had never been seen in my house before. They cost but little—I did not feel it—and I confess I was pleased to see them. Sarah was as well fitted off as any girl in the parish.

In three years more my third daughter had a spark—and wedding being concluded upon, wife comes again for the purse: but when she returned, what did I see! a silken gown, silk for a cloak, a looking-glass, china tea-geer, and a hundred other things, with the empty purse. But this is not the worst of it. Some time before the marriage of this last daughter, and ever since, this charge increased in my family, besides all sorts of household furniture unknown to us before. Clothing of every sort is bought—and the wheel goes only for the purpose of exchanging our substantial cloth of flax and wool, for gauze, ribbands, silk, tea, sugar, &c. My butter, which used to go to market, and brought money,

money, is now expended at the tea-table. Breakfast, which used to take ten minutes, when we were satisfied with milk, or pot-
tage made of it, now takes my whole family an hour at tea or coffee. My lambs, which used also to bring cash, are now eaten at home—or, if sent to market, are brought back in things of no use—so that, instead of laying up one hundred and fifty dollars every year, I find now all my loose money is gone—my best debts called in, and expended—and, being straitened, I cannot carry on my farm to so good advantage as formerly, so that it brings me not near so much: and further, what it costs me to live, (though a less family than heretofore, and all able to work), is fifty or sixty dollars a year more than all my farm brings me in.

Now, this has gone on a good many years, and has brought hard times into my family: and, if I can't reform it, ruin must follow—my land must go. I am not alone. Thirty in our parish have gone hand in hand with me: and they all say, 'hard times.' Now, Mr. Printer, I don't know how you live—may be you are more frugal than we are, as all of us used to be: but I am still master in my own house. I

am determined to alter my way of living to what it was twenty years ago, when I laid up one hundred and fifty dollars a year. I know I can do it, for I have got all my land yet. With good management, it will yield me as much as ever. I will increase my sheep, my flax-ground, and my orcharding. My produce brings (scarce as money is) as much as it used to do. No one thing to eat, drink, or wear, shall come into my house, which is not raised on my farm, or in the parish, or in the country, except salt, and iron work, for repairing my buildings and tools—no tea, sugar, coffee, or rum. The tea-kettle shall be sold. I shall then, Mr. Printer, live and die with a good conscience. My taxes, both state and continental, which appear now intolerable, will then be easy. My younger children and my grand children will see a good example before them: and I shall feel happy in seeing a reform of abuses, which have been growing on me more than twenty years.

If you will tell my story, it may work some good, and you shall have my lasting thanks.

A FARMER.

AN IMPARTIAL ENQUIRY INTO THE REASONABLENESS OF SUICIDE.

[From Mr. Gregory's *Essays, historical and moral.*]

AMONG the ancient sects of philosophers, those who professed the feverer morality represented suicide, when it appeared necessary to preserve their persons from disgrace, or to avoid the risk of forfeiting their honour, as an act of religion; but it was seldom practised by the gay votaries of Epicurus, who esteemed life as being fruitful of happiness under almost any circumstances.

Our modern Epicureans, who have assiduously selected whatever was the worst in all the ancient systems, have in this respect deviated from the example of their founder; and since to commit suicide has been held contrary to religion; it is become fashionable with these consistent reasoners to contend for its expediency. There is, however, little danger that their tenets on this subject will ever rise into general estimation. A few may amuse themselves indeed with fantastical speculations; but whatever counteracts the instincts of nature will never be commonly practised.

Whether the love of life be an habitual passion, resulting from the greater proportion of good than of evil in this state of existence; or whether it be an innate principle implanted in us at our first creation; either way, self preservation appears to be the ordinance of Providence. The advocates for natural religion agree, that we can only know the Creator's will by those general arrangements, which are called the laws of nature. Now by what means should we be proper judges, when it is lawful or expedient to dispense with them?

But waving these higher speculations, as well as those arguments founded on religious principles, which have so successfully been urged against suicide—if I can produce moral, and, still more, selfish arguments against its expediency in any case, the disquisition will be more adapted to the notions and capacities of my antagonists.

In the first place I would observe, that however a momentary resolution may for-

tify the mind, however other motives may be predominant on some particular occasions, death is in reality the evil which is most generally dreaded, and is the prime cause why other evils are accounted such, Who pities the disease that is not mortal? Tell a company, that their friend or neighbour is confined to his chamber by the gout in the extremities; that he is not only disabled from helping himself, but suffers the most excruciating torture in his fingers or his toes; the narrative will hardly chase a single smile from the countenance of the auditors; or give birth to one serious reflection. Tell this company, at another time, that the same person is in the crisis of a fever, that he is deprived of sense, and that the scene of life is expected immediately to close, and you may presently observe the difference between the sentiment or apprehension of pain and death. An apoplexy is an awful and alarming event; many local complaints will occasion treble the pain, and yet these neither excite our pity nor our apprehensions.

Most of the human passions, even avarice and ambition, have been traced with equal truth and ingenuity into the love of life. The former is derived from the excessive care of providing for our subsistence; the object of the latter is the admiration of others; and this admiration is covered only because we can make it subservient to the obtaining of the means and the comforts of life. This is certainly the origin of ambition; though in the present state of society men are ambitious from custom and example.

Poverty is dreaded because it leads to death; it cannot be the mere pain of starving of which men are apprehensive; for many of the Romans adopted that mode, as one of the easiest of putting an end to their existence; and there is nothing truly dishonourable in unmerited poverty. As to the loss of honours and dignities, it will admit of the same solution. I speak of the first principles, of the spring of these passions.

If, therefore, the love of life, and the fear of losing it, be the cause of most of our uneasiness, the contradiction and false reasoning are manifest, in flying for a remedy to the very evil which is the prime occasion of that mental agitation which we undergo and which we wish to avoid.

The vicissitudes of all sublunary things contradict the expediency of suicide on any occasion. Revolutions as sudden as astonishing have taken place in the human constitution, both with and without the aid of medicine; and experience assures us, that it is absurd to despair in any

stage of a distemper. As to those evils and afflictions, which depend upon the capriciousness of the human mind, it must necessarily be impossible to answer for their duration. The deaths of Cato and Brutus have been justly censured as premature: of the former, I remember Lord Bolingbroke has somewhere asserted, he should have died at Munda, not at Utica. The trembling Claudius, after the assassination of his nephew, expecting immediate death, is accidentally discovered by a common soldier, and dragged by the feet from his hiding place, is saluted emperor. Nor is the unfrequency of such events sufficient to warrant the abandoning of ourselves to despair.

Though Epicurus is said by some to have admitted of the expediency of suicide on certain occasions, his arguments in favour of fortitude under pain and affliction make so directly against it, that we must either attribute the charge to the ignorance and mistake of those who have commented on his doctrines, or account it one of those contradictions and inconsistencies too often apparent in the systems produced by the unassisted efforts of human reason. The evils of life, says this philosopher, are either bodily or mental. As bodily pain is certainly an evil, a wise man will endeavour to avoid it, but when he cannot, he will be careful not to magnify it by fancy or opinion. If pain be very intense, it must presently cease; if it continue long, habit will lessen its rigour; and several intervals will occur of ease, if not of happiness; as he remarks, that most chronic distempers admit of a greater proportion of pleasure in life than of pain.

If patience and fortitude can lessen and alleviate so much of real corporal suffering as we find they do, much more effectual will they prove in the evils of the mind, since the greater part of these depend upon opinion. If our anxiety proceed from a sense of guilt, the true remedy is future virtue and penitence. But if, says Epicurus, we are made unhappy by the loss of external goods, it is our own fault that we over-rate their value. Wealth and dignities are mere cheats of the imagination; and even the loss of friends, though it may lessen, it cannot destroy the satisfaction of a wise man, whose chief source of pleasure is in himself; in the exercise of his faculties, the investigation of truth, and those sublimer occupations, which the loss of externals cannot interrupt. In fine, since a wise man ought to be informed of the uncertainty of all such possessions, he ought to use them as fluctuating and transitory goods, and ought to be prepared for the loss of them.

These,

These, though far short of those consolations which are supplied by a dependence on an all-wise Providence, and by the hopes of a future existence, are arguments of no little moment against the expediency of suicide. And if suicide be contrary to reason, and be the dictate only of rashness and passion, or at most of a misguided imagination, I do not hesitate to pronounce it sinful.

I cannot, after all agree with the trite observation, which states the act of suicide as the effect of cowardice. I believe in such cases, fear is not always the predom-

inant passion; but that jealousy, resentment, indignation or remorse, are as frequently the motives of suicide, as even the apprehension of shame; nor can any consideration move me to enrol a Cato, a Brutus, or even a Clive, in the list of cowards. Till some better solution is offered, I shall for my own part continue to admire, with all proper respect, the stoical justice of our inquest juries, who, with equal sagacity and candour, extenuate the offence against reason and society, by the verdict Lunacy.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AND THE INHABITANTS OF LOUISIANA.

[From De Page's Voyage: Translated from the French.]

ABOVE ten leagues from the entrance of the Mississippi is the separation of the branch of the river, which forms the south-east mouth. A little higher up on the same shore, we saw the oyster coves, which fish are of a prodigious size, and their shells are used to make lime, there being no lime-stone in this country. These marshy shores, as well as all those on the coast, serve as retreats for a vast number of water fowl of every denomination:—they are so far, that they have roused the industry of the inhabitants of New Orleans to extract an oil from their fat, which forms a small branch of commerce.

Fifteen leagues from the mouth, we found the straight of the *Plaquemines*, so called from a wild fruit, which is pretty good. The land begins to rise above the water. The river is skirted with large, high, and majestic trees; which being intermixed with many streets, form a very thick wood. On going into these woods, the soil, covered with decayed leaves, presents some agreeable walks, when they are not interrupted by trees fallen by age, or by stagnant waters, which cannot find a passage; the thickness of the trees forms a shade, impenetrable by the sun. The swans and the *ordinaux* amuse the eye of their captors; the plumage of the latter is equal to any birds in Europe. The river has plenty of wild ducks and other birds fit for eating, in places adapted to harbour them. Many sorts of large fish are caught by the line; among other dabs and thorn-backs: the sharp weapon which the former have, both at the head and tail, and the second over its whole body, may make

the fishermen repent of too great alertness; the wound they make is followed by a swelling of the parts injured.

We soon began to find inhabitants, and some plantations of rice and Indian corn. We scarcely ever saw rice in any places but where the land being only about one or two feet above the level of the water, may leave a passage to the channels necessary to water the fields. As to the Indian corn, it is sowed in all parts of Louisiana, but the harvest is in no part so fine and abundant as in this. The houses of the inhabitants are agreeable enough; they build them some few feet above the level of the ground, to guard them from the damp of the earth, and from serpents or other venomous animals; which are, however, very much to be dreaded. The floors are formed of large square timber, joined to each other, and supported by beams and other timbers fixed in the earth, which are the foundations of the building. They have four sides, with a gallery to each; the rooms are in the middle; they have but one story, and are covered with shingles, or very thin pieces of cypress wood, cut, fastened, and arranged like our slates in Europe. Every house is in the middle of the little plantation it belongs to, which may be about a hundred paces square, and which are situated by the side of some water. The finest trees which occupied the space before it was cleared, were used for the construction of the habitations, or for fences to the field; the rest were burnt to avoid the trouble of cutting them down, or grubbing them up. But

But in more modern plantations, the roots are permitted to remain, by reason of the great labour required to grub them up and carry them away: they are only destroyed by length of time, and perish by dryness or rottenness.

Eight leagues higher up, we came to the English Reach; and five leagues higher, we anchored on the 28th of July, opposite New Orleans. This city is about a league distant by land from a lake which communicates with the territories of Mobile, ceded to England. It is about thirty leagues from the mouth of the river; the shores of which are cultivated and well inhabited from between three or four leagues above the Reach of Plaquemines. It is pretty well built, with brick, the key is spacious and roomy, the streets are large and broad, and the king's house is handsome. It is tolerably populous, the inhabitants have good constitutions, are of a robust make, and of a manly and lively character. This city is the fixed residence of merchants, workmen of all sorts of the garrison, and the officers of the government. The colonists, who are employed in the cultivation of their grounds, are fixed at a distance, on account of their commerce with the savages, and reside in the city only in the intervals of their work or their trade.

We cannot too much admire the courage of the inhabitants of Louisiana, who embracing the life of the savage, from a desire to make their fortune, put on even their dress, and undergo the most painful labour, and often for a very inconsiderable emolument. Some wander on the sea side to make oil from the fat of the water fowl; others go four or five hundred leagues inland, to hunt bears, deer, and moose; the skins of which, and the dried fish, they bring back. Others go into the woods to cut cedar, cypress, and maple wood, with which this colony carries on a great trade to America. Some of them transport the productions of their country to the islands, and bring back goods for the Indian and other branches of trade; and lastly, others of them to carry these same goods from four or five hundred leagues inland, undertake to row that distance against a very rapid current. During their hunting they never eat any thing but the flesh of the beasts they take; nor have they any other clothing than a loose frock, and a piece of cloth round their waist. They always travel by water, and make use of canoes, or trunks of trees hollowed, to carry their families to the trading or hunting stations. When they come there, a cabin of boughs of trees, covered over with mud, is all their

habitation. Some of them employ themselves in searching for trees, called *ciriers*; from the small branches of which they get wax, which they extract in the following manner, by a sort of lye-washing; they cut the branches sufficiently small, and put them into a tub on a kind of stand, which leaves some distance between the tub and the ground; they throw over it a lixivium, which they let remain two days; the oily particles of these branches, insensibly separate, fall to the bottom of the tub, and form a kind of sediment; which, when it is congealed, affords a cake of greenish wax, pretty firm, with which they make tapers. All these employments render them robust and strong, and accustom both their body and their minds to a resclusion and labour, with which they return to the city to enjoy themselves, after having obtained the object of their pursuit.

We passed our time in admiring the beauty of the country; and saw, for the first time, those men we call savages. Their manners made us think that they had nothing of the savage, but the name; and that we had given it them on account of their plain manners, and a method of living harder than ours. We particularly admired the serenity and phlegm which they always preserve, not being affected in that lively manner with good or ill fortune, as we are. The attraction which fine forms have in our eyes, makes us examine with care those of the two sexes, whose strong muscles, uncumbered with fat, and of a reddish chestnut colour fixed our attention. Although figure forms the most interesting part of man, we took less pleasure in observing that of the Indian savages, than the beauty and robust make of their bodies, thighs, and legs. The women have not large breasts, but firm and plump; and they usually mark them with a rose round the nipple with gunpowder. Their hair is rough, and cut about four fingers in length, their foreheads are bound with a bandage of earthen or glass beads; they wear a large scarf or sling of of the same kind; and the women have their arms and legs ornamented with like bandages. The men have their waist covered with deer skin or stripes of cloth, which pass between their thighs. Those of the women are also covered with skins or pieces of cloth of a greater length, which hang down to the middle of their thighs. They have also large skins and blankets to keep them from the cold, which completely cover them when they sit down.

These savages come to New Orleans to provide themselves with such luxuries or superfluities as we have taught them the use

use of, which they barter for their poultry, or the produce of their hunting or their fishing. We bought some fish of them, which was but badly prepared, but sufficiently to preserve it. They dry the out-

side over a fire, so that it becomes a crust; and the inside, deprived of that moisture which would corrupt it, and defended from that exterior air by the crust, will keep a long time.

METHOD OF HUNTING THE BUFFALO ON THE RIVER MISSISSIPPI.

THE hunters range themselves in four lines, which form a great square, and begin by setting fire to the grass and herbs, which are dry and very high: then, as the fire gets forward, they advance, closing their lines. The buffaloes, which are extremely afraid of fire, keep flying from it, and at last find themselves so crowded together, that they are generally every one killed. They say that a party seldom returns from hunting without killing fifteen, hundred or two thousand. But lest the different parties should hinder each other, they all agree, before they set out, about the places where they intend to hunt. There are some penalties appointed against those who transgress this rule, as well as against those, who, quitting their posts, give way to the beasts to escape. These penalties consist in giving a right to every person to strip those who are guilty, to take away even their arms, which is the greatest affront that can be given to a savage, and to pull down their cabins. The chiefs are subject to this penalty, as well as others: and if any were to endeavour to exempt themselves from this law, it would raise a civil war amongst them, which would not end very soon.

The bull, or buffalo, of Canada, is very large. His horns are low, black, and short. He has a great beard of hair under his muzzle, and a great tuft of hair upon his head, which falls down upon his eyes, and gives him a hideous look. He has a great bump upon his back, which begins at his hips, and goes, increasing up to his shoulders. This bump is covered with hair, somewhat reddish, and very long. The rest of the body is covered with black wool, which is much valued. They say the skin of a buffalo has eight pounds of wool on it. This animal has a large chest, the hind parts small, the tail very short, and its neck scarcely visible: but his head is bigger than that of the European bull. He runs away generally at the sight of any person: and one dog is sufficient to make

a whole herd take to a full gallop. The buffalo has a good smell; and to approach him near enough to shoot him, without being perceived, you must go with the wind. When he is wounded he is furious, and turns upon the hunters. His flesh is good; but they seldom eat any but that of the cows, because the others are too tough. As for his skin; there is none better. It is easily dressed: and though very strong, becomes supple, like the best chamois. The savages make shields of it, which are very light, and, which a musket ball will not easily pierce.

They find about Hudson's-bay another bull, whose skin and wool are the same with those I have already described. This is what M. Jeremy says of it: 'Fifteen leagues from Danes river, is the river of seals, so called, because there are many in this place. Between these two rivers, there is a kind of bulls, called musk-bulls, because they have so strong a smell of musk, that, at some certain times, there is no such thing as eating their flesh. These animals have very fine wool, and it is longer than that of the Barbary sheep. It makes finer stockings than silk. These bulls, though smaller than in France, have horns much thicker and longer: their roots join on the crown of the head, and descend by the side of the eyes, almost as low as the throat; afterwards, the end rises up, and forms a kind of crescent. There are some so large, which I have seen, that, being separated from the skull, they weighed, both together, sixty pounds. Their legs are very short, so that the wool drags upon the ground, as they walk; which makes them so deformed, that it is difficult, at a little distance, to know which way the head stands. There are not many of these animals, so that the savages might destroy them, if they kept close to the hunting of them. Besides, as their legs are very short, when there is much snow, they kill them with lances, as they are not able to make any speed.

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[From the *Imperial and Biographical Magazine.*]

Les longs ouvrages me font peur :
Loin d'épuiser une matière,
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.

FONTAINE.

THE facility with which knowledge is at present disseminated, and the ready means by which it can be obtained by all ranks of people, has been a subject of lamentation for writers whose lives have been more employed in the cultivation of scholastic learning, than in the attainment of that general information, which is so eminently useful in all the departments of social life. They lament that there seems to remain no relish for solid erudition,—very little veneration for the inimitable productions of Greece and Rome,—and but a slight attention to the more abstruse sciences and abstracted disquisitions.

The charge is in some degree admitted ;—an acquaintance with all sciences, rather than a knowledge of any, seems to be the present object of mental cultivation ; and our most eminent writers are chiefly conspicuous for the variety of their subjects.—This neglect of erudition has been attributed, and perhaps very justly, to our many excellent versions of the best classic authors : for when we consider the vast time and labour of acquiring Latin and Greek, is it not natural to suppose, that people should be unwilling to waste their years in the study of those dead languages, merely to enjoy the beauties of Homer and Virgil, when they can already read the elegant and spirited translations of them by Pope and Dryden ?—Who, unacquainted with Greek, would be at the laborious task of acquiring it, merely to peruse Euripides, while there is such an elegant and masterly translation of him by Potter ?—or who would study Latin for the sake of Terence, while he can be read in our native tongue from the free and correct pen of George Colman ?—whose version reflects with unerring fidelity the spirit of the original—is elegant without labour, and familiar without meanness. Nor indeed, is there any celebrated writer of antiquity, who has not been ably rendered into the English language.

Nor is it to the ancients we are alone confined :—our translations of the Turkish and Italian poets confer no little celebrity on the names of Sir W. Jones, Mr. Hayley, and Mr. Hoole.

Of the best epic poets of Spain and Por-

tugal, we have also very pleasing versions : the bold, masculine spirit of Ercilla, is happily infused into the translation of Mr. Hayley ; and in Mickle's we have all the richness of description, and harmony of numbers which characterize the poetry of the *Lusiad*.

The consequence of these able translations has been certainly a neglect of the dead languages, or what is so pompously styled Classical Learning ;—but then we have had leisure to direct our attention to various branches of scientific knowledge, and to obtain a general, at least, if not a deep acquaintance with almost every subject of useful intelligence.

The charge of a general superficial acquirement is not, however, unlimited ; for we have writers whose knowledge is not less universal than profound. Dr. Priestley has written on many subjects, without discovering shallowness on any ; and the very respectable Bishop of Landaff, while he excels Priestley in ability, equals him in the number and variety of the topics he discusses.

But in fact the general mass of knowledge has so rapidly increased in the course of the present century—so much actual improvement has been made in every art and every science, that the period of human existence is too short to investigate their principles, and we must either take scientific learning upon credit, or expect that our accumulation will be small indeed.

Of the modes of diffusing intelligence, none seems better adapted for general advantage, than well-conducted periodical publications ; and of this species of literary compilation, magazines possess the pre-eminence : the collections of a month may form an useful repository, to which we can readily have recourse—while the fugitive productions of a day are scarcely worth preserving, even for the short period of their allotted existence. Light compositions may be rendered instructive without fatiguing the intellect : and, while we read for mere amusement, we may collect stores of interesting information, or extend the improvement of morality, and the enlargement of understanding.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPROVEMENTS IN PHILOSOPHY, NATURAL HISTORY, ARTS, AND TRADE, DURING THE LAST YEAR.

[Extracted from *M. de la Mettrie's Preliminary Discourse to Rozier's Journal.*]

AT the end of labour, the husbandman contemplates with pleasure the abundant harvest which he reaps from his different productions: in the same manner the friend of truth reviews with an heartfelt emotion the different discoveries which the indefatigable inquirers into nature have made in the preceding year. What can afford a more pure delight than to view an increase to our knowledge? As the universe expands before us, our very existence seems to partake of the like expansion. He who confines his enjoyment to the limits of his senses, soon finds that satiety of enjoyment which constitutes the misfortune and torment of those who have thought only therein to have found happiness. But the mind which cultivates natural philosophy, prepares for itself inexhaustible pleasures: the more it learns, the more it perceives it has to be instructed in; the farther it advances, we gain a view of new objects equally desirable.

Frederic the Great, who employed all his moments, which were not destined to the happiness of his subjects or the administration of the state, in study, was a thousand times more happy than the monarch who, in a continued state of idleness, runs from pleasure to pleasure without any satisfaction therein; he possesses, but does not enjoy; his senses are in emotion, but his mind is not affected.

Ye mortals, whose sensibility is heightened by civilization, and whose station in life does not employ all your moments, pursue philosophy, that kind companion to man in a state of society: she alone can enable you to struggle against those adversities which are inseparable from your existence. A detail of the principal discoveries made last year will more fully convince you of this truth.

In *Astronomy*, Mr. Herschell, as indefatigable in his labours as enlightened in his understanding, continues regularly his observations. He has often viewed the volcanos which he had perceived in the moon. The public will perhaps be happy to know how this discovery was made. Mr. Herschell is so polite to the multitude of visitors who attend him at his villa at Stow, near Windsor, that he permits them the pleasure of viewing the stars through his fine telescopes. Mr. and Mrs. Lind were viewing the moon at the moment a star passed that planet; Mrs. Lind's eye was

to the instrument, and she exclaimed, that she saw a star pass over the moon: they endeavoured to convince her of the impossibility of this: she replied, that she had greater confidence in her own sight than in their instrument. Mr. Herschell then looked, and actually perceived, on the moon's disc, a luminous spot, which as it could not possibly be a star, they concluded to be a volcano.

Mr. Herschell has bestowed great pains on this planet, and tells me, that he has already observed more than four hundred mountains, the height of which he has endeavoured to determine. But the reflector of his forty feet telescope not being yet finished, he has not been able to perform all he wished with that instrument. He generally uses telescopes of seven, ten, or twenty feet. He still continues his observations on the stars.

Mr. Bernard, in his observations on the satellites of Jupiter, which have not been seen for seventy years, has observed, that the first of these satellites was retarded twelve degrees more than in the tables of Cassini; the second twenty-three degrees accelerated; the fourth retarded from one to six degrees; and the fifth retarded eight degrees.

Mr. Schroeter has made some interesting inquiries into the rotation of Jupiter.

The Abbé Rochon has finished his fine Gregorian telescope: the reflector is twenty-two inches diameter, and its focus twenty-two feet and a half; it is composed of sixteen parts of copper, and six of tin. It is the largest telescope yet known, next to that of Mr. Herschell, whose reflector, as we have observed is not yet finished. The patina reflector of another of the Abbé Rochon's telescopes is from eight to nine lines diameter; it is in high perfection, and has a good effect.

Mr. Ramsden, so well known for his correctness in making astronomical and philosophical instruments, but much more for his genius in inventing and bringing them to perfection, is now making for the Abbé Piazzini, professor of astronomy at Palermo, a complete circle of five feet diameter. I have seen this new instrument, which is in great forwardness. One of its great advantages is, that the dilatation of the metal being regular, cannot produce any error: besides, it may be verified every day with the greatest ease; we have only

ly to observe if the two points diametrically opposite pass through the center of the instrument. Mr. Ramlden is also to make two more of these instruments, one for Paris, the other for Dublin.

Zoology. A history of animals is doubtless the most interesting, and, at the same time, the most instructive to man; it presents to us nature in its animated state.

Quadrupeds. Mr. Zimmerman has given us a new system for classing animals by climates. Mr. Pallas has found, that the collar-bone exists in some quadrupeds. Mons. Vic d'Agir has also observed it in the hare, the rabbit, the Indian cock, the weazel, and the polecat. This same gentleman continues his grand anatomical labours.

I have described a new species of black panther, which is in the Tower of London.

M. Schriber continues his history of quadrupeds or mammalia, which he has engraved and illuminated at Erlangin. M. Gmelin has given us his first volume of a new edition of the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus: he therein describes four hundred and thirty-nine species of quadrupeds. By this we may see what progress is made in this science, since Mr. Erxleben has described only three hundred and forty-two. It were to be wished, that what M. Gmelin has done for the mammalia, was extended to the other parts; and that we had a complete new edition of the System of Nature.

Oviparous quadrupeds. The count de Ceppe has made us acquainted with a great number of oviparous quadrupeds. He is going to give us a history of serpents, in which he will describe many new species. Linnæus describes 132, M. de la Ceppe 160.

Ornithology. Mr. Sparman continues a description of the birds he has brought home from his voyages, and of those which are in the collection of the chevalier Carlsson. Mr. Geoffroi the elder has brought four new species from Senegal, which will form a new genus.

Icthyology. Mr. Block has finished what he designed to give on this science. Mr. Sibthorp has brought many from the Levant.

Crustacea. Mr. Badier has collected about three hundred species: it is a most complete collection of the kind; the public will soon be in possession of it.

Entomology. The insect tribe is so extensive, that it incessantly presents new objects. Thus no part of natural history makes such rapid progress. Mr. Bellardiere has brought more than three hundred new species from the Levant. Mr. Badier has brought from Guadaloupe many unknown species; and has many more

in his collection at Guadaloupe. M. d'Arcey and his assistants continue to make us acquainted with the butterflies of Europe, in his beautiful work, which joined to that of Cramer, will afford us a fine collection of this genus. Messrs. Olivier and Stoll are also employed in works of the same kind.

Worms. This part, which comprehends all shell-fish, has not been treated with the extent it requires. Mr. Bruyer is labouring at this great work. Mr. Diquemare continues to bring us acquainted with marine animals. Mr. Fabricius is about to give us a work of Muller's on animals which breathe: there are three hundred and eighty-six species described. Mr. Martinis at London has given us some engraved shells, illuminated in a most elegant manner.

Thus we see our riches increase in a most surprising manner. The beautiful engravings assure the possession of them: If all the rich would encourage these undertakings, we should enjoy more of them.

Botany. This science makes such a rapid progress, that it will soon know no other limits than those which nature has set; for the indefatigable botanists range over the whole surface of the globe, and daily bring home their rich collections.

Mr. Sybthorp, professor of botany at Oxford, has brought from Greece a large number of plants, birds, and fishes. He reckons the new species of plants he has at upwards of three hundred. But what will perhaps more interest the learned is, that his deep knowledge of ancient authors has put him in a situation to compare their descriptions, and to discover nearly all their plants, fishes, and birds.

Mr. Bellardiere is just arrived from a journey he has made in Syria, to mount Libanus, to Judea, &c. He returned by Cyprus, Candia, Sardinia, Cortica, &c. He has enriched us with a great number of plants, insects, &c.

Mr. Swartz, who has passed many years in America, has brought home a rich collection of plants. And Mr. Richard is expected with a rich cargo of plants from the Antiles. Messrs. Badier, André, Beauvois, and our friend M. de la Peyrouse, are bringing us new stores.

Mr. Willemot the younger, who follows the example of his father in the pursuit of knowledge, has gone to India as physician to Tippoo Sultan. Mr. Biraud is gone as surgeon to the same prince. Some gardeners also, who are gone to cultivate that monarch's gardens, and several other persons, who are pursuing the same useful study, will all contribute to enrich our botanical stock.

Mineralogy. To our knowledge in this branch, Mr. Boulton has found in Cumberland an aerated heavy spar: a boracic spar has been discovered: and the acid of borax has also been found in Hungary by W. Wintir. Mr. Proust has found the phosphoric acid in great quantity in some calcareous stones in Andalusia: Mr. Galien has discovered it in lead ore. Mr. Mulyer proves siderite to be iron combined with this acid.

Crystallography. The beautiful experiments of Mr. Le Blanc on the crystallization of acid and other salts, will probably clear up many phenomena in the structure of crystals.

Physic. Mr. Ingenhouz differs from the Abbé Bertholon respecting the effect of electricity on vegetation. Mr. Riché has constructed a new hygrometer, on the principle of M. de Saussure; but he employs eight hairs instead of one, their irre-

gularity correcting each other. Mr. Vallerie has given a new division of the aerometer, asserting, that the divisions ought to decrease as the liquor becomes more concentrated. And M. Dumoutier has explained to us part of Mr. Diller's process for his philosophical fire-works.

Meteorology. M. de Saussure and his son have spent sixteen days on the *Col de Geant*, at an elevation of 1763 toises above the sea, and have made many curious observations. A variety of observations and experiments have been made in this science; but the grand question on phlogiston remains still undecided. Mr. Metherie has given a long account of this dispute, as it now stands, which we have not room to insert, and do not conceive it would be entertaining to the generality of our readers.

The improvements in the arts, in which our countrymen make a conspicuous figure, must be deferred until a future number.

THE FRIEND: A CHINESE HISTORY.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

IN the reign of the renowned Emperor Yao, whose memory will be ever dear to China, lived two merchants, Fong and Kiang, who are still mentioned throughout that vast Empire as the models of perfect friendship. The former had a fortune far from competent, while the latter was the possessor of immense riches. This disparity in their circumstances was the more singular, as it had neither repulsed nor weakened that happy sympathy, by which hearts are attracted and cemented, and by which, as it were, they are made dependent on each other. It would have been a difficult point to decide, which of the two, Fong or Kiang, was most animated by the generous sentiment.

Kiang one time entered his friend's house, it was midnight; he found him alone. In the aspect of Kiang distraction and terror were visible; he looked behind him, as if in continual apprehension of being pursued and overtaken.—'What ails you? What ails you?' said Fong, surprised to see his friend in such a situation: 'why this trembling, this consternation? If I did not know you, I should imagine you had just been perpetrating a crime!'—'And canst thou doubt it?' answered Kiang, with a mournful voice: 'these alarms, these terrors, thou knowest, are not the attendants of virtue. Yes! Fong, I am the most wretched—the most

guilty of men! I, who till this moment, had persevered in the most irreproachable conduct! Dost thou see these hands? Look—look—they are dyed with the blood of the virtuous Outing! What do I hear? Cruel man—Outing!—Yes! I have plunged a poignard in his heart. I thought myself wounded by a word, a single word, which he solemnly declared, with his last breath, that he had never uttered. Alas! he is dead! And I, I still live! I know not by what impulse I have endeavoured to screen myself from the punishment I have but too well deserved. Oh! Fong! to the bosom of friendship I fly for refuge!—I will not be unworthy of thy confidence.' Oh! Kiang, I no longer behold thy crime—I am affected by thy misfortune only. How dreadful is murder! Alas! thou art much more to be pitied than Outing! He has finished his virtuous course, but thou art incessantly the prey of corroding remorse! Never, never, will his image be effaced from thy remembrance! Thou wilt ever behold him pursuing thy footsteps, and opening his ghastly wound, whence the blood will spring, that will be ever accusing thee to HEAVEN. But forgive me—I would not augment thy anguish—thou mayst depend upon thy friend. See—here is a place where thou mayst remain in safety. Not one of my servants shall

come near thee, I myself will bring thee thy daily food. Cast thyself upon the Supreme Being: his eyes behold thee; implore his mercy: he is not, like me; inexorable. For my part, I will never forsake thee. Adieu; I am distressed in leaving thee to thyself: but my family duties must divide my attention, and my absence might create suspicions that we must carefully avoid.

The two friends, weeping, embraced each other; and Fong returned to his wife and children, who had heard of the murder of Outing. It is true, that they, as well as the whole city, were ignorant of the perpetrator. Kiang, the day before the assassination, had circulated a report among his acquaintances, that he was to set out for a province in the south, and even his family believed it.

Fong did not fail every day to bring sustenance to his prisoner; and whenever he came to him he mingled his tears with words of consolation. Each hoped that in time the melancholy event would be forgotten.—‘Yes,’ said Kiang, to his friend, ‘I may be able to elude the stroke of justice, but who will protect me from my own heart? Thou didst well to describe the horrors which I now so severely feel. Here—in this heart, I find eternal executioners, an everlasting punishment. The blood of Outing is incessantly crying in my ears. Fong, why have I a wife, a son a family? TIZN knows, (and he reads no doubt every heart) TIZN knows, that it is for my family only that I still endeavour to support the burden of a too miserable life. A criminal, like me, has no other part to take, than to escape from existence by the most speedy death. But I repeat it, it is not for myself I wish to live, but for others, that are dearer to me than myself. It is impossible to be a father and a husband, and to neglect the duties incumbent on those tender relations, with impunity. These sentiments, my friend, are not new to thee.’—

‘Certainly Kiang, thou hast opened my very soul. Next to the Supreme Being, my wife and children are the dearest to my heart. Less fortunate than thou, I am obliged to employ all the efforts of honest industry to fulfil the duties of a husband and father. But oh! if my family should lose me now—the idea distracts me!—’ ‘What!’ interrupted Kiang, ‘thou forgottest then that thou hast a friend?’—‘Thou knowest,’ returned Fong, ‘what are my ideas on this head. No person should receive benefits from any one whatever, till he had no longer any means of subsisting without them. Remember that we live before

had disputes on this subject. Interest had never yet any place in our friendship; but if my wife and children were in distress, I should not blush to have recourse to thee: thou art their second father. Then the friend has duties to fulfil, and the gratitude of the receiver is the sweetest of all pleasures.’

Fong was attentive to whatever was rumored concerning the murder of Outing. The most trivial conversations on the subject attracted his notice; he learns that one person is suspected of being the perpetrator of the murder; that these suspicions increase; that the sword of justice is lifted up; in a word, that concurring circumstances tended to crush an innocent man, and that Ming was in prison, Ming, the most estimable and most venerable character in all China, to whom they were indebted for that kind of sacred adage, ‘Although there be an infinite distance between Heaven and mankind, they have a mutual intercourse by virtue.’ He had been seen with Outing some minutes before Kiang had deprived the latter of life. Some enemies of Ming (for even Virtue has its enemies) had suborned false witnesses, in order to give weight to this circumstance. None of these particulars had escaped the observation of Fong. By what distracting ideas is he torn! He knows the truth: he conceals the real criminal in his house; but that criminal is his friend. Kiang had claimed the sacred rights of hospitality: he had taken refuge in his house, as in an inviolable sanctuary. In the mean time Ming, the virtuous Ming, is accused, and languishes in prison; he is going to perish, and to perish with ignominy. Innocence is to undergo the punishment of guilt.

Fong is distracted by this dreadful situation: the agitation of his soul is visible in his face. When he repaired to the concealment of Kiang, and beheld his friend, two fountains of tears burst from his eyes. Kiang desired to know the cause of a distress, which Fong had found it impossible to conceal.—‘Oh! Fong, tell me, tell me the cause, whatever it be, Do you think my life in danger? My dear friend, I can die!’—‘Alas! Kiang, your fate is indeed worthy of compassion. He that causes the ruin of innocence, is rejected from the six celestial spirits. I am distracted—grief and anxiety pursue me—Alas! I would not augment your woes!’

Fong every day appeared still more overwhelmed with grief. In vain did Kiang urge him to explain himself. He answered only by a gloomy silence, interrupted by sighs and sobbings; he lifted

up his eyes to Heaven, embraced his friend with a tenderness mingled with all the expression of the most pungent grief, and, without gratifying his curiosity, left him a prey to the sensations of astonishment and anxiety.

Fong leaves his house: he is struck with an universal cry, that pierces his soul with the terrors of death. The virtuous Ming is preparing to undergo the fate of a criminal. Fong forces his way to the place of execution: he beholds the dreadful apparatus of punishment; he hears the crowd exclaim, 'Could Ming—is it possible that Ming could be guilty of murder? he whom we revered as one of the celestial spirits! On whose reputation—on whose character can we now rely? What a deceitful creature is man! Ah!' thought Fong, 'it is thus that innocence is calumniated! And do I hear this—I, who know the truth, and could justify him with a single word! And as if it were not sufficient to lose his life, the memory of Ming will be covered with everlasting infamy! I shall suffer justice then to pronounce an iniquitous sentence! Oh! great T'ien, it is my duty to disclose the truth?—I ought—I ought not!'

The tumult increases: Ming is taken from his prison: he is soon to end his days under the hands of the executioner. Fong beholds the innocent man, and is tortured by the mingled emotions of pity, sorrow, and despair. What a dreadful sight! The venerable sufferer, at seventy years of age, is content to call Heaven to witness his innocence, without accusing his prosecutors. 'T'ien,' said he, with the dignity and firmness of a philosopher, unconscious of reproach, 'T'ien alone knows the truth. To him I appeal—he is my judge. My life is in his hands: I resign it to him, adoring his incomprehensible decrees, and praising him for the calamity he inflicts.—The family of this unfortunate, but respectable man followed him, their eyes drowned in tears, and giving vent to the most bitter lamentations.

What an object for Fong! He flies to his house, informs his wife—that he has a secret to communicate, and exacting an oath as a security for silence, he hastily reveals to her the misfortune of Kiang. He adds, that he leaves her to watch over the fate of his friend, to whom he instantly hastens. 'Kiang,' said he, 'I am obliged to leave you; my wife knows the whole. You may depend upon her friendship and discretion. You will soon know how dear you were to me. I recommend my wife and children to your

protection. The moment is at length arrived to solicit your bounty'—He is incapable of proceeding: he embraces Kiang, and while the latter presses him for an explanation, he rushes from his arms. He returns to his family, he embraces them all with unusual tenderness, and then tears himself from them to conceal the dreadful agitations of his soul.

This exalted man, who deserves to be enrolled among the small number of real heroes, hastens to the place, where they were leading Ming to the punishment that awaited him. The moment Fong perceives him, he rushes through the crowd, and throwing his arms round the venerable man, he thus addresses the people. 'Citizens, spare the innocent man, and punish the guilty. Here he is, I am the murderer, who have dipped my hands in the blood of Ouring, and who ought to die.'—A thousand acclamations rend the skies. All adore the justice of T'ien, who watches over innocence. They deliver Ming from his chains; they restore him in triumph to his family; and yet they cannot refuse their compassion, and even a kind of esteem, to the criminal, who had thus the magnanimity to avow his guilt, and to offer his head to the avenging sword of justice, in order to save the life of the innocent old man. Fong is now loaded with chains, undergone many interrogatories, and is convicted, on his own confession, of the murder of Ouring.

They were now going to inflict on Fong the punishment that had been prepared for the virtuous Ming. Already the fatal sword was lifted up.—'Stop, stop,' cried a voice that issued from the midst of the crowd, hastening to the spot—'Stop, stop the execution,' he continued. Fong began to recollect a well known voice. He raises his head—'Is it you Kiang? What brings you here?—' My duty—to rescue innocence from the punishment that is due to me. Good people! see—behold this excellent man, the perfect pattern of friends!'

Kiang, in a few words, relates his deplorable history: he dwells upon the generosity of Fong; he tells the multitude, that the wife of this sublime, this uncommon friend, having been informed by the public voice of what was passing, had come to acquaint him with the fate that threatened her unfortunate husband. On receiving this intelligence, Kiang hesitated not a moment to comply with the dictates of nature and equity. He now embraces his face bedewed with tears, the generous Fong, who on the other hand insists that the whole is a falsehood, suggested by friendship.

friendship: I, I-only!" he continued, "am the guilty wretch."

The anxious spectators surrounded these extraordinary men, and were divided between astonishment and admiration, pity, and grief. Tears flowed from every eye; lamentations from every tongue. All extolled that greatness, that sublimity of soul, in two friends, who thus disputed the glory of dying for each other. The Judges, affected by this singular scene, were uncertain what sentence to pronounce. They loaded both with fetters, and sent them to the same prison.

The cause is carried to the Supreme Tribunal, in which the Emperor presides in person. They continued in his presence, this heroic contest. The sage Yao, after having maturely weighed every circumstance, at length discovered the truth. "Worthy man," said this great Emperor to Fong, "hear what justice commands. Place thyself at the foot of my throne. Subjects, like thee, can never be too near their Sovereign. If aught can exalt men to the rank of Kings, it is virtue. But thee Kiang, while I admire and pity thee, I condemn to death. Who sheds blood, must have his blood also shed."—Fong would implore the clemency of the Emperor in favour of his friend.—"He merits these sentiments," resumed the Monarch. "Happy mortal! thou art at liberty to listen to the voice of friendship and com-

passion. But it is my duty, Fong, to be just. It is one of the misfortunes inseparable from sovereignty. The Emperor ought to resist and subdue the man; I have determined the fate of Kiang, and I demand from himself his opinion of my equity."

Kiang prostrates himself before the Emperor. He declares that *T'ien* himself had spoken by his mouth. He implores one favour only—to embrace his friend. Fong faints away, when he sees him torn from his arms, in order to be led to execution.

Fong revives. What surprise, and what transport now take possession of his soul: "Kiang—Kiang is restored to me!"—In reality, he now saw him seated by his side, on the steps of the throne.—"Thou seest," said Yao, "a second monument of my justice." I have satisfied it, in having subjected Kiang to all the terrors of death. The punishment I have decreed a sufficient expiation for his crime. My clemency must now reign in its turn, and reward thee for a generous action. *T'ien* himself dictates this decree. May I imitate him in his goodness! I am now permitted to yield to the sweet suggestions of benevolence. Be henceforth the ornament of my court, and let China be indebted to both for the noblest lessons of friendship."

THE PROSTITUTE, A FRAGMENT.

I HAVE neither eat nor drank for two days—nor have I laid my head upon a pillow for a week—and I am drenched with snow that falls upon my almost naked body—my limbs are almost numbed with cold—O relieve me for heaven's sake!

These words, respiration with tremulous sound, and broken accent, closed with a sigh the most piteous.

They issued from a creature crouched up against a door—a female who had taken shelter from the inclemency of the night, under the penthouse of a shop.

The voice of sorrow, though feeble, insinuates its prayers to the heart, with the subtlety of plaintive music. I felt mine in perfect union. Every nerve vibrated. I had passed the door, and was going back, when that cautious old virgin, Prudence, said, go on.

Turning from the object who had ac-

costed me, Charity stood still in front—She laid her hand upon my breast, and put the following interrogatories to me:

Have you a wife? a sister? a daughter? a female relation? or a female friend?

If you have not, remember you had a mother! remember you are a man!

While Charity thus urged my feelings, I involuntarily returned to the spot where the unhappy girl lay. There Charity held me fast—and Prudence stepped to the other side of the street, to assist a drunken old debauchee, in calling a watchman to escort him home.

The girl before me was an object demanding assistance from five out of the seven works of mercy—she was hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and a stranger.

A short conversation discovered she was the daughter of an old friend.

It had been the father's misfortune to spend

spend his patrimony in the service of one who paid him with promises.

Disappointment broke his heart—grief deprived his widow of life—and seduction robbed his daughter of her virtue.

There was but one way to administer relief. I clothed her with my surtout—brought her to my chambers—roused up my servant—and insisted on her getting into his bed.

Let us leave her there, and enquire what is to be done with her.

She is a child that providence has thrown in my way, and must not be neglected.

Profession she has none : and if she had, she wants what the world calls character—
or rather, SHE HAS THE WORST CHARACTER IN THE WORLD—SHE IS UNFORTUNATE !

But I will take care of thee, Magdalen.

DISSUASIVES AGAINST SUICIDE.

IF you are distressed in mind, LIVE ! serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul.

If you are contented and cheerful, LIVE ! and generously diffuse that happiness to others.

If misfortunes have befallen you, by your own misconduct, LIVE ! and be wiser for the future.

If they have befallen you, by the fault of others, LIVE ! you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself.

If you are indigent and helpless, LIVE ! the face of things may agreeably change.

If you are rich and prosperous, LIVE ! and enjoy what you possess.

If another hath injured you, LIVE ! his own crime will be his punishment.

If you have injured another, LIVE ! and recompence it by your good offices.

If your character be attacked unjustly, LIVE ! time will remove the aspersion.

If the reproaches are well founded, LIVE ! and deserve them, not in future.

If you are at present obscure and undistinguished, LIVE ! to be one day more conspicuous.

If you are already eminent and applauded, LIVE ! and enjoy the honours you have acquired.

If your success is not equal to your merit, LIVE ! in the consciousness of having deserved better.

If your success hath exceeded your merit, LIVE ! and arrogate not too much to yourself.

If you have been negligent and useless to society, LIVE ! and make amends by your future conduct.

If you have been active and industrious, LIVE ! and communicate your improvements to others.

If you have spiteful enemies, LIVE ! and disappoint their malevolence.

If you have kind and faithful friends, LIVE ! to bless and protect them.

If you have hitherto been impious and wicked, LIVE ! and repent of your sins.

If you have been wise and virtuous, LIVE ! for the future benefit of mankind.

If you disbelieve a future state, LIVE ! and be as useful in this as you can.

CHARACTER OF THE CELEBRATED HYDER ALLY.

[By Colonel Fullarton.]

HYDER Naick, or Hyder Ally, the son of a Killidar who commanded a sort of some strength on the confines of Mysore, soon rendered himself superior to all the other commanders in the Mysore service. At the attack of the bloody Choultry on Seringham island, mentioned in Mr. Ormes's invaluable history, he particularly distinguished himself, as well as on every other occasion in which he either acted or advised. Without dwelling on the gradations of his conduct, in attaining

confidence and elevation, it is enough to say that he rose to be prime general and chief minister of his master. Clothed with the authority of these employments, and supported by his aspiring talents, he soon left his sovereign nothing but the name; and at last doomed him and his whole family to confinement, exhibiting them from time to time in great state, to soothe and please the people, while he in fact transferred the sceptre to his own hands. He trained his peaceful subjects to the use

of arms, by new modelling the military system; by inviting all ranks of Moormin, Rajapoots, and other warlike casts, to join his standard; by encouraging or rather alluring French and other Europeans to enter into his service; and above all, by a course of severe and unremitting duty in the field. He attacked and successively subdued the numerous polygars, chiefs and petty rajahs, whose possessions lay within his reach. He extended his views against the country south of the Ghats, as far as the confines of Trichinopoly and Madura. On the Malabar coast, he reduced the zamorin or sovereign of Calicut, the rajah of Paligat, the other Malabar rajah, and rendered the rajah of Cochin tributary to his circar. He conquered Beddamore, Goutry, and Chitell-droog; the countries of Cudapah, Kanoul, and Savanore; thus extending his as far north as Goa on the Malabar sea, and across the peninsula to the country of Palnaud and Ganjam, on the coast of Coromandel.

With these, and other interior acquisitions, the Rajahship of Mysore grew into a powerful state, 400 miles in length from north to south, and near 300 miles in breadth from east to west, with a population of many millions; an army of 500,000 men, and 5,000,000 of annual revenue. These achievements were the result of intrepid perseverance. He next ventured to try his strength with the Marattas and with the English—though he could not vanquish them, yet he increased in self-confidence and public estimation. His very failures he turned to account, and, like Czar Peter, submitted to be worsted, that he might learn to be superior.

During the long interval of peace with the English, from 1769 to 1780, the improvement of his country, and the strictest executive administration, formed the constant objects of his care. Under his masterly controul, they attained a perfection never heard of under any other Indian sovereign; the husbandman, the manufacturer, and the merchant, prospered in every part of his dominions; cultivation increased, new manufactories were established, and wealth flowed into the kingdom. But against negligence or malversation he was inexorable. The renters, the tax-gatherers, and other officers of revenue, fulfilled their duty with fear and trembling; for the slightest desalcation was punished with the chaubuck, or death. He employed spies and intelligencers in every part of his own dominions, and in every corner of India; and he had persons in pay, who served as checks upon them, and watched all their operations.

The minutest circumstances of detail, the produce of a crop, the cultivation of a district, the portion paid to the circar, and that reserved to the inhabitants, were accurately known to him.—Not a movement in the remotest corner could escape him,—not a murmur or intention of his neighbours but flew to him.—It will hardly appear exaggeration to say, that he was acquainted with every spot, and almost with every person in his empire, when we consider that he was in a continued round of inspection.—In his Durbar, during the hours of business, reports from all quarters were received:—his secretaries successively read to him the whole correspondence of the day:—to each he dictated in few words the substance of the answer to be given; which was immediately written, read to him, and dispatched.

On his right and left hand, during these hours, were placed bags of gold and silver; out of which, those who brought him intelligence were rewarded by one or more handfuls of coin, proportioned to their deserts; he was accessible to all: every horseman or sepoy, that wanted to enter his service, was inspected by himself; every jemidar, or officer of any note, was intimately known to him. His troops were amply paid, but not a fraction lost. Those who supplied his camps, garrisons, and cantonments, were all under such contribution, that almost the whole military disbursements reverted to his treasury. There was no contractor bold enough to hazard a public imposition. There was no commander, ingenious enough to screen inability or disobedience, nor a defaulter that could elude detection. He possessed the happy secret of uniting minuteness of detail with the utmost latitude of thought and enterprise. As his perseverance and dispatch in business were only equalled by his pointedness of information, so his conscientiousness and decision in the executive departments of a great government, are probably unprecedented in the annals of men. Conscious from experience of his own ability, and of the weakness and distraction of the English, he planned their extirpation from India. He summoned all the native powers to join his cause:—they hesitated. He determined to act alone—and conquered the Carnatic.

His death, in December 1782, left the accomplishment of his farther designs to his son and successor, Tippoo Sultaun, to whom he bequeathed an overflowing treasury, which he had filled,—a powerful empire, which he had created,—and an army of 300,000 men, whom he had formed, disciplined, and inured to conquest.

THE REWARD OF EARLY INDUSTRY. A TALE.

[From the *Vieilles du Murais.*]

IN ancient times there was a farmer at Grange, in the county of Cork, who had a numerous family of children, Nicol, one of the younger sons, considering that his eldest brothers would have the farm, and that he had nothing to expect from his own industry, was alarmed at his future prospects. The beauty of the wool of Connaught, and the gain that might be made by dealing in it, made the subject of conversation one day at his father's. The discourse made a lively impression on the boy; he felt within himself the spirit of traffic before he had the means, for of this latter no mention had been made in the conversation he had listened to. Nicol secretly made preparations for fitting himself out as a dealer in wool: he procured a coarse coat fit for defending himself against rain, an excellent pair of brogues, such as they wear in Ireland, a little flask for holding water, and a stick tipped with iron to protect him against danger. Thus provided, he left his father's house without money or goods to exchange, and made his way to the county of Galway, living upon the wild fruits he found by the road, or upon the hospitality of the charitable. He was delighted with the view of the fine wool which he saw there; but it now for the first time occurred to him, that a merchant must have something to give before he can receive. This thought afflicted but did not discourage him. Since his arrival, he had heard that one of the nobles of his native country was then in the town, whose reputation for benevolence was known to every body. He introduced himself to the nobleman as a native of Cork, who had come to Galway to purchase wool, but who had no money. The Baron of Baltimore, who was indeed of that country, was astonished at the sight of a boy who announced himself as a dealer in wool. He interrogated Nicol; who made him a very simple and honest detail of his present and future designs. Baltimore was struck with the singularity; he discovered a deal of natural sagacity in the youth; and being assured he was no fugitive libertine, he lent him a sum of money. He was persuaded that it was a gift; the lad's ignorance of commerce exposed him to the hazard of being duped in the outset. However, said he, I shall have the satisfaction of paying the premium of his apprenticeship.

Nicol, now possessed of a sum more considerable than he had ever expected,

ran to make his bargain; and whether it was his own sagacity, or that the people of Connaught had not the heart to impose on a trader so young, his bargain was advantageous. He travelled to the counties where sheep were scarce, such as King's County, Kildare, and Ballyclough, and disposed of his wool with considerable profit.

Now it happened at this time, that the Baron of Baltimore was come to Ballyclough; and Nicol having learned it, went to present himself before his benefactor: 'My Lord,' said he, 'I have been successful with the money you lent me; here is the principal, which I return with the humblest acknowledgments, the produce will be sufficient for my future traffic; and may Heaven forever bless you for having had pity on me.' The Baron was as much pleased with the success as with the probity of his little merchant, and would have had him retain the loan. 'No my Lord,' said Nicol, 'I have now advanced a step; but if I should keep your sum, I should be but where I began. I only beg you would permit me to wait upon you wherever you are to give you an account of my little stock, the produce of your bounty.' The Baron was still more charmed with his spirit than before; and he promised to take an interest in his concerns at all times. Nicol departed still in the same mean dress to purchase wool at Connaught. His return made the rich traders confide in him; and they gave not only a bargain for his money, but allowed him a little parcel on credit. Thus he procured a considerable quantity of the finest wool, and had a ready and lucrative market for it at Ballyclough, where the Baron still was. Nicol did not fail to inform him of his success, and to renew his acknowledgments—'Thou art grateful,' said the Baron to him, 'and will prosper; go on young man, and remember that I interest myself in the increase of thy little fortune.' Nicol retired, accumulating benedictions on his generous patron.

He returned to Connaught, paid what he owed, and laid out all his money; for he was at no unnecessary expence, and had now double credit. In his way he made several excursions: he went to the country and to the farms, and had a part of his merchandise from the first hand, which he soon disposed of to advantage, particularly at Carrickfergus and Belfast.

At this last place he heard of his benefactor, and flew to pay his respects. 'Nicol,' said the domestics, seeing him still with his brogues, 'you are surely not doing well, boy?' 'Pretty well,' said our young trader. Being admitted to the Baron, he informed him of his affairs. 'I congratulate you Nicol,' said he, 'on your success, but how comes it that you do not dress yourself better now? I am as I should be, my Lord: If I had finer cloaths, I would but attract the attention of robbers, and make myself be imposed on by the rapacity of inn-keepers; a man well dressed must eat and drink and sleep like a gentleman; but in my course apparel, I am content with a morsel of bacon and a draught of small beer. I sleep in the stable with my beasts, and take care that do not want in the night.' 'Well, well,' cried the Baron you are wiser Nicol, than those that offer you their advice; you cannot fail to prosper, especially if you double your profit by returns.' Nicol thanked the Baron with a heart full of gratitude; and having sold all his wool, he returned to the county of Galway, where he had been impatiently expected.

Now Nicol had paid attention to the recommendation of his kind benefactor, *double your profit by returns*. He procured at Belfast the articles he recollected to be in greatest request at Galway; and when he arrived disposed of them quickly, and with considerable profit. 'Oh! how much I am obliged to the Baron,' would he say, 'I now double my stock, and make myself better known than ever; the people all around bring me wool, while they buy my wares, and I shall not be half the time in making my purchases.'

After several trips, Nicol came to Cork, the capital of his native country; but he did not yet choose to visit his parents. He enquired after the Baron, and was informed that he had gone to Chester, in England. Nicol was afflicted at not feeling his patron; but he resolved to go in quest of him. Upon his return to Galway, he disposed of the merchandizes he had picked up at Cork, made his purchases of wool, passed through Lipperry and Kilkenny, and came to Wexford. There he embarked a cargo, set out from the point of Carnifere, and landed the same evening at Chester. His first business was to enquire for the Baron; and having learned he was at the castle, he set himself to dispose of his wool, which he sold cheaper than that of the country, though of a finer quality; for money being less plentiful in Ireland, its productions were comparatively cheaper. Nicol now found himself in possession of a considerable sum;

but he went to wait on the Baron before he made the purchase of his returns; he thought that in a country where labour was dear, his bargains could not be advantageous. He therefore shewed the Baron his whole fortune in specie. 'My young friend,' said his patron, 'you will certainly become a great merchant, and will be a man whom I have gained to Ireland. I am of your opinion with regard to the returns from hence: yet there are many articles very rare in our country which are common in Chester;—try the broad cloth and woollen manufactories.' Nicol followed his advice, he bought fine cloth with one half of his stock, and coarsed with the other; and having renewed his professions of gratitude to the Baron, he set out on his return to Ireland.

Here he sold the coarse cloths to the common people, and carried the fine to Balyclough, to Waterford, and Thuan, where they were bought with avidity by the nobles: in short, he had now managed so well, that he found himself in a condition to revisit his parents at Grange.

Nicol still wore the vest he had on when he left his father's house, and he was still in brogues. He arrived one evening while the family were at supper, having left a servant, whom he had for some time employed, at an inn with his horses. He knocks at the door: 'Who's there?' says one. 'It is I,' answers Nicol. 'Ah! it is my poor brother,' cries the first. Up rose mother and sisters, and flew to the door. 'It is, it is my poor child,' says the mother. 'O! poor Nicol,' cried the sisters. Nicol embraced his mother; who, while she was loading him with caresses, took notice that he still had on his old vest. 'Yes, my dear mother,' said Nicol, 'and I have kept it that I might never wear it without thinking of you.' The good woman led her son by the hand; 'My dear,' said she to her father, 'it is a long time since we have seen him; let the anxiety he occasioned us be forgotten; I know you are too happy to chide.' 'We have found you again then my poor fellow,' said the farmer—'La! how tall he is grown! But where have you been Nicol?' 'Father,' replies Nicol modestly; 'I will tell you all, but suffer me first to make a few presents to my brothers and sisters.' At the mention of presents the farmer reddened; he looked at his son, who presented him with a purse of 100 guineas: he gave one of 50 to his mother, and one of 25 to each of his brothers and sisters. 'O wretch that I am I exclaimed the farmer, 'how have I offended Heaven, that it has permitted my son to become a robber?' No, no, dear father,

ther,' interrupted Nicol, 'God forbid I should be so unworthy of you or of the favour of Heaven. Only hear what has befallen me.' He then related how he had been at Galway; how he had found the Baron of Baltimore; how that lord had lent him a little sum; and how he had returned it; how he had prospered by economy, and by going meanly dressed for fear of robbers; how the Baron had given him excellent advice; and how he had gone to see him at Chester, among the English. 'What!' cried the farmer, 'is it possible that you are the little trader in wool that I have so often heard talked of?' 'Yes my father, and I will prove it to you by my servant, who is hard by with my baggage, and by the people of all the neighbouring towns who know me.' His parents embraced him with double transport; he sent for his goods from the inn; he made presents of fine cloth to his father and mother, to his brothers and sisters, and there was joy over all the house.' Nicol remained eight days at the Grange, and then departed to prosecute his commerce.

It was now ten whole years before he saw again his benefactor. At this period having come to Waterford, he learned that the Baron of Baltimore had been raised to the first offices and honours of the state. Nicol still in his old homely dress, hastened to throw himself at the feet of his protector, who received him very kindly. 'My Lord,' said he, 'Fortune, by her favours, has exceeded my desires, and I am now master of twenty thousand pounds.' 'I sincerely rejoice to hear it, Nicol; but now that you are rich, you must enjoy your good fortune—get yourself comfortably clad. People are not afraid of robbers now a-days, and you may live decently without hazard.' 'I do intend it, my Lord; but first, I beseech you to grant me a favour; allow me to make you a present.' 'A present to me, Nicol? you surely do not mean it; if I did not know you better, I would say you forget yourself.' 'I should be for ever wretched,

my Lord, if I thought I was capable of forgetting what I owe to you; but I flatter myself the present will not displease you, considering the gracious reception you have ever given me.' The Baron gave him his permission; and willing to mark the consideration he thought was due to a distinguished merchant, conducted Nicol back to his carriage. One is better here than on foot, says our wool merchant, and one may with propriety enjoy the comforts of life, when they have been earned with toil and unceasing industry.

Next day Nicol presented himself before the Baron in a plain suit of the finest cloth, having come in a coach, elegant, but not gaudy. The Baron received him in this decent equipage with accustomed condescension. 'My Lord,' said Nicol, showing a box, 'here is the present I beg leave to offer you.' He then drew out a painted cloth rolled up, and an empty frame. 'My Lord,' said he, 'there are many fine pictures in this hall; will you permit this one to enjoy a place among so many more worthy.' 'Let us see it,' said the Baron. Nicol unrolled it.—It was his own portrait, in the same coarse garb which that nobleman had first seen him in. 'This,' says Nicol, 'is the only present I dare make you, my early friend, my first benefactor! Perhaps at some convivial hour, when your noble guests are admiring the beauties of this rich collection, some one may say, why is that beggarly peasant here? Deign then, my Lord, I beseech you, to inform them that it is Nicol, borrowing from you his first stock, which he hath so much increased that he now rides in his coach: Nicol and his fortune are your creation, and all the comforts he enjoys, are so many benefits bestowed by you.'

The picture, in a plain wooden frame, is still in the cabinet of the Barons of Baltimore, and is at once a memorial of ingenious benevolence, of gratitude unfeigned, of virtuous frugality, and honest industry.

TRANSLATION OF AN EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM L'ABBE DE
COMMERELL TO DR. LETSOM.

I AM about to communicate to the public the history of a new plant, calculated for feeding of cattle and making of oil, which I have cultivated for some years; and of which I have repeatedly made

trials at Paris, the last year under the inspection of the royal society of agriculture. The severe winter that we have just experienced, and which has destroyed great abundance of turnips and cole (*colza*), has

not done the least injury to my plant, which is a proof that it resists the severest cold. If it had been possible for me to have procured much of the seed, I should already have announced it to the public; for in relating the discovery of a plant, we ought also to offer its seed for others to make trials of. One of my correspondents in Germany informs me that he can procure me about four hundred pounds weight of it, at the rate of 6 livres 12 sous the pound, taken at Francfort; the carriage to Paris may make it amount to 10 or 12 sous the pound more; thus at the rate of 7 livres 4 sous the pound, I should be able to sell it here.

This plant is a kind of wild cabbage, that may be cut four, five or six times in the year in which it is sown; each cut is as plentiful as trefoil and lucerne; we leave it afterwards for the winter; about the month of February it shoots, and the leaves of it may then be cut; but in the month of April it begins to grow up, sends off stalks, and bears its seed, which may be gathered in June. The first year this cabbage does not send off stalks, its leaves appear to rise immediately out of the ground, which allows it to be cut like grass; it

may also be dried for hay. Its leaves extend to ten, twelve, and fifteen inches in length, and six or eight broad, which have not the bitter and herbaceous taste of other cabbages. It is a pulse very agreeable for man during the whole year, and a fodder equally good as plentiful for all kinds of cattle; the milk of cows does not acquire a bad taste by it, nor do they grow tired of it. This plant bears much more seed in quantity, and larger in size, than the turnips or cole; and the oil, which I have extracted from it cold, is very superior for the food of man to that of cole and of poppy; it is equal to the common oil of olives, in the opinion of good judges. I give the name of the *meving cabbage* (*choux à foucher*) to this plant. If you will make a trial of it, you will have every reason to be satisfied. This cabbage yields one-third more oil than turnips, in proportion to an equal quantity of ground. We may sow it in spring, and in autumn.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your very humble servant,

L'ABBE DE COMMERELI,

Member of the Royal Society of Agriculture,

Paris, Feb. 4, 1789.

AN ACCOUNT OF AN ESTABLISHMENT IN SPAIN, FOR KEEPING OF SHEEP.

THE wool of Spain is some of the finest in the world, and forms a very considerable branch of commerce. They received their first sheep as a present from our Henry II. and others from Edward IV. These sheep are kept in flocks called the *Ganada Merino*, or the *Merino Flock*, and form a very considerable establishment in Spain. Their constant method of conducting these flocks, to which is attributed the peculiar fine quality of the wool, we are now going to relate.

The sheep which have coarse wool, are never removed out of the province to which they belong. Others which have finer wool, and are called the *Merino sheep*, are kept during the summer in the northern mountains, and during the winter are distributed into districts in the milder climates of *Estremadura* and *Andalusia*. The word *merino* means governor, and the *merino mayor* is always a person of rank, appointed by the king, and has the command over the flocks of *Estremadura*. There is also a council who take cognizance of all matters relative to the sheep.

Each flock consists of 10,000 sheep, with a head shepherd, fifty inferior shepherds, and as many dogs. These shepherds when they have brought their flock to the place where they are to spend the summer, give their ewes as much salt as they will eat, for which they are allowed 250 quintals for each flock. The shepherds place flat stones among their flocks, strew the salt on them, and the sheep eat at their pleasure. After they have eaten, they are led to some place where there is some argillaceous spots, and there they devour every thing they meet with.

At the end of July, the rams are distributed among the ewes, and after a time taken out again. The fleece of the rams is not so fine as the ewes, but weighs much heavier. About the middle of September they are marked, by rubbing their loins with ocre diluted in water. Many people imagine this ocre contributes to render the wool fine. That by pressure it keeps the wool short. Others think the ocre acts as an absorbent, and sucks up the excess of transpiration, which would render the wool coarse.

Towards

Towards the end of March, these sheep are moved to a warmer climate: The whole of their route being regulated by laws and customs time immemorial. They have a free passage even over cultivated lands; the inhabitants leave them an opening. Their whole journey is about 150 leagues, which they perform in about forty days.

They are usually led to the same pasture they were in the winter before, and such is their instinct, that they will find it out themselves. A little before the ewes arrive at their winter quarters, they year.—Great care is taken of the lambs. In April is the time for returning to their mountains; and if the shepherds are not watchful, they will make their escape, and take the direct road to the place from whence they came.

The first of May they begin to shear. The sheep are then kept in covered places, and great attention paid to the ewes, which are very delicate. Each shearer can shear eight ewes in a day, but not so many rams, on account of their greater quantity of wool, and their struggling; they are obliged to soothe, caress, and bring the ewes near them, to engage them to keep quiet.

The fleece is divided; the back and the belly give the superfine wool, the neck and sides the fine; and the breasts, shoulders, and thighs, the coarse.

After shearing, they are marked and ex-

amined; those without teeth are destined for the slaughter, and the healthy are led to graze, if the weather is favourable. They will select the finest grass, but not touch the aromatic plant; the wild thyme they particularly avoid.

When there is an appearance of rain, the shepherd makes a signal to his dogs, who collect the flock. The wool of Andalusia is coarse; the reason assigned is, because they never change their climate. Between 50 or 60,000 bags of washed wool, are annually exported from Spain; these bags weigh about eight robes, or 194 English pounds. About 20,000 bags are annually sent to London and Bristol, worth from 30l. to 25l. each, so that we take off one third of the produce.

The wool of Pausar, which is the largest, though not the best, is reserved for the King of Spain's manufactures. The common and shooting dresses of the royal family of Spain are made of the cloth of Segovia, from whence the English nobility, in Henry VII's time were supplied with fine cloth.

The crown of Spain receives annually, by all duties on exported wool, near 60,000,000 reals vellon, or 675,000l. sterling.

Some doubts have arisen as to the expediency of this institution, but the great commercial advantages which result from it, certainly encourage a continuance.

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD'S METHOD OF PURIFYING SEA SALT.

[From the *Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.]

HIS Lordship's process proceeds upon this observation: That the common sea salt possesses a mixture of ingredients, which render it in a great degree unfit for preserving victuals. These ingredients appear, by experiment, to be nauseous, bitter, and cathartic salts, having an earthy basis, which are intimately mixed with the proper sea salts.

To purify salt, by dissolving it in water, decomposing the bitter salts, and precipitating their earthy basis, by adding a fixed alkali, is a tedious process, too expensive, and even imperfect.

Lord Dundonald observed, that hot water, saturated with sea salt, will still dissolve a great part of the bitter earthy salts. His method, therefore, of purifying common salt from these bitter salts is, to take a conical vessel, having a hole in the small end, which is to be undermost; to place it, filled with common salt, in a moderate

heat; to take one twentieth part of the salts contained in it, and putting it in an iron pan, to dissolve it in such a proportion of water, as that the water shall be completely saturated with the salt; then pour this solution boiling hot on the salt in the conical vessel, which is to be purified. The boiling water being already saturated with sea salt, will dissolve no more in it, but will dissolve much of the bitter earthy salts, and this solution will gradually drop out at the hole at the bottom of the case. When it ceases to drop, the same process is to be repeated by means of fresh portions of the same parcel of salt, already partly purified, till it be brought to the required degree of purity.

The superiority of salt thus purified is obvious to the taste, and by its effect in preserving fish, flesh, and butter, for it has been often and carefully tried.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS, AND ACCOUNT OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THESE PROVINCES.

THE Netherlands, or Low Countries, as from their situation they are called, are bounded by France, Germany, and the ocean. They consist of several provinces. Those which compose the Austrian part are Flanders, Brabant, Mechlin, Haynault, Namur, Limburg, and Luxemburg, with a small part of Guelderland. But even parts of the above were dismembered by France and Holland.

In ancient times, these provinces were equally distinguished by arts and arms, and even now their population is not exceeded by any country in Europe. Their opulence was in fact owing to their situation, but more so to that liberty and free constitution which they have possessed for so many ages, not only under their own sovereigns, but even when under foreign princes.

Charlemain, had established governors over these dominions, who, under his feeble successors assumed the sovereignty of the places respectively under his controul. Even as early as the eleventh century we find Dukes of Brabant, Counts of Flanders, &c. which continued for some ages, and during whose reigns the people gained those important privileges they now enjoy. These princes, to secure their power, admitted the nobles and clergy to share it with them; and the people having by commerce procured a degree of wealth, by admitting their princes to a share of it, obtained privileges in return for their respective cities. These cities increasing in wealth and inhabitants, increased also in power, and enabled them to curb the pride of the nobles, and power of the princes.

In the thirteenth or fourteenth century they were the grand mercantile emporium of the northern parts of Europe, riches increased among them, and agriculture in consequence. All these provinces were, in the sixteenth century, from various causes, united under the dominion of the Duke of Burgundy, a younger branch of the royal family of France, and were one of the richest domains in Europe. Their courts displaying the highest magnificence, and their alliances being sought by the greatest princes. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Mary of Burgundy, by her marriage with the Archduke Maximilian carried that rich inheritance into the house of Austria, by which that house acquired a great elevation. Not long after, it also succeeded to the monarchy of Spain.

Under Maximilian, Philip the Fair, and Charles V. the Low Countries maintained

their privileges, and their property; to the latter the discovery of America added considerably. The last-named sovereign viewed the provinces with an eye of particular favour.

On his abdication his dominions were divided. Spain, the estates in Italy and the Indies, and the Low Countries fell to Philip, and with him commenced their misfortunes. The doctrines of the reformed religion having spread in the Netherlands, the severe edicts which Philip's intolerant spirit induced him to issue, excited insurrections. An army was sent under the Duke of Alva to quell them, and the ancient privileges of these countries were openly violated. New courts of justice were erected, odious taxes imposed, and the inquisition exerted its severest authority.

Rouzed by these injuries, the inhabitants took arms, but not with equal success. The Northern provinces formed a confederacy, from whence arose the republic of Holland. But the provinces now denominated the Austrian Netherlands, after a war of twenty years returned to their obedience, but under the express stipulation that their privileges should be restored, and for the future preserved inviolate. The union thus dissolved, the seven Northern provinces became a distinct sovereignty.

The reign of Albert and Isabella succeeded, and these provinces for a time formed another distinct sovereignty, after their death they were again re-united to Spain, and so remained under the reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II. undisturbed in the enjoyment of their privileges, and inviolate in their obedience to their sovereigns.

But the wars under Philip the Second gave a stab to their prosperity; their cities being plundered, their inhabitants emigrated, and when the Catholic worship was established there, a greater emigration took place, and transferred great strength to the infant republic of Holland. By the treaty of Munster the bounds of the Spanish provinces were diminished, their commerce restrained, and the flourishing city of Antwerp thrown from her height of commercial greatness, which she has never since been able to recover.

Lewis XIV. with a design to humble the house of Austria, entered these dominions, harassed them long with cruel war, and reduced a part of them. From these complicated misfortunes, they fell into a state of humiliating weakness. The race

of Austrian princes of the Spanish line ending by the death of Charles II. gave rise to a general war in Europe, of which these provinces became the theatre. The peace of Utrecht gave the Spanish possessions in the Low Countries to the German branch of the House of Austria. On the death of Charles VI. of that house, they descended to his daughter Maria Teresa.

The ambition of Louis XV. kindled a new war, in which these provinces again suffered, and the treaty of Aix la Chapelle afforded them a tranquility, which has not since been disturbed by foreign wars; since which a spirit of industry has revived, their cities have resumed their activity, agriculture has flourished, and commerce in some degree returned. On the death of Maria Teresa they fell to the late Emperor Joseph II. The disputes some of these provinces had with that prince, respecting their privileges, are well known.

To enable the reader to judge of the merits of these disputes, I shall give a sketch of the constitution of the different provinces.

These, although governed by one sovereign for a considerable time, have always retained their independance on each other, and preserved their particular laws and customs; and their prince is not acknowledged as monarch of the whole, but as sovereign of each distinct state; thus the present emperor is Duke of Brabant, Lord of Mechlin, Count of Flanders, &c. Their constitutions, although not the same, have yet a great resemblance to each other. But among them, Brabant has always in some respects possessed a pre-eminence, being actually the seat of government, and the residence of the prince; and in the general assembly, had the privilege of giving the first voice.

The charter of the liberties of Brabant is styled 'Blyde Incomste,' or the 'Joyous Entry,' so called, because the sovereign when he enters on his government binds himself by oath to govern according to this instrument. By this the Brabanters secure the enjoyment of their privileges, which cannot be infringed without the sovereign's incurring the guilt of perjury. This 'Joyous Entry' is an express rampart between prince and people. Their rights and privileges are expressed in many arti-

cles, and the conditions are declared, on which the people consent to yield obedience, and the prince to reign. In it, the powers of the state are ascertained, the courts of justice regulated, the magistrates are described, and the privileges of the people are ascertained. The prince enters into this engagement on his inauguration at Brussels, in presence of the states, attended with proper ceremonies.

The states are the great support of the liberties of the provinces; and consist of three orders: 1st. The clergy, which are composed of two prelates and eleven abbots. 2d. The nobles, or those who have been noble for four descents on both sides, and who possess estates in proportion to their rank. And 3dly. The commons, or deputies from the great cities, Brussels, Louvaine, and Antwerp. These deputies are in number seven.

They assemble at Brussels, and no tax can be legally imposed without their consent and authority, and proceeds in the following manner: The sovereign requests, the states deliberate, and the clergy and nobles consent, provided the third estate shall also assent. Before they can do this, the deputies are obliged to have recourse to their constituents. For this purpose the great chamber of each city is assembled, composed of the magistrates, the ancient council, or those who have formerly been magistrates, and of the rulers of the communities of arts and trade. To this assembly the request is communicated, and the majority decide. If the three cities consent the tax is granted, otherwise not. The collection then belongs to the states.

Personal liberty is as well guarded as property, the dwelling of the citizen is sacred, and cannot be entered, even for a crime, but in the presence of magistrates, and he must be tried in a short time after he is confined.

In the cities, the magistrates are the judges, named indeed by the prince, but from a list presented by the city. The 'Joyous Entry' excludes from the magistracy those who hold certain places of profit under the prince. These magistrates must all be natives, and sworn to maintain their great charter of liberty. Thus, candidus have the ancestors been to preserve the liberties of their descendants.

ON PRESERVING TURNIPS FROM THE FLY.

[By a Farmer at Drayton, in Norfolk.]

THE variety of experiments made use of during many years past for preserving that excellent and useful plant the

turnip from the ravages of the fly, having proved in many instances ineffectual, or at least inadequate to the purpose intended, permit

permit me to offer the following to the Public, which from three successive years trial I have found to answer in every respect. My discovery was owing to the following accident :

A neighbouring farmer not having a sufficient quantity of manure for all his turnip land, was under the necessity of sowing four acres unmanured. The effect was, that the turnips on the manured part of the land were mostly eaten off by the fly; while four acres unmanured escaped without injury.

Having a small farm which I occupy for my own amusement, and being very anxious to promote improvements in agriculture, I determined in the following season to make some experiments from the above hint. Accordingly in the summer 1786, I manured five acres well for turnips, and tilled three acres and half in the usual way without any manure. Those which I manured were almost universally destroyed by the fly, in so much, that I was obliged to sow most of the land over again. The three acres and half which had no manure were intirely free from any injury. It must indeed be confessed, that when I came to draw them they were not nearly so large plants as the other.

Not content with this single trial, I determined to repeat my experiment still farther: therefore, in the latter end of autumn 1786, after having taken the

haulm and seed off, I manured six acres of wheat-stubble, which I intended for turnips the ensuing season. This done, I immediately plowed it, leaving it to incorporate freely with the earth till the following summer, which had the desired effect; for the turnips which grew upon it were as large as those on the land which had been manured.

The two succeeding years, 1788 and 1789, I repeated this experiment, which answered beyond my utmost expectation. Hence I infer, that the fly is either engendered in the new muck [dung], or inticed by it. But when this manure is laid on in the autumn preceding, it loses all its noxious qualities, and from what I have observed, retains all its nutritive ones; though, philosophically speaking, they are liable to be in some degree exhaled by the heat of the sun.

Another material advantage accruing from autumn manuring for turnips is, that all the seeds contained in the manure, and which of course are carried on the land with it, vegetate almost immediately, and are mostly killed by the severity of the winter; and the few that remain can seldom avoid destruction from the plough-share.

This is a more effectual means of cleansing lands of weeds than has hitherto been used, and considerably lessens the labour of turnip hoers.

ON THE HAPPINESS OF FOOLS.

[Translated from the French of the celebrated M. Necker, Comptroller-General of the Finances of France.]

THAT we cannot at once be wise and happy, is one of the most ancient maxims in morals.

We read in Genesis, that when our first parents had eaten of the tree of knowledge *their eyes were opened and they knew that they were naked*: by which it is meant, that they were then suddenly instructed in the littleness and misery of man. Before they were driven from the garden of Eden, their Creator made them coats of skin, and clothed them; a memorable act of compassion to the human race. This precious garment, this coat of skin which is to cover our nakedness, consists of agreeable errors, an indulgent confidence, and an intrepid self-opinion; fortunate gifts, to which our corruption gives the name of folly, and which our ingratitude

wishes not to acknowledge; but which, doubtless, form the only safe-guard of human happiness.

From the moment that men united in society, they have entered into continual comparisons of themselves, which have proved a source both of their pain and pleasure. These comparisons vary in their objects, and in their degree. Some transport themselves to the ends of the earth, and the most remote ages, to measure themselves with the greatest personages that exist, or have existed. Others fix their views upon the circle in which they live: others again are contented with discovering that they possess better sense than their wives and their children. All are actuated by one common principle.

In this general struggle, who is the conqueror?

tender that is most certain of victory? It is still the man protected by his coat of skin; it is our hero, the fool.—Of what moment is it that others elevate or depress him? he stands fixed upon a pedestal of his own; his self-opinion alone suffices to him: it is an enchanted bed of down, on which he voluptuously extends himself, and takes delicious slumber.—How shall we paint his felicity? How shall we speak with propriety of Clito, of Clippus, and Alindas? for ever occupied with themselves, the satisfaction they feel sparkles in their eyes. One manifests it eagerly, and without reserve. The next develops it with method, and counts over his treasure slowly. The third covers it with a composed exterior, in order to enhance the grateful sense of his own merits by the pride of an heroic moderation.

How diverting is it to see a fool occupied with himself. He always displays an interesting singularity, and his character is necessarily original, because his notice is altogether fixed upon an object, to which others never pay attention. The fool and the man of genius make the ornament of the world. All the intermediate classes are destitute of expression and effect: they are like dreary plains between picturesque mountains.

But if the fool and the man of genius figure alike in the world, there is an essential difference in their happiness. The man of intelligence and penetration, skilled in relation of things, combines a thousand different circumstances under a few general principles. The objects of his sight diminish, and assume uniform colours, and before his career is half finished he discovers that all things are alike, and nothing is left capable of exciting his curiosity.—The fool, who never perceives the connections of things, would at the end of a life of two hundred years, and without stirring out of his native city, still find matter for astonishment. As he never classes his ideas, and generalizes nothing, every thing in the universe to him appears detached, every thing is interesting, every thing a phenomenon. His life is a prolonged infancy, and nature always retains her freshness for him.—To the observing man, the future promises merely to be a re-production of the past, and is contemplated without pleasure: but to the fool it becomes a new creation, the charm of hope embellishing all his days.

If the man of reflection, whose meditations embrace a thousand objects, has to choose, or take a part, an infinity of different and opposing motives rush into his thoughts; the activity of his mind is inadequate to the multitude of his percep-

tions; and he becomes indecisive and tormented.—The fool chooses in an instant; he has rarely any thing to compare: his eye is a friendly glass, which never transmits to his sense more than one or two objects at a time.

Another misfortune attending men of sense, which fools never experience, is a difficulty in making themselves understood. Their reason is a sixth sense, of which they in vain endeavour to explain the effects. Deceived by the appearances of human forms before them, they make incredible efforts to communicate to them their ideas: and if their failure of success did not at last persuade them that most men are merely images or automata, they would feel the torture of the Danaïdes.

When persons of understanding, fatigued with exterior objects, turn their eyes towards themselves, the view of what they want disturbs the enjoyment of what they possess, and content flies from them. The fool, on the other hand, knows nothing of his distress: if he looks back into himself, he finds an affectionate host who treats him with respect and consideration; for ever courteous, for ever polite, and for ever ready to care for him. Perfection to the man of judgment seems a steep and towering rock, whose summit is lost in the clouds.—To the fool it is a globe which is always turning upon its center, where each places himself on the top, and each conceives himself treading above his brother.

Nothing can disturb the serenity of a fool: he is proof against envy and jealousy; and as he founds his glory upon trifles, he sees room for it every where. If Damon, at the age of thirty years, takes his place upon the bench, he adjusts his hair to prepare himself for pronouncing judgment; and when he decides, should the respect that is due to him occupy his mind, he assumes a majestic seriousness, which he with difficulty preserves. A curl deranged in the wig of the judge that is near him; a child that falls; a moth that sings his wings; every thing calls forth the idea of his superiority, and prompts him to laughter. If he harangues, his gravity runs new dangers: he cannot speak in the first person; he cannot say I, my, or mine, without the charming prospect of his authority giving him agitation; his contracted brow smooths in spite of himself, and his countenance yields to the sentiments of delight.

See two fools conversing together; they neither of them listen to each other, and yet they are perpetually laughing. While one is speaking, the other is in a situation

uation that enchants him, divided between what he last uttered, and what he is going to utter. When they part it is with a promise soon to meet again, to open their hearts to each other; and each seriously believes that his wit has occasioned all the joy of his friend.

It is often with a timid diffidence that the man of understanding makes refined and ingenious remarks. The delicacy of his taste renders him difficult; he seeks to astonish himself. He has observed also the turns of self-love; and conceives that most men incline to suppose understanding in their neighbours in proportion as their modesty makes them seem ignorant of it themselves, and in proportion as they leave their admirers the honour of the discovery to console them under the effect of it. The fool never submits to the tyranny of managements. He distributes his ideas with entire confidence, and sometimes makes an attempt even at a trite reflection. He publishes this by sound of trumpet; he puts on a subtle air to accompany it, and beaming with his glory, he steps aside out of himself to contemplate it; and in this delightful occupation happily intoxicated, is proud of tributes which he receives from none but himself.

Lastly, the man of understanding is rarely happy as a lover. His refinement forms an obstacle to his felicity. A word which escapes his mistress, a glance which he observes in her, a tone of voice which he interprets, a thousand imperceptible shades, every thing is capable of disturbing his hopes; and when he enjoys her tenderest love, his evil genius still pursues him, and torments him with subtle distinctions. He doubts whether he is himself loved, or whether his mistress loves herself only in his person; he fears that he is loved for his attachment to her, and not from an original sentiment. He analyzes love, and all its charms escape him. The fool, on the other hand, receives complete enjoyment, without the necessity of being beloved. He thinks he makes the same sudden impression upon women, that he makes upon himself. In this happy mirror, every diverging ray bends to a common focus. The moment he is seen, he conceives himself an object of regard; he supposes he is loved, because he is amiable; he believes himself amiable in consequence of being a fool; and upon this immovable base his happiness is erected. Let us then never be in pain for him. He is happy when a lover, and tranquil when a husband; and as every thing turns to account with him; if fortune, as is very possible, makes him a cuckold, he appears such with a beati-

tude which the very lover might envy. If towards the dawn of day he sees any one quitting the apartment of his wife, he runs to her, opens her cabinet, and counting her diamonds, laughs like a madman that they have escaped the robber's search.

Feeble as this picture is, what happiness does it not represent? Fathers and mothers, must it be lost upon you; and will you never change your system of education? It is to indulge your own vanity only, to add to your pomp, that you wish your children to possess brilliant understandings and information, and that you labour for it with so much ardour. You seek to erect a stage on which yourselves are to exhibit; and your pride renders the most pleasing moments of their life, their infancy a trouble to you. If you seriously wish them well, how great is your mistake? Why do you suppose, because your own happiness depends on the suffrages of others, that you are the benefactors of your children when you inspire them with a similar ambition, and prepare them for this career? 'Cruel as you are (might they say!) when you should have placed in our own reservoirs the water, that is to slake our thirst, you have poured the spring upon the land of a stranger.—Cease then to deserve the reproaches of your children; instead of embellishing their persons, put an illusion before their eyes; give them an opinion of themselves, which nothing can efface; send them with this, as their armour into the world; if they are covered with ridicule, be not uneasy: it is their happiness and not their glory which you have in charge.—It is in vain to say that it is your duty to direct them to perfection. The perfection of man consists in his happiness; and if it is the gift of folly to place our happiness in ourselves, those social accomplishments, to which we now give the name of virtue, are useless sacrifices. It is our rennement and the delicacy of our self-love which renders this perfection so difficult; and when we exert ourselves in assembling qualities agreeable to others, in studying their taste, and in endeavouring to please them, we seek a perfection that ends in slavery, and that renders us dependant upon that proud and capricious deity, opinion. Let us prevail with those we love, to quit her worship. Ask only those who have been her followers, how many secret tears she has made them shed? Our hero here observes a different course. While the man of understanding appears at the altar of opinion as the sacrificer and the victim; the fool stands at the same altar, at once the adorer and the deity.

Assist us then, ye men of sense, to multiply fools upon earth. It is easy to be persuaded of their happiness, but you alone can give propagation to new systems. Why will you refuse your aid? why that disdainful look? The distance that separates you both, and which you yourselves seem to think as infinite, appears, perhaps, as nothing in the eyes of millions of beings that are above us. Who can be assured that each of us in this world is not the puppet of others? who knows whether we are not such to the inhabitants of the moon, or to spirits in the air? It is be-

cause you do not hear them laughing at your expence, that you will not believe they exist? The fools we see are not less deaf; and it is a distinguishing character of folly to be insensible, or to take the limits of its own horizon for the boundary of creation. Be more timid and diffident then; and instead of despising fools when you see them, admire their happiness; and acknowledge that all that is wanting to their claim of superior talents, is that of not being fools by their proper choice.

ON DUNG AS A MANURE.

[Addressed to the Directors of the Agricultural Society in Canada.]

THE carelessness of the major part of our farmers as to the increase and improvement of their dung, might undoubtedly afford ample subject of discussion and reflection, which would perhaps induce us to give up the use of plaster, which is an expensive manure; but at present I will confine myself in giving my opinion only respecting the principal causes that propagate such a quantity of worms so destructive to our crops, and especially to our gardens this year. I ascribe to the green dung made use of by so many farmers as a manure the dreadful propagation of those insects. It is well known that farmers who use none but old dung have less of these vermin in their gardens and fields, and should every one make use of that alone, they would disappear altogether; the dung should therefore remain in hills from year to year, and be carted when needed in the fall before the plowing season, or preparation of the gardens in particular. When used in fields, it may be spread on the plowed ground if the season be dry; for if wet, the loaded carriages would much injure the ground. In this last case, the dung may be spread before the plowing, which must not be so shallow as usual, as well as the delving; for the deeper it is, the farther the frost and snow will penetrate therewith, by which the eggs of insects will be destroyed. It is now the prevalent custom to carry off and spread on the land in the spring the dung which has during the course of the winter been taken out of the stables and deposited near the same. The moist and fat substance being already partly lost by reason of the improper place the dung was deposited in, runs down with the rain from the

high ground, where being transferred and laid in small heaps, it falls into the rivers, whose waters are thereby corrupted and infected. Then the farmers complain of the badness of their crops; they say they had not dung enough, and especially that worms do a great deal of mischief in their gardens, and even on the high ground and hills. The dung laid in heaps in parks, frequently remains there till the fall. The sun and rain wastes the small quantity of it that is good, and, as it is well known, insects being fond of green dung, because they find therein both their subsistence and that of their young ones, it will easily be imagined that those noxious animals will not fail to resort there to lay their eggs, and of course multiply their species to infinity, which will breed with so much the more facility and in greater number, as a dry season may happen to favour them. Such is the case this year; as those insects have not been harrassed by unfavourable weather, or, by rain, which would have been so beneficial to the vegetation of our grain, still so short, especially such as have been cut. When our farmers adopt the useful method of laying their dung in some convenient place, where without losing its moisture it may moulder by fermentation, the worms will no longer find in the spring the dung in a state fit for their subsistence, and therefore they will no longer lay their eggs thereon.

In 1781, a kind of caterpillars attacked certain meadows; I observed that such as had been manured with green dung suffered most. The insects had undoubtedly deposited their eggs in it, which had met with so much more success, as they had been favoured by every circumstance.

None but green or very little mouldered dung is seen in the gardens in the spring before the sowing season, though it is certain it enriches the soil in proportion as it is more or less reduced to mould, besides weeds which are commonly suffered to come to maturity, are propagated by this sort of dung containing so great a quantity of their seeds, which would rot as the dung moulders. A double destruction thereby ensues, I mean that caused by the eggs of insects, if any there be, and that occasioned by the seeds of weeds. This is the reason why some burn in the fall the eggs of those insects which ravaged their gardens, in order to prevent future mischief.

Now, is not the method I propose preferable, since the ill effects of those noxious insects, will be prevented by such proper preparation of the dung? Let this wholesome maxim of Ovid be always remembered.

*Principiis obsta serâ medicina paratur
Cum mala per longius invaluere moras.*

It will not then be surprising that so much time is required to extirpate that pernicious insect, when it has been left so long to lay its eggs. But if an intelligent farmer uses none but mouldered dung, his neighbour not following the same judicious practice, will much impede the progress of his cultivation; as the preparation of the dung is generally neglected, the worms and other noxious insects, must of course be perpetuated both in gardens and corn fields.

As it is natural to suppose, that such vegetables as are not supplied with a sufficient quantity of water and manure are less capable to resist the attacks of insects, and the disadvantage of dry or otherwise

unfavorable weather, is it not also reasonable to believe that the fatter the manure is, the better the plants will thrive and be able to resist the attacks of the insect, who, it seems, do not like water impregnated with dung, especially that of man. From the experiments of a number of intelligent persons it appears, that these last excrements are the best manure for different purposes. This dung may be prepared several ways which are all very simple, and have always succeeded when I have used them, not only for watering plants, but also as a manure; for instance, you may dig in the ground pits of a middling dimension, put dung therein, and cover the same with earth.

The use of plaster is undoubtedly good: So many persons of distinction have extolled its good qualities in such manner as leaves no room for doubt; but that manure is a costly one. It may be said it will, perhaps, cost as much to overcome prejudices. To this I answer, that prejudices are of no moment, that evidence derived from experiments will naturally dispel them, and they will soon give way to the flattering hope of success.

I am likewise of opinion that the want of precaution in harrowing or raking the ground before and after it receives the seed, which often remains without being properly covered and compacted, contributes to breed worms, as it procures them cavities to dwell in and empty spaces to creep to and fro, which is undoubtedly very detrimental to the grain.

We may add to the bad effects of the above practices, those occasioned by the seed of thistles which the wind blows on our lands from those of our negligent neighbours.

Quebec, July 12, 1790.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN FASHIONS AND DRESSES IN FRANCE, COMPARED WITH THOSE OF ENGLAND.

[From the Biographical and Imperial Magazine.]

AFTER forty thousand of the French army perished in the Crusades, the remainder brought back with them from these wars a variety of fashions; and, among others, that of dressing in long coats. In the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, it was customary to wear a cassock that reached down to the ground. The nobles fancied that adding a long train to this cassock would furnish a

pretext for some person to carry it, and that the abject employment of such a person would give consequence and an air of distinction to the matter.

None but knights had the privilege of wearing cloaks over their cassocks. The sleeves of the coat being very full and wide, were tied up before at the bending of the arm, and hung down as low as the ham. The cloaks were made of the finest stuffs,

uffs, and were lined with ermine, sable, and white and grey furs. Even a prince could not wear gold upon his cloaths until such time as he was knighted.

For upwards of three centuries the French had the external appearance of peaceable citizens and good patriots. No swords were worn; a long purse hanging down from the girdle was a mark of nobility. Those rods of iron which they now wear by their sides give them the appearance of turbulent people.

They covered their heads with a hood or kind of capuchin, with a roll at top, and a tail hanging behind; it was usually made of the same kind of stuff as the cloak or cassock, and was trimmed with the same sort of skin. It has since become the epitogium of the presidents *a mortier*, the *amess* of the canons, and the *chaufs* of the advocates, counsellors, and professors of the university. Thus the presidents *a mortier* wear their caps round their necks, the canons upon their arms, and the advocates, counsellors, and doctors, upon their shoulders.

In the reign of Charles V. they wore *emblazoned* coats, that is to say, coats dyed over with all the pieces of their escutcheons. In the reign of Charles VI. the *hiparte habit* was invented, which resembled a *verger's* coat, being of two different colours. We find in a journal of those times, that on the 17th of October, 1409, the Sieur John de Montagne was conducted from the little *Châtelet* to the *Halles*, being seated high in a cart, and dressed in his livery, viz. a great coat, half red and half white, and a hood of the same, with a red buskin and a white one, gilt spurs, his hands tied, and two trumpets before him; and that after his head was cut off, his body was carried to the gibbet of Paris, and was there hung up with his buskins and gilt spurs.

In the reign of Francis I. not contented with throwing off the long dress, they ran into the opposite extreme. In some tapestry of that time, this prince and his officers are represented in the dress of *putations*, that is to say, in a doublet with short skirts, and with breeches and stockings all of a piece. This dress sat so close upon the body, and displayed the mouldings of it so very exactly, that it was quite indecent. The graver sort of people adopted the white breeches of the Swiss, and the younger sort invented the *trousers*, which were a kind of breeches short and turned up, that reached no lower than the middle of the thigh, and was covered with half petticoat; so in the reigns of Henry II. Francis II. Charles X. Henry III. and Henry IV. except the little

cloak which running footmen do not now wear, they were in every respect dressed as these are now; and they moreover wore little caps whereon their arms were embroidered. In the army, these caps were worn with deep crowns, which covered the greatest part of the head: at court, and in the city, they were placed over the right ear; the left ear, which was left bare, was ornamented with a pearl drop earring. The women, in the reign of Charles VI. had their heads dressed in a high cap in the form of a sugar loaf; a veil was tied to the top of this cap, that hung down more or less, according to the quality of the wearer. The veil of a tradesman's wife did not descend below the shoulder; that of a knight's lady reached to the ground. In the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II. they wore little hats with feathers. From the time of Henry II. to the reign of Henry IV. they wore little caps with aigrettes.

In the reign of Francis II. the men discovered that a large belly gave a majestic air, and the women immediately fancied that a broad bottom was of equal dignity; false bellies and false bottoms were therefore worn; and this ridiculous fashion lasted three or four years. What is most remarkable, is that as soon as it took place, the women seemed no longer sollicitous about their faces, and began to hide them; they wore vizors, and were no more seen either in the streets, in the walks, upon their visits, or even at church, but in masks. Patches succeeded the vizor; and it is said, they were put on in such numbers, that the face could hardly be known. With respect to rouge, we shall observe, that generals used it when they made their triumphant entry into Rome, and a pretty woman may fancy every day to be a day of triumph for her.

It was a certain principle that every Frenchman was a soldier; that if he followed any other calling he ceased to be a Frenchman; and that to point him out as being no longer of the nation, he was obliged to cut his beard and hair, which were distinguishing marks between a Frenchman and the conquered people. Young men wore only whiskers.

Alaric king of the Visigoths being apprehensive of an attack from Clovis, and wanting to amuse him with fine expectations, desired an interview with him for the sake of touching his beard, or adopting him. For the person adopted was taken by the beard or whiskers. Eginard, Charlemain's secretary, speaking of the last kings of the first race, says, that they came to the assemblies in the field of Mars in chariots drawn by oxen, and that they were seated upon the throne with long flowing

Sowing hair, and a beard that reached down to their middle, *crine profuso, barba submissa.*

Robert the grandfather of Hugh Capet, whom Charles the Simple killed with his own hand, for his having meditated to rob him of the crown, had, in the beginning of the battle, let his great white beard fall beneath the vizor of his helmet, that he might be known by his own people. This is a proof that long beards were wore under the second race, and the custom continued under the kings of the third race. Hugh, Count of Chalon, having been vanquished by Richard Duke of Normandy, went and threw himself at his feet with a saddle upon his back, to shew that he submitted entirely to him; *with his long beard,* says the Chronicle, *he had more the appearance of a goat than a horse.* Towards the end of the eleventh century, the archbishop of Rouen declared war against long hair, several bishops joined him, and it was enacted in a council of the year 1096, that they *who wore long hair should be excluded from the church, during their lives, and should not be prayed for after death.* This step differently affected different minds; it occasioned so much disturbance, investive, and keen dispute for several years, that the opposite parties may equally boast of having had martyrs in their causes. About the year 1146, upon the representation of the celebrated Peter Lambard, who was afterwards bishop of Paris, Lewis VII. thought it a matter of conscience to give an example of submission to the commands of the bishops on the subject of long hair; he did not only shorten it, but even shaved his head. Leonora of Aquitaine, a vivacious, mighty, jocose princess, whom he had married, rallied him upon his short hair, and shaven chin; he devoutly replied to her, that these things were not to be jested with. A woman who once begins to find her husband ridiculous, seldom hesitates about affairs of gallantry, if she has the least turn that way; Leonora had pleasure in the love and affiduities of the prince of Antioch. Lewis VII. perceived it, and repented his having carried her into Syria. Upon his return from the crusade, he upbraided her in the sharpest manner; she replied with much haughtiness, and concluded with proposing a divorce, adding, that she knew how to procure one, *as a trick had been put upon her; for that she thought to have married a prince, and she had wedded nothing but a monk.* The misunderstanding between them unhappily increased, and their marriage was dissolved. Six weeks after she was espoused to Henry Duke of Normandy, Count of Anjou, and after-

wards king of England, who obtained with her, by way of dower, Poitou and Guienne. Hence arose those wars which ravaged France three hundred years; upwards of three millions of Frenchmen perished because an archbishop was offended with long hair; because a king had cut his hair and shaved his head; and because his wife looked upon him as ridiculous with his short hair and shaven chin.

Francis I. having been wounded on the day of Epiphany, 1521, by a fire brand carelessly thrown from a window, was obliged to have his hair cut off; fearful that he should have the air of a monk with the hood of that time, his head shaved and no beard, he thought of wearing a hat, and letting his beard grow long; long beards then once more became a fashion, and continued so during the reigns of Henry II. Charles IX. and Henry III. In 1526, Francis Oliver, who was chancellor, could not be admitted master of requests in parliament without having his long beard shaved, *if he wanted to assist at the pleadings.* Peter Lench in 1559, being appointed to a canonship of Notre Dame, the canons objected for a very considerable time against his long beard, but consented at last that he should be received without having it cut off, though this was derogating from the statutes of the church. These two examples demonstrate, that every person in France, except ecclesiastics and magistrates, then wore long beards. It must have been very pleasant, says the Abbe de Real, (upon the Use of History, dis. 9.) to see all the gay and warlike youths of the court of Francis I. with as long beards as they could possibly have, whilst the gentlemen of the grand-chamber were shaved, as the minions of Henry III. were afterwards. The Abbe de St. Real is mistaken; the Dukes of Joyeuse, d'Epemon, Quelles, and St. Margin, with other courtiers or minions of Henry III. were not shaved; it is certain that they cut their long beards, as was done in the reign of Francis I. and Henry II. As to the shaved chins of the gentlemen of the grand chamber, these are my sentiments. We have seen Lewis VII. wearing a long beard about the year 1146, and that it became a fashion again in 1521. The parliament were doubtful of opinion, that they ought not to conform to this mode, which was at first followed by none but courtiers, as it would have been affecting their airs; and in those times a magistrate who affected the court fashions, and was often seen there, was thought to be sold, or ready to sell himself for favours. The king's servants in the reign of Henry II. having represented that certain officers belonging to the parliament had appeared

too busy at the Louvre, all magistrates were forbid to attend, the king or his ministers without leave, *that they might not come to play the courtier among magistrates, after having been acting the magistrate among courtiers.* In the reign of Henry IV. the beard was shortened; it was worn only three fingers in length, in the shape of a fan, rounded and set off with two long stiff whiskers, in the manner of a cat's beard. Afterwards only the two whiskers were retained, with a little toupee of hair in the middle and quite round the upper lips. Marshal Bassompierre said, that all the alteration he had found in the world, after twelve years imprisonment, was that the men had lost their beards, and the horses their tails. The royal was for a considerable time the fashionable whisker in the reign of Lewis XIV.

Whilst the fan beards were in vogue; they were kept in that form with preparations of wax, which gave the air an agreeable smell, and the colour that was desired. The beard was dressed over night; and that it might not get out of order whilst the person was asleep, it was inclosed in a bigatille, or kind of bag made on-purpose.

From this period the beard no longer made its appearance but in cells and cloisters. The same royal genius that diffused its animating rays through every liberal art, and brought them to that amazing perfection, which could scarce be conceived the effect of a single reign, abo-

lished the barbarisms of Gress, and introduced that fashion which, with some trifling changes, hath ever since subsisted not only in France, but in every polished court of Europe.

It was the maxim of that great and all-grasping statesman Colbert, that the surest means of paving the way for universal monarchy, was to render the French language and fashions prevalent throughout Europe; their academicians were employed to purify and correct the first, in order to bring it to that perfection it hath now attained; a more numerous body of people in France, the *petit-maitres*, were engaged in a seemingly more frivolous pursuit, but which had its basis in sound policy. In both respects Colbert's scheme hath succeeded beyond even his own hopes, the language and fashions of that nation being in a great degree universal.

We need not however fear their attaining universal dominion; for their conquests have not increased since that politician laid this deep plan; besides a recent revolution has taken place in the empire of fashion; instead of Gallic fashions reigning absolute in England, our polite neighbours are now returning the compliment, and the Anglomania reigns as powerful in France, as ever a fondness for French articles did in England.

Of the revolutions in dress in our own country we shall speak in our next number.

ON THE GRIEVOUS TORMENTS INFLICTED IN GERMANY, IN THE ROOM OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

[*Extracts from an ingenious Essay, published at Brussels.*]

THE object of this little treatise is too interesting in the present situation of things, when the spirit of philosophy pervades the tribunal of criminal jurisdiction, not to have its ideas recorded, particularly as they respect the regulations of a prince whose actions have been very much the subject of conversation in this kingdom.

After having paid homage to the humanity of the emperor; and to his several reforms in the criminal jurisdictions, the author declares his intention is solely to notice the change of punishments.

'They have,' says he, 'banished the forfeiture of life, an equitable, useful, and humane intention; but are not the penal-

ties substituted instead thereof, of the same kind? I know only a few of them; they make humanity tremble.

'What in truth is the brand on the cheek with which certain criminals are marked? Has the judge forgot that we ought never to inflict external punishments, that we ought never to banish from the mind of the criminal the hope of entering again into society, of being restored to his right of a citizen, after having sufficiently expiated his fault? but this brand deprives him of his enjoyment for ever.'

Our author then passes to the description of another punishment: 'Humanity revolts,' says he, 'at the aspect of those miserable

afflictible wretches condemned to drag boards on the Danube. These he describes as a sordid, disfigured, scarce covered with rags, struggling with painful efforts against the rapidity of the river; their rons have worn their garments, and ate away their flesh; the blood is running from them, and their ulcers generate worms. 'God heavens!' exclaims he, 'I would afford them some relief, but a pitiless conductor prevents me, and makes use of the name of Joseph to justify his barbarity!'

'Ask any of them their situation.—They know no repose; every day is witness of their toil.—When overtaken by night, they sleep on the shore among hard stones;—their food is bad, and in quantity scarce sufficient to support them. Exhausted nature refuses them strength, yet they are compelled to exertion by blows. Do they appear to sink under it? they must go on, or die. Death, at length, kindly relieves some of them from their torments; but the survivor is obliged to drag along with him the almost expiring carcass of his fellow-sufferer.'

Here the author makes some judicious reflections. 'Is it not easy to reconcile public utility, justice, and humanity? should we not remember they are men? that it is possible to restore them one day to society; and that this pleasing hope ought never to be taken from them. If we oblige them to labour should it not be in proportion to their abilities? should they not have food sufficient to support them? should not their bodies be defended from receiving injury by their chains? And if sick, should they not be relieved, and remedies employed to restore them?'

'Let us then employ such means as humanity dictates; let us give them a hope of liberty, after having expiated their crimes by a long punishment; and there is scarce any criminal you cannot reform, and restore one day to society. If this is doubted, ask the good Quakers, who preside over the houses of correction in the United States; they employ work, tenderness, and firmness. The prisoner must work, or if he refuses, is reduced to the lowest allowance of food; if he returns to his work, his allowance is increased, and they are encouraged by the hopes of ease, reward, and liberty. By this means there are few who are not reformed.'

'I could,' continues our author, 'stop here, but there is one punishment which surpasses the rest in barbarity; this is the punishment of the *galleys*, to which assassins are sentenced for life, in such a manner as not to be able to stir from it, or lay down; bread, water, and soup occasionally, are their only nourishment. The wheel is not to be compared to this, because in a few hours their torments have an end; but this extends even every day, every hour, every minute, for a length of time. They know no other change but what arises from the variation of the seasons, and those increase their afflictions; the sun burns, and the cold benumbs their limbs; they wish for death, but it does not come to relieve them; nor do they see an end of their sufferings. But I leave those descriptions; may they induce the legislators to employ other means. Barbarity never corrects men, and we ought to seek in punishments, not the means of tormenting, but of reforming them.'

THE FOLLOWING ARE SELECTED FROM A COLLECTION OF ANECDOTES
LATELY PUBLISHED BY J. P. ANDREWS, ESQ.

CHRISTINA of Sweden is reported to have been never better pleased with a story, than that of a Norman cure's artifice to save the reputation of his Seigneur, who had been broken alive on the wheel, at the Greve, for two or three robberies, and a murder. 'We pray thee, O Lord, (said the cunning ecclesiastic) for the soul of _____, seigneur of this parish, who lately died of his wounds at Paris.'

HACKNEY coaches were first introduced into Paris by Nicholas Sauvage, in 1650. They obtained the name of fiacre, either from the inventor residing

at an hotel of that name, or from the image of that saint (a favourite one with the people) being painted on the panels.

But by a letter in Stafford's Collection, dated April 7, 1654, it appears that hackney coaches were then to be hired in London at their stand, at the Maypole in the Strand, or elsewhere; it is added, 'Every body is much pleased with it. For, whereas before, coaches could not be had but at great rates; now a man may have one much cheaper.'

THE oath used among the Highlanders in judicial proceedings, contains a most solemn

solemn denunciation of vengeance; in case of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and the meadow land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyss of destruction. When it is administered, there is no book to be kissed, but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated. To prove the superior idea of sanctity which this imprecation conveys to those who have been accustomed to it, it may be sufficient to relate of a Highlander, who, at the Carlisle assizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity, having been observed by the opposite party, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. 'No, no,' said the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect, 'Ken ye not thar is a handle o' difference, 'twixt bla-ing on a buke, and domming ones ain saul!'

SUCH remarkable ill fate has attended some families, that none of the elder branches have escaped a violent end. The successors of Charlemain, in his French dominions, were examples of a melancholy destiny. His son, Louis Le Debonnaire, died for want of food, in consequence of a superstitious panic. His successor, Charles the Bald was poisoned by his physician. The son of Charles, Louis the Stutterer, fell also by poison: Charles, King of Aquitaine, brother to Louis, met with his death by the ridiculous circumstance of being desperately wounded on the head by a lord, named Albuin, whom he was endeavouring, by way of frolic, to terrify in disguise. Nor less strange, though rather more picturesque, was the cause of destruction to Louis III. successor to Louis the Stutterer. This gallant prince, having cast his eyes on a handsome girl, (the daughter of a citizen named Germond,) as he was riding through the streets of Tours, pursued her, instantly, with infinite agility. The terrified girl took refuge in a house; and the king, thinking more of her charms, than the size of the gateway, attempting to force his horse after her, broke his back, and died. He was succeeded by Carloman, who fell by an ill-directed spear, thrown by his own servant at a wild boar; although the dying prince had the generosity to charge the beast with his death. Charles the Fat perished of want, grief, and poison, altogether. His successor Charles the Simple, died in prison of penury and despair. Louis the Stranger, who succeeded him, was bruised to death as he was hunting. Lotharius and Louis V. the two last kings of the race of Charlemain, were both poisoned by their wives, to whose

little indiscretions they had taken too much attention.

Of the whole line after a revolution of 230 years, there now remained only Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and he, after an ineffectual struggle in defence of his rights, against the ambitious and active Hugh Capet, sunk beneath the fortune of his antagonist, and ended his life, and the family of Charlemain, in a lonely prison.

It is an observation of the French historians, that the epithets given to the princes of Charlemain's race, were almost all, expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom it reigned.

IN our own island, we can produce in the royal line of Stuart, a race as steadily unfortunate as ever was recorded in history. Their misfortunes have continued with unabated succession, during 390 years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest, James, was made a captive.

James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James II. was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army, at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was assassinated and then blown up in his palace.

Mary Stuart, was beheaded in England. James I. and VI. died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by Lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years.

James II. lost his crown, and died in banishment.

Ann, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favoured servants.

The posterity of James II. have remained wretched wanderers in foreign lands.

The family of Lorges, Sieurs de Montgomeri, were singularly unfortunate. They were loyally attached to the crown of France, yet, it chanced that within the space of forty years, two kings of that nation suffered, the one a severe wound, the other death, at their hands. It was in

1521, that Francis I. amusing himself by attacking a house with snowballs, was wounded in the head by a firebrand, incautiously thrown from within by the 'Capitaine de Lorges,' so severely, that he was obliged to wear his hair short for so considerable a time, that it became a fashion at court. Afterwards in 1559, Le Comte de Montgomeri, slew Heneri II. at a tournament. And although this unhappy event was every where acknowledged to be purely the effect of accident, nevertheless Catharine de Medicis, widow of the deceased king, pursued Montgomeri fifteen years, with active vengeance, nor ever ceased from the chase, until she had actually brought him to the scaffold, and had caused his family and children to be

declared infamous. 'Let them submit to the sentence,' said the dying soldier, 'and I am ready to join in their degradation, if they do not assert their claim to nobility by deeds worthy their ancestry.'

M. de BENSERADE, was desired by a lady to translate for her the motto, 'tundo, sed avito,' which had been taken by one of high birth, but small fortune. It means, said he, 'I am a beggar by hereditary right.'

An ingenious French writer observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be said to search in the root of the tree, for those fruits which the branches ought to produce.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE MOTION OF THE SAP IN TREES.

[By John Walker, D.D. M.D. F.R.S. Edinb. From the *Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions.*]

THE discovery of the circulation of the blood in animals was soon followed by conjectures of the existence of a like circulation in the sap of vegetables. These conjectures gave rise to a set of queries concerning the motion of the juices of plants, published in 1668. These queries engaged many naturalists to enter on the subject.

Their observations, however, fell short either of proving, or disproving a circulation of the sap, nor have later discoveries been able to demonstrate either side of the question.

To trace the progress of the sap, by experiment, seems to be the only method to arrive at a satisfactory solution. For which purpose the trees which are said to bleed, are the most convenient.

In the last century, Dr. Lester proposed a question on this subject. Whether the sap begins to move in all parts of the tree at one time? Fifty years after, Dr. Hales resumed the subject, and has been followed of late years by Mr. Bohet.

The first appearance of sap in a birch-tree was in the wood of the trunk, close to the ground; then between (but not in) the wood and bark in the branches; then between the wood and bark in the trunk. No sap, at this time, appeared in the bark, in whatever way it was cut. The appearance of sap fluctuated according to the temperature of the season; rising with warmth, and receding, or remaining stationary with cold; in short,

proceeding not at once, but by successive tides; and not rising at all unless the mid-day temperature was above 40 of Fahrenheit's thermometer; when the sap would rise one foot in twenty-four hours. The incisions made lowest in the trunk bled freest; and those on the south, freer than those on the north side; the ligneous circles of the wood, which are usually eccentric, being the largest to the south, but hardest to the north. Wherever the sap appeared, the strata of the tree, viz. the bark, the epidermis, the teguments of the bark, the alburnum, and even the ligneous circles of the wood from each other, during the ascent of the sap, leads the author to remark that the great season of the sap's ascent, for example, in the plane tree, is from December the 25th, to March 25th; in the birch tree, March 1st, to April 26th; in the oak-tree, March 20th, to June 1st; which are consequently to be respectively avoided for the felling these trees, the most proper time being after leaf-falling, when the timber is in its most sapless state; the vegetation of catkins, &c. proving an immediate return of the sap after the leaf is fallen.

The progress of the sap in the branches depends on the rise of it in the trunk; but an inclination of the branch, from its vertical to an horizontal, or still more declining position, remarkably accelerates its progress in the branch. Hence the author supposes the progress to depend on a different principle from that of fluids in capillary

capillary tubes (though the whole seems explainable by the new position which the branch assumes respecting the height of the great reservoir of sap in the stem.) The sap in the young branches, in some cases, moves seven times faster than in the trunk; and it moves faster in young than in old trees; whence the author attributes an earlier appearance of the bud at the extremity of the branches to the youth of the wood.

The frequent dryness of the upper part of an incision into the trunk or branches, when the lower part was moist (before the parts are thoroughly filled with sap,) appeared to confirm the doctrine of the sap ascending in the spring; though the author does not deny the descent of it in another season; but seems even to suspect it, and to suppose that the sap may at other times observe a different law from that of the spring. But he found no circulation.

Branches, whose sap was bound up by cold, upon being separated from the tree, and taken into a warm room, bled copiously.—As the stem continued to bleed, during the frost, and in the open air, at the place of separation, the author thinks that cold impedes the descent of sap in cases where it cannot impede its ascent. The more the sap is abundant, the less warmth doth it require to make it bleed.

Branches will bleed more freely than the trunk, at the same level; and the sap will move more readily between than within the ligneous circles.

In the earlier spring, a tree bleeds by warmth; but as the season advances, by an abatement of warmth. In the interve-

ning season, the bleeding is not only freer, but during more hours in the day. When the young leaves begin to appear beyond their hybernacula (or winter covers), the sap dries away; but it dries earlier in the branches than in the trunk. After the sap ceases to appear in the trunk, it still appears between the trunk and bark, and now moistens the bark, whose parts become more separable from each other in consequence. The departure of the sap from the trunk, is not, however, owing to any evaporation occasioned by the leaves, as the like phenomena appear where the leaves are not permitted to grow.

In one year, the sap rose twenty feet in forty-three days, and the next year to the same height in thirty three, in the same tree.

The sap could not be perceived to rise along the pith of the tree; which, with Linnæus, the author supposes rather destined for uses of fructification, than of vegetation. The buds were always found connected with the pith in these experiments, and most abounded where it abounded.

If, as the author maintains, fruits and leaves are earlier and larger, as the branches they grow upon are placed declining, may it not be worth while, in a premature spring, to put the branches as much as possible in a vertical direction, till the return of severe weather shall no longer be feared?

These are curious observations, and of considerable importance, it is, therefore, hoped that they will be repeated, and varied in different climates, soils, and exposures, and on different trees.

ACCOUNT of the PRODUCTION of some COLOURS by MIXTURE of several LIQUORS, either having little or no COLOUR, or being of different COLOURS from those produced.

[From the Proceedings of the Royal Society, London.]

A MILK white colour is produced by the mixture of spirit of wine impregnated with any resinous gum, as mastic, white benzoin, and with fair water; for which purpose the most transparent and chrySTALLINE gums are most advantageous: the like is also produced upon much beating or agitation of water and oil together upon the same account, in all probability, though not so white or permanent. Likewise in preparing of emulsions, which are made by contusion of oily kernels or seeds,

as almonds, melon-seeds, &c. in distilled waters, or other convenient liquors. The whiteness also of milk, consisting of parts oleose, as butter, and aqueose, as thin whey, seems to be upon the same account.

The like milky white is also produced in the precipitation of fine metals dissolved in their proper menstrua; as in the solution of mercury in aqua fortis cast into brine, for making white precipitate; in distilled vinegar impregnated with lead cast into alum water; in the oil of anti-

mony cast into fair water. The solution of coral turning white upon addition of oil of tartar, seems to have affinity hereto: which may be reduced to transparency by addition of distilled vinegar in a competent quantity, which is the first dissolved. Transparent solid bodies powdered, as glass, sugar-candy, &c. seem changed white upon the same account. Blue is produced by mixture of the tincture of galls in a small proportion with lime water; whereof the former is of a brown or high colour, like strong drink, and the latter clear as rock-water. Yellow is produced in the precipitation of a solution of mercury in aqua fortis with oil of tartar, as white was mentioned before to be in the precipitation of the same in brine. Also in the preparation of turbith-mineral the mass of mercury dissolved in oil of vitriol, and exhaled to dryness, being of a grey or ash colour, upon the first touch of lime water for dulcoration, turns to a beautiful yellow, which it retains ever after. Green is produced by the mixture of the solution of Hungarian vitriol, which is of a beautiful blue colour, and lime water, which hath no more colour than fair water, added to it. A fresh crimson red may be induced upon a tincture of red roses that hath utterly lost its proper colour, and is become only brown or high coloured, like strong drink, by addition of a li-

tle oil, or spirit of vitriol, salt, or aqua fortis. By addition of a little oil of tartar, or spirit of hartshorn, to this tincture so heightened with oil of vitriol, it turneth green. Oil of vitriol being again dropped in, reduceth the red colour, though with some disadvantage as to the beauty, evenness, and transparency. In preparing an infusion of clove gilly-flowers in simple water, some of the liquor being taken out before it had to sense gotten any of the tincture, but was like other water, upon dropping in a little oil of vitriol it shewed a perfect pink or carnation red. Black is produced by the tincture of galls and solution of vitriol mixed together; both which are transparent, and necessarily of any intense colour, as in the making of ordinary ink, which consists of no other considerable ingredient, except gum, to prevent too much sipping into paper, and to give it some gloss. Hence, if one write with either of these liquors, upon which the letters appear little or nothing, and wet the writing with the other, it appears plain and legible. Oil of vitriol, salt, or aqua-fortis mixed, discharges this blackness, and renders the liquor transparent. Whence also these liquors take out blots or writing on paper. Oil of tartar superadded renders the liquor opaque, and reduceth the blackness, though with disadvantage of intenseness and evenness.

A SET OF RESOLUTIONS FOR OLD AGE.

[From the *New Annual Register*.]

TO avoid all prophane talk and intricate debates on sacred topics. To endeavour to get the better of the intrusions of indolence of mind and body, those certain harbingers of enfeebling age. Rather to wear out, than to rust out. To rise early, and as often as possible to go to bed before midnight. Not to nod in company, nor to indulge repose too frequently on the couch in the day. To waste as little of life in sleep as may be, for we shall have enough in the grave. Not to give up walking; nor to ride on horseback to fatigue. Experience, and a late medical opinion, determine to ride five miles every day. Nothing contributes more to the preservation of appetite, and the prolongation of life. Cheyne's direction to the valetudinary, "to make exercise a part of their religion," to be religiously observed. To continue the practice of reading, pursued for more than fifty years, in books on all

subjects; for variety is the salt of the mind as well as of life. Other people's thoughts, like the best conversation of one's companions, are generally better and more agreeable than one's own. Frequently to think over the virtues of one's acquaintance, old and new. To admit every cheerful ray of sunshine on the imagination. To avoid retrospection on a past friendship, which had much of love in it, memory often comes when she is not invited. To try to think more of the living and less of the dead; for the dead belong to a world of their own. To live within one's income be it large or little. Not to let passion of any sort run away with the understanding. Not to encourage romantic hopes nor fears. Not to drive away hope, the sovereign balm of life, though he is the greatest of all flatterers. Not to be under the dominion of superstition or enthusiasm. Not wilfully to undertake any

any thing for which the nerves of the mind or the body are not strong enough. Not to run the race of competition, or to be in another's way. To avoid being jostled too much in the street, being overcome by the noise of the carriages, and not to be carried even by curiosity itself into a large croud. To strive to embody that dignified sentiment, 'to write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.' Not to give the reins to constitutional impatience, for it is apt to hurry on the expressions into the indecency of swearing. To recollect, that he who can keep his own temper may be master of another's. If one cannot be a stoic, in bearing and forbearing, on every trying occasion, yet it may not be impossible to pull the check-string against the moroseness of spleen or the impetuosity of peevishness. Anger is a short madness. Not to fall in love, now on the precipice of threescore, nor expect to be fallen in love with. A connection between summer and winter is an improper one. Love, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master. Love is death, when the animal spirits are gone. To contrive to have as few vacant hours upon one's hands as possible, that idleness, the mother of crimes and vices, may not pay its visit. To be always doing of something, and to have something to do. To fill up one's time, and to have a good deal to fill up, for time is the materials that life is made of. If one is not able by situation, or through the necessity of raising the supplies within the year, or by habit (for virtue itself is but habit) to do much ostentatious good, yet do as little harm as possible. To make the best, and the most of every thing. Not to indulge too much in the luxury of the table, nor yet to underlive the constitution. The gout, rheumatism, and dropsy, in the language of the spectators, seem to be hovering over the dishes. Wine, the great purveyor of pleasure, and the second in rank among the senses, offers his service, when love takes his leave. It is natural to catch hold of every help, when the spirits begin to droop. Love and Wine are good cordials, but are not proper for the beverage of common use. Resolve not to go to bed on a full meal. A light supper and a good conscience are the best receipts for a good night's rest; and the parents of undisturbing dreams. Not to be enervated by the statulency of tea. Let the second or third morning's thought be to consider of the employment for the day; and one of the last at night to enquire what has been done in the course of it. Not to let one's tongue run at the expence of truth. Not to be too communicative nor unre-

served. A close tongue, with an open countenance, are the safest passports through the journey of the world. To correct the error of too much talking, and restrain the narrativeness of the approaching climacteric. To take the good natured side in conversation. However, not to praise every body, for that is to praise no body. Not to be inquisitive, and eager to know secrets, nor be thought to have a head full of other people's affairs. Not to make an enemy, nor to lose a friend. To aim at the esteem of the public, and to leave a good name behind. Not to be singular in dress, in behaviour, in notions, or expressions of one's thoughts. Never to give bad advice, and to strive not to set a bad example. Seldom to give advice till asked, for it appears like giving something that is superfluous to one's self. Not to like or dislike too much at first sight. Not to wonder, for all wonder is ignorance that possession falls short of expectation. The longing of twenty years may be disappointed in the unanswered gratification of a single hour. Whilst we are wishing, we see the best side; after we have taken possession, the worst. Resolved, to attend to the arguments on both sides: and to hear every body against every body. The mind ought not to be made up, but upon the best evidence. To be affectionate to relations, which is a kind of self-love, in preference to all other acquaintance. But not to omit paying the commanding respect to merit, which is superior to all the accidental chains of kindred. Not to debilitate the mind by new and future compositions. Like the spider, it may spin itself to death. The mind, like the field, must have its fallow season. The leisure of the pen has created honourable acquaintance, and pleased all it has wished to please. To resolve, not to be too free of promises, for performances are sometimes very difficult things. Not to be too much alone, nor to read, nor meditate, or talk too much on points that may awaken tender sensations, and be too pathetic for the soul. To enjoy the present, not to be made too unhappy by reflection on the past, nor to be oppressed by invincible gloom on the future. To give and receive comfort, those necessary aims to a distressed mind. To be constantly thankful to Providence for the plenty hitherto possessed, and which has preserved one from the dependence on party, persons, and opinions, and kept one out of debt. The appearance of a happy situation, and opportunities of tasting many worldly felicities (for content has seldom perverted itself into discontent), has induced many to conclude, that one must be pleased with one's

one's lot in life ; and it occasions man to look with the eye of innocent envy. To resolve more than ever, to shun every public station and responsibility of conduct. To be satisfied with being master of one's self, one's habits, now a second nature, and one's time. Determined not to solicit, unless trampled upon by fortune, to live and die in the harness of trade, or a profession. To take care that pity, humanity is not here meant, does not find out one in the endurance of any calamity. When pity is within call, contempt is not far off. Not to wish to have a greater hold of life, nor to quit that hold. The

possible tenure of existence is of too short possession for the too long night that is to succeed : therefore not a moment to be lost. Not to lose sight, even for a single day, of these good and proverbial doctors—*diel—merryman—and quiet*. Resolved, to remember and to recommend, towards tranquility and longevity, the three oral maxims of Sir Hans Sloane—'Never to quarrel with one's self—one's wife—or one's prince.' Lastly, not to put one's self too much in the power of the elements, those great enemies to the human frame ; namely, the sun—the wind—the rain—and the night air.'

SUPERSTITION OF THE HINDOOS.

[From Mr. Sullivan's *Philosophical Rhapsodies*.]

AT our first setting out, you will recollect, we determined on adhering to no certain rule in the nature of our enquiries. It would be too precise a progress for an unpretending investigation, which aims at nothing but brevity, and a few simple observations. We will pass, therefore, from our last subject, to a momentary consideration of that extravagant enthusiasm and superstition which pervades the minds of the natives of Hindostan. Priest-ridden we have already declared them to be : but their insatuated reliance on the wisdom of their Brahmins is singularly astonishing, though it must be confessed it has in many instances been of considerable advantage to them.

We have, in a former fragment, taken notice of the influence of the gourroo in every Hindoo family ; we mentioned him as the temporal and the spiritual father. The gourroo himself, however, is under the positive guidance, as in all similar cases, of certain established rules, which it is peculiarly incumbent on him, in common with his disciples, undeviatingly to adhere to. To enumerate the vast variety of religious rites among the Hindoos, would require volumes. We will pass them over in silence therefore, and confine ourselves to a few of those customs which are the most immediately striking.

Prone to guilt, and apprehensive from nature, man has always had that something within him, which has urged him to penitence, and has given him to believe, that in baptism, or ablution, transgressions may be forgiven. Hence we see the Jews considered baptism, or washing, as an in-

ternal as well as an external purification. Christians even followed the same idea, and, in like manner with their progenitors, baptized not only themselves, but even their goods and chattels. But although water, from its cleansing properties, and fire, from its purifying nature (which hath also always been used), have both of them been uniformly symbols of expiation ; yet we are to look for other more probable reasons for that excessive veneration paid by the followers of Brahma to the Ganges, and to the other sacred rivers of Hindostan.

The Egyptians paid a religious worship to the waters, under the symbol of their god Canopus. The Indians pay a greater—but their adoration is to the element itself. The fertility which rivers occasion in their annual inundations, and that too in countries where grain may be said to be the most essential article of life, must have been the original cause which led to river deification. Man, in an uncultivated state of society, evermore acknowledges the Divinity in that which is most beneficial to him.

Filled with the most grateful sensations for the blessings which were regularly dispensed to them in the waters of their rivers—refreshed and cleansed by their invaluable streams—the Hindoos were not long in admitting superstition to substitute itself for gratitude. The foundation once laid, their priests found it no mighty difficulty to rear the superstructure. Ablutions, they soon declared necessary, for cleanliness to those in the neighbourhood of rivers—for internal purification to those who

Who might reside at a greater distance. But this was still found inadequate to Brahminical desires. Impostion had gone abroad—the root was deeply taken; and hence the clay even of the beds of rivers was capable of being turned to tolerable account. The clay, therefore, was brought into use; and it still continues as a most necessary ingredient in many of their religious ceremonies.

The Ganges, as the largest, has always been considered as the most-holy river in Hindoitan. Those who bathe in it, are peculiarly sanctified ever after; and as a type of it are marked on the forehead with a yellow mixture. The water itself is sent in jars, sealed by the Brahmins, all over the peninsula of India, and sold at an enormous price. Hindoo princes, living at many thousand miles distance, will drink no other, though the carriage of it costs them prodigious sums of money.

The most extraordinary instance, however, of senseless superstition in the Hindoos, relative to this element, is in that monstrous, that inhuman custom, of exposing their sick by the side of rivers, there to die. It is not uncommon for them even to stuff the mouths and nostrils of the diseased with the mud of the banks, (Hindoo extreme unction!) that a speeier period may be put to their existence. But can any thing be more barbarous? Conceive an aged, or an infirm being, borne down to low water mark on a pallet, probably not bereft of sense or reason, and there left to be washed away by the return of the tide, or to be destroyed by the first ravenous crocodile or tyger! Think not I here exaggerate. The fact is incontestable. I have known instances of it myself. Nay, a very few years only have elapsed since an opulent, and a most reputable Hindoo, at the English settlement of Calcutta, in Bengal, was twice rescued from the jaws of death by a gentleman who was his friend, and who forcibly dragged him from his relations, who, at his own express command, had carried him on his funeral bier, and had stretched him out, to await an inevitable death on the shore of the Ganges.

A practice among the Tartars, somewhat similar, and another among the Americans, have already occurred to us. I do not recollect many other such shocking plots in the human character. The Troglodite, indeed, when either age or infirmities had made life uneasy to him, or when he had become useless to society, seldom declined voluntarily putting an end to his existence; or if he did, a friend was allowed to whisper to him the law of his tribe which enjoined it. If he then beha-

ved well, the previous omission was forgiven, and his name was enrolled with the rest of his countrymen; but, on the contrary, if he hesitated at the blow, the brand of coward was stamped upon his character: he was strangled by his companions, and left by them to rot, with his memory, in infamy and disgrace.

One primary cause of the Hindoo's contempt of death, is the prevalency of the doctrine of a transmigration of souls. They are the original propounders of the metempsychosis—that system so universally well known in Europe under the name of the Pythagorean. It has often amazed the curious, that before the immortality of the soul came thoroughly to be understood, the world in general did not invariably believe in the constant corporeal change of the various constituent parts of nature. How awful is the contemplation of that regular progression of life and death! Vegetables, we see, in their destruction, are the causes of animal existence. Animals, again, in their dissolution, become the springs of vegetable life. Insects, flies, and various reptiles, serve the purposes of nourishment to those of a superior degree. Man, again, draws these aside, and appropriates them to his own immediate use; whilst he, as the last and grandest link of the chain, moulders at length away, and, in yielding his fair form, the image of his Maker, pays, as a debt, that sacrifice which is essential in common with the rest of things.

The Hindoos, though they believe in the transmigration of souls, do not rank those incomprehensible essences exactly as Plato did, who said, 'that at going out of the bodies they had inhabited, there were three sorts—the incurable, the curable, and the pure.' That the first went to the devil, as we should say, at once; that transmigration was to serve the purposes of the second, as purgatory does the Roman Catholics; but that the third, being purified previous to death, would stand in need of no farther trial. The Hindoos, I suspect, admit of an inevitable transmigration for a certain number of years, the time being squared to the extent and nature of their worldly crimes. The provision made for this transmigration is curious. Tavernier says, the reason given him by two merchants for burying their money and jewels, part of the latter of which he had purchased, was, the apprehension they laboured under of being poor and miserable in their next change of nature; wherefore it appeared to them but right, as such a state of indigence was possible, that a little stock should be gathered in before hand, in case of exigen-

cies. And apocryphal as this may sound, I can readily believe the fact; for, to this hour, it is the universal practice of the Hindoos to conceal a considerable portion of their treasures.

It is of singular consideration, however, that the same principle which actuates them to a contempt of death, as relative to themselves, should at the same time, from the belief that they are to occupy the bodies of other animals, occasion the greatest abhorrence of their shedding the blood of any other creature. Thousands and ten thousands of the more rigid ones will perish rather than partake of food which once had existence in it; though, at the same time, as is instanced in the Malabarras, they will plunder and lay desolate countries, and destroy their enemies with the most heartfelt alacrity and satisfaction. It is not unusual, extraordinary as it may appear to you, to see hospitals erected for the admission of diseased animals and birds. 'I have seen many camels; horses, and bullocks,' says Thevenot, 'with other wounded animals, which the Hindoos had purchased from Christians and Mohammedans, and which they had delivered,' as they were wont to say, 'from the cruelty of infidels'.

From this principle of transmigration arose the excessive veneration paid by the Hindoos to the animal of the cow species; but good sense had not a little share in the predilection. They easily perceived that milk was not produced in such abundance by any other animal; nor could it yield

an equal degree of nourishment. They saw likewise that the male was both patient and docile, pliant to the yoke, and well calculated for labour. Nor could they but observe it was the animal which most generally abounded, of all that comes under the denomination of ruminant: hence their extraordinary attachment to the cow species. They consider the milk as a primary article of life, nor will they refuse to share it with an infidel; but they shudder at a calf or a bullock's being slain. Their intercession for them, when those of another persuasion would lead them to the slaughter, is never omitted. 'And thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth over the corn,' saith the Mosaic scripture, and so saith the Hindoo; which positively enjoins an attention to that grateful principle. The Hindoos muzzle not the ox—they let him quietly tread out the grain, as the Israelites used to do of old.

Unworthy he to reap the fertile field,
Whose soul to pity's generous feelings
Strel'd,
Aims, with ungrateful hand, the murd'
rous stroke
To fell his ox, just recent from the yoke;
The patient partner of his daily toil;
Who many a year has plough'd the stubb'
born soil.

The doctrine of Pythagoras, as given to us by Ovid:

CHARACTER OF THE REIGNING DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

HIS person bespeaks depth and penetration, a desire to please tempered by fortitude, nay by severity. He is polite to affliction; speaks with precision, and with a degree of elegance; but he is somewhat too careful to speak thus, and the proper word sometimes escapes him. He understands the art of listening, and of interrogating according to the very spirit of reply. Praise, gracefully embellished and artfully concealed, he finds agreeable. He is prodigiously laborious, well-informed, and perspicuous. However able his first minister Feronce may be, the duke superintends all affairs, and generally decides for himself. His correspondence is immense, for which he can only be indebted to his personal consideration; because he cannot be sufficiently wealthy

to keep so many correspondents in pay; and few great courts are so well informed as he is. All his affairs are in excellent order. He became the reigning Duke of Brunswick in 1750, and found his principality loaded with debts to the amount of forty millions of livres: his administration has been such that, with a revenue of £. 100,000 sterling, and a sinking fund, in which he has deposited the savings of the English subsidies, he will, in 1790, not only have perfectly liquidated the debts of the sovereignty, but also those of the state. His country is as free as it can be; and is happy and contented, except that the trading class regret the prodigality of his father. Not that the reigning duke is less sensible to elegant pleasures than another; but severely observant of decency, and religiously

ligiously faithful to his duty as a prince, he has perceived that economy was his only resource. His mistress, Madam Hartfield, is the most reasonable woman at court: and so proper is this attachment, that, having discovered an inclination for another woman, the dutchess leagued with Madam Hartfield to keep her at a distance. Truly an Alcibiades, he delights in the pleasures and the graces; but these never substract any thing from his labours or his duties, not even those of prudence. When he is to act as a Prussian general, no one is so early, so active, so minute as himself. It is a mark of superior character and understanding, that the labour of the day can be less properly said to be sufficient for him than he is for the labour of the day; his first ambition is that of executing it well. Intoxicated by military success, and universally pointed out as a great general, (especially since the campaign of 1778, during which he all the winter maintained the feeble post of Troppan, to which the King of Prussia annexed a kind of vanity,

against every effort of the Austrians) he appears effectually to have quitted military glory, to betake himself to the cares of government. Every where made welcome, possessed of unbounded curiosity, he still is capable of assiduously confining himself to Brunswick, and attaching himself to business. He is in fine a man of an uncommon stamp: but too wise to be formidable to the wise. He delights much in France, with which he is exceedingly well acquainted, and appears to be very fond of whatever comes from that country. His eldest son, returning from Lausanne, has passed through Franche-Compte, Languedoc, and Provence, and is very desirous to return to France. I shall soon know if he is to be sent back. In my opinion, the son cannot be treated with too much respect there, so as to testify confidence in the father; which it seems to me would give the latter pleasure, by which he would certainly be sufficiently confirmed, and flattered, to keep his treatment in memory.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

AMBROSE Spinola passing through Paris in 1604, had the honor of supping with Henry IV. Towards the end of the entertainment, the King having asked him what particular plan of operations he meant to pursue in the next campaign, Spinola gave him a faithful relation of his intentions; telling him how and when he would begin, where he would construct a bridge, on the Scheld, to lead over his army; and where he proposed to erect a small fort. In a word, he did not omit the minutest circumstance. Henry, who was interested for the Dutch, immediately wrote to the Prince of Orange an account of all that he had heard, telling him that he must take every thing in a quite contrary sense, as it was not probable that Spinola, who was suspicious of him, would have disclosed his real designs. This able General, however, did every thing that he had said. He had been so free with Henry IV. only because he was persuaded that he would not believe him. On this account that Prince said, 'Others deceive me by speaking falsehood, but Spinola has deceived me by telling the truth.'

MEN of exalted minds have always, amidst the bustle of the gay world, and

even in the brilliant career of heroism, retained a taste for mental pleasures. When engaged in the most important affairs, notwithstanding the many objects that employed their attention, they were still faithful to the Muses, and perused with delight the works of the sublimest geniuses. They were not of opinion that a great man has no occasion for reading or knowledge; nor were they ashamed even to become writers (sometimes themselves). When Philip, King of Macedonia, invited Dionysius the younger to dine with him, at Corinth, he began to ridicule the father of that Prince, because he had been both a Sovereign and a poet, and had composed odes and tragedies. 'When,' said Philip, 'could your father find leisure to write all these trifles?'—'In those hours,' replied Dionysius, 'which you and I spend in drunkenness and amusements.'

ALEXANDER was remarkably fond of reading. Whilst he was filling the world with the fame of his victories, marking his progress by blood and slaughter, marching over smoking towns and ravaged provinces, and though hurried on by fresh ardour to new victories, he found the time hang heavy upon him in Asia, because he had

books. He therefore wrote to Harpalus to send him the works of Phyllostus, several of the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, and Eſchylus, and the Diatribes of Thales.

IN Pompey's Army, Brutus, the avenger of the liberty of Rome, spent among books all those moments which he could spare from the duties of his office. He not only read and wrote when the army was at rest, but even the night before the celebrated battle of Pharsalia, which was about to decide the empire of the universe. It happened then to be the middle of summer, the weather was exceedingly hot, and the army was encamped in a marshy plain, the servants who carried his tent were long in arriving, and being extremely tired, he bathed whilst he was waiting for them, and made his body be rubbed with oil, about noon. After taking a little refreshment, whilst the rest were lost in sleep, or forming conjectures concerning the event of the next day, Brutus was busy in his tent, and employed even till night in making an extract from Polybius.

PETRARCH was always low spirited when he did not read or write, or at least when he did not indulge in poetic dreams, near limped hills, mountains, and rocks; or in vallies enamelled with flowers. That he might not lose time when he travelled, he wrote in all the inns where he stopped. One of his friends, the Bishop of Cavailon, fearing that the ardour with which he read and wrote, at Vacluse, would entirely destroy his health, already greatly deranged, begged him one day to give him the key of his library. Petrarch consented, not knowing what he was going to do with it; but the good bishop locked up his writing desk, telling him, that he forbade him him to read or write for ten days, Petrarch obeyed, though with the greatest reluctance; but the first day appeared to him to be longer than a year; the second he had a head-ache from morning to night; and the third he found himself early in the morning very feverish. The good Bishop, touched with his condition, restored to him his key, and at the same time his health and his spirits.

IN a manuscript, which is now in one of the richest libraries in Paris we are told, that the Count de Ligneville and Count d'Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice,

gait, and deportment, were the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both Captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change.

Count d'Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligneville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent, instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligneville sent for a barber; and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have some occasion to go into the next apartment, and putting his night gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth, which he had about his neck, under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation; and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but, to his great astonishment, he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to recal him to life, Count d'Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligneville, who was half shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprize to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth, until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between these brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them; so that, on this account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both often had the same dreams. The day that Count d'Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever, of which he died, Count de Ligneville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and would have sunk under it like his brother, adds the manuscript, had he not made a vow to our Lady of Aitenting. If all these facts be true, which we much doubt, it must be allowed, that they are sufficient to confirm the penetration of the most sagacious philosophers, and that they plainly shew that there are many discoveries still to be made in the system of nature.

MURET relates, that he dictated one day to a young Corsican an innumerable multitude of Greek, Latin, and barbarous words, all unconnected with one another, and for the most part unintelligible; and that when he was tired of dictating, the Corsican repeated them all, without the least hesitation, reversing the order, and beginning at the last. This young man assured him, that he could easily repeat, in the same manner, thirty six thousand. He even did more; he undertook to teach his art to a young Venetian, who complained of having a bad memory; and after six days practice, he accustomed him to remember five hundred verses.

THE Emperor Maximilian being sick, sent for several physicians, with a view rather to amuse himself than to follow their prescriptions. When they were all assembled, he said to each of them in turn, *Quot?* The physicians were quite astonished at this question, and could not conceive what the prince meant; but one among them, who had a little more penetration than the rest, and who comprehended that the monarch, by this monosyllable, enquired how many patients each of them had dispatched to the other world, taking his beard in his hand, replied, *Ter*; signifying, that he had destroyed as many patients as there were hairs in his beard. This witty answer pleased the Emperor, and procured him a very favourable reception.

SAINT Romuald, the founder of the Camaldules, having resolved to embrace the hermitical life, put himself under the care of a pious man, named Marin, who lived very reclusive. Mildness was none of this man's virtues, and his severity was sufficient to have disgusted any one of less resolution than Romuald; for every time that his scholar committed the least fault in reading, the merciless Marin gave him a severe blow with a stick on the left side of his head. Romuald suffered this treatment for a long time with great patience; but at length he said to Marin one day, "I am almost become deaf on the left side; I beg, therefore, that you will be so kind hereafter as to strike me on the right."

JOHN II. King of Portugal, was begged one day by a gentleman, named Ruy Souza, who was greatly oppressed with debt, to have the condescension to speak to him in the streets. His Majesty agreed, and going out with Souza, conversed with him for some time, and asked him if that honour was sufficient. Souza thanked his Majesty, and replied that it was. Next

morning a merchant, who did not doubt of Souza's being in great favour, lent him six thousand crowns, of which he at that time stood in the greatest need.

COURZOLA is a small city in an island of the same name, which formerly belonged to the Republic of Ragusa, and which the Venetians took from them by a very singular stratagem. The Ragusans having quarrelled with the Venetians, who were masters of a little sandy isle, called Saint Mark, which commands the city of Ragusa, with a rock still nearer, which has scarcely earth upon it sufficient for the foundation of a cottage, the latter sent engineers thither during the night, who constructed a small sort of paste-board properly painted, and mounted on it some wooden guns, which they had made in great haste. As soon as the morning appeared, the first thing that struck the Ragusans was this sort, which filled them with so much terror, that they offered to capitulate, and were very well satisfied to get off, by ceding Courzola, which they gave up to the Venetians in exchange for that threatening rock. They demanded also the small sandy isle, but to this proposal the Venetians would by no means consent.

MR. LAVATER having asserted in the second part of his Treatise upon Physiognomy, that shoemakers generally have a sickly appearance and weak constitutions; and that at Zurich, of twenty-four children born of parents exercising that profession, seven only were boys, about five or six years ago, all the shoemakers of that place rose up against him. They assembled in a tumultuous manner; and Mr. Lavater, in order to appease them, was obliged to declare publicly that he had been deceived, and that the proportion was twenty-eight males to thirty females. To give the society of shoemakers a more permanent testimony of his affection, he begged that he might be allowed to stand god-father to all the male children, which should be born to masters. This request produced a perfect reconciliation.

PEOPLE generally retain, to the last moment of their lives, that ruling passion which influenced their actions during life. Mr. De Lagny, of the Academy of sciences at Paris, who was a great calculator, having become insensible in his last illness, Mr. Maupertuis approached his bed, and endeavoured to rouse him a little, by calling out, "Mr. Lagny, what is the square of twelve?" "An hundred and forty-four," replied Mr. Lagny, and soon after expired.

THE following story, was frequently told and believed at Madrid, during the first year of Farinelli's residence in Spain. This singer having ordered a superb suit of clothes for a *Gala* at court, when the taylor brought it home, he asked him for his bill. 'I have no bill, Sir,' says the taylor, 'nor ever shall make one. Instead of money,' continues he, 'I have a favour to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have had the honour to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require will be a song.' Farinelli tried in vain to prevail on the taylor to take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the humble entreaties of the trembling tradesman, and flattered perhaps more by the singularity of the adventure than by all the applause he had hitherto received, he took him into his music room, and sung to him some of his most brilliant airs, taking pleasure in the astonishment of his ravished hearer; and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had done, the taylor overcome with extacy thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire.—'No,' says Farinelli, 'I am a little proud; and it is from that circumstance that I have acquired some small degree of superiority over other singers; I have given way to your weakness, it is but fair, that in your turn, you should indulge me in mine.' And taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

One day in going to the King's closet, to which Farinelli had at all times access, he heard an officer of the guard curse him, and say to another that was in waiting, 'honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier-like myself, after thirty years service, is unnoticed.' Farinelli, without seeming to hear this reproach, complained to the King that he had neglected an old servant, and procured a regiment for the person who had spoken so harshly of him in the anti-chamber; and in quitting his Majesty he gave the commission to the officer, telling him that he had heard him complain of having served thirty years, but added, 'you did wrong to accuse the King of neglecting to reward your zeal.'

CHELONIS, the daughter of Leonidas, appears to have been a pattern both of filial and conjugal piety. The following account of her has been preserved to us by Plutarch, and may be considered as a va-

luable monument of ancient manners, Leonidas having been deposed, she refused the rank to which the promotion of her husband Cleombrotus had raised her, but, putting on mourning, accompanied her father into exile. Upon his restoration, and Cleombrotus's life being in danger, she returned back to her husband, and shared in his distresses; and at last was found by Leonidas, and his ministers of violence, in the temple of Neptune, where Cleombrotus had taken sanctuary, sitting by him in the squalid habit of a suppliant, her arms folded around him, with her two children, one on each side: When, addressing her father; 'It was not for Cleombrotus,' said she, 'that this garb of woe was first put on by me; neither was it for him that these tears first began to flow. My sorrows had their beginning with your misfortunes: nor from that time have they ever ceased to be my portion. You are now victorious over your enemies, and are again in possession of the throne of Sparta: must I nevertheless still continue to wear these weeds of affliction? or shall I array myself in festive ornaments, when the husband of my youth, the husband you gave to me, is doomed to be the victim of your vengeance?—If, however, neither my tears, nor the tears of these little innocents, have the power to move you, more severe will Cleombrotus's punishment be than even you wish it—he shall see his beloved wife die before him. For how shall I endure to live, under the reproach of having had my supplications rejected both by my husband and by my father? a wretched wife! a wretched daughter!—Whatever plea the unhappy Cleombrotus might have had to offer in his justification, I have already in some measure destroyed the force of it, by avowing your cause in prejudice to his. But, indeed, you yourself, by this inexorable cruelty, plead his apology; and shew how powerful a temptation a crown is, when the blood of son-in-law must be shed, and a daughter abandoned, for the sake of it.—So saying, she leaned her face against her husband's cheek, turning her dimmed and streaming eyes on the crowd around her. Every heart melted: Even Leonidas was overcome: 'Rise,' said he to Cleombrotus, 'and get thou into exile.'—'And as for thee, Chelonis,' continued he, 'repay to thy father the kindness he has shewn in giving thee thy husband's life, and remain with me.—Chelonis, notwithstanding, would not be persuaded. But, her husband rising from the ground, she put one child in his arms, and took the other herself, and, after paying due homage

At the altar, where they had taken sanctuary, went with him into banishment,

A FLATTERER one day complimented Alphonso V. in the following words, 'Sire, you are not only a king like others, but you are also the brother, the nephew, and the son of a king.'—'Well,' replied the wise monarch, 'What do all these vain titles prove? That I hold the crown from my ancestors without ever having done any thing to deserve it.'

THE late King of Poland had a magnificent glass above his chimney-piece, which, on account of its singular size, was of incalculable value. One of his domestics happening one day to break it, his Majesty said, in a passion, 'I'll lay any wager it is in pieces.' 'Not quite, Sire,' replied the servant, with the utmost indifference.

IN 1683, Louis XIV. commissioned Du Quesne to bombard Algiers, in order to punish the Algerines for their perfidy and insolence. These pirates being reduced to the greatest despair, when they saw that the fleet which was destroying their city, tied the French slaves to the mouths of their cannon, and fired them towards the enemy, so that their mangled bodies fell among the vessels. An Algerine captain, who had been taken in some of his cruises, and who had been well treated by the French while a prisoner, perceived amongst those who were destined to this dreadful punishment, a French officer, named Choiseul, from whom he had received many marks of kindness. The Algerine immediately ran, and begged that this man might be saved, but his entreaties were vain. The cannon to which Choiseul was tied was just going to be fired, when the Algerine threw his arms around his friend, and addressing himself to the person who held the match, cried out, 'fire, since I cannot save my benefactor, I shall at least have the consolation of dying with him.' The Dey, who beheld the whole scene, was so struck with it, that his ferocious heart was softened, and he granted the Algerine's request.

KUPERLI NUUMAN, who was made Vizir in 1710 had conceived a foolish idea, that there was always a fly upon his nose. He would attempt to drive it away with his hand every now and then, but it always remained; and though the most celebrated physicians were consulted, they were not able to cure him of his phrenzy. A Frenchman, however, named Le Duc, was more successful. This physician did

not endeavour, like the rest, to convince his patient by learned arguments that what he saw was only an illusion, but on the very first visit, he seemed astonished at the size of the importunate fly which incommoded the Vizir's nose, and by these means he gained his confidence. He at first ordered him some harmless physic, under pretence of purging him; and at length, one fine day, he prepared to cut off the fly. Taking out a small knife, he drew it gently over the Vizir's nose, and after this operation showed him a large dead fly, which he had kept concealed in his hand. Kuperli immediately cried out, that this was the fly which had so long tormented him, and by this address he was cured of his folly.

A SULTAN, amusing himself with walking, observed a Dervise sitting with a human skull: not observing his Majesty, the reverend old man was looking very earnestly at the skull, and appeared to be in a profound reverie. His attitude and manner surprised the Sultan, who approached him, and demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection. 'Sire,' said the Dervise, 'this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful Monarch, like your Majesty, or of a poor Dervise, like myself.'

CARDINAL RICHLIEU one day said to Mr. Lort, a celebrated physician, 'How happens it that my hair is white, and my beard black, while the contrary is the case with you.' 'My lord,' replied the physician, 'it is because you labour hard with your head, and I with my jaw-bones.'

WHEN Alexander had conquered Porus one of the king's of India, he asked 'How do you require I should treat you?' 'As a King,' answered Porus. 'As a King, I shall, doubtless,' replied Alexander; 'the regard I owe to myself demands it of me. But have you nothing to ask on your own private account?' 'To be treated as a King,' said the royal prisoner, 'implies every thing.' Moved by this greatness of spirit, Alexander restored him to his kingdom, and endeavoured to make compensation for what he had suffered; if any thing could make this Prince amend for the unprovoked slaughter of his people, and the death of his two sons, the second having fallen in the last action. Alexander, however, found Porus ever afterwards to remain one of his most faithful allies.

NEW BOOKS.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGIOUS OPINIONS, translated from the French
of Mr. NECKER.

THIS work is written in a very elegant and masterly manner; and the author has displayed through the whole the most incontestible proofs of the importance of his subject. He begins by observing that 'We know not distinctly the origin of most political societies; but as soon as history exhibits men united in a national body, we perceive, at the same time, the establishment of public worship, and the application of religious sentiments to the maintenance of good order and subordination. Religious sentiments, by the sanction of an oath, bind the people to the magistrates, and the magistrates to their engagements; they inspire a reverential respect for the obligations contracted between sovereigns; and these sentiments, still more authoritative than discipline, attach the soldier to his commander; in short, religious opinions, by their influence on the manners of individuals, have produced a number of illustrious actions, and instances of heroic disinterestedness, of which history has transmitted us the remembrance. But as we have seen a philosophy spring up among nations the most enlightened, anxiously employed in depriving religion of all that merited respect, dissertations on times far removed from us, and the various systems that they would endeavour violently to associate with religion, would become an endless source of controversy. It is then, by reasoning alone, by that exercise of the mind, which belongs equally to all countries and all ages, that we can support the cause which we have taken in hand to defend. There is, perhaps, something weak and servile in our wishing to draw assistance from ancient opinions; reason ought not, like vanity, to adorn herself with old parchments, and the display of a genealogical tree; more dignified in her proceeding, and proud of her immortal nature, she ought to derive every thing from herself; she should disregard past times, and be, if I may use the phrase, the contemporary of all ages.

It was reserved, particularly for some writers of our age, to attack even the utility of religion; and to seek to substitute, instead of its active influence, the inanimate instruction of a political philosophy. Religion, say they, is a scaffold fallen into ruins, and it is high time to give to morality a more solid support. But what

support will that be? we must, in order to discover, and form a just idea of it, distinctly consider the different motives of action on which depend the relations that subsist between men; and it will be necessary to estimate, afterwards, the kind and degree of assistance which we may reasonably expect from a like support.

It appears to me, that in renouncing the efficacious aid of religion, we may easily form an idea of the means that they will endeavour to make use of to attach men to the observance of the rules of morality, and to restrain the dangerous excesses of their passions. They would, undoubtedly, place a proper value on the connection which subsists between private and general interest; they would avail themselves of the authority of laws, and the fear of punishment; and they would confide still more in the ascendancy of public opinion, and the ambition, that every one ought to have, of gaining the esteem and confidence of his fellow creatures.

Let us examine separately these different motives; and first, attentively considering the union of private with public interest, let us see if this union is real, and if we can deduce from such a principle any moral instruction truly efficacious.

Society is very far from being a perfect work; we ought not to consider as an harmonious composition the different relations of which we are witnesses, and particularly the habitual contrast of power and weakness, of slavery and authority, riches and poverty, of luxury and misery; so much inequality; such a motly piece could not form an edifice respectable for the justness of its proportions.

Civil and political order is not then excellent by its nature, and we cannot perceive its agreement, till we have deeply studied, and formed to ourselves those reflections which legislators had to make; and the difficulties they had to surmount. It is then only, with the assistance of the most attentive mediation, that we discover how those particular relations, which are established by social laws, form, nevertheless, that system of equilibrium, which is most proper to bind together an immense diversity of interests; but a great obstacle to the influence of political morality is, the necessity of giving, for the basis of the love of order, an abstract

and

and complicated idea. What effect on vulgar minds would the scientific harmony of the whole have, opposed daily to the sentiment of injustice and inequality, which arises from the aspect of every part of the social constitution, when we acquire the knowledge of it, in a manner solitary and circumscribed; and how limited is the number of those, who can continually draw together all the scattered links of this vast chain!

It could not be avoided, in the best regulated societies, that some should enjoy, without labour or difficulty, all the conveniences of life; and that others, and far the greater number, should be obliged to earn, by the sweat of their brow, a subsistence the most scanty, and a recompence the most confined. It is not to be prevented, that some will find, when oppressed by sickness, all the assistance which officious tenderness and skill can afford; whilst others are reduced to partake, in public hospitals, the bare relief which humanity has provided for the indigent. We cannot prevent some from being in a situation to lavish on their families all the advantages of a complete education; whilst others, impatient to free themselves from a charge so heavy, are constrained to watch eagerly for the first appearance of natural strength, to make their children apply to some profitable labour. In short, we cannot avoid perpetually contrasting the splendour of magnificence with the tatters which misery displays. Such are the effects inseparable from the laws respecting property. These are truths, the principles of which I have had occasion to discuss in the work which I composed on administration and political oconomy; but I ought to repeat them here, since they are found closely connected with other general views. The eminent power of property is one of the social institutions, the influence of which has the greatest extent; this consideration was applicable to the commerce of grain; it ought to be present to the mind, in disquisitions on the duties of administration; and it is still more important, when the question is to be examined, what kind of moral instruction may be proper for mankind!

In effect, if it appertains to the essence of the laws of right, constantly to introduce and maintain an immense disparity in the distribution of property; were it an essential part of these laws, to reduce the most numerous class of citizens, to that which is simply the most necessary; the inevitable result of such a constitution would be, to nourish amongst men a sentiment of habitual envy and jealousy.— Vainly would you demonstrate, that these

laws are the only ones capable of exciting labour, animating industry, preventing disorder, and opposing obstacles to arbitrary acts of authority; all these considerations sufficient, we grant, to fix the opinion and the will of the legislator, would not strike in the same manner the man thrown on the earth, without property, without resources, and without hopes; and he will never render free homage to the beauty of the whole, when there is nothing for him but deformity, abjectness, and contempt.

Men, in most of their political reasonings, are deceived by resemblances and analogies: the interest of society is certainly composed of the interests of all its members; but it does not follow from this explanation, that there is an immediate and constant correspondence between the general and private interest; such an approximation could only be applicable to an imaginary social state, and which we might represent as divided into many parts, of which the rich would be the head, and the poor the feet and hands; but political society is not one and the same body, except under certain relations, whilst, relatively to other interests, it partakes in as many ramifications of them as there are individuals.

Those considerations, to which we annex an idea of general interest, would be very often susceptible of numberless observations; but the principles, we are accustomed to receive and transmit, in their most common acceptation, and we discover not the mixt ideas which compose them, but at the moment when we analyze the principles, in order to draw consequences from them, in like manner as we perceive not the variety of colours in a ray of light, till the moment we divide them by means of a prism.

Mr. Necker having remarked that the formation of social laws ought to appear one of our most admirable conceptions, and that the only foundation of order is government; observes, we are under a great illusion, if we hope to be able to found morality on the connection of private interest with public, or if we imagine that the empire of social laws can be separated from the support of religion. Education cannot be the lot of the greater part of the citizens; morality is not to be acquired at our leisure; religion alone has power to persuade with celerity, because it speaks in the name of God. It is this principle alone, which can give efficacy to laws.

Mr. Necker endeavours to support this assertion with arguments. Thou shalt not steal, says he, delivered as the command of God, preserves a sufficient authority; but

as a precept of political philosophy, must be supported by reasoning.

After pursuing this train of reasoning for some time, Mr. Necker draws a parallel between the influence of religious principles, and that of laws and opinions. In the subsequent chapters he answers some objections against his positions, and then proceeds to shew the great influence of religious principles on our happiness; particularly with respect to the conduct of sovereigns. After this he proceeds to answer many other objections, and concludes:

The more we know of the world, its phantoms, and vain enchantments, the more do we feel of the want of a grand idea to elevate the soul above discouraging events, which continually occur. When we run after honour, fame, and gratitude, we find every where illusions and mistakes; and it is our lot to experience those disappointments which proceed from the infirmities, or the passions of men. If we leave our vessel in the harbour, the success of others dazzles and disturbs us; if we spread our sails, we are the plaything of the winds: activity, inaction, ardour, and indifference, all have their cares and difficulties: no person is sheltered from the caprices of fortune: and when we have reached the summit of our wishes, when we have by chance attained the object of our ambition, sadness and languor are preparing to frustrate our hopes, and dissipate the enchantment: nothing is perfect except for a moment; nothing is durable but change: it is necessary, then, to have interest in those immutable ideas which are not the work of man, which do not depend on a transient opinion: they are offered to all, and are equally useful in the moment of triumph, and the day of defeat; they are as we need them, our consolation, our encouragement, and our guide. What strength, what splendor, those ideas would soon have, if, considered as the best support of order and morality, men would try to render them more efficacious, in the same manner as we see the citizens of a political society concur, in proportion to their faculties, to promote the welfare of the state. A new scene would open before us; men of learning, far from following the counsels of vanity, far from searching to destroy the most salu-

tary belief of men, would, on the contrary, allot for their defence, a portion of their noblest powers; we should see the penetrating metaphysician eager to refer to the common treasure of our hopes, the light which he perceives through the continuity of his meditations, and the perspicacity of his mind; we should see the attentive observer of nature occupied with the same idea, animated by the same interest; we should see him in the midst of his labours, seize with avidity every thing which could add any support to the first principle of all religions; we should see him detach from his discoveries, appropriate with a kind of love all that tended to strengthen the happiest persuasion, and most sublime thoughts. The profound moralist, the philosophic legislator, would concur in the same design; and in such a grand enterprize, men, merely endowed with an ardent imagination, would be like those wanderers, who, when they return home, talk of some unknown riches. There are ways in the moral, as well as in the physical world, which lead to unknown secrets, and the harvest which may be gathered in the vast empire of nature, is as extensive as diversified. How excellent would be the union of every mind towards the magnificent end! In this view I represent sometimes to myself, with respect, a society of men, distinguished by their character and genius, only employed to receive and place in order the ideas proper to augment our confidence in the most precious opinion. There are thoughts conceived by solitary men which are lost to mankind, because they have not had the talent to connect a system; and if those thoughts were to be united to some other knowledge, if they were to come like a grain of sand, to strengthen the banks raised on the shore, the following generations would transmit a richer heritage. We sometimes register with pomp a new word introduced into the language, and men of the most exalted genius of the age are called to be present at that ceremony; would it not be a more noble enterprize to examine, to choose, and consecrate the ideas, or observations proper to enlighten us in our most essential researches? One of these researches would better deserve a wreath, than any work of eloquence or literature.

P O E T R Y.

The SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS COM-PASSIONATED, but chiefly OMAI.

[From the 'Task,' in the Second Volume of Mr. Cowper's Poems]

EV'N the favor'd isles
So lately found, although the con-
stant sun
Clear all their seasons with a grateful
smile,
Can boast but little virtue; and inert
Through plenty, lose in morals what they
gain
In manners, victims of luxurious ease.
These therefore I can pity, placed remote
From all that science traces, art-invents,
Or inspiration teaches: and inclosed
In boundless oceans never to be pass'd
By navigators uninformed as they,
Or plough'd perhaps by British bark
again.
But far beyond the rest, and with most
cause,
Thee, gentle savage,* whom no love of
thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain-glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bow'rs; to show
thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander
life.
The dream is past. And thou hast found
again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams;
And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But
hast thou found
Their former charms? And having seen
our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports;
And heard our music; are thy simple
friends,
Thy simple fare: and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy
joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours?
Rude as thou art (for we return'd thee
rude
And ignorant except of outward show)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as
known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,

And asking of the surge that bathes thy
foot,
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest
tears,
A patriot's for his country. Thou art
sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no power of thine can raise
her up.
Thus Fancy paints thee, and though apt
to err,
Perhaps errs little, when she paints thee
thus.
She tells me too that duly ev'ry morn'
Thou climb'st the mountain top, with
eager eye
Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste
For sight of ship from England: Ev'ry
speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and
fears.
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin, well pre-
par'd
To dream all night of what the day de-
nied.
Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought,
And must be brib'd to compass earth
again
By other hopes and richer fruits than
yours.

SICILIAN EARTHQUAKES.

[From the same:]

ALAS for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scatter'd where the shapely
column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly
chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and
show
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause,
While God, performs upon the trembling
stage
Of his own works, his dreadful part alone.
T
How

How does the earth receive him?—With
what signs

Of gratulation and delight, her king?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits
abroad,

Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
Disclosing paradise where'er he treads?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow
womb,

Conceiving thunders through a thousand
deeps

And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot
The hills move lightly and the mountains
smoke,

For he has touch'd them. From th' ex-
tremest point

Of elevation down into the abyss,
His wrath is busy and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong and the vallies
rise,

The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe
a gross

And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid wa, by transformation strange
Grows void, and the fixt and rooted
earth

Tormented into billows heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry side.

And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted, and with all its soil
Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and up-
wrought

To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice
Which winds and waves obey, invades
the shore

Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
Upridged so high, and sent on such a
charge,

Possess'd an inland scene. Where now
the throng

That press'd the beach, and hasty to de-
part,

Look'd to the sea for safety? They are
gone.

Gone with the resluent wave into the
deep,

A prince with half his people. Ancient
towns,

And roofs embattled high, the gloomy
scenes

Where beauty oft and letter'd worth con-
sume

Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone; the pale inhabitants come
forth,

And, happy in their unforeseen release

From all the rigors of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day that sets them free.
Who then that has thee, would not hold
thee fast?

Freedom! whom they that lose thee so
regret,

That ev'n a judgment making way for
thee,

Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake.

PROCRASTINATION.

WRETCH that I am! What friend-
ly power

Shall fix my wavering soul,
Teach me to seize the present hour,
And Custom's charms controul?

Why thus persist, from day to day,
To err, in Wisdom's spite?

I see my path.—Why then delay
What Reason tells me's right?

The *present* day th' attempt is vain;
— We've *something* still to do:
But when to-morrow comes, 'tis plain
That will be *present* too:

And then the same reluctant will,
T' attend th' ungrateful theme,
Will thwart our resolutions still,
And frustrate every scheme.

How soon, amidst these faint resolves,
The spring of life is o'er!
How quick each annual sun revolves;
But—youth returns no more.

Manhood to youth, and, soon, old age
To manhood's strength succeeds:
O! then let each successive stage
Be mark'd by virtuous deeds.

Whilst yet your strength of mind remains,
Resist the rising storm;
Break loose from passion's irksome chains,
And every vice reform.

'Dare to be wise!' begin to-day,
Nor trust uncertain fate
Your long plan'd reformation may
To-morrow come too late.

To-morrow, oh! how oft' you swore
To change your course my friend!
Thus 'twill be always one day more,
Ere you begin to mend.

' When once I've finish'd *this* affair,
 My actions I'll review ;
 ' And when I've brought *that* scheme to
 bear,
 ' Begin my life anew.'

The ideot thus, who saw his way
 Across the Severn lie,
 Resolv'd upon its bank to stay
 'Till all the stream ran by.

But torrents, with united force,
 Augment the copious river ;
 Which proudly still pursues its course,
 And murmuring flows for ever.

ODE TO THE MOON.

TO thee the screech owl cries,
 The wolf to thee, and all the
 tribes of prey
 That shun the honest day,
 And shrink from human eyes,
 They call thee not to gild the midnight
 hour ;

They deprecate thy power ;
 They call thee, with a dusky cloud
 Thy beauteous face to shroud,
 'Till the nightly spoil is won,
 'Till the feast of blood is done,
 'Till the hand of sleep is spread,
 O'er the eye-ball glaring red,
 And deep within his den the gluttoned sa-
 vage lies.

Nor beasts alone that growl for food.
 More savage men thine influence feel ;
 Thy virgin presence daunts
 The robber in his haunts ;

Th' assassin stays th' uplifted steel ;
 And when he sees the victim nigh,
 And when the poignard thirsts for blood,
 Smote by thy sacred eye,
 He feels an icy dart
 Transfix his coward heart,
 And flies !

Who, now, perhaps, by melancholy led
 From the broad blaze of day, where plea-
 sure haunts,
 Retiring,---wander mid the lonely haunts
 Unseen ; and mark the tints, that o'er
 thy bed
 Hang lovely, oft to musing fancy's
 eye
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd
 mind
 Might rest beyond the murmurs of man-
 kind,
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.
 Ah, beauteous views ! that hope's fair
 gleams the while
 Should smite like you, and perish as they
 smile.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

WHEN first I saw the village maiden,
 Like Cymon motionless I stood ;
 'Twas Iphigenia's self appearing,
 Lovely, beautiful, and good.
 Her cheeks outblush'd the rip'ning rose,
 Her smiles wou'd banish mortals' woes,
 So sweet the village maiden.

Clarissa's eyes all eyes attracting,
 Her breath Arabian spices feign ;
 For her, like gold, would a'rice wander,
 Adventure life the prize to gain.
 I told my love with many fears,
 Which she return'd with speaking tears ;
 So sweet the village maiden.

She sigh'd, because she had not riches
 To make her lady-like and gay ;
 Though virtue was her only fortune,
 I dar'd to name the nuptial day.
 The cares of wealth let knaves endure,
 I shall be rich enough I'm sure,
 To wed the village maiden.

EVENING. A SONNET.

[By Charlotte Smith.]

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades
 descend,
 Veiling with gentlest hush the land-
 scape still,
 The lowly battlement, and farthest hill,
 And wood,---I think of those who have
 no friend,

LINES TO A FRIEND.

LOVE, thou sportive, wanton boy,
 Source of anguish, child of joy,
 What are all thy boasted treasures ?
 Tender sorrows---transient pleasures ;
 Ever wounding, ever smiling,
 Soothing still, and still beguiling ;
 Anxious hopes, and jealous fears
 Laughing hours, and mourning years.---
 What

And what is Friendship? but a name,
 A short-liv'd, shad'wy, vap'rish flame;
 A soft, delusive, empty sound;
 For ever sought, but rarely found!—
 And what is Beauty? but a flow'r,
 A rose, that blossoms for an hour;
 Blushing thro' fragrant tears at morn;
 At twilight, drooping on a thorn.—
 And what is Youth? a scene of sorrow,
 Blithe to-day, and sad to-morrow,
 Never fix'd, forever ranging,
 Laughing, weeping, doating, changing;
 Wild, capricious, giddy, vain;
 Cloy'd with pleasure; nurs'd with pain.
 And what is Age? a sapless tree,
 Yielding to winter's stern decree
 The yellow leaf, the wither'd spray,
 Bending at life's last close of day.
 And what is Death? a welcome friend,
 That bids the scene of sorrow end.

AN ELEGY.

WHERE shall I find the smiling
 maid I love?
 Inform me swains where Happiness is
 laid:
 Abides she in the hill-surrounded grove?
 O tell me, for I've lost the smiling maid.
 When hope was mine, whilst yet her
 charms were fair,
 The nymph I seek was nigh—her sister
 —friend—
 Ah, woe is me!—I scarce beheld her there.
 Ah! soon away I saw her footsteps
 bend.

I fled to Love, the heav'n-born maid to
 find:
 Alas with Love the fiercer passions
 dwell.
 I ask'd the Muse, and she, of simple mind,
 Directs me to the lonely hermit's cell,
 I seek her there, nor there her form descrie;
 Her active mind disdains th' unsocial
 scene;
 For there the Virtues all inactive die;
 For there the Passions droop in Sorrow's
 mien.

Where'er she wanders, or on rocks or
 plains,
 Or on the ocean's breast, or where you
 spires
 Lift their bold heads, and dissipation reigns,
 I will pursue her till my breath ex-
 pires.

No, she is lost! gone to her native skies!
 And vainly searching o'er the world I
 rove;
 Oh, never shall I view her smiling eyes!
 Oh, never hear her voice within the
 grove!

V E R S E S,

IMITATED,

[From an Asiatic Collection.]

WHILE sad suspense and chill delay
 Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
 New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
 By turns assail my lab'ring breast.

My heart, while ardent love consumes,
 Throbs with each agonizing thought;
 So flutters, with entangled plumes,
 A lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
 Pours thro' the night her warbled grief:
 The gloom retires—but not her pain—
 The dawn appears, but no relief.

Two nestlings wait the parent bird,
 Their thrilling anguish to appease;
 She comes—ah, no! the sound they heard
 Was but a whisper of the breeze.

TO THE TWEED.

FROM TRIFLES IN VERSE,

[By a young Soldier,]

IT is not, dear romantic TWEED,
 The beauties you display;
 Nor all the graces of the mead,
 Thro' which you wind your way;

'Tis not that in thy wanton flood
 My infant limbs have play'd;
 Nor that within thy neighb'ring wood
 I found a friendly shade:

'Tis not for all thy charms I grieve,
 Tho' once my joy and pride;
 My heart is only rack'd to leave
 My DELTA on thy side.

For DELTA's sake, let ev'ry sweet
 Still deck thy peaceful shore,

Where

Where boisterous billows never beat,
Nor angry tempests roar!

Be ever far from DELIA'S path
Each wind that rudely blows!
But let the zephyr's fragrant breath
Sigh soft where'er she goes!

At her approach still let the rose
A sweeter scent distil,
And ev'ry beautiful flower that blows
Appear more beautiful still.

And when the Nymph approaches near
Thy pure and limpid tide,
Ah! let thy water still more clear,
And still more softly glide!

Let joy still sparkle in her eye!
Her heart from cares be free!
Oh if she ever breathes a sigh,
Oh! be that sigh for me!

ODE TO SLEEP.

[By T. Bess.]

COME, Sleep, with thy Ierlean wand,
And soothe a mind with care oppress'd;
Drive far, tumultuous busy thought,
And place light slumber on my breast;
Let heav'nly visions charm my soul,
Let no intrusive dreams affright
The softly-beating quiet heart;
'Till grey-ey'd morn
In golden robe, shall cheer the world with
rosy light.

Now sickness wakes, with turning side;
Now murder stalks, with silent stride;
Now anguish, in the day-time pent
Within the burthen'd breast, gives sorrow
vent:
The tear now down the peasant's face,
Slow trickles, big with many a sigh;
Anxious to feed his numerous race,
And dreads to hear their famish'd cry;
While luxury around the bowl,
Unheeded, taints the glorious soil,
And the close miser, falsely blest,
Broods fearful o'er his hoarded chest.
Whilst these their different sufferings feel,
In thy soft fetters bind my sense;
And guard me then
The ever wakeful, watchful eye of PROVIDENCE.

A N O S E G A Y

THE Violet is modesty,
For it conceals itself;
The Rose is likewise modesty,
Though it reveals itself;
For it a blush betrays:

The Jasmin shows us innocence,
So chaste and pure its hue;
The Hyacinth sweet diffidence,
Which bends to shun our view;
'Tis fancy thus portrays!

The Honeysuckle, sympathy,
Distilling dewy tears,
The Passion flower, brevity,
Scarce blown, it disappears.

The Tulip is variety,
That changes with the hour;
The Primrose is simplicity,
And Flora's favourite flower.

Thus in each plant some lesson we may
find,
Which serves to improve while it corrects
the mind;
And flowers and weeds are an exhaustless
store
Of pleasure, profit, and intrinsic-love:
In short, each object to a grateful heart,
However humble, must delight impart.

ODE TO POETRY.

[By Mr. Rbodes.]

HAIL Poetry! celestial maid!
Who lovest reclin'd near purling
stream,
To rest beneath the beechen shade,
'Wrapt in some wild, fantastical
dream,
How'er intent on other cares,
O! listen to a suppliant's pray'rs;
Who fain would view thy ample store,
And all thy secret haunts explore:
Where, as enraptur'd Bards have told,
Whose eyes have gazed thy stores
along,
Gnomes, Sylphs, and Sprites their dwell-
ing hold,
Till call'd by thee to grace their song:
Where Fairies, clad in loose attire,
And lighted by the glow worm's fire,
Are seen to gambol to the breeze,
Which nightly sports amongst the trees
And while with silent step their round they
pace,
The glistening dew-drops gem the hallow-
ed place.

II.

Come bear me to the rocky cell,
 Or sparry grot, or gloomy cave,
 Where oft it pleaseth thee to dwell,
 And listen to the dashing wave ;
 Where, to relieve perpetual night,
 Dim lamps emit a feeble light,
 While bound with necromantic tie,
 A thousand weeping virgins lie ;
 Who to enjoy the blaze of day,
 To view once more the azure sky,
 And drink the sun's all cheering ray,
 Oft heave the unavailing sigh ;
 Till some advent'rous Knight appear,
 (Long try'd in war) with shield and
 spear,
 And dare to break the magic chain,
 And give them liberty again ;
 In ruin wide the self built structure spread
 And bid despondency erect her drooping
 head,

III.

Or if those scenes delight thee more
 Which erst thy Ariosto drew,
 O teach my Muse like his to soar,
 And ope thy treasures to my view !
 For all that captivates the mind
 In his aspiring verse we find ;
 Where, wrapt in fancy's pleasing guise,
 Conceal'd the useful moral lies ;
 Where Chivalry's proud hosts, array'd
 In all the dignity of war,
 Appear a glorious cavalcade,
 Adorn'd with many a trophy'd car :
 Where fair Alcina by her charms
 With lawless bliss the bosom warms,
 'Till in Atlanta's reverend form
 Melissa abrogates the charm,
 Recalls the soul, for nobler deeds design'd,
 And writes the glowing moral on the
 mind,

IV.

If such thy votaries of old,
 Some portion of their fire impart,
 Then sportive fancy uncontroul'd
 Shall spurn the rigid rules of art.
 But if in vain thy suppliant plead,
 And if thy mandate hath decreed
 Those magic stores conceal'd to lie,
 Impervious to another's eye :
 Still, O celestial maid ! display
 Those scenes where beauty ever reigns,
 And triumphs with unrival'd sway
 O'er rising hills and flow'ry plains,
 And streams that murm'ring as they
 flow,
 Might lull to rest the mourner's woe.
 Let pointed satire too be mine,
 Aided by Johnson's nervous line ;
 And mine the power to wake the tender
 sigh,
 And call the pearly drop from pity's
 melting eye.

IV.

Then lead me near some winding stream,
 Whose surface ruffled by the breeze,
 Reflects chaste Dian's silver beam,
 Seen trembling through the rustling
 trees ;
 There as I view with joy serene
 The beauties of this tranquil scene,
 If contrast aid the powers of rhyme,
 To make the beautiful sublime,
 Bid the hoarse thunder loudly roar,
 And dark'ning clouds invest the sk'es,
 While swelling torrents round me pour,
 From rugged rocks, their fresh supplies,
 Which, bursting on the plains below,
 The light'nings transient flashes shew,
 Unfolding to th' astonish'd sight
 A cataract of foaming light :
 Be scenes like these thy suppliant's award,
 And give thine other stores to some more
 happy Bard.

To M A R I A.

[By the same.]

THEY tell me love's a transient flame,
 Just kept alive by beauty's rays,
 As fleeting as the breath of fame,
 Which meets the ear, then dies away.

But if to beauty sense be join'd,
 Secure the hallow'd flame shall rest,
 Tho' time, and fell disease, combin'd,
 Assay to force it from the breast :

As we then tread the vale of life,
 Our souls in unison shall move,
 Who most can please be all our strife,
 And rivet thus the chains of love, 10

SONNET TO THE VIOLET.

[By Miss S. Pearson.]

SWEET humble flow'r, that on the
 pathless hill
 Unfolds thy soft leaves to the orient ray,
 Or bendest o'er some unfrequented rill,
 That bathes thy green stem as it winds
 away.
 There no proud foot shall damp thy velvet
 bloom,
 Or rudely rob thee of thy pensive grace ;
 There thou may'st oit the evening gale
 perfume,
 Till nature calls thee to thy primal place.
 When

When, all thy powers exhausted, 'mongst
the reeds
Thou droop'st in solitude thy faded head,
And with thy fragrant sisters of the meads
Find't a sweet shelter, and a quiet bed,
May I with lovely grace sustain life's toil-
some scene,
And die like thee, fair flow'r amid some
vale serene.

S O N N E T.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF
SHAKESPEARE.

[By the same.]

SHAKESPEARE, immortal poet! who
like thee
Shall pierce the human mind; its springs
control,
To rapture or to anguish whirl the soul,
Bid horror chain, or mirth the senses free:
Oh! who like thee to Fancy's realms
shall soar,
Beyond creation's bounds his throne to
rear,
Launch on the wilds of space, the lucid
sphere,
And o'er th' ideal world sweet music
pour?
None who e'er wandering in Castalia's
shades,
With classic warblings woo'd the lovely
maids.
By nature bless'd, scorning art's cold com-
mands—
Thy radiance, Shakespeare, still superior
glows,
As the bright opal mocks the artists hands,
And from its native rock light's richest
tincture throws.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

IMITATED.

TO A FRIEND.

*Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prenjux Egæo, &c.*

WHEN stormy seas with fury roll,
And bursting thunder shakes
the pole,
The frighten'd sailor sees

The horrors of the deep appear,
And while pale death approaches near,
He prays aloud for ease.

So Russia's son's midst din of war,
While stern Bellona mounts her car,
No doubt wish for the same;
But neither sceptres, wealth, nor power,
Can bring it for a single hour
To Kings—nor yet to them.

Who lives on little, with content,
Reflecting on a life well spent,
Can balmy sleep enjoy;
No luxury adorns his board,
But what his fortune can afford,
And things that never cloy.

Since life uncertain is, and short,
Why should men with their moments
sport,
And after shadows fly?
Although they run to Indian climes,
And turn Nabobs, yet their crimes
And rapine ne'er will die.

The cruel fates cut Manner's thread,
And number'd him among the dead:
Each hour each minute shews
The base are spar'd, while heroes die,
And none can tell the reason why—
'Tis Heaven alone that knows.

You rich in money, plate, and land,
Have twenty servants at command,
Be happy if your wife:
A spark of genius me is given,
It is a curse—yet, I thank heaven,
And vulgar souls despise.

V E R S E S.

[By the late W. Shenstone.]

THIS said that under distant skies
(Nor you the fact deny),
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Or some rich fragrant flow'r,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove
Where blooms the sov'reign pow'r.

Perch'd

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
 And gay with gilded wings,
 Perchance the patron of his vow
 Some artless linnæet sings.

Vain spiltè idols, bird or flow'r,
 To tempt a vot'ry's pray'r?
 Now would his humble homage tow'r,
 Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes
 O'er Flavia's beauty range!
 He there would fix his lasting choice,
 Nor dare, nor wish to change.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The following is an original piece founded on a recent fact. A young lady who died a few weeks previous to her intentional espousals, gave rise to this little juvenile performance. You will oblige one of your subscribers by giving it a place in the Nova-Scotia Magazine.

DELIA: AN ELEGY.

ER I awoke, rous'd by the neighbouring herds,
 Blythe Morn had spread around her rosy veil,
 When charming was the song of earliest birds,
 And sweetly breath'd the aromatic gale.

The solar God, advancing on his way
 Forth hur'd me, and my wonted tour I took;
 All Nature round seem'd lively, young and gay,
 Save where I stray'd without or friend or book.

Along the path and o'er the well-known stile,
 Where travellers pass to their long dreary rest,
 To read each tearful tomb I stray'd awhile,
 And with vain pity heav'd my throbbing breast.

The once-lov'd Delia fair as is the morn,
 (Which now directs me to her clay-cold bed)

Whose cheeks unconscious blushes did adorn,
 Lies here a guest among the awful dead;

Her fate was like the rose not fully blown,
 Cut by the barb'rous and untimely steel,
 Who, (e'er her odorif'rous sweets were known)
 Was taught the bitter pangs of death to feel.

Time was when with that flower she might contend,
 Both for its sweetness and its ruddy hue,
 While yet those genial charms together blend,
 Her lovely person and her virtues too.

Now she, alas! nor charms th' enamour'd youth,
 Nor bounds his heart to meet her in the grove;
 No more to her he vows eternal truth,
 Nor tells the faithfulness of his pure love.

Ah! I have seen them, but no more shall see,
 When lover-like they hail'd the blissful hour,
 And innocently she upon his knee,
 Conversant sat within the fragrant bower.

Oft as those lovers met, so oft they told
 The secrets of each others fond desire,
 No virtuous wish did ever they withhold;
 So equal love augments the mutual fire.

But ah! Death's cruel unrelenting stroke,
 Fore'd from his wish'd embrace the charming fair
 The strongest ties of love and friendship broke,
 That might subsist between the happiest pair.

The youth no sordid interest ever knew,
 Nor aught that might his Delia disapprove,
 Her lovely self was all he had in view;
 But she with angels flew a mortal love.

Well, Damon, soon the hours shall fly away,
 When thou (if virtue fills thy humble breast)
 Shalt with thy Delia spend eternal day,
 In the bright mansions of immortal rest.

C H R O N I C L E.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

*Madrid, July 3.*DECLARATION OF HIS MOST CATHOLIC
MAJESTY.[This Declaration has been transmitted to
all the Courts of Europe.]

THE King being apprized of the particulars laid before his Ministers on the 16th of May, by Mr. Merry, his Britannic Majesty's Minister, relative to the unexpected dispute between this Court and Great Britain, as to the vessels captured in Port St. Laurence, or Nootka Sound, on the coast of California, in the South Sea, has commanded the undersigned, his Majesty's First Secretary of State, to answer to the said Minister of England, That he had the honour to make known personally, and in writing, to the said Minister, upon the 18th of the same month, that his Majesty at no time pretended to any rights, in any ports, seas, or places, other than what belongs to his Crown by the most solemn treaties, recognized by all nations, and more particularly with Great-Britain, by a right founded on particular treaties, the uniform consent of both nations, and by an immemorial, regular, and established possession. That his Majesty is ready to enter upon every examination and discussion most likely to terminate the dispute in an amicable way; and is willing to enter into immediate conference with the new Ambassador, and if justice requires it, will certainly disapprove of the conduct, and punish his subjects if they have gone beyond their powers. This offer and satisfaction will, it is hoped, serve as an example to the Court of London to do as much on its part.

As the two Courts of London and Madrid have not yet received proper and authenticated accounts, and proofs of all that has really passed in these distant latitudes, a contradiction in developement of facts has by this means been occasioned. Even at this moment the papers and minutes made up by the Viceroy of New Spain on this matter, are not arrived. Posterior letters indeed say, that the English vessel the *Argonaut*, had not been seized and confiscated till legally condemned, and that the small vessel called the *Princesse Royal*, which had afterwards arrived, was not seized nor confiscated, but that on the contrary, full restitution was made by the

Viceroy, and an obligation only taken from the Captain, to pay the price of the vessel, if she was declared lawful prize, and on the precise same terms he had liberated a Portuguese vessel belonging to Macao, and two American vessels. These particulars will be more explicitly proved and elucidated on the arrival of the necessary papers.

The first time that our Ambassador made a public notification of this matter to the Ministry at London, many of the circumstances that are now certain were then doubtful: The rights and immemorial possession of Spain to that coast and ports, as well as several other titles proper to be taken into view in a pacific negotiation, were not quite certain. And if the Court of London had made an amicable return to the complaints made by his Majesty relative to those merchants whom Spain regards as usurpers, and the violators of treaties, and had shewed any desire to terminate the affair by an amicable accommodation, a great deal of unnecessary expence might have been saved. The high and menacing tone and manner in which the answer of the British Minister was couched, at a time when no certain information of the particulars had arrived, made the Spanish Cabinet entertain some suspicions that it was made, not so much for the purpose of the dispute in question, but as a pretext to break entirely with our Court; for which reason it was thought necessary to take some precautions relative to the subject.

On a late occasion a complaint was made to the Court of Russia as to some similar points relative to the navigation of the South Sea. A candid answer being returned by that Court, the affair was terminated without the least disagreement. Indeed it may be asserted with truth, that the manner, much more than the substance of the facts, has produced the disputes that have taken place on this head with Great Britain.

Nevertheless, the King does deny what the enemies to peace have industriously circulated, that Spain extends pretensions and rights of sovereignty over the whole of the South Sea, as far as China. When the words are made use of, In name of the King, his sovereignty, navigation, and exclusive commerce to the continent and islands of the South Sea, it is the manner in which Spain, in speaking of the Indies, has always used these words—that is to say, to the continent, islands, and seas which

which belong to his Majesty, so far as discoveries have been made and secured to him by treaties and Immemorial possession, and uniformly acquiesced in, notwithstanding some infringement by individuals who have been punished upon a knowledge of their offences. And the King sets up no pretensions to any possessions, the right to which he cannot prove by irrefragable titles.

Although Spain may not have establishments or colonies planted upon the coasts or in the ports in dispute, it does not follow that such coast or port does not belong to her. If this rule were to be followed, no nation might establish colonies on the coasts of another nation, in America, Asia, Africa, and Europe, by which means there would be no fixed boundaries—a circumstance evidently absurd.

But whatever may be the issue of the question of right, upon a mature consideration of the claims of both parties, the result of the question of fact is, that the capture of the English vessels is repaired by the restitution that has been made, and the conduct of the Viceroy; for as to the qualification of such restitution, and whether the prize was lawful or not, that respects the question of right yet to be investigated; that is to say, if it has been agreeably to, or in contradiction to treaties relative to the rights and possessions of Spain. Lastly, the King will readily enter into any plan by which future disputes on this subject may be obviated, that no reproach may be upon him as having refused any means of reconciliation; and for the establishment of a solid and permanent peace, not only between Spain and Great Britain, but also between all nations; for the accomplishment of which object his Majesty has made the greatest efforts in all the Courts of Europe; which he certainly would not have done if he had any design to involve England and the other European powers in a calamitous and destructive war.

Given at Aranjuez the 4th day of June, 1790.

(Signed)

LE COMTE DE FLORIDA BLANCA.

Paris, July 16. A Proclamation was published by the King, on the 13th, arranging the whole order of the procession, and appointing the Sieur de la Fayette Major General of the Federation; and, in this quality, his orders were to be considered as coming immediately from the King. The Sieur de Gouviou was appointed Major General en second.

On Tuesday the 13th, the King reviewed the Deputies from the eighty three de-

partments of the Nation, on which occasion the populace filled the air with shouts of *Vive le Roi*. Since the arrival of the Deputies at Paris, his Majesty's body guard has been composed of drafts from them, the troops of the line and the Parisian guards.

At the Metropolitan church, *Te Deum* was performed, with a band consisting of all the performers of the Royal Accademy of Music, and those belonging to the various places of public amusement. The Electors, the Representatives of the Commons of Paris, the Deputies of the National Departments, twelve Members of the National Assembly, and a vast concourse of people attended.

By way of introduction to the *Te Deum* a *Hierodram*, composed of verses from the Psalms and books of Prophets, applicable to the purpose of the ceremony, was performed. An overture by M. des Augiers, composed for the occasion, communicated the most lively impressions, and produced the grandest effects. The memorable evening preceding July 14, 1789, was described with all the truth of expression; a song of victory announced the fall of the baleful Castle, where Despotism held his seat; a Citizen called on the victorious people to give thanks to the Supreme Disposer of events;—*Populi laudate Deum*, and a grand chorus, which began the *Te Deum*, answered the call of the citizen.

On Wednesday morning, at six o'clock all the persons appointed to assist in the procession, assembled on the Boulevards, between the gate of St. Antoine, and the procession was arranged in the following order:

- A Troop of Horse, with a Standard, and six Trumpets.
- One division of the Music, consisting of several hundred instruments.
- A Company of Grenadiers.
- The Electors of the City of Paris.
- A Company of Volunteers.
- The Assembly of the Representatives of the Commons.
- The Military Committee.
- A Company of Chasseurs.
- A Band of Drums.
- The Presidents of the Districts.
- The Deputies of the Commons appointed to take for them the Federal Oath.
- The Sixty Administrators of the Municipality, with the City Guards.
- Second Division of Music.
- A Battalion of Children carrying a Standard, with these words "The Hopes of the Nation."
- A detachment of the Colours of the National Guard of Paris.

- A Battalion of Veterans.
- The Deputies of the *Thirty-two* first Departments of the Nation in alphabetical order.
- The ORIFLAME; or GRAND STANDARD of the King, borne by a *Cerette blanche* of France in the first rank of the Deputies of the troops of the line, composed of Marischalls of France.
- General Officers.
- Officers of the Staff.
- Commissioners of War.
- Invalids.
- Lieutenants of the Marischalls of France.
- Deputies of Infantry.
- Deputies of Cavalry.
- Deputies of Hussars, Dragoons, and Chasseurs.
- General Officers and Deputies of the Marine according to rank.
- The Deputies of the *forty-one* last Departments in alphabetical order.
- Company of Volunteer Chasseurs.
- A Company of Cavalry, with a Standard and two Trumpets.

The procession being formed in this manner made a most noble appearance; for the varieties of emblematic ornaments were endless. Every Order was marked by distinguished indications of the district from which they came, or the body which they represented; and in doing this much fruitful fancy had been employed to make the marks serve for ornament as well as distinction.

The Military Deputies had only their side arms,

In each division a banner, indicative of the department, was borne by the eldest person in the first rank, and the ranks were formed eight abreast.

The Procession passed along the streets of St. Dennis, of Peronnerie, St. Honore, Royale, to the place of Louis XV. where they halted, and the detachment of the colours of the National Guard of Paris opening to the right and left received into the centre.

THE MEMBERS of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

who were thus surrounded and escorted by the body who had before protested them.

The procession then moved on through the Cours la Reine along the Quay to the bridge of boats, over which they passed, and from whence they entered the Champ de Mars.

In entering the Champ de Mars, the cavalry marched off to the right, and ranged themselves in the exterior line on the opposite side the entrance. The company of Grenadiers formed under the steps of the

Amphitheatre, as well as all the companies that were employed as escorts.

The civil bodies took the places allotted to them in the Amphitheatre. The battalion of children formed about a hundred paces from the Grand Altar, crossing the Champ de Mars, but facing the Altar.

While the National Assembly passed through the Triumphal Arch, the escort of colours passed through the two lateral gates, and the Members took their seats on the right and left of the Chair of State, and the Chair of their own President.

The battalion of Veterans was placed a hundred paces behind the Altar, across the Champ de Mars, but facing the Altar.

The detachment of National Guards appointed to take the Oath, ranged themselves even under the banner, indicative of his place in the Amphitheatre.

The music, now all collected into one immense band, occupied the side of the platform under the Altar, next to the Invalids; the band of drums the opposite side.

The detachment of Cavalry, that closed the procession, formed the exterior line on the side where they entered, opposite to the first detachment.

While the Deputies were taking their seats, the entrances to the tier of elevated benches that surrounded this immense Amphitheatre, were opened, and the people of all ranks and of both sexes, the ladies all dressed in white, took their places. These benches rising thirty in number above one another, and extending an immense way, were capable of containing, as it is said, 300,000 persons.

Their Majesties entered the Champ de Mars through the Military School, and took their places to assist in the ceremony, in a superb box, erected for the occasion, and elevated about fifteen feet.

The foreign Ministers took their places in an elegant box near them.

As soon as they were seated, after a solemn invocation to God, the grand standard and all the banners of the several departments were brought up to the platform, and received benedictions; after which they were carried back to their several stations. High Mass was then celebrated. After which the Nation, thus assembled, proceeded to the great object of the day.

The Major-General having announced the solemnity, the Assembly all rose, and the King approached the Grand Altar, and swore in the presence of God, and of several hundred thousands of his people,—

‘I, LOUIS, CITIZEN, KING OF THE FRENCH, DO SWEAR, THAT I WILL EMPLOY THE WHOLE POWER DELIGA-

'TED TO ME BY THE CONSTITUTIONAL
'LAW OF THE STATE, TO MAINTAIN
'THE CONSTITUTION, AND ENFORCE
'THE EXECUTION OF THE LAW.'

His Majesty was followed by the President of the National Assembly, who took the oath to the Nation, the Law and the King, while the other Members, holding up their right hands, pronounced *Je le jure*.

The *Sieur de la Fayette* (we give him his own appellation) then took the oath for himself, and all the other Deputies of the eighty three Departments of the National Guards, who, all standing, pronounced after him *Je le jure*; and those words, with uplifted hands, were solemnly pronounced by every individual of the immense assembly.

THE DEUM was then sung; and never was there an occasion where a solemn thanksgiving to God was more proper, or when it was given with more fervor of devotion, or a purer gratitude of heart. The performance was lofty beyond the powers of description. Never did France see such an orchestra; and never surely did the world behold such an audience. Their shouts rent the skies, when in the enthusiasm of joy, they mingled acclamations of rapture with the effusions of piety; and yet, in their attention to the grand and solemn parts of the national pacton, silence the most profound testified the interest that they felt; and decorum, order, peace, and concord reigned through the immense multitude.

The ceremony being ended, the procession moved off in the order which it entered, and then the detachments filed off to the tents in the adjacent grounds, where a collation was provided, of which, strange as it may be found, several hundred thousands partook. Every part of the neighbouring country was covered with tents, and in various appointed places dinner and wine were delivered to the poor gratis.

A grand illumination closed the triumphs of the day; and the only breach of the peace that took place through the whole was provoked by the stubborn obstinacy of some inveterate Aristocrats, who did not light up their houses, or who had fled with their domestics; and left their windows dark emblems of their own minds. They fell a prey to the indignation of the populace; and all the massacre of this day, so much dreaded in anticipation, was the massacre of some thousand pannels of glass.

M. D'Orleans attended, and sat in his place as one of the Members of the National Assembly. He had gained much

popularity by a short appeal to his country, in which he called upon them to try him, if they had any charge to exhibit against him, but to try him, *not by Judges, but by a Jury*.

Stockholm, July 17. Yesterday, at half past seven, his Majesty's Adjutant, Baron Stiehbald, arrived here, sent as a Courier to her Majesty with the happy tidings, that the King had gained a complete victory at Schwenkfund, over the Russian galley fleet.

The action happened on the 9th of July (being the 28th anniversary of the Emperors of Russia's accession to the Throne). It began at half past nine in the morning, and lasted full 24 hours, with the intermission of two hours at midnight, when the darkness prevented their going on.

The King commanded in person during the whole action, having for the second in command Lieutenant Colonel Cronstadt.

The Swedes had two gun boats blown up, and one Udemia, a large vessel, sunk by a bomb, crew saved.

*Russian Frigates and Gallies taken or destroyed
on the 9th and 10th of July.*

Maria frigate, 38 guns, overset and lost.
Catharina ditto ditto, aground, but can be repaired.

Constantina ditto, ditto, ditto
Alexander ditto, ditto, ditto
St. Nicolas ditto, ditto, sunk
Petersburg galley, shot between wind and water, but can be repaired.

Five galleys, one sunk, four taken.
No. 4 galley, with three 13 pounders, taken, and repairable.

One galley sunk.
No. 5 galley, one 24 pounder, and two 12 pounders cannon, stranded.

One galley with 24 pounders, and three 12 pounders, ashore but repairable.
No. 8 galley.

One galley with three 12 pounders, and two 8 pounders, ditto.
One ditto, sunk.

No. 2 galley, sunk.
One hemmema, repairable.
One chebeck, useless.

Two galleys, 1 repairable.
One brigantine, sunk.
One galliot sunk.

Four galliots, sunk.
Four galliots, 1 sunk, and 3 repairable.
One tselisike, repairable.

Two floating batteries, sunk, 8 30 pounders each.

Four cutters, taken.
Two gun shallops sunk.
Two advice shallops taken.

Most of them had guns from 12 to 30 pounders, and the greatest part carrying thirty each, of different calibres.—110 officers and 2000 men, are made prisoners; amongst which are the Russian Brigadier Denisow, and the Prince of Nassau's Flag Captain.—Trophies, &c. are bringing in every moment.

Given on board the Amphion, at anchor at Schwenkfund, the 10th of July, 1790.
(Signed) O. CRONSTADT,

BRITISH NEWS.

London, July 31.

WE are in possession of both the Russian and Swedish accounts of the engagement, or rather running fight, which happened on the 3d and 4th inst. between the fleets of these nations, but no official account of either—these accounts nearly agree, and are as follows:

That the Swedes sent a fire-ship under escort of a line of battle ship and a frigate, with an intention of sending her amongst the Russian fleet. But the wind being high she took a contrary direction, and set fire to her two consorts, by which they all three blew up.

During this fire and explosion the Grand Swedish Fleet, which wanted provisions, attempted to fight its way through a very heavy fire from the united fleets of Russia.

In this attempt the Swedes lost seven ships of the line and three frigates; besides a cutter and a schooner are missing.

The Duke of Sudebmania was slightly wounded in the shoulder, but got into Sweabourg with fourteen sail of the line, besides frigates.

The King also arrived in good health on the 4th inst. at Swenkfund, with best part of his Galley Fleet.

RUSSIAN STATEMENT.

SHIPS TAKEN.

	Guns.	
Sophia Magdalene	74	} Carrying a Rear-Admiral's flag.
Louisa Ulrique	74	
Hetwig Elizabeth Charlotte	64	} Carrying a Commodore's bright trumpet, both command. taken
Retwisan	64	
Oemhegen	64	} Stranded.
Finland	64	

One ship more, the name not known to the Russian Admiral.

N. B. This must be the Wladislaw, of 74 guns, which, in the Swedish relation published at Stockholm, is included in the number of ships burnt.

FRIGATES TAKEN.

	Guns.
Upland	44
Yarossavetz	36
One frigate more, her name unknown.	

SHIPS BURNT.

	Guns.	
Enigheit	74	
Frigate Zemire	40	
One frigate more	32	Name unknown.
One fireship, a brig?		
One ditto, a Kafatka, of one mast only.		

The number of sailors and soldiers lost in this action are computed, to be about seven thousand.

Thirty of the Galley Fleet fell into the hands of the Russians.

Of the troops which were on board, the regiment of Guards, the North East Schooners, Uplanders and Queen's regiment suffered most.

Ninety Swedish officers were amongst the killed, wounded and missing; and all the baggage of the fleet, amounting to several millions of dollars, likewise fell into the hands of the Russians.

SWEDISH STATEMENT.

SHIPS TAKEN.

	Guns.
Sophia Magdalena	74
Oemhegen	64

SHIPS BURNT.

Louisa Ulrique	64
Finland	64
Einigheit	64
Wladislaw	74

SHIPS SUNK.

Hetwig Elizabeth Charlotte	72	
Frigates. {	Upland	44
	Yarossavetz	36
	Zemire	42

August 5.

THIS Morning one of his Majesty's Messengers arrived from Madrid, at the Office of his Grace the Duke of Leeds, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with Dispatches from the Right Hon. Alleyne Fitz Herbert, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at that Court, containing an Account of the following Declaration and

and Counter Declaration having been signed and exchanged, on the twenty-fourth of July last, by his Excellency the Count Florida Blanca, his Catholic Majesty's Minister and Principal Secretary of State, on the Part of the Catholic King.

DECLARATION.

HIS Britannick Majesty having complained of the Capture of certain Vessels belonging to his Subjects in the Port of Nootka, situated on the North West Coast of America, by an Officer in the Service of the King; the under-signed, Councillor and Principal Secretary of State, to His Majesty, being thereto duly authorized, declares, in the Name and by the Order of His said Majesty, that he is willing to give Satisfaction to His Britannick Majesty for the Injury of which he has complained; fully persuaded that his said Britannick Majesty would act in the same Manner towards the King, under similar Circumstances; and His Majesty further engages to make full Restitution of all the British Vessels which were captured at Nootka, and to indemnify the Parties interested in those Vessels, for the Losses which they shall have sustained, as soon as the Amount thereof shall have been ascertained:

It being understood that this Declaration is not to preclude or prejudice the ulterior Discussion of any Right which His Majesty may claim to form an exclusive Establishment at the Port of Nootka.

In Witness whereof I have signed this Declaration, and sealed it with the Seal of my Arms. At Madrid, the 24th of July, 1790.

(L.S.) Signed
LE COMTE DE FLORIDA BLANCA.

COUNTER DECLARATION.

HIS Catholic Majesty having declared that He was willing to give Satisfaction for the Injury done to the King, by the Capture of certain Vessels belonging to His Subjects, in the Bay of Nootka, and the Count de Florida Blanca having signed, in the Name and by Order of His Catholic Majesty, a Declaration to this Effect; and by which His said Majesty likewise engages to make full Restitution of the Vessels so captured, and to indemnify the Parties interested in those Vessels for the Losses they shall have sustained; the under-signed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from His Majesty to the Catholic King, being thereto duly and expressly authorized, accepts the said Declaration in the Name of the King; and declares that His Majesty will consider this Declaration, together with the

Performance of the Engagements contained therein, as a full and entire Satisfaction for the Injury of which His Majesty has complained.

The under-signed declares, at the same time, that it is to be understood, that neither the said Declaration signed by Count Florida Blanca, nor the Acceptance thereof by the under-signed in the Name of the King, is to preclude or prejudice, in any Respect, the Right which His Majesty may claim to any Establishment which His Subjects may have formed, or should be desirous of forming in future, at the said Bay of Nootka.

In Witness whereof I have signed this Counter Declaration, and sealed it with the Seal of my Arms. At Madrid, the 24th of July, 1790.

(L.S.) Signed
ALLEYNE FITZ HERBERT.

On the 30th ultimo died at Aix-la-Chapelle, the Right Hon. Lord Heathfield, and closed a life of military renown, at the most critical season for his memory. He had acquired the brightest honours of a soldier, the love and reverence of his country; and he fell in an exertion beyond his strength, from an anxiety to close his life on the rock where he had acquired his fame.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, Aug. 12.

ON Wednesday the 4th instant was held the quarterly Visitation of the Academy at Windsor, at which the Chief Justice of the Province, who is one of the Governors, and many other Gentlemen, were present.

The exhibition commenced with the delivery of several oratorical performances by the students, in the following order.

Master John Inglis—Alexander's Feast, from Dryden.

Master Joshua Upham—the speech of Ajax, in Latin, from Ovid.

Master Thomas Murray—the speech of Ulysses, in reply, from the same.

Master Crannell Beardley—the speech of Brutus, from Shakespeare.

Master William Gray—the speech of Anthony, from the same.

Master Richard Leonard—the speech of Ulysses, from Pope's Homer.

Master Robert Barclay—the speech of young Norval, from Douglas.

Master Hugh Ross—the speech of Sempronius, from Cato.

After this the several classes of the Latin school were examined in their respective studies; in Grammar, Prosody, the explication of Greek and Latin authors, and in

in Grecian History. In all which they acquitted themselves in a manner that did credit to their industry, and sufficiently evinced their progress. In the last, in particular, they were long and severely examined, and shewed a degree of accuracy so minute as to surprize most of the audience.

The students, as well of the Latin as of the English School, next produced some very handsome and well executed specimens of their writing. Some of these shewed no small degree of elegance and taste. The whole was concluded by an examination in Geometry and Arithmetic.

The Chief Justice was pleased to express his entire satisfaction with the performance of the young gentlemen, which he had then witnessed for the first time.

Extract of a letter from Shelburne, August 3.

‘I cannot pretend to give you a particular account of the proceedings since the arrival of the Bishop here, which was Monday the 26th ult. in his Majesty’s ship Dido, Captain Buller: but it is with pleasure I assure you, that he has by his easy and affable deportment given general satisfaction, and has left us esteemed and beloved by all classes of people. And I am happy also in believing, that he is impressed with far other ideas of Shelburne than those he brought with him.

‘As soon as it was known that the Bishop was on board the Dido, he was waited upon by the Rev. Mr. Rowland, Rector of St. Patrick (the Rev. Dr. Walter of St. George’s being abroad) and the Church Wardens of both parishes, and was received on his landing by the Vestry and a number of the gentlemen of the town, by whom he was waited on to the house of Major Skinner, where he had been invited to make his stay, and where he again received the congratulations of the gentlemen who had waited on him and of a number of others, and indeed seemed very happy in the recognition of several of his old friends and acquaintance. I am assured he was presented with an address by the Rector and Vestries. On his leaving the Dido he was saluted with eleven guns.

‘On Friday he consecrated the Church by the name of Christ Church and also the ground, on which solemn occasion a suitable sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Rowland, and which gave infinite satisfaction.—The Bishop went in procession to Church from Major Skinner’s, dressed in his pontifical habit, attended by Mr. Rowland, preceded by the Wardens, and followed by the Vestries of both parishes. The church was vastly crowded and exceeding warm. In the afternoon he dined with the Rector, Wardens, and Vestries,

with whom dined also, Rev. Mr. Frazer, Capt. Buller, Col. White, Capt. Scott, &c.

‘On Sunday afternoon, after prayers, the confirmation took place, which was the most solemn and beautiful sight I ever beheld, and at which I believe he himself was astonished, having no idea, that the Church of England was by any means so numerous here, especially when he understood there were numbers present, besides, who had been confirmed in England. The confirmation sermon was preached in the morning by the Bishop, in which he both delighted and instructed a numerous congregation; after sermon, he administered the sacrament to above seventy communicants. The number confirmed was 276 whites, and 8 negroes.

‘I cannot describe the impression it made on me—To see the most respectable of the community, as well as others, young and old, in such solemn order and form, devoting themselves to the service of the Almighty, has given me more satisfaction than I am able to describe. And, believe me, pleased as I was before with the inhabitants of this place, I am now indeed much more so; and I have reason to believe, so is the Bishop: In fact, both he and the people here seem so well and so sincerely satisfied with each other, that we part with him with the greatest regret.

‘Numbers living in the country would have taken this opportunity of confirmation, had the Bishop’s stay here allowed it to have been postponed a few days longer.

‘I ought not to omit, that on the occasion of the consecration and confirmation, the band of the 6th regiment, attended, and added much to the solemnity and pleasure of the scene;—also, that several grown persons, and some children, were on Saturday christened by the Bishop in Church.’

To the Right Reverend FATHER in GOD,
CHARLES, BISHOP of NOVA-SCOTIA,
Right Rev. Sir,

THE Rector, Church Wardens, and Vestries of St. Patrick and St. George, beg leave to express their heartfelt satisfaction in having the honour to congratulate you, on your safe arrival at Shelburne.

The paternal care and bounty of our Most Gracious Sovereign, we acknowledge with the highest gratitude, and it adds to our felicity, that in placing a Diocesan over us, our most earnest wishes are accomplished, in a person so distinguished for piety and learning, and so dear to every suffering loyalist, many of us having been long personally acquainted with your eminent virtues.

We flatter ourselves, Right Reverend Sir, that the state of our Church will meet with

with your approbation: Our efforts will be crowned if we have your testimony, that we have not been wanting amidst the struggles and difficulties incident to a new settlement, in our endeavours to promote the service of our Creator, and the establishment of peace and harmony among ourselves.

To you, Right Reverend Sir, we look up for instruction in whatever may be necessary for the welfare and good order of the church: And we trust, under your spiritual care and patronage, we shall make the improvement that will give us cause to rejoice for the blessings of Divine Providence.

We are, Right Reverend Sir,
With the greatest esteem and respect
Your most dutiful Son,
And obedient humble Servants,

JOHN H. ROWLAND,	Rector St. Patrick's
JAMES HUNTERKYS,	Church Wardens,
WM. HOLDERNESS,	St. Patrick.
STEPHEN SKINNER,	Church Wardens,
RICH. COMBAULD,	St. George.
ISAAC WILKINS,	} Vestry
NICH. OGDEN,	
JOSEPH WELSH,	
FRED. WEISER,	
LEM. GODDARD,	St. George,
HENRY GUEST,	} Vestry
JAMES BRUCE,	
GREG. SPRINGALL,	
THO. BRAINE,	
JAMES COLLINS,	
EDW. BRINLEY,	

In Vestry, Shelburne, July 28, 1790.

To which Address the Bishop was pleased to return the following Answer:

GENTLEMEN,

BE pleased to accept of my sincere thanks for your congratulations on my arrival at Shelburne.

It affords me the truest satisfaction to find a decent convenient house, ready for consecration to the service and worship of Almighty God, in this new settlement. From the size of the edifice, and the masterly manner in which the work is executed, it appears that the money so munificently bestowed by Government for the purpose, as well as the liberal subscriptions of the inhabitants, have been faithfully and judiciously applied. This testimony is no more than the tribute of justice.—And I cannot forbear adding—that as the Creator's service is the first duty of man, your early attention to this object, when settled in an unimproved wilderness, is entitled to the highest applause.

Peace and harmony are marks of the Christian temper; they are permanent sources of happiness to individuals, and of

prosperity to communities, especially which joined to industry; they cannot therefore be too sedulously cultivated. A continuance of your serious attention to them, is advisable in every view.

As I had the honor of being personally acquainted with most of you formerly, and was witness to your unshaken loyalty to the best of Kings, and attachment to our excellent constitution; you may believe me sincere, when I assure you of my unfeigned wishes that the inhabitants of Shelburne may long, and in the amplest manner, enjoy these and every other blessing; and that I shall think myself happy, if by any endeavour of mine, I can contribute to their welfare, or the prosperity of their settlement.

I have the honor to be,
With sentiments of esteem,
Gentlemen,

Your very affectionate and humble servant,
CHARLES NOVA-SCOTIA.

Shelburne, July 28, 1790.

Extract of a Letter from Shelburne, Aug. 27.

On Monday evening last, the 23d inst. a little after seven o'clock, Honorable Combauld, an infant between three and four years of age, son of Richard Combauld, Esq; of this place, was picked up floating on his back in the river, a little below the place where he is supposed to have fallen in. He was immediately upon being taken up, tenderly carried into Doctor Perry's, near whose house he was found, was stripped, wiped dry, chafed, and laid in a bed before a hot fire, and every possible mode adopted by Doctor Perry, Doctor Burns, Doctor Sullivan, Collector Bruce, Major Skinner, and Colonel Campbell, that humanity, skill, knowledge, and experience in similar cases could devise, to re-animate the body; but, after six hours unremitting and unwearied endeavours, they found it vain and fruitless. Hope, at intervals, had flattered that the recovery would be effected; but the body, after the above time, shewed such positive signs of death as destroyed every prospect of success.

The poor little fellow had not been missing, when taken up, but a little while, having been playing about his father's door an hour before. By this accident, the unfortunate parents have lost a lovely and most promising child, and it has indeed fallen heavy on them. Surely it ought to caution those who have the care of infants to redouble their attention, and not to quit sight of them even for a moment.

DIED.

Aug. 27. Mrs. Mary Fergusson, wife of Capt. Fergusson; of this town.