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THE
NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL, 1791.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

[From White's Journal to New South Wales.]

ON the 4th of September 1787, the fleet left Rio de Janeiro, and on the 13th, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope. On landing, mutual civilities passed between the Commodore and the Governor. Some difficulties, however, attended the procuring of supplies for the fleet; but they were granted at last, and then the Governor invited the Commodore, and many of his officers, to a dinner at his own residence. The house at which we were entertained, says Mr. White is delightfully situated, nearly in the centre of an extensive garden, the property of the Dutch East India Company, usefully planted, and at the same time elegantly laid out. The Governor's family make what use they please of the produce of the garden, which is various and abundant; but the original intention of the Company in appropriating so extensive a piece of land to this purpose was, that their hospital, which is generally pretty full when their ships arrive after long voyages, may be well supplied with fruits and vegetables, and likewise that their ships may receive a similar supply.

The garden is as public as St. James's park; and, for its handsome, pleasant, and well-shaded walks, is much frequented by persons of every description, but particularly by the fashionable and gay. There are many other agreeable walks about Cape Town, but none to be compared with these. At the upper end of the principal of them is a small space walled in, for the purpose of confining some large ostriches, and a few deer. A little to the right of this is a small menagerie, in which the Company have half a dozen wild animals, and about the same number of curious birds.

As you approach the Cape of Good Hope, a very remarkable mountain may, in clear weather, be discovered at a considerable distance; it is called the Table Land, from its flat surface, which resembles that piece of furniture. Mr. Dawes, lieutenant of marines on board the Sirius, an ingenious and accurate observer, who has undertaken during the voyage the astronomical observations; accompanied by Messrs. Fowell and Waterhouse, midshipmen of the Sirius; lieutenant De Witt, of the Dutch navy; and myself, went to the top of this mountain; an undertaking which we found to be of a far more serious nature than we at first were aware of. For my own part, I suffered so much from heat and thirst, that had not the fear of shame urged me on, my companions being determined to accomplish it at all events, I should most certainly have given it up, before I reached the top. During this sultry and fatiguing expedition, I found great benefit, toward alleviating my thirst, by keeping a small pebble in my mouth; and sometimes by chewing rushes, which we met with in our way. But, when we had reached the summit, the delightful and extensive prospect we there enjoyed, the weather being uncommonly fine, fully atoned for the trouble, fatigue, and every suffering, we had undergone. From this elevation we could overlook all the country about the Cape.

As soon as we got to the top, our first business was to look out for water; but all we could find was some stagnant rain, which lay in the hollow of the stones. Our thirst, however, was so intolerable, that the discovery even of this gave us inexpressible pleasure; and, notwithstanding we all perspired most violently, and were
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sensible of the danger and impropriety of drinking a quantity of bad water in such a situation, yet we could not refrain. As for my own part, it was utterly out of my power to listen at that time to the dictates of prudence; and I believe it was equally difficult to my companions, if I might judge from the avidity with which they drank out of the little pools, lying on the ground at full length, that being the only posture in which it was to be obtained.

The regularity of the streets of the town, which intersect each other at right angles; the buildings, gardens, castle, and forts; with twenty-three ships then at anchor in the bay; all which appeared directly underneath us; was a sight beautiful and pleasing beyond description. The perpendicular height of this land is 1857 feet from the surface of the water. On the top of it we gathered several species of heath, some wild celery, a few shrubs, and some non-descript plants; we found also some little stones of a fine polish and singular whiteness.

In our descent which proved nearly as difficult and troublesome as going up, we saw some runaway negroes, round a fire, on the cliff of a stupendous rock, where it was entirely out of the power of their owners to get at them. To look at their situation, one would think it beyond the utmost stretch of human ingenuity to devise a way to reach it. Here they remain all day in perfect security, and during the night, make frequent excursions to the town and the parts adjacent, committing great depredations on the inhabitants. The whole of the subsistence of these fugitives depends on this precarious method: and even this method would prove insufficient, were it not for the assistance they receive from those who were once their fellow slaves. Nor is it always they succeed in their predatory trips, which necessity thus urges them to take; they are often betrayed by their quondam friends; and when this happens, as the Dutch are not famed for their lenity in punishing crimes, they are made horrid examples of. But neither the fear of punishment, nor hunger, thirst, cold, and wretchedness, to which they are often unavoidably exposed, can deter them from making Table Land their place of refuge from what they consider to be greater evils. Scarcely a day passes but a smoke may be seen from some of these inaccessible retreats.

In the mild or summer season, which commences in September, and continues till March, the Table Land is sometimes suddenly capped with a white cloud, by some called the *spreading of the table cloth*. When this cloud seems to roll down the

steep face of the mountain, it is an unerring indication of an approaching gale of wind from the south-east; which generally blows with great violence, and sometimes continues a day or more, but in common is of short duration. On the first appearance of this cloud, the ships in Table Bay began to prepare for it, by striking yards and topmasts, and making every thing as snug as possible.

A little to the westward of the Table Land, divided by a small valley, stands, on the right hand side of Table Bay, a round hill, called the Sugar Loaf; and by many the Lion's Head, as there is a continuance from it contiguous to the sea, called the Lion's Rump; and when you take a general view of the whole, it very much resembles that animal with his head erect. The Sugar Loaf or Lion's Head, and the Lion's Rump, have each a flag-staff on them, by which the approach of ships is known to the Governor, particularizing their number, nation, and the quarter from which they came. To the eastward, separated by a small chasm from the Table Land, stands Charles's Mount, well known by the appellation of the Devil's Tower; and so called from the violent gusts of wind supposed to issue from it, when it partakes of the cap that covers the Table Land; though these gusts are nothing more than a degree of force the wind acquires in coming thro' the chasm. —When this phenomenon appears in the morning, which is by no means so frequent as in the evening, the sailors have a saying, as the Devil's Tower is contiguous to the Table Land, that the old gentleman is going to breakfast; if in the middle of the day, that he is going to dinner; and if in the evening, that the cloth is spread for supper.

The foregoing high lands form a kind of amphitheatre about the Table Valley, where the Cape Town stands. From the shipping the town appears pleasantly situated, but at the same time small; a deception that arises from its being built in a valley with such stupendous mountains directly behind it. On landing, however, you are surpris'd, and agreeably disappointed, to find it not only extensive, but well built, and in a good stile; the streets spacious, and intersecting each other at right angles with great precision. This exactness in the formation of the streets, when viewed from the Table Land, is observed to be very great. The houses in general are built of stone, cemented together with a glutinous kind of earth which serves as mortar, and afterward neatly plastered, and white washed, with lime. As to their height, they do not in common exceed

two stories, on account of the violence of the wind, which at some seasons of the year blows with great strength and fury; indeed sometimes so violently as to shake the houses to the very foundation. For the same reason, thatch has been usually preferred to tiles or shingles; but the bad effects that have proceeded from this mode when fires happen, has induced the inhabitants in all their new buildings to give the preference to slates and tiles. The lower parts of the house, according to the custom of the Dutch nation, are not only uncommonly neat and clean in appearance, but they are really so; and the furniture is rather rich than elegant. But this is by no means the case with the bed rooms or upper apartments; which are more barely and worse furnished than any I ever beheld: and the streets seem to be much upon a par with them, they being rough, uneven, and unpaved. I was however, upon the whole extremely well pleased with the town. Many of the houses have a space flagged before the door, and others have trees planted before them, which form a pleasant shade, and give a pleasing novelty to the streets.

The only landing place is at the east-end of the town, where there is a wooden quay running some paces into the sea, with several cranes on it, for the convenience of loading and unloading the scoots that come along side. To this place excellent water is conveyed by pipes, which makes the watering of ships both easy and expeditious.

Close to this quay on the left hand, stands the castle and principal fortress; a strong extensive work, having excellent accommodations for the troops, and for many of the civil officers belonging to the Company. Within the gates, the Company have their principal stores; which are spacious as well as convenient. This fort covers and defends the east part of the town and harbour, as Amsterdam fort does the west part. The latter, which has been built since Commodore Johnstone's expedition, and whereupon both French and Dutch judgment have been united to render it effectual and strong, is admirably planned and calculated to annoy and harass ships coming into the bay. Some smaller detached fortifications extend along the coast, both to the east and west, and make landing, which was not the case before the late war, hazardous and difficult. In a word, Cape Town is at this time fortified with strength, regularity, and judgment.

There are two churches; one large, plain, and unadorned, for the Calvinists, the prevailing sect; and a smaller one for the Lutherans.

The hospital, which is large and extensive, is situated at the upper end of the town, close to the Company's garden. It is an honour to that commercial body, and no small ornament to the town. The only objection that can be made to it as a building, is its situation: had it been erected on an eminence, and a little detached from the town, which might easily have been done, no fault could have been found with it. As it is, the convalescents have free access to the Company's gardens, where they reap the benefit of a wholesome pure air, perfumed with the exhalations of a great variety of rich fruit trees, aromatic shrubs, and odorous plants and flowers; and likewise have the use of every production of it, as before observed; advantages that compensate, in a great measure, for the flat situation of the hospital.

The inhabitants are all exceedingly fond of gardens, which they keep in most excellent order. The doing this is very little trouble to them, the climate and soil being most benign and friendly to vegetation. Among the many which afforded me delight, I must not forget that belonging to Colonel Gordon, commander in chief of the Dutch troops at the Cape; where not only the taste and ingenuity of the gardener, but the skill and knowledge of the botanist, are at once manifest. The Colonel is a man of science, of an active and well cultivated genius, and who appropriates those hours he can spare from his military duties (in which he is said to excel) to a perusal of the book of nature, and researches after useful knowledge.—The pursuits tend not only to his amusement, but to his honour; and they will, doubtless, at some time or other, further conduce to the advancement of natural history, and to the honour of his country; as it said he intends to publish the observations and remarks which have been the result of his researches. Those he has made on the Hottentots, Caffres, and the countries they inhabit, will doubtless be valuable; he having made himself better acquainted with the subjects, and penetrated further into the interior parts, than any traveller or naturalist that has hitherto visited the Cape. It is to be lamented, that he has so long withheld from the world the gratification and improvement, which most assuredly must be derived from the observations of a person so well and so extensively informed. His polite attention and civility, during our stay at the Cape, claim our most grateful acknowledgments.

Beside their hospital, the Dutch East India Company have several other public buildings,

buildings, which tend to improve the appearance of the town. The two principal of these are, the stable, and a house for their slaves. The former is a handsome range of buildings, capable of containing an incredible number of horses. Those that they have at the Cape are small, spirited, and full of life. The latter is a building of considerable extent, where the slaves, both male and female, have separate apartments, in a very comfortable stile, to reside in after the fatigues and toil of the day; which undoubtedly is great, but by no means equal, in my opinion, to that endured by the slaves in our own colonies. However severe and cruel the Dutch may be considered in other respects, they certainly treat their slaves with great humanity and kindness; which I am sorry to say, I scarcely ever saw done in the West-Indies, during a residence there of three years. On the contrary, I have frequently been witness to the infliction of the most brutal, cruel, and wanton punishments on these poor creatures, who are the source and immediate support of the splendour of the Creoles. The bare retrospect of the cruelties I have seen exercised there, excites a kind of horror that chills my blood. At the Cape, there are several officers placed over the slaves, who have commodious apartments, and treat them humanely.

The first week after our arrival at this place, the militia, consisting of both horse and foot, were embodied, and held their annual meeting; I say annual, as that is the usual period; but this was the first time of their assembling since the conclusion of the war in 1783. The Cape militia differ from the English, in not receiving pay, or wearing regimentals. In fact they should rather be called volunteers, who turn out for the protection of their own property, and not subject to military discipline. Most of them wore blue coats with white metal buttons, awkwardly long, and in the cut and shape of which uniformity had not been attended to.—Neither was it visible in the other parts of their dress or accoutrements; some wore powder, others none; so that, upon the whole, they made a very unmilitary appearance. The officers are chosen annually among themselves. Some of these, indeed, I observed to be very well dressed. Neglect, non-attendance, and every other breach of their military rules, is punished by fine or forfeiture, and not corporally. At this burlesque on the profession of a soldier, I could not help observing, that many of them had either got intoxicated that morning, or were not recovered from their overnight's debauch; notwithstanding

ing which they marched to the field, and went through their evolutions with a steadiness and regularity that was really astonishing, considering the state they were in: but it is said, and I believe with some truth, that a Dutchman, when half drunk, is more capable of performing business of every kind, than if he were sober. After these annual exhibitions, the members of the corps meet their wives, daughters, &c. (who take care to be present, that they may be witnesses of their skill and achievements) at some friend's house, where they crown the night in dancing, of which they are uncommonly fond. To dancing are added substantial suppers, and potent libations; in which they indulge not only upon this, but on all other occasions. A Dutch supper to me, at first, was a matter of wonder, as I could never see any kind of difference, either in the quality or quantity, between them and their dinners, which were always abundant, and consisting chiefly of heavy food.

The inhabitants of the Cape, though in their persons large, stout, and athletic, have not all that phlegm about them which in the characteristic of Dutchmen in general. The physical influence of the climate, may in some degree account for this; for it is well known that in all southern latitudes the temper and dispositions of the people are more gay, and that they are more inclined to luxury and amusement of every kind, than the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere.

The ladies at the Cape are lively, good natured, familiar, and gay. They resemble the women of England more than any foreigners I have ever seen. English fashions prevail among them (the female part of the Governor's family excepted, who imitate the French) notwithstanding their intercourse with France is now by far greater than with England. The habits and customs of the women of this place are extremely contrasted to those of the inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro. Among the latter a great reserve and modesty is apparent between the sexes in public. Those who are disposed to say tender and civil things to a lady, must do it by stealth, or breathe their soft sighs through the lattice work of a window, or the grates of a convent. But at the Cape, if you wish to be a favourite with the fair, as the custom is, you must in your own defence (if I may use the expression) *grapple* the lady, and paw her in a manner that does not in the least partake of gentleness. Such a rough and uncouth conduct, together with a kiss ravished now and then in the most public manner, and

and situations, is not only pleasing to the fair one, but even to her parents, if present; and is considered by all parties as an act of the greatest gallantry and gaiety. In fact, the Dutch ladies here, from a peculiar gay turn, admit of liberties that may be thought reprehensible in England; but perhaps as seldom overstep the bounds of virtue, as the women of other countries.

During my residence on shore, whenever I heard of any Hottentots being in town, I made a point of endeavouring to get a sight of them, in order to see whether their manners and appearance corresponded with the description given of them by travellers; such as being besmeared with grease, and decorated with the stinking entrails of animals; on which they likewise, when pressed by hunger, are said to feed.

I saw many of the men, without being able to make any other remarks on them, than that they were thin, of rather a low stature, but formed for activity: and further, that their hair, which was short and woolly, as well as their whole bodies, was bedaubed with some unctuous or greasy substance, which was very offensive. They were of a dark brown colour, had a flat nose, thick lips, large full eyes, and were ornamented with ivory rings, and wore narrow strips of the skin of some animal, devoid of its hair, around their neck, legs, and arms. The only female of that nation I could get a sight of, was during a little excursion in the environs of Cape Town: walking one evening with a Dutch gentleman, to see a garden about a mile from the town, I accidentally met one of these ladies, who was equally as offensive as the male I had met.

The heavy draft work about the Cape is mostly performed by oxen; which are

here brought to an uncommon degree of usefulness and docility. It is not uncommon to see fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes eighteen, in one of their teams; when the roads are heavy, they sometimes, though rarely, yoke twenty; all which the Hottentots, Malayes, and Cape slaves, have in the most perfect subjection and obedience. One of these fellows places himself on the fore part of the waggon, or, when loaded, on the top of the load, and with a tremendous long whip, which, from its size, he is obliged to hold in both his hands, manages these creatures with inexpressible address. I have often seen the driver, when he has found expedition needful, make them keep whatever pace he thought proper; either trot or gallop (a gait performed or kept up with difficulty by European oxen) and that with as much ease as if he was driving horses. This immense whip, the only thing with which they guide the team, the drivers use so dexterously, that they make them turn a corner with the utmost nicety; hitting even the leading pair, in whatever part they please. The blows thus given must inflict intolerable pain, or these slow animals could be never brought to go with the velocity they do at the Cape.— These footy charioteers likewise manage horses with the same dexterity. To see one of them driving three, four, five, and sometimes six pair, in hand, with one of these long whips, as I have often done with great surprise, would make the most complete master of the whip in England cut a despicable figure. Carriages are not very numerous at the Cape, as the inhabitants in general travel in covered waggons, which better suit the roughness of the country. The Governor and some few of the principal people keep coaches, which are a good deal in the English stile, and always drawn by six horses.

THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY.

[From the Westminster Magazine.]

ABOUT the year 1722, a person of the name of THOMAS came to settle in a village near Dioghèda, in the kingdom of Ireland. He brought with him two beautiful children, a son and a daughter: the boy, whose name was WILLIAM, was about twelve years of age; and the little ANNA about ten. THOMAS rented a considerable farm, and was by much the most industrious and active man in his

neighbourhood. He introduced a different kind of husbandry from what the natives had been used to, and the produce of his grounds was more in proportion, than that of any of the Farmers near him.

The common Irish, though naturally hospitable and humane to strangers, are wedded to their customs, and look with a scornful and jealous eye upon any innovation. It was not, therefore, till after some years

years experience both of his sense and goodness, that his neighbours regarded THOMAS as a compatriot and friend: but his many acts of humanity and kindness at length triumphed over their prejudices, and they began to consider Farmer THOMAS as the Father of the Village. Notwithstanding the constant labour incident to his profession, our Farmer attended closely to the education of his children. WILLIAM was sent daily to a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, nor was he ever suffered to go through any of the laborious part of the farming-business, or to pass the heat of the day in the fields. Those hours were peculiarly devoted to his studies, and to the pleasure he took in improving the mind of his lovely and beloved sister. The fond attachment of these young people was remarkable throughout the Village, and Lovers used to boast to their Mistresses, a tenderness equal to WILLIAM's for ANNA.

If in the course of his occupation, WILLIAM was detained but an hour later than usual from home, the tear stood trembling in ANNA's eye, till WILLIAM's presence, like the Morning Sun, dried up the pearly dew; and if any of the Village Lads seemed to gaze on ANNA with a Lover's eye, the roses would forsake poor WILLIAM's cheek, and he would sigh, as if his heart was breaking: 'ANNA, my dear ANNA (would he sometimes say to her), how happy should I be in the title of your Brother, if I did not fear that there is yet a dearer tie, that may, perhaps, a few years hence, engross all your affections, and that the tenderness of a Sister will be swallowed up in the fondness of a Wife: you will give your whole heart to a Husband, and WILLIAM will not live, when ANNA ceases to regard her Brother.'

'Why must I marry?' (the smiling Maid would answer) 'I am as happy as I can wish to be; all my affections are engrossed by our dear Father and yourself; my heart cannot contain another love, and till I see a Youth that can surpass my WILLIAM in kindness to his ANNA—' —'Oh, that will never be (he quick exclaimed), and ANNA will be WILLIAM's Sister all her days!

While they thus continued expressing their innocent and mutual tenderness, Farmer THOMAS returned one day from the fields, holding a letter in his hand, his brow seeming overcast with sorrow. ANNA was the first to run and embrace her Father: 'Retire my Child (said he), I wish to speak to WILLIAM quite alone.' —The dutious Maid blushed at this seeming repulse of her filial affections, and her

fond heart trembled, lest WILLIAM should have offended his Father.

As soon as she was gone—'WILLIAM (said the Farmer), you must prepare to quit us instantly! A person waits at some small distance with horses to convey you hence. You are going to launch into a world to which you are stranger; may the all-gracious Providence continue its protection to my more than child! and may the lessons of probity and honour which you have received beneath this humble roof, guide and direct your conduct in a more exalted, but perhaps less happy state!' He could no more, his sighs now stopped his utterance, and he fell on WILLIAM's neck.

The astonished Youth cried out, 'What is my crime? Why am I banished from my Father's sight?—Does ANNA too go with me?'—'No, WILLIAM, you must part from her and me at once, and part without even bidding her farewell.' 'Then my return will be as swift, my Father, as my departure is precipitate—yet let me speak one word to my dear Sister.' At that instant the person entered who was to conduct WILLIAM from all his heart held dear. THOMAS embraced his darling Youth, and said, 'You must obey this Gentleman.'—Then turning to the latter, 'There is your charge, and oh may Heaven preserve him!

WILLIAM had ever been accustomed to pay an implicit obedience to his Father's will: THOMAS had too much sense and virtue to impose hardships upon his children, or to suffer them to warp his authority, when his commands were once declared, either by tears or blandishments; it did not therefore appear possible for WILLIAM to attempt the smallest opposition to what he considered as the first severe trial of his duty, and he accordingly set out, in sorrow and silence, with his new guide.

The distance from Drogheda to Dublin is not above twenty miles, yet it seemed to WILLIAM like a thousand leagues; his anxiety increased with the distance that removed him from his peaceful home; and when they reached the Capital, about the close of the evening, he had a wild eagerness in his countenance that almost distorted his features, and made him appear rather an alarming, than a pleasing object.

After traversing numberless streets, all new to WILLIAM, his guide stopped at a magnificent house, shewed him into a parlour, and desired he would wait his return, in silence. It was impossible for WILLIAM to obey the latter part of this injunction. He was no sooner alone, than he burst

burst forth into the tenderest exclamations at being torn from his ANNA without the indulgence of a fond adieu, and uttered to himself the most fervent resolutions of returning to his Father and Sister by the morning's dawn.

In about an hour his Conductor returned, and led him by the hand into a chamber where a Lady lay, seemingly at the point of death: close by the bed side sat a very old Gentleman, and near him stood a comely Youth of about twelve years of age. The moment WILLIAM entered the chamber, the dying Lady made an effort to raise herself, and stretching forth her hand to him, said, 'Come near, my Child, and receive the last embrace and parting blessing of an expiring Mother.'—WILLIAM'S whole soul was absorbed in transport at these tender sounds: the voice of maternal fondness had never struck his ear—it seemed as if he had acquired a new sense, and that the harmony of the spheres was then become vocal to him. He flew and prostrated himself at his Mother's bedside, gazed on her languid face with pain and pleasure, and bathed her trembling hand with her fast-falling tears. While his Mother embraced, and mixed her tears with his, she turned to the old Gentleman, and said, 'Thank Heaven, I now shall die in peace! I have done justice to my Child! Receive him, Sir, as yours; his countenance bespeaks his understanding, and his sensibility is a proof of virtue.—My WILLIAM, bend your knee to your now almost only Parent; for soon, my Child, your Mother will be dust.'

WILLIAM, quite frantic with grief, cried out, 'And oh, have I found this treasure, this dear Mother, even in the moment that I am to lose her!' 'Do not indulge your sorrows (she replied); rather rejoice for me, my Child, that the wished hour draws near, when I shall terminate a life of woe. Now, Sir, (said she, addressing the old Gentleman who, seemed wrapt in thought, and delivering a packet of papers to him), here are the incontestible proofs of my unhappy marriage with your son, and the certificate of my WILLIAM'S birth. To Providence, and you, I intrust him; and may your justice to him atone for the cruelties I have suffered, and entitle you to pardon and to mercy!' Then again embracing WILLIAM, she added, 'Retire, my Child; my spirits faint with this exertion: I hope again to see you, and breathe forth my last sigh on your dear bosom.'

WILLIAM, drowned in tears, was conducted into another apartment. The Youth whom he had seen in his Mother's chamber came to him, and with the ut-

most kindness endeavoured to console his sorrows. 'You are my Brother (said he); and though I miss a fortune, by the discovery your Mother has now made, I think such a relation as you seem to be, so great an acquisition, that I shall never regret the loss, if you will but love me as my heart tells me I shall deserve from you.'

Though plunged in grief, WILLIAM'S heart was too susceptible of tenderness to reject a Brother's kindness; he embraced the young HENRY, and begged him to explain the meaning of that interesting scene, in which he had so lately been an actor.

'All I can tell you (said HENRY) is that our Father was the only son of that old Gentleman you saw in the chamber, who sent him abroad for education; during which time, it now appears, that he privately married the dying Lady, who is your Mother; and when our Grandfather recalled him to Ireland, the old Gentleman compelled his son to marry another Lady, who was my Mother, with whom he lived about five years, and died of a consumption. My Mother did not long survive him, and I have hitherto been brought up as the sole heir of our Grandfather's immense possessions, to which I most readily relinquish my claim, if by so doing I may acquire the happy exchange of an affectionate Brother.'

WILLIAM made every possible return to his Brother's kindness; for, though from the manner in which he had been brought up, he was insensible to the value of riches, and therefore could not estimate the sacrifice which HENRY made him at its full rate, yet still he felt, that such a voluntary privation must arise from an effort of generosity, and he was thankful to the giver, without highly regarding the gift. But he was not equally indifferent to the tender feelings of filial love; his heart seemed to expand with these new claims, and a Mother and a Brother were to him more acceptable treasures than all the wealth of the Peruvian mines.

The quick succession of unlooked for events which had befallen WILLIAM in the space of a few hours, had rendered his mind a perfect chaos; but he was no sooner left alone to pass the night in his apartment, than a ray of joy broke through the mist, developed his ideas and shewed him the supreme felicity which awaited him, in the fond hope of a still nearer connection than that of a Brother with his beloved ANNA. The gifts of fortune no longer seemed beneath his regard; they would raise the object of his affection to a situation worthy of her charms and virtues; and they would afford him the heart-felt transport of repaying his obligations to his
more

more than Father, by placing the worthy THOMAS in a state of ease and affluence.

These pleasing reveries engrossed his thoughts the greater part of the night, and rendered him incapable of rest. With the earliest dawn, his contemplations were disturbed by a summons to attend his now expiring Mother: she again embraced and blessed him; expressed her gratitude for the parental care her faithful friend had taken of his youth; and breathed her parting sigh on WILLIAM'S breast. His anguish was extreme, and it was with much difficulty he was removed from the lifeless form of her who gave him being.

When the last duties had been paid to the remains of his dead mother, WILLIAM expressed his wishes of returning to the dear friends he had left in the country; and desired HENRY to obtain his Grandfather's permission for that purpose. Sir HENRY NUGENT (so was the old Gentleman called) was highly offended at his Grandson's request; he commanded him into his presence immediately, and spoke to him in the following manner:

'My mind, young man, has been so much employed by the extraordinary and unsatisfactory tale that your Mother has promulged with her last breath, that I have not yet had leisure to search for the corroborating proofs of her story, in the nobleness of your principles and sentiments; but if you are, as that Woman boasted—'

'That Woman, Sir!' exclaimed the Youth.

'Hear me in silence, Sir (replied the Knight). If you really are descended from my family, and that the blood of NUGENT fill your veins, you will immediately abjure all further connections with those sordid peasants, who have brought you up, perhaps, with principles as mean as their vocation: you will raise your thoughts to higher prospects; and by entering directly into an alliance which I have in view for you, strive to lose the contemptible ideas which your disgraceful education may have given you, in the society of those who are my equals.'

'I, Sir! (cried WILLIAM)—I abjure the worthy man who was my more than Father! No, Sir, it is impossible; the blood that fills my veins, from whatever source it may be derived, is rich at least in gratitude, and my heart triumphs in the joyful thought of repairing the injuries of fortune to the best of men, and elevating worth and virtue like my ANNA'S to its proper sphere.'

'Sir HENRY could no longer contain his resentment: 'Insensible and groveling wretch (he cried): I am now convinced the tale thy Mother told was all a lye, and

she a vile impostor. The forgeries, which she called proofs, of thy relation to a noble family, are luckily at this moment in my hands, and thus I sacrifice thy vain pretensions, to which the meanness of thy heart too clearly shows thou hast no real claim'—So saying, he threw the packet, which WILLIAM'S mother had entrusted to his care, into the fire, and thus went on: 'Return, poor sordid slave, and till that earth thou wert not born to be the Lord of; make thy connections with thy fellow peasants, and let me never see thee more.'

The violence and suddenness of Sir HENRY'S behaviour had surprised WILLIAM so much, that he was almost petrified, and stood for several minutes without motion, after Sir HENRY had left the room. All the delightful prospects which had occurred to his youthful mind, of receiving happiness upon the truest principles, that of bestowing it, now vanished like a dream, nor for a time could he thoroughly believe that he was awake. Yet still the pleasing hope that he might be united to his ANNA by the tenderest bonds, inspirited his heart, and roused him from the stupor of astonishment.

'Yes, I will go (he cried,) and unite my fate with virtue, such as never inhabited these gilded walls, except while my my poor Mother's parting spirit deigned to reside within the hateful mansion. If it still hovers o'er the scene of cruelty and injustice, it will applaud my conduct, and self-approving conscience shall bless my days with innocence and ANNA; while those I leave behind—'

At that instant the young HENRY flew into WILLIAM'S arms. 'Do not involve me in your hatred, Brother! Far from rejoicing in the loss you have sustained, my heart is breaking for my own; no wealth can make poor HENRY an amends for such a Brother; and oh, I fear you will not love me, because I am the unhappy, but innocent cause of our Grandfather's cruelty to you!'

WILLIAM'S heart was melted by his Brother's kindness, and he assured him he should ever retain the truest paternal affection for him; and as he should never think of disturbing him in the possession of a fortune to which he no longer aspired, he said, he hoped that on these terms they might ever be friends; and begged that HENRY would write to him; then folding his weeping Brother in his arms, and left his Grandfather's house directly after.

WILLIAM set out for the friendly farm that had fostered his infant years, with sentiments even more perplexed than those with which he left it: fear is ever an attendant upon true love, and he doubted whether

whether his ANNA would accept for a Husband, the man whom she had so long considered in the light of a Brother. Even the good, the friendly THOMAS might, he feared, refuse to bestow his daughter upon one who was now an outcast from his own family, and who could bring no addition of rank or wealth to his.

Filled with these apprehensions, he journeyed slowly and thoughtfully along, till he arrived at the hospitable Cottage. On his entrance, THOMAS seemed to express more surprize than joy at his return, while the artless ANNA rushed into his arms, cried out, 'It is, it is my Brother!'

WILLIAM's whose soul was occupied in joy and tenderness; he forgot every disagreeable sensation he had felt since their separation; he clasped the lovely Maid to his bosom, and exclaimed in transport, 'No power on earth shall ever part us more!

'Rash young man (said THOMAS!) is it thus you repay the kindness of a Father, by striving to destroy the happiness of his Child? You know that ANNA is no more your sister, nor shall you ever stand in any other degree of relationship to her.' So saying, he took his daughter by the hand and led her to her chamber. At THOMAS's return into their little parlour, WILLIAM threw himself at his feet. 'Will you forsake and cast me off (he cried,) abandoned as I am by the whole world beside? If so, life is a burthen that I will not long endure, deprived of your affection and my ANNA's love.'

'I do not understand you, Sir (replied THOMAS); are you not now the rich and powerful heir of Sir HENRY NUGENT? whose pride, I know, would never condescend to let you wed my daughter; and you, Sir, must also know, that the blackest act of baseness and ingratitude which human nature could be guilty of, would be that of seducing her affections, and rendering her, and me of course, unhappy.'

'Far be the impious thought from WILLIAM's breast (exclaimed the honest Youth! No, my Father—still will I call you by that honoured name; were it within my power, I would make a ten times greater sacrifice than I have already made, to prove my love and constancy to ANNA.—He then repeated to him all that had passed from the time of their separation; and concluded with imploring his consent to unite his fate with his lovely daughter's.

THOMAS remained inflexible.—'No, Sir (said he), it shall not be; I never will consent to your justifying your Grandfather's inhumanity, by giving him a pre-

tence for it. I will see this haughty Baronet, and urge the justice of your claim, from my own knowledge; and though nature and conscience have not been able to plead in your behalf, his pride may make him do you right, from the conscious shame of knowing, that so poor a man as I am must otherwise think, nay, proclaim him too, a villain.'

THOMAS set out a few days after for Dublin, having first removed ANNA to a friend's house, at a small distance from his own, where she was not permitted to receive either visits or letters from her beloved WILLIAM.

THOMAS appeared before Sir HENRY NUGENT with that firmness which conscious virtue gives. He told him he had received WILLIAM, when an infant, from the hands of his father and mother at Avignon; who both declared the legality of their union, and deplored the necessity they were under of keeping it secret, from the fear of offending both their parents: 'For (added he) the mother of the Youth was descended from a family full as noble as your own, who would have resented her matching clandestinely with your son, at much as you could have done the disobedience on his part.'

'Perhaps, Sir (said the Baronet, with a sarcastic smile), the Lady might have been your relation.'

'I own it, Sir (said THOMAS), and though unfortunate, as I know she was virtuous, I glory in the name of her kinsman.'

'Insolent fellow (replied Sir HENRY)! begone this moment from my sight, nor dare to insult the honour of my family, by supposing my son could be so base to match with such plebeian meanness. Begone, I say, or my servants shall chastise your audacity, and spurn you into the street.'

THOMAS was now convinced, that his young Ward had nothing to hope from the justice or humanity of his Grandfather, and, full of honest indignation, he shook the dust from off his feet, and left the house. He did not, however, return home immediately, but travelled on to the county of Kilkenny, which was the place of his nativity. There he collected authentic proofs of his birth and family, and without making himself known to any of his relations, journeyed back again to his own habitation.

THOMAS's history may be comprized in a few words. His real name was BUTLER; his father was a Cadet of the Ormond family, and THOMAS, when a Youth, had followed the fortunes of the last Duke of that illustrious title. He had continued with him while he remained in France,

France, and there married a Lady of rank and fortune, who died in child-bed of the little ANNA. When the Duke went into Spain, Mr. BUTLER, as we shall now call him, came to England, and brought with him his daughter, and the son of his friend and relation, who had been committed to his care. He arrived about the year 1719, and risked the small remains of his fortune in the whirlpool bubble of the South Sea scheme, and was, like thousands more, undone.

That noble spirit of independence which is inherent to generous minds, soon determined Mr. BUTLER to that plan of life which we have seen him steadily pursue, and in which his industry was crowned with deserved success. The pride, if we may call it so, natural to high birth, made him conceal his name and family in the humiliating situation of a Farmer; but he thought it now proper to assert his rank, in honour to the dead Mrs. NUGENT and her son.—Furnished, as I have already said, with authentic proofs of his identity, he claimed his Arms from the Herald's Office, and conveyed them, with a copy of the register of his birth, in a letter to Sir HENRY NUGENT, in which he told him, that though he was fully intitled to call him to an account for the insolence of his behaviour, the injustice of his conduct had rendered him so much his inferior, that he could not think of degrading himself by meeting him on equal terms, but left him to the stings of his conscience, which, he hoped, would awaken him to a proper remorse, before he was summoned to a trial, in which he should be obliged to give in evidence against himself.

At Mr. BUTLER's return to his house, he found his much-loved WILLIAM lying delirious in a fever. The agitation which his youthful spirits had suffered, in the trying scenes he had gone through, had brought on his disorder; and the agonies he felt at being, as he thought, for ever deprived of his dear ANNA's sight, had raised to a height that seemed to baffle all those simple medicines which his friendly neighbours had administered to him. He raved incessantly upon his ANNA, and called her father cruel and inhuman; begged but to see her once, and close his eyes for ever.

Mr. BUTLER immediately dispatched messengers for a physician, and his daughter: the arrival of the latter was sufficient; WILLIAM's reason and happiness returned with ANNA, and he was soon pronounced out of danger by his nominat doctor.

WILLIAM's passion seemed to grow with his strength, and he incessantly im-

plored Mr. BUTLER to give his consent to his marriage, or to his seeking an honourable grave, by entering a volunteer into the army. The sad idea of WILLIAM's departure soon drove the roses from ANNA's cheeks, and her pale face and languid eyes were powerful, though silent petitioners to her fond father. He at length relented, and calling them together, said, 'My children, I have seemed obdurate to your wishes, only for your sakes: Slight passions will not abide the trials that your union is like to draw upon you; distress and difficulties soon loose the trifling band of youthful fondness; but a sincere and virtuous love is able to surmount, or at least stand firm against, all the accumulated ills of fortune. I have proved ye both, and seen the strength of your affections, in its perseverance; then take my daughter, WILLIAM, with my consent and blessing, they are all I have to give; but know, young man, when you receive this dowrless Maid before the altar, you marry with your equal, with one who would do honour to your choice, were you at this moment possessed of all your Grandfather's injustice withheld from you. I now shall trust ye with a secret, but it must remain so; for as ye still must dwell beneath this humble roof, and eat the bread of industry, how sweet we all have proved, 'twould but expose us to scorn or pity, the proud man's charity, to boast a rank our fortunes cannot rise to. The names of BUTLER and of NUGENT must be now forgotten; and THOMAS, WILLIAM, and their much-lov'd ANNA, be still our only titles; but let our virtues exalt those simple names to terms of honour; and let the consciousness of what we are, inspire us to fill our several stations as we ought, nor think of superiority over the meanest of our friends and neighbours, but in goodness.'

He then acquainted WILLIAM with his name and family, and with every thing that had passed between him and Sir HENRY NUGENT.

It would be needless to describe the transports of the enamoured WILLIAM, when he arrived at the summit of his felicity, by receiving ANNA for his bride. Suffice to say, that their happiness was permanent and pure as their affections, and that they were the wonders of their little world, for conjugal and filial tenderness. In the course of three years, ANNA presented her husband with two lovely boys, whose early education now became the care of THOMAS; as he grew too much enfeebled by years, to labour as he formerly had done; but WILLIAM's industry amply supplied that want, and their

their cottage was called, by all their neighbours, The House of Happiness.

Seven years thus passed away, and seemed but as a summer to them all; when, one day, WILLIAM returning from his daily occupation, saw a carriage, attended by several servants, stop at a little distance from the house, and a gentleman dressed in mourning alight from it, and come towards him. The blooming ANNA, regardless of the strangers whom she saw, was coming out to meet her husband, with the best produce of their garden in her lap, to assuage the noon-tide heat, while THOMAS sat upon a grass-plat near, his little Grandsons climbing up his knees. The stranger at first stood motionless, gazing upon the pleasing sight; then rushing forwards with impetuosity, he darted into WILLIAM'S arms, crying out, 'It is my brother!' WILLIAM received the caresses of the stranger with a mingled sensation of joy and reserve; his heart warmed in the fraternal embrace, at the recollection of young HENRY'S features; but it also occurred to his remembrance, that his brother had not once written, or enquired after him, for more than seven years.

'I read your just resentment in your looks, my brother (said the young HENRY) but condemn me not for involuntary crimes. On our first separation, I wrote to you repeatedly, but received no answer. At length our Grandfather candidly owned, he had secreted all my letters, and sternly declared, that if I persisted in corresponding with you, I should be as much an alien to his heart and fortune as you were: the latter, he informed me, was intirely in his own power, and if I did not then enter into a solemn promise, to hold no farther commerce with you, he would

bequeath his wealth to some more distant relation, and turn me out a wanderer to the world.—What could I do? I promised, and obeyed.—It is now about a week since my Grandfather expired, and left me heir to all his wealth. But no will, since contrary to my own, shall exclude you from your just rights, which I now come to resign into your possession, and to receive a younger brother's portion from your bounty; and long, very long, may my much-loved brother, now Sir WILLIAM NUGENT, enjoy his rank and fortune!

'Noble youth (exclaimed old Mr. BUTLER) the blood of NUGENT is revived in thee; and blush not to receive a Sister, and these Children, tho' meanly clad, thy equals both in birth and virtue.'

The glad tidings of WILLIAM'S exaltation was quickly spread around the neighbouring villages; every heart rejoiced in his good fortune, and owned he merited his elevation; every tongue poured forth blessings on him and his amiable family; and every eye dropped tears of tenderness when they departed from the *House of Happiness*.

Sir WILLIAM took possession of his family-seat and fortune, and made a provision for his brother worthy of them both. Mr. BUTLER spent the remainder of his days with his son and daughter, in affluence and tranquility, and resigned his breath in his loved ANNA'S arms.

Lady NUGENT bore many sons and daughters, who are the worthy inheritors of her own and Sir WILLIAM'S virtues; and a few years since they still remained patterns of conjugal and parental affection, to all who had the happiness of knowing or conversing with them.

AN ESSAY ON DETRACTION.

THE fancy of the ancient fabulist, that Jupiter formed man with one bag before into which the faults of others are put, and another behind, in which are put his own faults, so that while the latter are hid from him, the former are always full in his view, is certainly somewhat coarse and clumsy. If the merit of an image is to be tried, as some have maintained, by giving it a visible form in painting, the figure would appear abundantly awkward; and look rather like a Dutch than a Grecian emblem. The man thus depicted with two opposite branches, would indeed resemble the portrait which

is given us of honest Æsop himself. But the allegorical instruction meant to be conveyed, would approach the mind in a very gross vehicle.

The moral however of this apologue is just and excellent, and Phædrus who cannot be condemned as arrogant for saying that he has given a polish to the materials of his predecessor, has placed it before us in that elegant simplicity peculiar to himself.

Holding this counterposition of faults to be natural to man, might it not be considered if he has power to amend it? Pursuing the emblematical plan, might we not

describe him as turning his head backwards till he sees his own failings? or as perceiving them by the reflexion of a looking-glass? I am always for animating human nature to hopes of improvement by art and assiduity, which we know have in so many instances effected what would be considered as wonders were we not gradually habituated to them.

I am afraid that to delight in censure is the general propensity of mankind. For, in the observations which I have made upon life, I have found very few who were free from it. Some indeed possessed of superior sagacity, having seen that a censurer is odious, have address enough to disguise their malevolence, and contrive that others shall be the actors while they imperceptibly prompt. And some who take no active part whatever, are nevertheless exceedingly pleased to be of the audience. Whether or not Hobbes be right in his system, that men are born in a state of war, it seems to be pretty clear that they are so far addicted to hostility, as to tear each others characters. We doubted of the truth of what was related of the existence of Cannibals, till it was confirmed to us by unquestionable authority in our own time. Yet to have a pleasure in eating human flesh is not in itself more repugnant to humanity, than to have a pleasure in mangling and destroying the reputation of our fellow-creatures. A man suffers less by having his body devoured after he is dead, than by having his good name ruined while he is alive.

A good name is held in a higher degree of estimation in proportion as we recede from barbarism, and advance in knowledge and civilization. The wise and enlightened monarch whose proverbs make a part of our sacred volume, says, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' And what is thus delivered with authority by Solomon, is expanded and illustrated by Shakespeare in the following celebrated passage:

' Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis
something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been
slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good
name,
Robs me of that which not enriches
him,
And makes me poor indeed.'

How unaccountable then is it that people who are conscientious enough in other

respects should be so little scrupulous in attacking their neighbours characters. It is true, that robbing another of his good name does not enrich the guilty person in reality. But a false notion is entertained, that by lessening the number of good characters, one's own may be more highly valued; so that if laughter be owing to pride, as certain philosophers have maintained, grave detraction is much more to be ascribed to the same cause. Indeed we often find those who are denominated rigidly virtuous are remarkable for being censorious. Their virtue being only what is austere in duty, not what is mild and benevolent; so that they are truly but half virtuous, and that too without having the best half, they are disposed to lessen the merit of others, especially when it is of that kind in which they are deficient. But the most diabolical motive for censure, is the consciousness of faults and imperfections, joined with a dastardly acquiescence in them, instead of having generous resolutions of growing better. Persons in that wretched state are shocked by the excellence of worthy and shining characters; and therefore wish, if possible, to annihilate the belief of what they despair of attaining, that they may not suffer by comparison. And it is to be lamented that they are but too successful in darkening both their own minds and those of others. The generality of men must have experienced how naturally, after a series of bad conduct, the mind endeavours to sooth itself with the opiate of thinking that probably others are no better than we, though we have not discovered their deviations; and, by and by, we proceed to diffuse in conversation that benumbing suspicion. Whenever therefore I hear a man eager in general indiscriminate abuse of human nature, alledging that there is no true spirit, or friendship, or honesty, or piety to be found, I conclude that if he has not been miserably unfortunate, he is debased and wicked in an extreme degree.

Deliberately to invent and propagate falsehoods, essentially injurious to the character of another, is dreadful malignity. But I own I admire the maxim of the Roman law '*Quod veritas convicti non excusat*; that the truth of defamation should not excuse it.' For, to expose and bring into more general notice such faults as a man really has, is a cruel injury, and should not be justified unless it can be shown that it was necessary to be done, to prevent a greater evil; such as when an opinion is to be given, whether a man is fit for an employment of important trust; or one is called upon to speak to a character upon oath. It is under the pretext of such utility

utility that censorious men, assuming a portion of jurisdiction, indulge their malevolence for the alleged good of the community. They argue with a plausibility which I believe often imposes upon themselves, that it is the interest of society to have the unworthy detected and punished, and that loss of character is their just punishment. But if punishments be of use in society, rewards are certainly so also.—Those public spirited people therefore would be more consistent, if they were equally assiduous in finding out merit, and giving it the praise which it deserves, and which so much tends to cherish and increase it.

Even allowing the principle of utility its full weight to infer that the reward and punishment of good and bad fame should ever obtain, a man of an amiable disposition would not surely wish to be the executioner. For, in all countries, those who actually inflict punishments, however wisely ordered, are more or less despised and detested. If a character is imperceptibly blasted by the continued breaths of thousands, it has its fate from general operation of opinion. But I would not be distinguished as more violent in the storm than others. There is something in censure so opposite to gentleness of temper that no man who is remarkable for it will ever be loved. Men of certain employments which require a disposition remote from tenderness, are, we know, not allowed to sit as jurymen in cases of life and death. I really think that a notorious censurer or satyrical should also be excepted.

But it is not only in such severe censure as is totally destructive of the characters of others, that people are prone to indulge themselves. Many a one would shrink back from so deep an injury, who would not startle at lesser degrees of hurt. And indeed it is against that wantonness of censure which is so common, that I am most desirous to guard my readers. It is really provoking to a candid, benevolent mind to observe how people in almost every company attack the characters of some who are absent, nay, of their own friends as they call them, as soon as they are gone. It was a bull to be sure in an honest Irishman; but there was a very just meaning in it, when he said, upon being asked why he sat still in a company long after the hour at which he had an appointment somewhere else; 'Why I observed that whenever any body went away his character was immediately attacked; so I stayed to be ready to defend myself.'

I have often wondered to find scandal prevail so much amongst the fair sex, whose delicacy one should suppose would

prevent them from what is in effect so barbarous. But I sometimes consider a drawing room to be like a theatre of surgery, where patients are mangled in various ways. Or, as they are not present, it may perhaps be better compared to a haunt of witches, where the objects of their malignity are tormented in effigy.

All who reflect upon their own infirmities should be sparing of other people, that they themselves may be spared; and thus by mutual indulgence the general stock of benevolence will be augmented. On the contrary, by accustoming ourselves to censoriousness, we shall every day grow less kindly one towards another, and each is proportionably a loser. *Pope*, when elevated with the pride of a lofty satyrical, boasts

'No, while I live no rich or noble knave,
'Shall walk in peace and credit to his grave.'

But *Pope*, when in his best frame, prays

'Teach me to feel another's woe,
'To hide the fault I see.'

There may be two good reasons given for hiding faults which we think we see in our neighbours. We may be mistaken; in which case an unjust sentence is not easily remedied; and if we are right, they perhaps may be endeavouring to correct what is wrong; and it would be very hard that while thus struggling they should be crushed.

For my own part I look upon it as a great misfortune to be quick-sighted to the faults and imperfections of others. It is the great study of civilized life to promote good humour and complacency, by making ourselves and every thing about us as agreeable as we can; for which reason we endeavour to keep out of sight whatever is imperfect and offensive; and our inventions are exercised in multiplying modes of cleanliness and ornament. *Swift* has shown us to a degree of exquisite disgust the consequence of prying, when we ought to be satisfied with external beauty of person and dress. If we will set ourselves to investigate in his manner, we all know what nauseous ideas will be excited; yet happily for us how very seldom are we disturbed by them as our views skim pleasingly along the surface. In the same manner we ought to conduct ourselves as to mental qualities; and not be always examining nicely into the characters of our neighbours. We might as well have their bodies put to the test of physic, as their minds to the test of morality.

rality. It is said that no man is in perfect health; and it will be admitted that no man is completely virtuous. If a man has any infectious or loathsome disease, it is evident, and we shun him. A similar remark is to be made if he has any capital vice. But they who are perpetually probing for faults and imperfections, whether of body or mind, are surely very unhappy. An acquaintance of mine told me that he was much pleased, in the company of a very pretty agreeable woman.— But after leaving her, and mentioning this to an anatomist who had been along with him, the anatomist observed 'Her muscles are no better than blubber.' A prying moralist is very apt to make similar remarks upon character. He goes to a gentleman's house in the country, and meets with a cheerful, hospitable reception; but when he comes away his suggestions

that probably this cheerfulness was forced, and that there was a good deal of selfish vanity in the entertainment; or perhaps he finds out that the gentleman is not much of a scholar, and that he is indifferent about his wife, and by no means liberal to his son.

I believe upon the whole, that he who would pass his life comfortably should not only abstain from censure, but habituate himself to take things in the most agreeable view; and by no means to search for faults. I have observed that no persons are less happy themselves, or more disliked by others than those who are continually examining and inquiring with a nice keenness; and instead of being satisfied with good plain general enjoyment of society, are upon every occasion analysing people's characters.

CURIOUS OBSERVATIONS on the CRETINS, or IDIOTS, of the PAIS de VALLAIS, in SWITZERLAND.

[By Sir Richard Clayton, Bart.]

MANKIND has been divided by Linnæus into four separate classes, to each of which he has assigned some characteristic difference in point of disposition. The European and American, the African and Asiatic receive, regularly, it should seem according to his system, an impression from the climate, which adheres to them through life, unless it have been weakened or overpowered by their having left their native country in very early infancy*. Other naturalists have remarked a like degree of its influence in the formation and disposition of animals in general, and its empire has been extended by some, even to the vegetable world†. The observation is indeed an old one. Hippocrates has a long chapter‡ in which he treats of the air, water, and particular situations, and he there traces their supposed effects on the structure and passions of mankind. Though venerable from its age, the opinion has been lately controverted, and ridicule has been called in to attack those positions, against which more solid reason appeared to have exhausted all her powers. But, whatever

may be the doubts of modern sceptics, or the problems of new philosophers, no arguments can be brought up against visible demonstration. To those who deny the effects of local causes, and the influence of particular climates and situations, may be opposed only the Cretins of the Pais de Vallais; a set of beings, above indeed the brute species, but in every respect below their own. Without a previous acquaintance with their real origin, the stranger might be tempted to consider them as a distinct, inferior part of the creation, and the intermediate link betwixt man and his disfigured image, the Ouran-Outang. The description Linnæus has given us of this animal may be applied to the Cretin, with a few exceptions; and that of the French Pliny, as the Comte de Buffon has been called, is marked with a resemblance still more striking. The district these beings are comprised in, is part of the lower Vallais, and takes in about thirty miles in length, and eight in breadth. Round Sion they are very numerous; but they are most so between the bridges of St. Maurice and Ride. A few of them

are

* Buffon. Hist. Naturelle. De la Generation des Animaux.

† Wilson on the Influence of Climate on Vegetable and Animal Bodies.

‡ Sect. III. p. 230. Editio Foclii.

are to be found on each side, and at each extremity, but they then gradually disappear. Cast in the same mould with the rest of mankind, they have, most certainly, its form; but one looks in vain for

‘The human face divine,’

illumined with sensibility, and lighted up with the ray of understanding. Physiognomists have pretended to discover a trait of the inward character, written on almost every countenance, that bespeaks the passions each individual is warmed with. One proof may at least be added to their system, without adopting it in its fullest extent; for, with the Cretin, the vacuum is distinctly visible. Every mental faculty appears benumbed, and the dreadful torpor is unequivocally expressed. It must be admitted, however, that there are distinctions in the scale of sense, and different gradations among them; from total darkness to intellectual twilight, and the dim dawn of understanding. Some have a sort of voice, but the deaf and dumb are very numerous; and there are multitudes who are even mere animal machines, and devoid of almost every sensation. In point of stature, four feet and a half is the standard they reach in general, and it is seldom exceeded more than a few inches. Their countenances are pale, wan, and livid; and, exclusive of other external marks of imbecility, they have the mouth very wide, and the tongue and lips uncommonly thick and large. Nature seems also to have exhausted with them all her efforts at a very early hour, and old age treads upon the heels of infancy. They die, regularly, young, and there are not any instances of their arriving at the advanced period of human life. The propagation of the species is the only appetite numbers of them are ever roused by, and it rages with more than common violence. The same lasciviousness is supposed to apply to the monkey and baboon. With some, possibly, the observation may create a smile, but the naturalist will pause on the analogy, while it will not escape the moralist, that as man becomes the slave of his own unruly passions, he descends into a proximity, to the brute creation. In this description of the Cretin, it ought to be observed, those only in the fullest sense of the word are to be included. In the different gradations, nature has been uniformly regular. Where she has least varied from herself, the Cretin most resembles mankind in a state of perfection; both in countenance and figure, reaches nearer its general stature, and there is less difference in their respective periods of existence.

The repeated view of such multitudes of unfortunate beings is to the last degree, pitious and affecting. There is, notwithstanding some consolation in reflecting, that they are not themselves sensible of their misfortune, and that every care is taken of them, which their situation will admit of.

In some places they are looked on as the idiots of Turkey: in others they are considered as predestinated beings, the devoted victims of the wrath of Providence, and punished by its visitation for the sins of the rest of the family. Either idea injures them kindness and attention. In the first instance, they are objects of religious veneration; in the second, they are recompensed out of gratitude; on account of their supposed sufferings for the frailties of their parents, and their friends.

To consider such groups of them as accidental, is impossible. There have been generations after generations of them; and though their numbers vary in different families, some are almost entirely composed of them. Nature must here therefore act on certain principles, and be governed by fixed laws, though the former are not yet known, and the latter have not been discovered. What proves, to a degree almost of mathematical certitude, that there is some physical reason for the dreadful singularity, is the single circumstance, that a family coming from a distance to reside within the district, has, in a few years, occasion to lament, on its increase, that idiocy it was before a stranger to. The same argument has equal force against its being transmitted from intermarriages with families whose ancestors had unfortunately a share in the calamity. The reverse of the proposition, I have been lately informed from very respectable authority, holds equally true; and that Cretin colonies removing from the district, and marrying only among themselves, after one generation, or at most two, lose the disgusting distinction they carried with them. Long as the subject of this paper has existed, it is astonishing nothing has been systematically written on it. A memoir was indeed read, some years ago, to the Royal Society at Lyons, but as I do not find it was ever published, the members only became acquainted with the opinions, its author, the Comte de Maugiron, entertained. Government has at last begun to interest itself, and has recommended some precautions to be taken, by which, it is hoped, the number of Cretins will diminish. Many of the most deplorable are now secluded from society, and maintained with great care in the hospital at Skon; and their marriages with each other

cher, which, were formerly permitted in order to prevent other inconveniences, and by which they were propagated *ad infirmitatem*, are not at present allowed of. The early management of the children is also particularly attended to, and minutely watched; and on the least suspicion of a tendency towards Cretinage, they are sent into the distant mountains to be nursed. Whether any of these precautions, or all of them united, will be followed with the consequences devoutly to be wished, time, the great touchstone of all experiments, can alone decide.

In the several descriptions of Switzerland and the Vallais, the subject has been sometimes casually glanced at. Some brittle, hazardous ideas have been thrown out at random, but in general, it has been left in the state in which it has been found, and the circumstance has been barely mentioned, without any endeavours to point out its origin and cause. I have no claim to any greater share of wisdom, and do not pretend, by any means, to superior sagacity or penetration.

I lay little stress on the influence of the imagination of the mother on the fœtus, which has been the theory of some. Without entering into the question, how, or in what manner, such an impression is communicated, I shall observe only, it is an opinion which appears to be giving way daily; and that even its warmest partisans admit only of its existence in very few instances, and under very limited restrictions. The Cretins are too numerous to allow of such a partial cause; and as what is perpetually before the eye soon ceases to be matter either of astonishment or terror, their very numbers would counteract any effect they might otherwise occasion. Their country women, born and bred up among them, consider them only as every other production of their country, and in fact; instead of bestowing on them particular notice or regard, they are surprised when a stranger examines them with any scrupulous attention. I should imagine, therefore, we ought to search for some other cause. Of the writers who have touched on the Cretin, some have attributed the misfortune to the supposed cause of the goitres, so very common in many of the Swiss peasants, the water they drink being impregnated with snow, tufa, and some mineral substances, washed down with it from the neighbouring mountains. That the Cretins are subject to the goitre, must be acknowledged; but it should at the same time be remarked, as it is common to the rest of the inhabitants, its cause whatever it may be, can hardly be supposed to be that of Cretinage.

The peasants of the Alps, of Tirol, and many other parts of Switzerland drink water of nearly the same quality, and have the goitre; but the Cretins are confined to the district I have mentioned, and if they occur in other places, it is merely from a removal with their parents. This hypothesis appears therefore to have been taken up, likewise, without solid foundation, and the fabric raised upon it has been built on a scale too narrow and confined. The air has been, by others, supposed to be the sole cause of this disaster. Throughout the whole country they are found in, it is most certainly unwholesome. They reside, in fact, in a sort of vast basin, full of excessive exhalations, from the Rhone, and the marshes on its sides; and the reflection of the sun from the surrounding mountains, which are almost vertical, forms an atmosphere very singular for its humidity and heat.

At Sion, in particular, the houses are often steeped up to the second story, in a thick, hot, and glutinous vapour; and the body, during the summer months, is in a very uncommon state of perpetual perspiration. This naturally occasions a lassitude and indolence, which unstring the human frame; and along with them, one meets with their usual attendants, excessive poverty and filth. Their joint effects on the human body, it would be useless to dispute; but how they can curtail the stature, and coagulate the understanding, to such a wonderful degree, is difficult to ascertain. Whether any light may be derived from the dissection of a Cretin, is an experiment that has not yet been made. To be of any use, however, it should not be confined to a single subject, but should be extended to every variety, from the moment the malady has made its first appearance, to the time it has arrived at its full maturity of weakness. Some attempts for this purpose I understood had failed, and they will be yet attended with difficulty, and some little danger. Philip of Macedon's golden key will not here unlock the grave; and a violation of the rights of sepulture would be still considered as the first of crimes.

Little can be gleaned up, I am apprehensive from the history of the human species, relative to the question; but, amid its varieties, we find Dondos, or African white negroes; the Kakerlaks, or Chacrelas of Asia; and the Blasard, or white Indian of the Isthmus of Darien; all of whom have some peculiarities corresponding with those by which the Cretin is distinguished. The Dondos are most common at Congo, Loango, and Angola, and the Kokerlaks, or Chacrelas, in the Java Islands;

islands; but as they are not very numerous they have been considered as a *Lufus Naturæ*, and her accidental productions*. Of the white Indians of Darien little was known in Europe before 1680, though Cortez † had given a long and minute description of them in his letters to Charles V. The stature of the Dondos, the Kakerlak, and white Indian is nearly that of the Cretin of the Pays de Vallais, and their whole appearance announces excessive debility and weakness. Their similitude, in many other respects, seems to give some weight to the supposition of a like deficiency in their formation. The weakness of the eye, they are all in some degree subject to; deafness in one degree or other is peculiar to them; they all die early; and they have all the same scanty portion of intelligence.

Much has been written † on the blackness of the negro, and for some time, like the atoms of Epicurus, one system regularly confuted another. Whatever the derangement which produces the variety in the negro may be owing to, it may possibly bear some relation to that which occasions an alteration, nearly as violent, in the human species of the Vallais. Mr. Michel, a name of some eminence at Berlin, for anatomical inquiries, has remarked in one of his letters, *Vous observez la couleur de sperme est différente de celui des hommes blancs. Vous attribuez, au changement de ce sperme, leur metamorphose de noir en blanc; si l'on ajoute à cela, la couleur différente de leur cerveau, de leur sang, et de la liqueur qui forme leur epiderme, on verra que le effet qui blanchit les Negres est fondé dans un change-*

ment des humeurs les plus essentielles de corps.

Taking the position for granted, how this essential alteration has been brought about will be still matter for physical discussion. Air, water, aliment, indolence and filth may be powerful causes, and they become undoubtedly more forcible when combined, and when they have acquired increased strength for their continued operation for a long course of years, on successive generations. The air is most avowedly insalubrious on the whole isthmus of Darien, and what appears decisive, as to its influence, is the known fact, that the female negroes brought from Africa to Carthagen and Panama, where the climate is to the last degree inhospitable, and the perspiration of the body astonishing, produce more of the white Indians than in any other part of the new continent.

The same causes regularly subsisting, it may be asked why they are not uniformly attended with the same effects. To resolve the difficulty, may it not be questioned, whether the humours of certain persons are not in some secret, unknown state, which facilitates the metamorphosis.

To those whose studies lead them to investigate the human frame, with its disorders, the subject is not altogether an uninteresting one. We owe much to the labours of great and learned men during the last century; but, notwithstanding the rapid advances they have made in every part of science, much remains yet to be done. A wide field is still open for researches into human nature, and posterity may, perhaps, discover what we have in vain attempted to explore.

* It is remarkable, however, the *Lufus Naturæ* in the Java islands has been extended even to the monkey. The governor of Batavia had one or two white ones in 1785, brought from those islands, though they are in all that part of the world universally black or brown. Myrtheer Butterkoper, and Mynheer Messa, the Water Fiscal, shewed them to a friend of mine. The face was of a milky white, the eye red, and they were between two and three feet high.

† Las Cartas de Don. Hernando Cortez de la Conquista de Mexico al Emperador. They have been translated into Latin, and in the collection of Hervagius under the title *F. Cortesii de Insulis nuper rebertis Narratio ad Carolum Quintum*. For an account of the white Indian see Buffon, *Hist. Naturelle de l'Homme*. Dampier's *Voyages*, vol. IV. page 252, and *Melange de Literature*, tom. I. where Voltaire has given a very minute description of the white Indian brought to Paris in 1744.

‡ See Sanctorius, Malpighi, Albinus, Ruysch, Haller, Winslow and Heister. Town's Letter to the Royal Society. *Hist. de l'Academie de Sciences*, 1702. Dissertation de Mons. Barrere: *Traité de Mons. le Cat.* Zimmerman *Geograph. Zoolog.* and *Memoirs de l'Academie de Berlin*.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE CONDUCT OF HUMAN LIFE.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

FIXED in deep meditation on the condition of human life, I lost myself in a pleasing illusion, and glided imperceptibly into the visionary region of sleep. I seemed to be transported to a spacious plain, where I viewed with admiration the beauties of nature. The swains watched over their fleecy charge with tenderness and alacrity, beguiling the gloom of solitude with the melody of their pipes. The lustre of the sun diffused an universal smile, and I breathed the fragrance of a paradise. In this agreeable situation I saw at a distance a venerable personage, at whose nearest approach I was struck with silent awe. His piercing eye seemed to penetrate mine inmost soul, his countenance was furrowed by the wrinkles of age, and his head brightened with silver hairs. An elegant vest adorned his body, and his whole deportment commanded reverence. He soon relieved me from my anxiety, and with a kind aspect accosted me in these terms: 'My friend, whether are you wandering without a guide and companion, exposed to the assaults of rapine and the artifices of fraud?' To which I answered, 'Venerable sage, I am entirely unexperienced in the ways of men, and have not long trod the path of life. Unbiassed by prejudice, I am susceptible of any impression. Daily sensible of the want of assistance, I should esteem it a singular favour to receive the benefit of your admonitions. You are leaving that theatre into which I am entering, and are able to direct me to a proper choice of the part which I am to act.'

He then replied with a look of complacency, 'I applaud your modesty and diffidence, and will assume, with the most heart-felt satisfaction, the office of a preceptor.' He thus began his solemn harangue: 'The ultimate end of human industry is happiness. From the sceptured monarch to the rustic peasant all are in pursuit of it. In this pursuit they all agree, however they may differ in the means of attainment. I have surveyed every scene of life and experienced every vicissitude of fortune, and at length find that true happiness is not the lot of man. There are indeed some intervals of rest scattered round every station, but there is nothing that deserves the name of happiness, a word which heaves the fruitless sigh in every breast. Every moment this globe hastens to its dissolution, when a

new state of things will be exhibited; Then will the mystery of nature be revealed, and the dispensations of Providence justified. Then will our future fate be determined by our present conduct, and the actions of this world extend their influence to the next. Therefore we should not center our hopes in this transitory life, but endeavour by a discharge of the duties we owe to the Supreme Being, our fellow-creatures, and ourselves, to secure hereafter a station in the universal system, which may adequately satiate the desires of the soul. It should be our constant care to pass through life with innocence, with gratitude for the good, and resignation to the evil. In the choice of your station, I advise you to consider your circumstances, and the disposition of your mind: for men are generally formed by nature with an attachment to some particular pursuit, and great part of the confusion that is in the world arises from those who possess places, for which they have neither the ability nor inclination. It should be the business of parents to study the genius of their children, and not predestinate them as it were to employments that they will never be able to manage. Beware of external appearances, lest emerging from the shade of obscurity, you should be dazzled with artificial splendor, and rendered incapable of seeing things in their real forms. The wisdom of the serpent must be mixed with the innocence of the dove; for a selfish spirit animates the mass of mankind, and destroys the noble principle of disinterested generosity. Life is a masquerade, where a fictitious character is frequently assumed: be not content with a superficial survey of the human race, but examine them behind the scenes as well as in the open theatre. The purposes of society require a mutual intercourse of good offices; cultivate therefore universal benevolence. Yet entrust to few the secrets of your bosom; and diligently explore his heart, to whom you intend to yield your own. A faithful friend is a precious jewel, and a strong tower of defence. Your mind at present is contracted within a narrow circle, but the study of men will expand its faculties, and teach you to regard yourself as a citizen of the world. Assert your native liberty, and be not a slave to any sect or party. Let your principles of religion be worthy of God and beneficial to man. Let your ideas of government be consistent.

consistent with the rights of mankind. Constantly revere the oracle of conscience, and support the dignity of your soul! He

then took a solemn farewell, and a sudden noise dissipated the gloom of my senses.

A METHOD TO MAKE POTATOE-BREAD WITHOUT THE ADMIXTURE OF FLOUR.

[By *M. Parmentier*, Member of the College of Pharmacy at Paris.]

Of the STARCH.

THE potatoes must be well washed; they must be ground fine with the assistance of a tin rasp; they are thereby converted into a liquid paste, which must be diluted in water, and well agitated, in order to empty it into a sieve placed over a proper vessel. The water passes with the starch of the potatoes; this starch must be well washed in several waters; it is to be divided into small pieces, and exposed to the air, in order to dry it: it is of a most exquisite whiteness. The substance which remains in the sieve is the most fibrous part; it must be dried after all the moisture is pressed out of it; it may be used in the composition of brown bread, or may be given in that state to poultry.

Remarks.—One pound of potatoes contains three ounces of starch, two ounces of fibrous substance and extractive matter, and eleven ounces of vegetative water. These substances vary according to the nature of the soil and the species of the potatoe. It is to clear this root from the superabundance of water which it contains, and to separate the starch from the other substances which constitute the potatoe, that the foregoing process is put in practice. You may, in lieu of a rasp, which renders the operation tedious, substitute a broad wheel with double parallel spokes, upon the same axis or axletree, shod with plate iron, stamped with holes, instead of hands of iron, or any other instrument; besides, necessity and practice will soon clear up that point.

The starch extracted from potatoes has this advantage; that it may be kept for many years without the least alteration, and will still subsist without corruption, or untouched in a frozen potatoe, even when animals will not eat it.

Of the PULP.—Put the potatoes in boiling water; when they are boiled enough, cast away the water, and peel them; and, with the assistance of a wooden roller, reduce them into a paste, which, by grinding grows stiff and elastic. When there are no more clots or lumps in the whole mass, then the pulp is in perfection.

Remarks.—The parts which constitute the potatoe are in its natural state divided; after boiling, these parts are so united as to be but one homogenous mass. The starch, the fibrous substance which floated, as one may say, in the vegetative water, are in it dissolved.

It is from this very simple operation that the whole fabrication of potatoe-bread depends; without it, no panification: moreover, the potatoe must necessarily be in that state when we intend to mix it with any other grain, such as buck-wheat, barley, or oats: under any other form, its union with these sorts of grain will make, at best, but a coarse bread.

Of the BREAD.—Take five pounds of dried starch, and five pounds of the pulp; dissolve a suitable quantity of leaven or yeast in warm water the eve or night before. The mixture being exactly made, let it lie all night in the kneading-trough, well covered and kept warm until the next day; this is the second leaven; then add five pounds more of starch, and the same quantity of pulp, and knead it well. The water must be in proportion as a fifth part, that is to say, that upon twenty pounds of paste there must be five pounds of the water. You must observe that the water be used as hot as possible.

The paste being completely kneaded, it must be divided into small loaves; this bread requires slow preparation, and the oven must be equally and moderately heated: it will require two hours baking.

The salt with which they season the bread in some provinces is also necessary for this: the quantity depends on the taste; but half a drachm seems to be sufficient.

Any one may easily conceive that this abstract cannot wholly give an idea of the process, and that those who have the fabrication of this bread at heart must be obliged to have recourse to their own experience, because no exact account is to be expected when a new preparation is to be performed.

A METHOD of making LEAVEN, without any to begin with, which may sometimes be of Service to Country People who bake their own Bread.

WARM a quart or three pints of flour in a skillet or some other vessel, stirring it while warming to prevent its burning; then with more flour and warm water make as much dough as you

want for Leaven, bury it in the midst of the warm flour, sit it where it will keep warm, and in a few hours the Leaven will be good and fit for use.

ANOTHER WAY OF MAKING LEAVEN.

TAKE two pounds of potatoes; boil them and bruise them fine, add to them half a pound of brown sugar, half a pint of emptings and a pint of warm water,

mix them well together, and set them by the fire, but not too near until they rise, then put them by in a crock or stone jug. Half a pint will make a batch of bread.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

On the HABITATIONS of ANIMALS in general.

Behold the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

POPE,

INSTINCTIVE ingenuity, in the construction of their habitations, is not confined to insects: it is visible, for the same common ends, in the admirable contrivances of quadrupeds and birds.

With regard to quadrupeds, many of them employ no kind of architecture, but live constantly in the open air. When not under the immediate protection of man, they shelter themselves in rough, or stormy weather, among trees or bushes, or retire under the coverture of projecting rocks, or the sides of hills opposite to those from which the winds proceed. Besides these arts of defence, to which they are prompted by instinct and experience, Nature furnishes them, during the winter months, with a double portion of long hair, which protects them from cold, and other assaults of the weather.

Of the quadrupeds that make or choose habitations for themselves, some dig holes in the earth, some take refuge in the cavities of decayed trees, and in the clefts of rocks, and some actually construct cabins or houses. But the artifices they employ, the material they use, and the situations

they select, are so various, and so numerous, that I am necessarily confined to a few of the more curious examples.

The Alpine marmot is a quadruped about sixteen inches in length, and has a short tail. In figure, the marmots have some resemblance both to the rat and to the bear. When tamed, they eat every thing presented them; as flesh, bread, fruit, roots, pot-herbs, insects, &c. They delight in the regions of frost and snow, and are only to be found on the tops of the highest mountains. They remain in a torpid state during winter. About the end of Sept. or beginning of October, they retire into their holes, and never come abroad again till the beginning of April. Their retreats are formed with much art and precaution. With their feet and claws, which are admirably adapted to the purpose, they dig the earth with amazing quickness, and throw it behind them. They do not make a simple hole, or a strait or winding tube, but a kind of gallery in the form of a Y, each branch of which has an aperture, and both terminate in a capacious apartment, where several of the animals

mals lodge together. As the whole operation is performed on the declivity of a mountain, this innermost apartment, is alone horizontal. Both branches of the Y are inclined. One of the branches descends under the apartment, and follows the declivity of the mountain. This branch is a kind of aqueduct; and receives and carries off the excrements of the animals; and the other, which rises above the principal apartment, is used for coming in and going out. The place of their abode is well-lined with moss and hay, of which they lay up great store during the summer. They are social animals. Several of them live together, and work in common when forming their habitations. Thither they retire during rain, or upon the approach of danger. One of them stands centinel upon a rock, while the others gambol upon the grass, or are employed in cutting it, in order to make hay. If the centinel perceives a man, an eagle, a dog, or other dangerous animal, he alarms his companions by a loud whistle, and is himself the last that enters the hole. As they continue torpid during winter, and, as if they foresaw that they would then have no occasion for victuals, they lay up no provisions in their apartments. But, when they feel the first approaches of the sleeping season, they shut up both passages to their habitation; and this operation they perform with such labour and solidity, that it is more easy to dig the earth any where else than in such parts as they have thus fortified. At this time they are very fat, weighing sometimes twenty pounds. They continue to be plump for three months; but afterwards they gradually decline, and, at the end of winter, are extremely emaciated. When seized in their retreats, they appear rolled up in the form of a ball, and covered with hay. In this state, they are so torpid that they may be killed without seeming to feel pain. The hunters select the fattest for eating, and keep the young ones for faming. Like the dormice, and all the other animals which sleep during winter, the marmots are revived by a gradual and gentle heat; and it is remarkable, that those which are fed in houses, and kept warm, never become torpid, but are equally active and lively the whole year.

The habitation where moles deposit their young merits a particular description; because, it is constructed with peculiar intelligence, and because the mole is an animal with which we are well acquainted. They begin by raising the earth, and forming a pretty high arch.— They leave partitions, or a kind of pillars, at certain distances, beat and press the

earth, interweave it with the roots of plants, and render it so hard and solid, that the water cannot penetrate the vault, on account of its convexity and firmness. They then elevate a little hillock under the principal arch; upon the latter they lay herbs and leaves for a bed to their young. In this situation they are above the level of the ground, and, of course, beyond the reach of ordinary inundations.— They are, at the same time, defended from the rains by the large vault that covers the internal one, upon the convexity of which they rest along with their young.— This internal hillock is pierced on all sides with sloping holes, which descend still lower, and serve as subterraneous passages for the mother to go in quest of food for their herself and her offspring. These by-paths are beaten and firm, extend about twelve or fifteen paces, and issue from the principal mansion like rays from a centre. Under the superior vault we likewise find remains of the roots of the meadow saffron, which seem to be the first food given to the young. From this description it appears, that the mole never comes abroad but at considerable distances from her habitation. Moles, like the beavers, pair; and so lively and reciprocal an attachment subsists between them, that they seem to disrelish all other society. In their dark abodes they enjoy the placid habits of repose and solitude, the art of securing themselves from injury, of almost instantaneously making an asylum or habitation, and of procuring a plentiful subsistence without the necessity of going abroad. They shut up the entrance of their retreats, and seldom leave them, unless compelled by the admission of water, or when their mansions are demolished by art.

The nidification of birds has at all times deservedly called forth the admiration of mankind. Their nests, in general, are built with such exquisite art, that an exact imitation of them exceeds the power of human skill. Their stile of architecture, the materials they employ, and the situations they select, are as various as the different species. Individuals of the same species, whatever region of the globe they inhabit collect the same materials, arrange and construct them in the same form, and make choice of similar situations for erecting their temporary habitations; for the nests of birds, those of the eagle-kind excepted, after the young have come to maturity, are for ever abandoned by the parents.

To describe minutely the nests of birds would be a vain attempt. Such descriptions could not convey an adequate idea of

of their architecture to a person who had never seen one of those beautiful and commodious habitations, which even astonish and excite the amazement of children.

The different orders of birds exhibit great variety in the materials and structure of their nests. Those of the rapacious tribes are in general rude, and composed of coarse materials, as dried twigs, bents, &c. But they are often lined with soft substances. They build in elevated rocks, ruinous and sequestered castles and towers, and in other solitary retirements.—The airy or nest of the eagle is quite flat, and not hollow, like those of other birds.—The male and female commonly place their nest between two rocks, in a dry and inaccessible situation. The same nest, it is said, serves the eagle during life. The structure is so considerable, and composed of such solid materials, that it may last many years. Its form resembles that of a floor. Its basis consists of sticks about five or six feet in length, which are supported at each end, and these are covered with several layers of rushes and heath. An eagle's nest was found in the Peak of Derbyshire, which Willoughby describes in the following manner: 'it was made of great sticks, resting one end on the edge of a rock, the other on a birch tree. Upon these was a layer of rushes, and over them a layer of heath, and on the heath rushes again; upon which lay one young, and an addle egg; and by them a lamb, a hare, and three heath pouls. The rest was about two yards square, and had no hollow in it.' But the butcher-birds, or snrikes, which are less rapacious than eagles and hawks, build their habitations in sprubs and bushes, and employ moss, wool, and other soft materials.

The birds belonging to the order of Pies in Mr. Pennant's Genera of birds, are extremely irregular in constructing their nests. The common magpies build their nests in trees, and their structure is admirably contrived for affording warmth and protection to the young. The nest is not open at top; it is covered, in the most dexterous manner, with an arch or dome, and a small opening in the side of it is left, to give the parents an opportunity of passing in and out at their pleasure. To protect their eggs and young from the attacks of other animals, the magpies place, all round the external surface of their nest, sharp briars and thorns. The long-tailed titmouse, or ox-eye, builds nearly like the wren, but with still greater art. With the same materials as the rest of the structure, the titmouse builds an arch over the top of the nest, which resembles an egg e-

rected upon one end, and leaves a small hole in the side for a passage. Both eggs and young, by this contrivance, are defended from the injuries of the air, rain, cold, &c. That the young may have a soft and warm bed, she lines the inside of the nest with feathers, down, and cobwebs. The sides and roof are composed of moss and wool interwoven in the most curious and artificial manner.

Many small birds suspend their nests on tender twigs of trees, to prevent them from being destroyed by monkeys.—In Europe, there are only three birds which build pensile nests, namely, the common oriole, the *parus pendulinus*, or hang-nest titmouse; and another pensile nest, belonging to some unknown bird, was lately discovered by Mr. Pennant, near the house of Blair in Athole, in the north of Scotland. 'In a spruce fir tree,' Mr. Pennant remarks, 'was a hang-nest of some unknown bird, suspended at the four corners to the boughs. It was open at top, an inch and a half diameter, and two deep; the sides and bottom thick; the materials moss, worsted, and birch bark, lined with feathers.

It is a singular, though a well-attested fact, that the cuckow makes no nest, and neither hatches nor feeds her own young. 'The hedge sparrow,' says Mr. Willoughby, 'is the cuckow's nurse, but not the hedge-sparrow only, but also ring doves, larks, finches. I myself, with many others, have seen a wag-tail feeding a young cuckow. The cuckow herself builds no nest; but having found the nest of some little bird, she either devours or destroys the eggs she there finds, and, in the room thereof, lays one of her own, and so forsakes it. The silly bird returning, sits on this egg, hatches it, and, with a great deal of care and toil, broods, feeds, and cherishes the young cuckow for her own, until it be grown up and able to fly and shift for itself. Which thing seems so strange, monstrous, and absurd, that for my part I cannot sufficiently wonder there should be such an example in Nature; nor could I ever have been induced to believe that such a thing had been done by Nature's instinct, had I not with my own eyes seen it. For Nature, in other things, is wont constantly to observe one and the same law and order, agreeable to the highest reason and prudence; which in this case is, that the dams make nests for themselves, if need be, sit upon their own eggs, and bring up their own young after they are hatched. This economy, in the history of the cuckow, is not only singular, but seems to contradict one of the most universal laws established among

among animated beings, and particularly among the feathered tribes; namely, the hatching and rearing of their offspring. Still, however, like the ostrich in very warm climates, though the cuckow neither hatches nor feeds her young, she places her eggs in situations where they are both hatched and her offspring brought to maturity. Here the stupidity of the one animal makes it a dupe to the rapine and chicane of the other; for the cuckow always destroys the eggs of the small bird before she deposits her own.

Most of the passerine or small tribes build their nests in hedges, shrubs, or bushes; though some of them, as the lark and the goat-sucker build upon the ground. The nests of small birds are more delicate in their structure and contrivance than those of the larger kinds. As the size of their bodies, and likewise that of their eggs, are smaller, the materials of which their nests are composed are generally warmer. Small bodies retain heat a shorter time than those which are large. Hence the eggs of small birds require a more constant supply of heat than those of greater dimensions. Their nests, accordingly, are built proportionally warmer and deeper, and they are lined with softer substances. The larger birds, of course, can leave their eggs for some time with impunity; but the smaller kinds sit most assiduously; for, when the female is obliged to go abroad in quest of food, the nest is always occupied by the male. When a nest is finished, nothing can exceed the dexterity of both male and female in concealing it from the observation of man, and of other destructive animals. If it is built in bushes, the pliant branches are disposed in such a manner as to hide it entirely from view. To conceal her retreat, the chaffinch covers the outside of her nest with moss, which is commonly of the same colour with the bark of the tree on which she builds. The common swallow builds its nest on the tops of chimnies; and the martin attaches hers to the corners of windows, or under the eaves of houses. Both employ the same materials. The nest is built with mud well tempered by the bill, and moistened with water to make it more firmly cohere; and the mud or clay is kept still firmer by a mixture of straw or grass. Within it is neatly lined with feathers. Willoughby, on the authority of Bontius, informs us, 'That, on the sea-coast of the kingdom of China, a sort of small party-coloured birds, of the

shape of swallows, at a certain season of the year, viz. their breeding time, come out of the midland country to the rocks; and from the foam or froth of the sea-water dashing and breaking against the bottom of the rocks, gather a certain clammy, glutinous matter, perchance the sperm of whales, or other fishes, of which they build their nests; wherein they lay their eggs, and hatch their young. These nests the Chinese pluck from the rocks, and bring them in great numbers into the East Indies to sell; which are esteemed by gluttons great delicacies, who, dissolving them in chicken or mutton broth, are very fond of them, preferring them far before oysters, mushrooms, or other dainty and lickerish morsels which most gratify the palate.—These nests are of a hemispherical figure, of the bigness of a goose-egg, and of a substance resembling isin-glass.

Most of the cloven-footed water-fowls, or waders, lay their eggs upon the ground. But the spoon-bills and the common heron build large nests in trees, and employ twigs and other coarse materials; and the storks build on churches, or on the tops of houses. Many of the web-footed fowls lay their eggs likewise on the ground, as the terns, and some of the gulls and mergansers. But ducks pull the down from their own breasts to afford a warmer and more comfortable bed for their young. The auks, the guillemots, and the puffins or coulternebs, lay their eggs on the naked shelves of high rocks. The penguins, for the same purpose, dig large and deep holes under ground.

It is not unworthy of remark, that birds uniformly proportion the dimensions of their nests to the number and size of the young to be produced. Every species lay nearly a determined number of eggs. But, if one be each day abstracted from the nest, the bird continues to lay daily more till her number is completed. Dr. Lister, by this practice, made a swallow lay no less than nineteen eggs.

Innumerable other particulars might be adduced of the force of instinct in the brute creation, with respect to their habitations. But enough have been enumerated, to convince how much the providential care of the Divine Being is extended over universal existence.—I shall conclude this paper with the observations of an ingenious writer* on the beaver, in particular, which are well worthy the attention of the proud politicians of the human race, who are now so warmly contending concerning the origin

origin and progress, the subversion and regeneration, or perhaps extinction of empires:

Next to the intelligence exhibited in human society, that of the beavers is the most conspicuous. Their operations in preparing, fashioning, and transporting, the heavy materials for building their winter habitations are truly astonishing; and, when we read their history, we are apt to think that we are perusing the history of a man in a period of society not inconsiderably advanced. It is only by the united strength, and co-operation of numbers, that the beavers could be enabled to produce such wonderful effects; for, in a solitary state, as they at present appear in some northern parts of Europe, the beavers, like solitary savages, are timid and stupid animals. They neither associate, nor attempt to construct villages, but content themselves with digging holes in the earth. Like men under the oppression of despotic governments, the spirit of the European beavers is depressed, and their genius is extinguished by terror, and by a perpetual and necessary attention to individual safety. The northern parts of

Europe are now so populous, and the animals there are so perpetually hunted for the sake of their furs, that they have no opportunity of associating; of course, those wonderful marks of their sagacity, which they exhibit in the remote and uninhabited regions of North-America, are no longer to be found. The society of beavers is a society of peace and affection. They never quarrel or injure one another, but live together in different numbers, according to the dimensions of particular cabins, in the most perfect harmony. The principal of their union is neither monarchical nor despotic. But the inhabitants of the different cabins, as well as those of the whole village, seem to acknowledge no chief or leader whatever. Their association presents to our observation a model of a pure and perfect republic, the only basis of which is mutual and unequivocal attachment. They have no law but the law of love and of parental affection. Humanity prompts us to wish that it were possible to establish republics of this kind among mankind. But the dispositions of men have little affinity to those of the beavers.

A general VIEW of the NATIVE AMERICANS in their MILITARY CHARACTER.

THE MANNER OF PREPARING FOR WAR.

ALMOST the sole occupation of the American is war, or such an exercise as qualifies him for it. His whole glory consists in this; and no man is at all considered until he has increased the strength of his country with a captive, or adorned his house with a scalp of one of its enemies. When the Ancients resolve upon war, they do not always declare what nation it is they are determined to attack; that the enemy, upon whom they really intend to fall, may be off his guard. Nay, they even sometimes let years pass over without committing any act of hostility, that the vigilance of all may be unbent by the long continuance of the watch, and the uncertainty of the danger. In the mean time they are not idle at home. The principal captains summons the youth of the town to which he belongs; the war kettle is set on the fire; the war songs and dances commence; the hatchet is sent to all the villages of the same nation, and to all its allies; the fire catches; the war songs are heard in all parts; and the most hideous howlings continue without inter-

mission day and night over that whole tract of country. The women add their cries to those of the men, lamenting those whom they have either lost in war or by a natural death, and demanding their places to be supplied from their enemies; stimulating the young men by a sense of shame, which women know how to excite in the strongest manner, and can take the best advantage of when excited.

When by these, and every other means, the fury of the nation is raised to the greatest height, and all long to embrew their hands in blood, the war captain prepares the feast, which consists of dogs flesh. All that partake of this feast receive little billets, which are so many engagements which they take to be faithful to each other, and obedient to their commander. None are forced to the war; but when they have accepted this billet, they are looked upon as listed, and it is then death to recede. All the warriors in this assembly, have their faces blackened with charcoal, intermixed with dashes and streaks of vermilion, which give them a most horrid appearance. Their hair is dressed up in an odd manner, with feathers

thers of various kinds. In this assembly, which is preparatory to their military expedition, the chief begins the war song, which having continued for some time, he raises his voice to the highest pitch, and, turning off suddenly to a sort of prayer, addresses himself to the god of war, whom they call Areskoni: 'I invoke thee, says he, to be favourable to my enterprize! I invoke thy care upon me and my family! I invoke ye likewise, all ye spirits and demons good and evil! All ye that are in the skies, or on the earth, or under the earth, to pour destruction upon our enemies, and to return me and my companions safely to our country.' All the warriors join him in this prayer with shouts and acclamations. The captain renews his song, strikes his club against the stakes of his cottage, and begins the war dance, accompanied with the shouts of all his companions, which continue as long as he dances.

THE MARCH.

The day appointed for their departure being arrived, they take leave of their friends; they change their clothes, or whatever moveables they have, in token of mutual friendship; their wives and female relations go out before them, and attend at some distance from the town. The warriors march out all dressed in their finest apparel and most showy ornaments, regularly one after another, for they never march in rank. The chief walks slowly on before them, singing the death song, whilst the rest observe the most profound silence. When they come up to their women, they deliver up to them all their finery, put on their worst clothes, and then proceed as their commander thinks fit.

THE MOTIVES.

Their motives for engaging in a war are rarely those views which excite us to it. They have no other end but the glory of the victory, or the benefit of the slaves which it enables them to add to their nation, or sacrifice to their brutal fury; and it is rare that they take any pains to give their wars even a colour of justice. It is no way uncommon among them for the young men to make feasts of dogs flesh, and dances, in small parties, in the midst of the most profound peace. They fall sometimes on one nation, and sometimes on another, and surprize some of their hunters, whom they scalp and bring home as prisoners. Their senators wink at this, or rather encourage it, as it tends to keep up the martial spirit of their people, inures

them to watchfulness and hardship, and gives them an early taste for blood.

THE QUALITIES.

The qualities in an Indian war are vigilance and attention, to give and to avoid a surprize; and patience and strength, to endure the intolerable fatigues and hardships which always attend it. The nations of America are at an immense distance from each other, with a vast desert frontier, and hid in the bosom of hideous, and almost boundless forests. These must be traversed before they meet an enemy, who is often at such a distance as might be supposed to prevent either quarrel or danger. But, notwithstanding the secrecy of the destination of the party that first moves, the enemy has frequent notice of it; is prepared for the attack, and ready to take advantage in the same manner of the least want of vigilance in the aggressors. Their whole art of war consists in this: they never fight in the open field, but upon some very extraordinary occasions; not from cowardice, for they are brave; but they despise this method, as unworthy an able warrior, and as an affair in which fortune governs more than prudence. The principal things which help them to find out their enemies, are the smoke of their fires, which they smell at a distance almost incredible; and their tracks, in the discovery and distinguishing of which, they are possessed of a sagacity equally astonishing; for they will tell in the footsteps, which to us would seem most confused, the number of men that have passed, and the length of time since they have passed; they even go so far as to distinguish the several nations by the different marks of their feet, and to perceive footsteps, where we could distinguish nothing less. A mind diligently intent upon one thing, and exercised by long experience, will go lengths at first view scarcely credible.

THE POLICY.

But as they who are attacked have the same knowledge, and know how to draw the same advantages from it, their great address is to baffle each other in these points. On the expedition they light no fire to warm themselves, or prepare their victuals, but subsist merely on the miserable pittance of some of their meal mixed with water; they lie close to the ground all day, and march only in night. As they march in their usual order in files, he that closes the rear diligently covers his own tracks, and those of all who preceded him, with leaves. If any stream occurs in their route,

route, they march in it for a considerable way to foil their pursuers. When they halt to rest and refresh themselves, scouts are sent out on every side to reconnoitre the country, and beat up every place where they suspect an enemy may lay perdué. In this manner they often enter a village, whilst the strength of the nation is employed in hunting, and massacre all the helpless old men, women and children, or make prisoners as many as they can manage, or have strength enough to be useful to their nation.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

They often cut off small parties of men in their huntings; but when they discover an army of their enemies, their way is to throw themselves flat on their faces amongst the withered leaves, the colour of which their bodies are painted to resemble exactly. They generally let a part pass unmolested; and then rising a little, they take aim, for they are excellent marksmen, and setting up a most tremendous shout, which they call the war-cry, they pour a storm of musket-bullets upon the enemy; for they have long since laid aside the use of arrows: the party attacked returns the same cry. Every man in haste covers himself with a tree, and returns the fire of the adverse party, as soon as they raise themselves from the ground to give the second fire.

After fighting some time in this manner, the party which thinks it has the advantage rushes out of its cover, with small axes in their hands, which they dart with great address and dexterity; they redouble their cries, intimidating their enemies with menaces, and encouraging each other with a boastful display of their own brave actions. Thus being come hand to hand, the contest is soon decided; and the conquerors satiate their savage fury with the most shocking insults and barbarities to the dead, biting their flesh, tearing the scalp from their heads, and wallowing in their blood like wild beasts.

THE FATE OF THE PRISONERS.

The fate of their prisoners is the most severe of all. During the greatest part of their journey homewards they suffer no injury. But when they arrive at the territories of the conquering state, or at those of their allies, the people from every village meet them, and think they shew their attachment to their friends by their barbarous treatment of the unhappy prisoners; so that, when they come to their station, they are wounded and bruised in a terri-

ble manner. The conquerors enter the town in triumph. The war captain waits upon the head men, and in a low voice gives them a circumstantial account of every particular of the expedition, of the damage the enemy has suffered, and his own losses in it. This done, the public orator relates the whole to the people. Before they yield to the joy which the victory occasions, they lament the friends which they have lost in the pursuit of it. The parties most nearly concerned are afflicted apparently with a deep and real sorrow. But, by one of those strange turns of the human mind, fashioned to any thing by custom, as if they were disciplined in their grief, upon the signal for rejoicing, in a moment all tears are wiped from their eyes; and they rush into an extravagance and phrenzy of joy for their victory.

In the mean time the fate of the prisoners remains undecided, until the old men meet, and determine concerning the distribution. It is usual to offer a slave to each house that has lost a friend; giving the preference according to the greatness of the loss. The person who has taken the captive attends him to the door of the cottage to which he is delivered, and with him a belt of wampum, to shew that he has fulfilled the purpose of the expedition, in supplying the loss of a citizen. They view the present which is made them for some time; and, according as they think him or her, for it is the same, proper or improper for the business of the family, or as they take a capricious liking or displeasure to the countenance of the victim, or in proportion to their natural barbarity, or their resentment for their losses, they destine concerning him, to receive him into the family or sentence him to death.— If the latter, they throw away the belt with indignation. Then it is no longer in the power of any one to save him. The nation is assembled as upon some great solemnity. A scaffold is raised, and the prisoner tied to the stake. Instantly he opens his death song, and prepares for the ensuing scene of cruelty with the most undaunted courage.—On the other side, they prepare to put it to the utmost proof, with every torment, which the mind of man ingenious in mischief can invent. They begin at the extremities of the body, and gradually approach the trunk. One plucks out his nails by the roots, one by one; another takes a finger into his mouth, and tears off the flesh with his teeth; a third thrusts the finger mangled as it is, into the bole of a pipe made red hot, which he smokes like tobacco. Then they pound his toes and fingers to pieces between two stones;

stones; they cut circles about his joints, and gashes in the fleshy parts of his limbs, which they sear immediately with red hot irons, cutting and searing alternately; they pull of this flesh thus mangled and roasted, bit by bit, devouring it with greediness, and smearing their faces with the blood, in an enthusiasm of horror and fury. When they have thus torn off the flesh, they twist the bare nerves and tendons about an iron, tearing and snapping them; whilst others are employed in pulling and extending the limbs themselves, in every way that can increase the torment. This often continues five or six hours together. Then they frequently unbind them to give a breathing to their fury, to think what new torments they shall inflict, and to refresh the strength of the sufferer, who, wearied out with such a variety of unheard of torments, often falls immediately into so profound a sleep, that they are obliged to apply the fire to awaken him, and renew his sufferings,

He is again fastened to the stake, and again they renew their cruelty; they slick him all over with small matches of wood that easily takes fire, but burns slowly; they continually run sharp reeds into every part of his body; they drag out his teeth with pincers, and thrust out his eyes; and lastly, after having burned his flesh from the bones with slow fires; after having so mangled the body that it is all but one wound; after having mutilated his face in such a manner as to carry nothing human in it; after having peeled the skin from the head, and poured a heap of red hot coals or boiling water on the naked skull; they once more unbind the wretch, who, blind and staggering with pain and weakness, assailed and pelted upon every side with clubs and stones, now up, now down, falling into their fires at every step, runs hither and thither, until one of the chiefs, whether out of compassion or weary of cruelty, puts an end to his life with a club or dagger. The body is then put into the kettle, and this barbarous employment is succeeded by a feast as barbarous.

The women, forgetting the human as well as the female nature, and transformed into something worse than furies, act their parts, and even outdo the men, in this scene of horror. The principal persons of the country sit round the stake smoking and looking on without the least emotion. What is most extraordinary, the sufferer himself, in the little intervals of his torments, smokes too, appears unconcerned, and converses with his torturers about indifferent matters. Indeed, during the whole time of his execution,

there seems a contest between him and them which shall exceed, they in inflicting the most horrid pains, or he in enduring them with a firmness and constancy almost above human. Not a groan, not a sigh, not a distortion of countenance, escapes him; he possesses his mind entirely in the midst of his torments; he recounts his own exploits, he informs them what cruelties he has inflicted upon their countrymen, and threatens them with the revenge that will attend his death; and, though his reproaches exasperate them to a perfect madness of rage and fury, he continues his reproaches even of their ignorance in the art of tormenting, pointing out himself more exquisite methods, and more sensible parts of the body to be afflicted. The women have this part of courage as well as the men; and it is as rare for any Indian to behave otherwise, as it would be for an European to suffer as an Indian.

I do not dwell upon these circumstances of cruelty, which to degrade human nature, out of choice; but, as all who mention the customs of this people have insisted upon their behaviour in this respect very particularly, and as it seems necessary to give a true idea of their character, I did not chuse to omit it. It serves to shew too, in the strongest light, to what an inconceivable degree of barbarity the passions of men let loose will carry them. It will point out to us the advantages of a religion that teaches a compassion to our enemies, which is neither known or practised in other religions; and it will make us more sensible, than some appear to be, of the value of commerce, the art of a civilized life, and the lights of literature; which, if they have abated the force of some of the natural virtues by the luxury which attends them, have taken out likewise the sting of our natural vices, and softened the ferocity of the human race without enervating their courage.

On the other hand, the constancy of the sufferers in this terrible scene, shews the wonderful power of an early institution, and a ferocious thirst of glory, which makes men imitate and exceed what philosophy, or even religion, can effect.

The prisoners who have the happiness to please those to whom they are offered, have a fortune altogether opposite to that of those who are condemned. They are adopted into the family, they are accepted in the place of the father, son, or husband, that is lost; and they have no other mark of their captivity, but that they are not suffered to return to their own nation. To attempt this would be certain death. The principal purpose of the war is to recruit in this manner; for which reason a

general who loses many of his men, though he should conquer, is little better than disgraced at home: because the end of the war was not answered. They are therefore extremely careful of their men, and never chuse to attack but with a very undoubted superiority, either in number or situation.

THE GLORY OF THE VICTORS.

The scalps which they value so much are the trophies of their bravery; with these they adorn their houses, which are esteemed in proportion as this sort of spoils is more numerous. They have solemn days appointed, upon which the young men gain a new name or title of honour

from their headmen; and these titles are given according to the qualities of the person, and his performances; of which these scalps are the evidence. This is all the reward they receive for the dangers of war, and the fatigues of many campaigns, severe almost beyond credit. They think it abundantly sufficient to have a name given by their governors; men of merit themselves, and judges of it; a name respected by their countrymen, and terrible to their enemies. There are many other things fit to engage the curiosity, and even afford matter of instructive reflection, in the manners of this barbarous people; but these seem to be the most striking, and fittest to be insisted on in a work which is to give a general idea of America.

THE LOST SON: AN AFFECTING HISTORY.

(Concluded from Page 150.)

Mrs. BENSON to Mrs. HARLEY.

YOU may remember, madam, when I sent you the melancholy relation of his loss, that I mentioned William's disappearing, having declared that he would find him or never return. He informs us, that, traversing the wood in search of him, in great agitation of mind, he thought he heard the feeble cry of a child. He flew to the place from whence the sound proceeded; he saw, with inconceivable transport, his dear little charge lying at the foot of a tree. The child perceived him, and with a joyful scream made a motion to rise, but was evidently too weak, being almost spent with his wanderings in that pathless forest.

William took him in his arms; and while he prest him to his bosom, his transport breaking out in tears, the little creature stroked his cheeks, and gave him a hundred kisses, in token of his joy and gratitude.

Uncertain which way he should direct his steps, in order to carry him soonest back to the place where he had left his master, he stood a few moments looking round him, when suddenly a party of about twenty Indians came pouring from an eminence behind him, two of them seized him, and a third took the child out of his arms.

William in agonies, lest they should hurt the child, implored their mercy with tears and supplicating gestures, which they took no notice of. But the screams of the child seemed to give the Indian offence;

for he shook him with a menacing air, which had such an effect upon him, that he became instantly silent, and held up his little hands for pardon.

This action was observed by an Indian woman in their company, on whom the beauty of little Edward had seemed to make some impression. She approached the Indian who held him, and spoke some words to him, upon which he delivered the child to her, who feeling itself encouraged by those signs of compassion that were strongly marked in her countenance, held out its arms to her; which seemed to please her so much, that she put him tenderly to her bosom, and covered him with her mantle, where, tired with his wanderings, he soon fell asleep.

These Indians, who belonged to a Huron village in the dependance of Canada, and who had come down to the English settlements to dispose of their furs, now prepared to return to their canoes, which they had drawn ashore at the distance of five miles. They bound William's hands behind his back, and led him along with a cord they had tied round his waist, regardless of his tears and intreaties. They told him in French (of which the Canadian Indian tribes, who have missionaries settled amongst them, all understand a little) that having lost one of their companions in this expedition, by an accident, they were carrying him to the mother of the deceased, in order, that by adopting him, she might replace her dead son.

William understood enough of the language

guage to be able to comprehend all the horror of his destiny, which was greatly aggravated by his reflections on the distress he had brought upon his master and mistress, in the loss of their child; whose fate he lamented, he said, more than his own.

The Indian women are extremely fond of their children, and take the utmost care of them while they are young. She who had adopted little Edward, shewed an affection for him equal to what she had felt for her own son, who died a few days before she accompanied her friends in this expedition.

These Indians belonged to a tribe called Hurons, who were settled about three leagues from Montreal.—They are Christians, and have a missionary who always resides amongst them, and for whom they have the highest respect and reverence. During their journey to their own village, which was very tedious, and sometimes performed in canoes sometimes by land, the Huron woman was very attentive to the preservation of the child, feeding it plentifully with a preparation of maize, which they call sagamity.—They boil it in the ear while it is yet tender, afterwards roast it a little, then separate it from the ear, and leave it to dry in the sun: in this state it will keep a long time. They commonly make their provision of it for long journeys, and complete the dressing of it, when they want it, by boiling it in water, and it has then an excellent flavour.

William, who often travelled in the same canoe with this Huron woman and his young master, saw with pleasure that the child began to relish this food; but was pierced to the heart, he said, when he would innocently ask, when he should see his mamma? and when she would come to him?

At length they reached their village: the Huron woman carried Edward to her cabin. The family, who had lost a relation in this expedition, willingly received William in his place. Some days afterwards a feast was made, during the course of which, he received, in a solemn manner, the name of him whom he had replaced; and from thenceforth, not only succeeded to all his rights, but likewise became liable to all his obligation.

The missionary, who was of the order of the Jesuits, finding William was bred a Protestant, immediately set about converting him to the Catholic Faith, as he termed it. William listened to his documents with great attention, and shewed a docility which pleased the father greatly; who expressed a friendship for him; that gave him hopes, he might be able one day, by

his means, to recover his liberty, and restore Edward again to his parents. But it was necessary to observe great caution in this design; for if the Indians had perceived the least intimation of it, they would have put him to death, nor could the father have protected him; who, when he was informed by him, that Edward was the son of an English officer of family and fortune, expressed some compassion for his fate, and the grief his parents must feel for his loss; but his zeal, flattered with the expectation of making him a good Catholic, as he grew up, and his fear of endangering the success of his mission, if he gave any offence to the Indians by endeavouring to effect his deliverance, prevented him from forming any scheme in his favour.

William had been now four months in the Huron village, when he was obliged to join a hunting party composed of several young Indians, to whom, by the right of adoption he was now related. He told us, that when he went to take leave of little Edward, his emotions, which he considered as a sad presage that he should see him no more, were so violent, as exposed him to the ridicule of his companions, and obliged him to affect a more than ordinary degree of alacrity afterwards, in order to wear off the unfavourable impression.

His apprehensions were realized. Being obliged to go a great distance from their own village, in quest of game, they were encountered by a more numerous party of the Algonquins, a tribe of Indians with whom the Hurons were always at enmity; a battle ensued; several of the Hurons were killed, and two of the Algonquins; William was wounded and taken prisoner. He had the good fortune again to be adopted; the mother of an Algonquin, who was killed, consented to replace her son by this captive, whose figure pleased her.

His condition here was much worse than it had been with the Hurons; he was not only separated from the dear child, who was his only comfort, and whose deliverance he always hoped to accomplish, but he was now adopted into an idolatrous nation, whose savage customs and manners, filled him with horror and dismay.

Here my dear madam, we must leave the unfortunate William, and return to our dear little boy, who in a few weeks after his departure lost his affectionate nurse, who was seized with a fever, which proved mortal.

When the missionary attended her to receive her confession, and prepare her for death, she surprised him with a declarati-

en, that she could not die in peace, unless he promised to use his utmost endeavours to restore her adopted child to his natural parents.

The Huron Indians of this village are, it seems, very sincere Christians; they respected this woman's pleas of conscience, and readily consented that the father should take what measures he thought fit to fulfil her request. She died contented, after embracing the child with the strongest marks of affection.

The missionary immediately took him to his own cabin; where he treated him with great tenderness. He wrote to the Father Rector of the Jesuits College in Montreal, gave him an account of the whole affair, and desired his advice in what manner he should proceed.

The Rector sent for the child. His beauty and sprightliness pleased him. In a short time, the amiableness of his manners, and his insinuating sweetness and gentleness of disposition, engaged his affections so powerfully, that not being able to bear the thoughts of parting with him, he was less active than he ought to have been, in his endeavours to restore him to his parents.

It is true, that the missionary could give him but little intelligence.—All he had learned from William, with whom he never chose to converse upon the subject, was, that he was [the son of an English officer of family and fortune, but his name he knew not, nor where he was stationed. The place indeed where the Indians found him, might naturally have led him to conclude, that his father belonged to the troops of New-York; and the singular mark upon the child's breast could not fail of making him be acknowledged.—But still there were many difficulties to be got over, before this could be done; and the Father Rector made the most of them.

Meantime, finding in him an astonishing capacity, he cultivated his natural abilities with the utmost care. Being a man of genius, and an excellent scholar, the little Edward, under his tuition, advanced so fast in his learning, that he was considered as a prodigy. He was not only a favourite in the college, but all the persons of any fashion in Montreal, were fond of the handsome little Huron; for a good grace to the body, what good sense is to the mind, it creates respect and conciliates kindness. He learned to dance, to fence, to ride, with the principal youth of the city. He was admired and beloved—but he was not happy: as his years increased, he sighed in secret for that sweet intercourse of parental affection, and filial duty and tenderness; impressions which he had re-

ceived from nature, which he felt in early childhood, and were strengthened with the growth of his reason.

His préceptor had taken care to sow the seeds of piety in his mind; but these seeds, being to spring up and flourish in a religion loaded with inextricable difficulties, defaced by absurdities, errors, and contradictions which his natural sagacity, aided by reflection uncommon at his age, enabled him to discover: no wonder that their growth was checked, and that he was involved in a labyrinth of doubts and perplexities, which was likely to have the fatal tendency, of making him indifferent to religion itself.

One of Mrs. Neville's first cares, was to prevent this misfortune, by giving him right notions of the Christian religion, as taught by the divine founder of it. He grows more enlightened every day, and improved in the study of the Scriptures; and when he has English enough, the excellent sermons of Doctor Clarke, the best expounder of them, will make, I hope, a good Protestant of a very indifferent Roman Catholic.

The people at Montreal had a suspicion, that the Father Rector, from the high opinion he entertained of our Edward's natural abilities, had formed the design of making a Jesuit of him; conceiving that he would, in time, become an ornament to their order; and hence might arise the indifference he expressed about restoring him to his parents and his country; a design universally disapproved. But if this was his design, Providence defeated it, by enabling William, at length, to escape from the Algonquins, and to arrive at Montreal, after having surmounted dangers, and suffered hardships, to which human nature seemed wholly unequal.

His intention was to proceed to Quebec, and to petition the Governor in behalf of Edward; hoping to interest his justice and compassion, for the son of an officer, who was heir to a considerable name and fortune.

In order to know if the dear boy was still alive, he went to the Jesuit's College, where the Huron missionary was sometimes to be met with. He presented himself at the gate, at the very moment when the Father Rector, accompanied by the principal gentlemen of Montreal, were coming out, among whom was Edward. The squalid appearance of this Indian, as William was supposed to be; his body almost sinking with fatigue, and emaciated with famine, drew every eye upon him, while his were eagerly fixed upon our dear boy, whom he instantly knew. He threw himself upon his knees, thank-

ing Heaven for so happy a meeting ! then suddenly clasping him in his arms, wet his face with a shower of tears. The company thought he was intoxicated, as the Indians are too apt to be, and pushed him away : But Edward, who now perfectly recollected him, cried out, with great emotion—

‘ Oh ! do not drive him away—It is William !’

‘ And who is William, child ?’ said the father Rector.

‘ I am his father’s servant, Sir,’ said William. ‘ Captain Neville is his father, and my master ; a gentleman of high fortune. A party of Hurons carried the child and me off, about eight years ago. I became a prisoner to the Algonquins, and was adopted by them : but fortunately, after a long captivity, have made my escape from them : and now, if I can carry my master’s son back to him, and his afflicted lady, I shall be contented.’

The Father Rector stood silent a few moments ; during which time, William was kissing the hands of Edward, and bathing them with his tears.

‘ Your master’s son,’ said the Rector, ‘ had a singular mark upon his breast ; do you know what it is ?’ ‘ Yes, Sir,’ replied William ; ‘ it is a bow and arrow.’

‘ There needed not this confirmation,’ said a gentleman, who had always been particularly solicitous that Edward should be restored to his parents : ‘ The young gentleman immediately recollected this man, notwithstanding he was so young when they were separated, and the alteration that years and misery have made in his person—It is just that he should be immediately sent back to his parents ; the Governor will, doubtless, be of the same opinion.’

‘ There is no necessity for any application to the Governor,’ said the Father Rector, who thought fit to yield with a good grace ; ‘ I have no reason to be ashamed of the improvements my young pupil has made under my tuition ; I will complete the good work, and take upon myself the care of providing for his return to the English colonies.’

He was as good as his word. William’s strength was restored by proper nourishment, and decent clothing was provided for him.

Edward’s time was sufficiently employed till their departure, in paying farewell visits to his numerous friends and admirers at Montreal, and in attending to the departing documents of the Father Rector ; among which religion held the first place.

When the moment of parting came, the good father mixed so many tears with his

embraces, that Edward, quite overcome with gratitude, tenderness, and grief, almost fainted in his arms. They were obliged to carry him away by force ; and it was many hours before his mind was free enough from those impressions to entertain those natural emotions of joy which the expectation of seeing his parents excited.

This joy, however, was not without alloy : it was possible one or both his parents might be dead, and he might be again an orphan, without having the good fortune to meet with such a protector as he had found in the good Jesuit. His mind was thus fluctuating between hope and fear, when they arrived at Oswego ; and here William assured him they should get certain intelligence of all they desired so much to know.

When they presented themselves at the gate of the Fort, William desired to be immediately introduced to the commanding officer. It is the detestable Lieutenant Blood who now holds that place, madam, and whom fortune now furnished with an opportunity of gratifying the hatred that boiled in his breast against Mr. Neville, ever since the Governor had removed him from the command at Albany to give it to him.

As soon as William came into his presence, after making many a low bow, the fierce and haughty air of this petty commander, seeming to exact such homage, he begged to be informed if Captain Neville and his lady were living, and still in the province ?

‘ And what business have you, fellow, with Captain Neville ?’ said the Lieutenant in a surly tone. William told him, he was that gentleman’s unfortunate servant, who nine years ago had been carried off by a party of the Hurons, together with his master’s son, then a child of three years old, and had ever since been a prisoner among the Indians. He proceeded to give him an account of all that had happened to them from that period ; to which the Lieutenant listened with an air of incredulity and contempt. When he had finished—

‘ And so, fellow,’ said he with a dreadful frown, ‘ you expect I should believe this fine tale, do you ?’

William, in great surprize, asked him if he did not recollect that Captain Neville lost his only son at the Fall of Cuhas, who was supposed to be drowned ?

‘ I remember nothing of the matter,’ replied he.

The man, now more astonished, leading up Edward to him, and shewing him the mark on his breast, ‘ This is my master’s son,’

'Son,' said he; 'this mark, with which he was born, will make him be acknowledged.'

'You are both imposters' said the Lieutenant in a rage,

Edward who was no longer able to suppress his indignation at this reception (for William explained to him what he said) came up to him with a countenance and air so full of spirit, that he astonished the old man, and said in a haughty tone—

'We came not here to ask any assistance of you; we are very well provided for the remainder of our journey; we came to enquire whether my parents are still living, and in the province: questions which any person in this garrison, I suppose, can answer, as well as you, Sir; we will trouble you therefore no further.'

The Lieutenant, who did not understand French, asked the Surgeon who stood near him what the boy said; 'for by his haughty air,' said he, 'he seems to threaten us.'

The Surgeon, who gazed on him while he was speaking, with admiration and delight, repeated his words in English; which so provoked the Lieutenant, that rising from his seat, he seized him with one hand, while with the other he endeavoured to reach a stick, with which he threatened to correct him severely.

Our sweet boy, whose stature and strength greatly exceeds his age, disengaged himself from his hold with a force that made the feeble old man stagger; and was leaving the foam, beckoning William to follow him, when the Lieutenant, foaming with rage, called to a serjeant—'Take that fellow into custody,' said he, pointing to William. 'I am convinced he is a spy, employed by the French for some bad purposes; lodge him safe in the barracks, together with this audacious boy, whom I shall know how to deal with.'

William pale, and trembling, attempted to speak; but Edward, pushing back the serjeant, proclaimed aloud in French that he was Captain Neville's son, and that the officer had no right to detain him in his garrison.

The Surgeon now took the Lieutenant aside; and after talking to him a few minutes in a low voice, Mr. Blood came forwards, and said aloud—

'Well, I consent to it: do you take charge of them till to-morrow, meantime I will consider what course to take with them.'—The Surgeon then courteously invited Edward to go with him, who no longer made any resistance: William was ordered to follow them.

Mr. Parker, for that was his name, car-

ried them to his quarters: he left them there for a few minutes, to order a dinner to be prepared; and, returning, tenderly embraced our little hero.

'Your father, Sir,' said he in French, 'honoured me with his friendship; he recommended me to Colonel Bellenden, who appointed me Surgeon to this garrison.'

'Oh! say,' interrupted Edward! 'is he alive? is he in the province? Does my mother live?'

'I am informed,' replied Mr. Parker, 'that Captain Neville sailed for England about two months ago, to take possession of a considerable fortune; your mother was prevented from going with him by some accident, but she is well,—she is in the province, and you will see her. Be not alarmed at what has passed here; I know Lieutenant Blood has an inveterate hatred to your father—he has some ill designs against you, but I shall take care to prevent his carrying them into effect.'

Edward, transported with joy and gratitude, threw himself on Mr. Parker's neck, and embraced him fondly. The worthy young man repaid his tenderness with interest: he had the complaisance to answer all his numerous enquiries concerning his parents, as circumstantially as his insatiable curiosity required. In the evening he left him to go to the Lieutenant, in order to gain a full intelligence of his designs. This interval was passed by Edward in a delightful anticipation of the happiness he was soon to enjoy in the embraces of a mother, whose character faintly drawn by William, and more fully displayed by the eloquence of the young surgeon, added to the force of natural affection, all the admiration, respect, and reverence, so justly her due.

Mr. Parker returned to his quarters in the evening, with so much concern and perplexity in his countenance, that Edward dismayed, cried out—

'Ah! you have some bad news to tell us; speak, is it not so?'

'This old man's malignity,' said Mr. Parker, 'is astonishing; it has suggested to him a design worthy of a fiend.'

'Why, what does he intend to do?' replied our dear boy, in a tone, William said, that expressed at once indignation and grief.

'He is resolved,' said Mr. Parker, 'notwithstanding all my arguments, to consider you as two criminals, who have fled from justice at Canada, and to send you under a guard of soldiers, back to Montreal.'

'There,' replied Edward briskly, 'we shall be certain of being cleared;' but, after a little pause, he burst into tears. 'My mother

mother, my dear mother!' cried he, 'I shall not see you then—I shall be torn from you again—perhaps we shall never meet.' This thought affected him so much, that the surgeon could with difficulty pacify him, though he gave him assurances that he would contrive some method to get him out of the Lieutenant's power.

Finding him a little composed, he left him, in order, he said, to execute a plan he had formed, which he did not doubt would succeed. He staid long; and this interval was passed in cruel agitation by the two prisoners. At length the surgeon returned; and, now with such marks of satisfaction in his looks, as revived all their hopes.

'Make yourself easy, my sweet young friend,' said he to Edward; 'you shall be at liberty this night. Here how I have settled the matter:

There is now in the Fort two of the Mohawk Indians, who have been here some time, trading for furs. They have finished their business, and propose to return to their village to-morrow. They are both sensible honest fellows, of some consequence in their tribe; they know your father, and are highly provoked at the cruelty and injustice of the Lieutenant: I have engaged them to take you and William under their conduct. See here,' pursued he, shewing them a bundle which he had brought in under his cloak; here is a complete Indian dress for each of you. We have nothing to do but to pare off some of the length of this mantle, and you will be well fitted,' said he to Edward. 'The Indians have agreed to set out to night, which is dark enough to favour your escape. The sentinel at the gate, supposing you to be all Mohawk Indians, who go in and out of the garrison freely, will ask no questions—But, come (added he) we have no time to lose; put on your disguises, the Indians will be here immediately.'

William soon appeared a perfect Indian, his hair being already cut in their frightful fashion. But Edward, unwilling to part with his fine curling locks, was in some perplexity.

'You have nothing to do,' said Mr. Parker, 'but to wrap part of your mantle about your head; the Mohawk Indians often wear theirs in this manner.'

While Edward was dressing, he expressed his concern for the difficulties this friendly action would draw upon Mr. Parker.

'You may be quite easy upon that score,' said the worthy young man; 'I have provided against the effects of the Lieutenant's rage: all I have to expect is to be

put under an arrest, but my confinement will not last long. One of the Indians, for a reward, has undertaken to proceed to New-York with a letter from me to the Governor, in which I shall give him an account of Mr. Blood's tyranny and injustice. As soon as you are out of danger of a pursuit, which however I think he will hardly attempt, I will tell him that circumstance, which I know will operate so strongly upon his fears, that he will not dare to treat me with any severity.'

Mr. Parker sat down to write his letter, which was but just sealed when the Indians arrived. He furnished the travellers with what refreshments he could procure; and, after tenderly embracing Edward, recommended him to Providence, and dismissed them, following them at some distance till he saw them safely out of the gate. They soon reached their canoes, in which they embarked immediately.

I will not trouble you now, madam, with an account of all the difficulties and distresses they met with in this expedition; concerning which William was very circumstantial, as well as in that from Canada. You will hear the whole some other time; when you are all happily met, these adventures will furnish matter for many interesting conversations.

The Indian who was to proceed to New York, having been lately at Albany, was able to give Edward some intelligence of his mother, which threw him into transports of joy. He told William, who understood the Mohawk language, that he saw her at Mrs. Mountfort's villa, whether he went with a Dutchman, who had some business with that lady. Edward, therefore all eager impatience to see her, would not stop at the Mohawk village to refresh himself, after the incredible fatigue he had endured, where Mr. Butler, who commanded the Fort there, would have given him a cordial reception, but insisted on proceeding.

The Indians faithfully performed their engagement, for which they were well paid. They landed their fellow travellers at a creek, within three miles of the place where Mrs. Mountfort resided. Here he who was courier to New York, took leave of them, and pursued his route to Albany; from whence, if he did not find a sloop ready to sail for New York, he was to continue his journey by land. And the other having conducted them within sight of the house, went back to his canoe, and returned to his own village.

You know the rest, madam. Your amiable friend, after so many severe trials of her patience and fortitude, is now happy—
happy

happy beyond her most sanguine hopes, that seemed, not only out of the bounds of probability, but almost impossible? beyond her fondest wishes. For what hopes, what wishes, could reach an event,

REFLECTIONS ON THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

MR. BURKE in his celebrated Reflections on the Revolution in France, having spoken in raptures of the sentiments and manners inculcated in the age of chivalry,* we flatter ourselves that the following account of chivalry, and of its effects on the manners of the European nations, will be acceptable to our readers. History does not afford so singular a revolution in policy and manners, as that which followed the subversion of the Roman empire.

It is to the barbarians, who spread conflagration and ruin, who trampled on the monuments of art, and spurned the appendages of elegance and pleasure, that we owe the bewitching spirit of gallan-

try which in these ages of refinement, reigns in the courts of Europe. That system, which has made it a principle of honour among us to consider the women as sovereigns: which has partly formed our customs, our manners, and our policy; which has exalted the human character, softening the empire of force; which mingles politeness with the use of the sword; which delights in protecting the weak, and in conferring that importance which nature or fortune have denied—that system was brought hither from the frozen shores of the Baltic, and from the savage forests of the north.

The northern nations, in general, paid a great respect to women. Continually employed

* But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which enobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evils, by losing all its grossness.

The mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the antient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this, which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force, or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a domination vanquisher of laws, to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

ployed in hunting or in war, they condescended only to soften their ferocity in the presence of the fair. Their forests were the nurseries of chivalry: beauty was there the reward of valour.

A warrior, to render himself worthy of his mistress, went in search of glory and of danger. Jealousy produced challenges. Single combats, instituted by love, often stained with blood the woods and the borders of the lakes; and the sword ascertained the rights of Venus as well as of Mars.

Several of the northern nations imagined that women could look into futurity, and that they had about them an inconceivable something approaching to divinity. Perhaps that idea was only the effect of the sagacity common to the sex, and the advantage which their natural address gave them over rough and simple warriors. Perhaps, also, those barbarians, surprised at the influence which beauty has over force, were led to ascribe to supernatural attraction a charm which they could not comprehend.

The barbarians who over-ran Europe carried their opinions along with their arms. A revolution in the manner of living must therefore soon have taken place. The climates of the north required little reserve between the sexes; and, during the invasions from that quarter, which continued for three or four hundred years, it was common to see women mixed with warriors.

By associating with a corrupted people, who had all the vices of former prosperity, along with those of present adversity, the conquerors were not likely to imbibe more severe ideas. Hence we see those sons of the north, in softer climates, uniting the vices of refinement to the stateliness of the warrior, and the pride of the barbarian.

They embrace Christianity; but it rather modified than changed their character: it mingled itself with their customs, without altering the genius of the people.

Thus, by degrees, were laid the foundations of new manners, which, in modern Europe, have brought the two sexes more on a level, by assigning to the women a kind of sovereignty, and associating love with valour.

The true era of chivalry was the fourteenth century. That civil and military institution took its rise from a train of circumstances, and the native bent of the new inhabitants.

Shattered by that fall of the empire, Europe had not yet arrived at any degree of consistency. After five hundred years, nothing was fixed. From the mixture of Christianity with the ancient customs of

the barbarians, sprung a continual discord in manners. From the mixture of the rights of the priesthood with those of the empire, sprung a discord in laws and politics. From the mixture of the rights of sovereigns with those of the nobility, sprung a discord in government. Anarchy and confusion were the result of so many contrasts.

Christianity, which had now lost much of its original influence, like a feeble curb, was still sufficient to restrain the weak passions, but was no longer able to bridle the strong. It produced remorse, but could not prevent guilt.

The people of those times made pilgrimages, and they pillaged: they massacred, and they afterward did penance. Robbery and licentiousness were blended with superstition.

It was in this era that the nobility idle and warlike, from a sentiment of natural equity, and that uneasiness which follows the perpetration of violence, from the double motive of religion and of heroism, associated themselves together to effect, in a body, what government had neglected, or but poorly executed.

Their object was to combat the Moors in Spain, the Saracens in Asia, the tyrants of the castles and strong holds in Germany and in France; to assure the safety of travellers, as Hercules and Theseus did of old; and, above all things, to defend the honour and protect the rights of the feeble sex, against the too frequent villainy and oppression of the strong.

A noble spirit of gallantry soon mingled itself with that institution. Every knight, in devoting himself to danger, listed himself under some lady as his sovereign: it was for her that he attacked, for her that he defended, for her that he mounted the walls of cities and of castles, and for her honour that he shed his blood.

Europe was only one large field of battle, where warriors clad in armour, and adorned with the ribbands and with the cyphers of their mistresses, engaged in close fight to merit the favour of beauty.

Fidelity was then associated with courage, and love was inseparably connected with honour.

The women, proud of their sway, and of receiving it from the hands of virtue, became worthy of the great actions of their lovers, and reciprocated passions as noble as those they inspired. An ungenerous choice debased them. The tender sentiment was never felt, but when united with glory; and the manners breathed an inexpressible something of pride, heroism, and tenderness, which was altogether astonishing.

Beauty, perhaps, never exercised so sweet or so powerful an empire over the heart. Hence those constant passions which our levity cannot comprehend, and which our manners, our little weaknesses, our perpetual thirst of hopes and desires, our little anxiety that torments us, and which tires itself in pursuit of emotion without pleasure, and of impulse without aim, have often turned into ridicule on theatres, in our conversations, and in our lives.

But it is nevertheless true, that those passions, fostered by years, and roused by obstacles; where respect kept hope at a distance; where love, sed only by sacrifices, sacrificed itself unceasingly to honour—reinvigorated the characters and the souls of the sexes; gave more energy to the one, and more elevation to the other; changed men into heroes; and inspired the women with a pride which was by no means hurtful to virtue.

The sentiments of two late writers of high reputation corroborate this account of the origin and progress of chivalry.

'The system of chivalry, when completely formed,' says professor Ferguson, 'proceeded on a marvellous respect and veneration to the fair sex, on forms of combat, established, and on a supposed junction of the heroic and sanctified character. The formalities of the duel, and a kind of judicial challenge were known among the ancient Celtic nations of Europe. The Germans, even in their native forests, paid a kind of devotion to the female sex. The christian religion enjoined meekness and compassion to barbarous ages.'

'These different principles, combined together, may have served as the foundation of a system, in which courage was directed by religion and love, and the warlike and gentle were united together. When the characters of the hero and the saint were mixed, the mild spirit of Christianity, though often turned into venom by opposite parties; though it could not always subdue the ferocity of the warrior, nor suppress the admiration of courage and force: may have confirmed the apprehensions of men, in what was to be held meritorious and splendid, in the conduct of their quarrels.'

'The feudal establishments, by the high rank to which they elevated certain families, no doubt greatly favoured this romantic system. Not only the lustre of a noble descent, but the stately castle beset with battlements and towers, served to inflame the imagination, and to create a veneration for the daughter and the sister of gallant chiefs, whose point of honour it was to be inaccessible and chaste,

and who could perceive no merit but that of the high-minded and the brave, nor be approached in any other accents than those of gentleness and respect.'

Professor Millar, in his observations concerning the Distinction of Ranks in Society gives the following sensible and pleasing account of chivalry: 'From the prevailing spirit of the times, the art of war became the study of every one who was desirous of maintaining the character of a gentleman. The youth were early initiated in the profession of arms, and served a sort of apprenticeship under persons of rank and experience.

'The young *esquire* became in reality the servant of that leader to whom he had attached himself, and whose virtues were set before him as a mode which he proposed to imitate.

'He was taught to perform, with ease and dexterity, those exercises which were either ornamental or useful; and, at the same time, he endeavoured to acquire those talents and accomplishments which were thought suitable to his profession.

'He was taught to look upon it as his duty to check the insolent, to restrain the oppressor, to protect the weak and defenceless; to behave with frankness and humanity even to an enemy, with modesty and politeness to all.

'According to the proficiency which he had made, he was proportionably advanced in rank and character. He was honoured with new titles and marks of distinction, till at length he has arrived at the dignity of knighthood. This dignity even the greatest potentates were ambitious of acquiring, as it was supposed to distinguish a person who had obtained the most complete military education, and who had attained to a high degree of eminence in those particular qualities which were then universally admired and respected.

'The situation of mankind in those periods had also a manifest tendency to heighten and improve the passion between the two sexes.

'It was not to be expected that those opulent chiefs, who were so often at variance, and who maintained a constant opposition to each other, would allow any sort of familiarity to take place between the members of their respective families. Retired in their own castles, and surrounded by their own vassals, they looked upon their neighbours either as inferior to them in rank, or as enemies against whom they were obliged to be constantly on their guard. They behaved to each other with that ceremonious civility which the laws of chivalry required: but, at the same time, with that reserve and caution which

a regard to their own safety made it necessary for them to observe.

'The young knight, as he marched to the tournament, saw at a distance the daughter of the chieftan by whom the show was exhibited; and it was even with difficulty that he could obtain access to her, in order to declare the sentiments with which she had inspired him. He was entertained by her relations with that cold respect which demonstrated their unwillingness to contract an alliance with him. The lady herself was taught to assume the pride of her family, and to think that no person was worthy of her affection, who did not possess the most exalted rank and character. To have given way to a sudden inclination, would have disgraced her for ever in the opinion of all her kindred; and it was only by a long course of attention, and of the most respectful service, that the lover could hope for any favour from his mistress.

'The barbarous state of the country at that time, and the injury to which the inhabitants, especially those of the weaker sex, were frequently exposed, gave ample scope to military talents; and the knight who had nothing to do at home was encouraged to wander from place to place, and from one court to another, in quest of adventures. Thus he endeavoured to advance his reputation in arms, and to recommend himself to the fair of whom he was enamoured, by fighting with every person who was so inconsiderate as to dispute her unrivalled beauty, virtue, or personal accomplishments.

'As there were many persons in the same situation, so they were naturally inspired with similar sentiments. Rivals to one another in military glory, they were often competitors, as Milton expresses it, 'to win her grace whom all commend;' and the same emulation which disposed them to aim at pre-eminence in one respect, excited with no less eagerness to dispute the preference in the other. Their dispositions and manner of thinking became fashionable, and were gradually diffused by the force of education and example.

'To be in love was looked upon as one of the necessary qualifications of a knight; and he was no less ambitious of shewing his constancy and fidelity to his mistress, than of displaying his military virtues. He assumed the title of her slave and servant. By this he distinguished himself in every conflict in which he was engaged; and his success was supposed to redound to

her honour, no less than to his own. If she had bestowed upon him a present to be worn in the field of battle, in token of her regard, it was considered as a sure pledge of victory, and as laying upon him the strongest obligation to act in such a manner as would render him worthy of the favour which he had received.

'The sincere and faithful passion, the distant sentimental attachment, which commonly occupied the heart of every warrior, and which he possessed on all occasions, was naturally productive of the utmost purity of manners and of great respect and veneration for the female sex.

'Persons who made a point of defending the reputation and dignity of that particular lady to whom they were devoted, became thereby extremely cautious and delicate, lest, by any insinuation whatever, they should hurt the character of another, and be exposed to the just censure and resentment of those by whom she was protected.

'A woman who deviated so far from the established maxims of the age, as to violate the laws of chastity, was indeed deserted by every body, and was therefore universally condemned and insulted. But those who adhered to the strict rules of virtue, and maintained an unblemished reputation, were treated like beings of a superior order.'

Such was the spirit of chivalry. It gave birth to an incredible number of performances in honour and in praise of women. The verses of the bards, the Italian sonnet, the plaintive romance, the poems of chivalry, the Spanish and French romances, were so many monuments of that kind, composed in the time of a noble barbarism, and of a heroism, in which the great and ridiculous were often blended.

These compositions once so much celebrated, are only calculated to gratify a vain curiosity. They may be compared to the ruins of a Gothic palace. They have in general, the same foundation; and the praises in the one are as uniform as the apartments in the other. All the women are prodigies of beauty, and miracles of virtue.

In the courts, in the fields of battle or of tournament, every thing breathed of women. The same taste prevailed in letters. One did not write, one did not think but for them. The same man was often both poet and warrior. He sung with his lyre, and encountered with his lance, by turns, for the beauty that he adored.

The HISTORY of CICAL ACHMET, who carried off the GRAND SEIGNEUR'S DAUGHTER, kept a SERAGLIO at CHELSEA, and was assassinated by the Turkish Agents of that Prince.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

THE great concourse of foreigners who resort to London on various affairs, joined to the liberty of England, which permits all manner of persons, who conform to its laws in other respects, to follow their own private pursuits, and to live just in what manner they think proper, renders the inhabitants in general less curious about the arrival and sojourn of strangers amongst them, than those of any other country. The singular circumstances of the following history, which are literally true, are striking proofs of this observation.

In the year 1724, a gentleman frequented the Royal Exchange, who called himself Mr. Herby; and, passing for a Turkey merchant, took a large country house, about three miles from London, in a retired place, (in the neighbourhood of Chelsea) where he constantly resided, and scarce ever made his appearance abroad, except on Change, and at the coffee-houses in the neighbourhood, where his chief intercourse seemed to be with foreign Jews, and it was imagined to be on the subject of exchange of money. He embellished his seat with every decoration of art and nature, sparing no cost or pains upon it; but so secret was he with respect to the internal affairs of his household, that no person out of doors, knew the manner of life he led for some years; as he did not visit any neighbour, and was chiefly waited on by Turkish servants he had brought with him to England. His gardener, his cook, his steward, and in short all the domestics whose employments made it necessary for them to be familiar in the house, were Turks; and the few English servants he employed were lodged in out-houses, and had certain bounds which they durst not pass on pain of being dismissed; and so amiable was his character as a good master, that none of them chose to disobey him; in short, his liberality acquired him the reputation of being immensely rich.

The only remarkable circumstance that transpired, was his keeping a number of mistresses; but as there was the strictest order and decorum observed, none of them ever appearing abroad to give offence to the neighbourhood, and that he had engaged all the lower people about him in his interest, by his generosity, no notice was taken of it, and he was suffered to enjoy his private pleasures without any mo-

lestation whatever; nor was it till after his death that the public was informed of the adventures we are now to relate.

From the time of his settling in the country, he had formed the resolution of having a seraglio in the same manner as if he had lived at Constantinople; and with this view he took no thought about the birth or accomplishments of his mistresses but chose them as they pleased his eye, and possessed personal charms calculated to gratify his sensual inclinations. His first prize was a very handsome sempstress, to whom he had given some work; and forming an acquaintance with her by these means, he at length seduced her by presents to consent to live with him. The great pains he took to make her situation happy, could not prevent her expressing some uneasiness at leading so solitary a life, which in a short time made her enter into Mr. Herby's views of forming his seraglio for the sake of company. The fear of dividing his affections had less power over her, than the chagrin of being debarred from all female society. She therefore consented to write to three young girls of her acquaintance, inviting them to pay her a visit; and she gave them such an advantageous account of her situation, as could not fail to excite their curiosity; which was heightened by another circumstance:—they were told in the letter that the servant, who was the bearer, would attend them on any day they should appoint, with her coach, to conduct them to her; but that, for particular reasons, she was obliged to conceal from them the names of persons, or any description of the place, or her residence. After a short consultation, the desire of seeing their bid acquaintance, whom they had given over, conceiving she had met with some fatal accident, joined to the enchanting account she had given of herself, engaged them to consent, and in a few days Mr. Herby's servant conducted them safe in his coach to his house. Great preparations had been made for their reception; all the apartments were thrown open; the most costly furniture was displayed; jewels, and valuable curiosities were carelessly placed in the different rooms, and every art made use of that could serve to convey the idea of immense riches. The sempstress herself was dressed magnificently, and seemed to be covered with diamonds. The three girls

girls, who perhaps had never seen any thing finer than their shops, were thunderstruck; envy, it is probable, succeeded to admiration, and doubtless they secretly cursed their own hard fortune; but the sempstresses did not suffer them to give way to these reflections longer than was necessary for their design. After a superb entertainment, at which she presided, and during the course of which Mr. Herby treated her with every mark of affection, and then with uncommon politeness purposely withdrew; she told the girls—that she should be very happy if they would consent to be partners with her in her good fortune; that she had sent for them with that view; and that they had only to signify their assent to become as absolute mistresses of the house, and all the riches they saw in it, as herself. She then expatiated on the amiable qualities of Mr. Herby, who in fact was a well made genteel man. At this instant he returned enforcing the lady's arguments by a thousand civilities and some rich presents; he made them promise to take the first opportunity of eloping from their friends, and sent them back under the conduct of the same servant, who was provided with money, and ordered to attend their orders till their flight was accomplished.

By such sort of stratagems he gained in the end eight more, and he made their bondage so agreeable, that they wished it might never end. It may be imagined, he must be very rich to be able to support the expences of such an extravagant household, for he was now become the father of twelve girls; but beside this, he was obliged to provide for their relations, owing to a very singular accident.

One of his mistresses grew extremely uneasy in her retreat; and such was the generosity of his temper, that he could not bear to see any of them unhappy; she told him she could not support life any longer without seeing her father and mother, whom she knew must be inconsolable for her absence. She urged this matter with such pressing entreaties and tears, that as he durst not let her go home to them, he at last resolved to send for them to his house, and to observe the same conduct with respect to them, as he had done when he first received the three girls whom his sempstresses had invited. The same servant was sent on this commission; and the parents of the girl, overjoyed to receive a letter from their absent daughter, readily consented to accept the invitation. The coachman had orders to keep them a long time on the road, to take all the by-ways he could find to the house, and not to take them up till the dusk of the evening.

In the letter their daughter enjoined them to be secret and discreet, and assured them her fortune was made beyond expectation.—All these precautions being taken, the good people, who were rather of the lower class of citizens, appointed the evening for making this extraordinary visit; and Mr. Herby promised himself much pleasure from the confusion and surprize of our citizens. To add to the magnificence of the apartments, prepared as before described, they were elegantly illuminated with wax-candles, eleven of the girls were dressed very genteely, and not without jewels. But as for their daughter, nothing could equal the splendour of her apparel; she almost sunk under the weight of her jewels, and was seated under a canopy in the largest apartment, with her companions standing on each side of her chair. In this manner she received her parents, who were led into the presence chamber by Mr. Herby himself—who on this occasion appeared as master of the ceremony. The Turkish servants were ranged in the anti chamber to complete the scene, which succeeded beyond expectation. The old couple concluded they were in one of the royal palaces, and that their daughter had made a conquest of some prince of the house of Hanover.

—Supper was served with the same profusion and magnificence; and when the guests were fully satisfied with the situation of their daughter, Mr. Herby made them a present of a purse of gold. Thus the evening passed very agreeably, and a little after midnight they took leave of their kind host conformably to a condition mentioned in the letter. The father, however, was not so blinded by the elevation of his daughter, as not to perceive, that all this mystery could only be necessary in the case of a dishonourable connexion; and concluded that his daughter was ruined. His suspicions determined him, if possible, to find out the place of her abode; and the night was not so obscure as to prevent his observing some particular marks on the road, and at the entrance into town, by which he thought he should be able to trace it the next day. But that he might not give any suspicion to Mr. Herby's servants, he and his wife quitted the coach in a careless manner in the streets, and walked home.

But the following day he succeeded so well, as to find his way out of town by the road he had entered, and pursuing his course to about the distance he imagined the coach had carried him, making allowance for the turnings and windings the coachman had made, he arrived in the neighbourhood, at no great distance from

Mr. Herby's house, where he learnt sufficient to confirm him in the opinion that it could be no other than the Turk, who was reputed to be so immensely rich, who had seduced and debauched his daughter.

With the cunning of the worldlyminded man he had determined to bear the loss of his daughter's honour patiently, as an evil without remedy; and set about making an advantage to himself and family of this disaster.

He instantly wrote a menacing letter to Mr. Herby, accusing him as the ravisher of his daughter, and informing him that if he did not make him satisfaction for the injury he had done him, he would do himself justice by prosecuting him. The fear of being exposed, and an entire ignorance of the laws of England, made Mr. Herby immediately submit to gratify the avarice of the old man, who stipulated for a life-annuity for himself, his wife and his daughter. This adventure unluckily transpiring through the jealousy, uneasiness, and discontent of the other girls, Mr. Herby to quiet those fears which now interrupted his domestic happiness, compromised matters in a pecuniary way with the relations of all his mistresses; so that he had now twelve young women and their relations to provide for. The tranquility of his little seraglio being thus restored, he pursued his usual course of life for some time without any appearance of future molestation.

But on the 5th of May, 1734, one of the valet's going into his master's chamber at his usual hour of rising, found in his bed only a bloody carcase, without a head, and the girl who slept with him that night lay murdered by his side, with a number of wounds, which appeared to be the stabs of a poignard. The screams of the valet soon brought the other women and domestics into the apartment, whose horrid consternation cannot be expressed. Two of the Turkish domestics were missing, and never heard of afterwards; all the cabinets were found broke open, and the treasures carried away, not so much as a jewel being left but what was in the women's apartments, and had been long since given to them.

As soon as the officers of justice arrived,

the following circumstances were given in evidence to the jury who sat on the holidays, by the Turks who came with their late master to England.

The real name of the pretended Mr. Herby was Cidal Achmet, a native of Constantinople, of illustrious descent, and in high favour with the grand signior; but having aspired to marry the grand signior's only daughter, the Sultan banished him, and gave her to the old Bashaw of Cairo. But the Sultana having conceived a reciprocal passion for Achmet, held a secret correspondence with him, and at last found means to escape from her husband, taking with her, immense treasures belonging to her father and the Bashaw; fortune favoured their retreat to Venice, where they lived very happily, till the Sultana died, when Achmet fearing he was too near the grand signior, and having no longer a mediatrix to appease his vengeance, embarked with his effects in a vessel bound for London.

The carrying off the head, and the absconding of the Turks, left no room to doubt, that the grand signior and the Bashaw had perpetrated this murder by their agents; and on making further enquiries, some Turks, merchants in London, gave the government intelligence that three Turks had arrived a month before this event, with whom they had several conversations; that all they could gather from them, was, that they were charged with an important secret commission, and they were very careful to procure a list on their arrival of all the Turks in London: it was found out that these three men, in company with two others, left England and embarked for Holland the very day Achmet was found murdered. And as it is the practice of the Turks to pursue a meditated vengeance for twenty years or more, till they have executed it, the public were fully convinced, that the grand signior was at the bottom of this bloody affair. The jury could do no more but bring in their verdict wilful murder against persons unknown.

The poor girls were sent home to their friends: and the remaining effects confiscated to the sheriffs of the county.

Thus ended a most tragical event, which has escaped the notice of our historians.

INSTANCE OF FILIAL PIETY. AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

THE scenic plays at Rome, which were introduced about the year 396, were performed in a part of the Circus,

near the banks of the Tiber, which happened to overflow, the people concluded, that the remedy was not efficacious to appease

peace the wrath of Heaven. They therefore revived an old religious ceremony, which was said to have proved effectual in the like calamity. This was, the driving of a nail by a Dictator in that part of the wall of *Jupiter Capitolinus's* temple, which divided it from the chapel of *Minerva* under the same roof. A Dictator was accordingly named for the performing of this ceremony; and the person raised to that dignity was *T. Manlius*, who from his haughty spirit, and imperious air, was surnamed *Imperiosus*. He chose *L. Pindrus Natta* for his general of the horse; and with great pomp and solemnity drove the nail; but the proud Dictator unwilling to have the whole of his office confined to one religious ceremony, ordered troops to be raised, and even forced citizens, though worn out with long sickness, to enlist themselves, under the pretence that the *Hernici* were preparing to shake off the *Roman* yoke; but as he had been nominated Dictator to perform a religious ceremony, and not to command an army, the tribunes of the people repelled force with force, and at length forced him to lay down his office; which he had no sooner done, than he was cited by *M. Pomponius*, one of the tribunes, to answer before the people for the violence and cruelty which he had exercised over the citizens; for he had imprisoned some, and caused others to be barbarously whipped. He was also accused of treating inhumanely one of his own sons, by name *Titus*, whom he had confined to the country, obliging him to work among his slaves, for no other reason, but because he was of slow parts, and had an impediment in his speech.

Manlius had, according to custom, a

copy of the heads of his accusation given him, and the usual time of twenty seven days allowed him to prepare for his defence.

All were highly exasperated against so severe a Dictator, and so barbarous a father, except the son himself, who, moved with filial piety, and under the greatest concern that he should furnish matter of accusation against his father, resolved upon a most extraordinary method to deliver him. Early in the morning he left the country house, to which he had been banished by his unnatural father, came to the city, and stopped no where till he got to the house of *Pomponius*, who was yet in bed: However, *Titus* was immediately admitted by the tribune, who did not doubt but he had come to discover to him some new instances of his father's severity. After they had saluted each other, *Titus* desired a private conference; every body was ordered to withdraw. Then the young man drawing out a poniard and holding it close to the tribune's throat, threatened to stab him that moment, if he did not swear to desist from the prosecution he was carrying on against his father. *Pomponius* was so terrified; that he readily swore whatever the other was pleased to dictate; and thinking himself obliged to comply with an involuntary obligation, dropped the prosecution. The people were not displeased at the bold enterprize of a son in favour of a father, by whom he had been used in the basest manner. They all extolled his piety; and not only for his sake, pardoned the father, but the same year raised him to one of the most important posts in the *Roman* army, that of legionary tribune.

A V A R I C E ; A N I D Y L.

[From the French.]

ALXANDER, dost thou behold those mournful cypress trees planted in a circle, and that majestic tomb in the darksome vault formed by their tangling branches? Dost thou see those beautiful statues of white marble, and the magnificent balustrade by which this monument is surrounded? Yesterday the remains of *Euclio* were conveyed hither, with great funeral pomp, and deposited in that silent mansion of the dead.

What! exclaimed *Alexander*, with astonishment! Such ostentatious expence for the most detestable of misers! He has cer-

tainly expended then, on the day of his interment only, more than he has done in the whole course of his life!

Thou art mistaken. *Euclio* lived a miser; he died a miser; and, no doubt, under this magnificent tomb, his manes are still exasperated at this profusion! But he expired without a will. Nothing could induce him to pronounce these dreadful words, 'I give and bequeath.' A very distant relation, the prodigal *Timogenes*, is the sole heir to his immense property, and this is the first use he makes of it.

I cannot contemplate this mausoleum without

without imagining that I hear a beneficent voice from amid these trees, pronouncing this salutary admonition: 'Here lies a madman, who possessed abundance of riches, but never enjoyed them. Be thou wiser than He was.'

Tell me then, dear Alcander, canst thou conceive what kind of happiness is to be found in accumulating riches? To consider them, like sacred objects, never to be touched; or, like pictures, to be enjoyed only by the sight? To sacrifice the sweetest inclinations of nature, with all the social affections, your health, your life, and yourself, to an insatiable passion? To carry, in every scene, this infamous vice, impressed, as it were, on your language, your conduct, and your countenance? Never to appear in public but in a dirty, tattered and disgusting dress? To live insulated, and concentrated in yourself, with a heart harder than bronze? To spend a whole life in painful anxiety; apprehensive of fire, of thieves, of servants, and even of your near relations? Never to be enriched by what you possess, and to be constantly impoverished by what you desire? To live without once tasting the delightful pleasure of loving, or being able to say, 'I am beloved?'—Unhappy Euclio, the misery to which thou wast a prey, has avenged the injury thou hast done to society! Thou hast afforded it but one solitary pleasure—that of dying. The day which tore

thee from thy gold, was a day of rejoicing to thy fellow citizens;—and not one tear did they drop upon thy tomb. But let us leave this tyrannical vice to the hatred and indignation of mankind.

Happy the wife man who makes his riches subservient to his virtues! What he refuses to folly and vice, he gives, without hesitation, to nature, to his rank, and to the duties which they prescribe. What should prevent him from inhaling the sweet perfumes, which Zephyr wafts to his senses from every flower? What should distract his attention in the verdant bowers, when listening to Philomela's plaintive song? Why should he enjoy the cheerful glass, the innocent relaxations of play, and the exhilarating dance? His pleasures, varied by an elegant taste, are ultimately useful to others. He builds a noble palace; he decorates his domain with gardens, and grottos, and cascades. These are indirect channels by which his riches flow into the lap of the ingenious artist, the industrious labourer, and afflicted indigence. Ah! my dear Alcander, with what pleasure do I read the words, which I have inscribed over the entrance of my grotto: 'Men are happy only in proportion to their inclination to do good; and equitable Nature rewards the greatest of duties with the greatest of pleasures.'

REMARKABLE INSTANCES of the Prevalence of the RULING PASSION in the last Moments of human Existence.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

'I give, and I devise' (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) 'my lands and tenements to Ned,
Your Money, Sir?—' My money, Sir, what all?
'Why—if I must'—(then wept) 'I give it Paul.'
'The manor, Sir?—' The manor, hold,' he cry'd,
'Not that—I cannot part with that'—and dy'd.

POPE.

THE cluster of incidents thrown together by Pope at the end of his first essay, in illustration of the subject about which I am about to write, has been frequently the object of critical animadversion; and few passages have met with more condemnation from the cold and undiscerning tribe, whose knowledge of human nature is merely drawn from the delusive source of idle theory. That miser, taking his final farewell of this terrestrial sphere, should, with his last gasp, refuse to part with the wealth he knows

he cannot take with him; that the voluptuary, hopeless of recovery from the effects of past intemperance, should call out for fresh dainties to gratify his appetite, before he expires; and

'The frugal cone, whom pitying priests attend,
'Still strive to save the hallow'd taper's end,
'Collect her breath, as ebbing life retires;
'For one more puff, and in that puff expires;

—these

—these are instances of inconsistency that shock the credulity of the pretended oracles of wisdom: but—that the last breath of Narcissa should expire in sighs for Brussels lace and chintzes, and her dying injunction direct the cheeks of her corpse to be beautified with rouge; or that the fawning courtier should play the sycophant on the awful brink of eternity, with an affected

‘If—where I’m going—I could serve you, Sir,’

is an extravagance, they gravely tell youf that not even the licence of poetical hyperbole can excuse.

But, peace, ye cold cautious critics, and suspend your scepticism! Silence, ye philosophic dogmatists, who study the heart of man in the solitude of your musty cells, and then torture stubborn facts to support your systems! Enquire abroad, and learn that there are innumerable instances to countenance the assertion of Warburton, ‘that these stories are all founded in fact;’ nay, to persuade us, they might be even literally true.

It is very well known that the poet Walth, the particular friend of our ethical bard, retained to the last moment his characteristic love of humour; and that having, for one joke, and to entitle her to his fortune, married a young woman on his death-bed, he, for the sake of another, made her promise most solemnly to perform his last injunction; which (when she had bound herself to compliance) he told her, with a smile, was—never to marry an old man again.

There are other anecdotes of this nature, less known, that are equally authenticated.

Frederick William, King of Prussia, (the father of the late Frederick, so generally flattered with the title of *the Great*) was very tyrannically addicted to the ostentation of military pomp, and is known to have piqued himself particularly on a regiment of the tallest men in Europe; which he exhausted every resource of ridiculous tyranny to perpetuate. This attachment, strange and frivolous as it may appear, did not forsake him even in the agonies of death.

Feeling his end approaching, he sent for his son, and, among other things, particularly enjoined him never to let this tall regiment moulder away. Not being satisfied with the answer of the Prince on this topic, with parental anxiety, he ordered his darling giants to be drawn out under arms before the windows of his apartment, and in sight of his couch, that

his last feeble glance might linger on this staking monument of military parade; and his latest thoughts be occupied with the anxious doubt of its perpetuity.

But the fact upon which I shall particularly dwell, relates to the death of a more private character. And as the anecdote is in itself of a very curious nature, and has the recommendation of originality, it may perhaps recompense those, to whom the former incidents are familiar, for the time devoted to perusing this little essay.

Mr. C—rt—r, a gentleman not many years ago of respectable patrimonial estate, in the neighbourhood of Whitney in Oxfordshire, was, in the complete acceptation of the term, a fox hunter. He could boast a kennel of the finest hounds in that part of the country, and was in possession of a stud of mettled couriers, to whom, as to their master, neither hedge nor ditch, nor five barred gate, nor river, nor precipice, had appearance formidable enough to interrupt the sport, or damp the frantic ardour of the pursuit.

In his dress, his manners, and his conversation, the huntsman and the whipper-in were the evident models of his imitation. Over the hilarity of the briskly flowing bowl, in the intercourses of friendship, and even in the endearments of domestic life, the jargon of the chase was never forgotten: in short, throughout the surrounding country, fox hunting C—rt—r was the epithet by which he was universally known and with indisputable propriety distinguished. Even his nearest relations were esteemed in proportion only to their attachment to the chase: those who wished for his affections, had no hope of success, but by leaping into them over a five barred gate; and to be sent to h— with a *tantivy* was the inevitable consequence of standing in awe of broken limbs, or a dislocated neck.

It happened, one day, while the heroic votary of Diana was endeavouring to leap a gate of unusual height, that the leg of his favourite hunter caught between the upper bars, and throwing him on the other side, and tumbling with all his weight upon him, crushed and fractured one of his legs in so dreadful a manner, as rendered vain all the healing efforts of surgical skill, and left to the unhappy sufferer only the dreadful alternative of amputation or death.

Mr. C—rt—r was not long deliberating on his choice. Recollecting that he should never be able to keep the saddle at a fox chase with a wooden leg, he swore that he came into the world with two legs, and with two he would go out of it. In this resolution he obstinately persevered; and,

after languishing for some time—if to a man of his resolute and violent temper the term *languishing* can ever be applied, his fancy still running on the darling pleasures of the chase, he went out of the world, as he would have ended a fox hunt, with the exulting shout of the death hollow; having previously bequeathed his estate to his favourite nephew, for no other reason, than because he had used, while a boy, to follow him through all the dangers and frantic delights of the chase: excluding entirely all his other numerous relations, who were more careful of their limbs; and leaving to his wife only an annuity of two hundred a year, because she could not leap over a five barred gate.

The circumstances of this concluding narrative, however extraordinary, are, I assure you, as authentic and unexaggerated as either of the former. I derived my information from the young gentleman to whom the estate was bequeathed, and with whom, when the accident happened, I had the happiness to be particularly acquainted. He has since, in compliance with the direction of his uncle's will, taken his name and arms, and resides in the city of London, a respected and worthy member of a profession too generally, and I fear too justly, branded with a character very recordant with the humane and liberal feelings of the heart.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I perceive, with great pleasure, such a laudable spirit of Agriculture diffusing itself throughout all parts of the Province, as gives its well-wishers every reason to hope it will sur vive the hard infancy it is obliged to encounter, from ill-founded prejudice and bad husbandry; and as no part of this grand source of subsistence is of more consequence than the proper culture of Grass, so no Grass (if it should succeed here) is more proper, or more profitable, than Saint Foin. Although the seed has been imported into Halifax, no person has indulged the public at large with any information of its virtues, or, more than probable, benefits, arising from the cultivation of it. I have, therefore, endeavoured to supply that defect by sending you an Extract from Campbell's Political Survey of Great Britain, on this important article, which, I doubt not, from its peculiar excellence, will prove an agricultural treat, and an incitement to experiment in every reader.

A NEW OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

SAINTE FOIN, or Sain Foin (derives its etymology from *sanum scœnum*, i. e. wholesome hay) is a vegetable; the use of which we borrowed from the French; it is somewhat more than a century since the cultivation of it was introduced into England. The roots of this plant are large, stringy, and run deep into the earth; the stalks rise two feet and sometimes much higher, furnished at the bottom with winged leaves, but naked towards the top, which is terminated by spikes of soft red flowers, like those of the French honey-suckle, but smaller. It grows and thrives exceedingly in dry, chalky, stoney, flat, barren hills; this is owing to the fibres of the tap root creeping through the interstices of the stone, or slate, and finding thereby food, to which other plants could never reach; the ground that is to receive it, should be well ploughed and made very fine; if sown in rows, these should be about eighteen inches asunder, and about an inch deep. It may be sown pretty thick, and thinned, by removing

the less thriving plants, when hoed, so as to leave the plants eight inches asunder. Three bushels to an acre is thought by very judicious persons to be sufficient, and half that quantity will do in drills. Care must be taken to sow it in dry weather, because the seeds are apt to burst when moist. It must not be sown the first year; and the hay should be removed as expeditiously as possible, as it quickly rises again, and when well made, and the season favourable, is equally wholesome, acceptable, and nutritive to black cattle, and to horses; is made with more ease, is liable to fewer accidents, and affords a larger quantity than most other kinds of grass; some for this reason, mow it twice, but in the opinion of good judges, it is better to take one crop only, and then seed it, cautiously and seasonably, with sheep, which are speedily fatted thereby, and at the same time improve the land; besides wherever it thrives, cows find an wholesome, plentiful pasture, and from thence furnish abundance of new milk; when it

is left for feed, it should not be fed at all. In France they feed their horses with this feed instead of oats, and experience hath taught them that it will go much farther; it is also very serviceable in feeding hogs. It is evident from these circumstances that it must be exceedingly profitable, more especially as it does not wear out like clover, but will last, with very little manure, for twenty years, and if sowed in rows, and properly hoed, more than twice that time. The celebrated Mr. Tull affirms, (and he made the culture of this grass his particular study) that a plant of Saint Foin hath been scarce known to die a natural death.—Besides, instead of impoverishing, it greatly enriches the soil; so that the land when broke up, and thoroughly ploughed, is so manured by the large roots of this plant, as to be fit for any kind of corn; and when a convenient number of crops have been taken, may be laid down and sown with Saint Foin again. Tho' it is true that it grows, and with great profit, upon the worst lands, even upon those that are stony, and makes them better, yet it is acknowledged that the greatest crops are, as might be naturally expected, reaped from the best soils; so that in this light, of being equally adapted to poor and rich soils, it may be considered as a general improvement, and it has accordingly been cultivated with success, in most countries, and is still diffusing itself, in proportion as husbandry is more studied, and its principles become better known.

As to the profits arising from Saint Foin, Mr. Kirkham mentions an estate of one hundred and ten pounds per annum, so improved thereby, as to be sold for fourteen thousand pounds. Mr. Tull confirms this, that a farm in the same county (Oxfordshire) which, while arable, distressed the tenant, at no more than ten pounds a year, when planted with Saint Foin was let for one hundred and ten pounds per annum, and proved a good bargain. These were both stony lands, worth only from one to two shillings an acre, and never would have been worth more but for this improvement. Mr. Tull reckons four sorts of this hay; the virgin, blossom'd, full grown, and threshed hay; the first, in his opinion, is the best that can be made, and he affirms that the hay from a single cultivated plant may weigh half a pound; but taking them at a quarter only, it will make two ton for a crop upon an acre. Other intelligent writers agree with him nearly in this computation, which may taken for truth. Though Saint Foin lasts longer than any grasses, it stands less in need of manure on account of its drawing the greatest part of its nourishment below the staple of the soil. In the first year, however, when the plants are young and tender, foot, peat, and cool ashes, serve to cherish them and quicken their growth; after the first year they require less hoeing, and when old may be revived by stirring the earth properly with the plough.

A FORTUNE WITH A WIFE NO UNGENEROUS DEMAND IN A HUSBAND.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

I HAVE frequently heard my brother batchelors reflected on for mercenary views in their matrimonial pursuits; and every girl with little or no fortune, is sure to stigmatize the man who requires money with his wife, as a down right *fortune hunter*, in the odious sense of the word. But, under the shelter I now write; I dare tell these pretty disinterested maidens, that the man who is under a legal obligation to provide for his family, is no such unreasonable monster in expecting a wife, to furnish something beside her fair person; and even when he has the name of receiving what is called a fortune with his wife, the affair is so entangled by affection, that he has generally very little to boast of; and is extremely well off if the interest of this fortune indemnifies

him for the extraordinary charges a family brings upon him.

But I will not let these blooming accusers off quite so easy; the tables may be fairly turned upon them; and if *some* men are rendered cautious by outliving their boyish attachments, and are hence charged with mercenary views; (for I speak not of professed adventurers) it may be justly said, that the *generality* of girls are real fortune hunters in the utmost latitude of the word. How many base parents are there in specious circumstances, who drop artful hints of what they will do for a daughter, and when an advantageous offer appears, will encourage a young man until they think he has swallowed the bait, and then discountenance the connexion; when the young lady co-operating, a private

vate match takes place, and the enraged papa or mamma, declares they will not give what they never had to bestow! The poor dupe, in such a case, has no remedy but to take home the wife of his bosom, and make the best he can of his bargain; if he makes a good husband, it argues a generosity of temper, and a regard for his own peace and domestic happiness, which are not often found. Indeed if the girl is as innocent as himself in the affair, none but a brute will consider her answerable for the trick; and if the marriage proves unfortunate, much, very much, has such a parent to answer for.

But, in a more general view, young ladies are too often the dupes of their own, or their parents ambition. If Miss has a tolerable face, and her father can give her five hundred, or a thousand pounds, her first expectations extend at least to a carriage; and on this side thirty, which period she procrastinates as long as she decently can, she turns up her pretty nose at the plain tradesman behind a counter. If her fortune extends to fifteen hundred, or two thousand pounds, she sets her cap at a coronet, and, because some such prizes have now and then turned up in the lottery of matrimony, her expectations seldom descend to a reasonable pitch, until she has no reason to hope for any thing; she has no remedy then in reserve, but to rail at all mankind, and grow grey in protesting against matrimony.

Such, indeed, are the high notions and habits of dissipation that young ladies are ridiculously educated in, which their untutored understanding is seldom able to stem in the hoity toity hey-day of life; so that it is equally dangerous for a sober thinking man, whom they generally undervalue and despise, to take a wife either with, or without money. A tinsel top best suits their eyes, they fly into the arms of such, and hence matrimony comes in to disgrace by their being treated according to their deserts. Hence also arises that celibacy, which (profligates being

out of my view) is very unjustly charged to the account of the men.

Again. A father who can barely live, instead of sending an able girl of a daughter out to service, or putting her in some industrious track of life to maintain herself; if he can raise a silk gown or two for her, with a few ribbons, he too often depends himself, and teaches her to depend, upon ensnaring the affections of some silly boy or other of property, by whom though her clothes are all her portion, she is to be supported in a genteel character, which she has no just claim to. If the scheme fails, I am shocked at representing the consequences! Yes, ye unwise, ye cruel parents, this stimulation of female vanity is the grand source of prostitution; more unhappy girls walk the streets from this, as the first cause, than merely from the seduction of worthless men; which if you acted a parental part in giving your daughters a suitable sober education, they would in general be fortified against. But I am tired of a disagreeable subject; unwelcome truth will be construed into intended invective against a sex which I honour, in general, though with which, unhappily from scrutinizing perhaps too narrowly, I have never been able to form a particular attachment; a point which was always in view, without being yet accomplished.

But I have traced my subject further than I first intended, which was only to obviate the accusation which disappointed fair ones are continually bringing against the men for not marrying; this in general terms, they are continually urging us to, but in so gay and luxurious an age, the follies of which women ever take the lead in, they either do not understand, or despite the proper means of effecting. They may chuse the alternative, but either case renders them very unfit helpmates for those who are qualified to make good husbands. This is sound reason, which all the wit and ridicule of a female pen, or tongue, however well pointed, cannot put to shame.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT of the NATIONAL CHARACTER, MANNERS and CUSTOMS of the SWEDES.

[From a Translation, just published, of Mr. Catteau's 'General View of Sweden.']

THOUGH Sweden is covered with rocks, woods, and mountains, its inhabitants are mild and peaceable. Theft, murder, robbery, and atrocious crimes,

in general, are very uncommon among them; and even in war, they do not appear to be sanguinary. Every traveller, who traverses their country, must pay a tribute

tribute of gratitude and esteem to their attention, disinterestedness, and hospitality. Naturally serious and grave, they are acquainted with, and cultivate the valuable bonds of sociability. Under the most simple external appearance, they conceal a profound judgment, an acute and delicate genius, and often an active and intrepid spirit. They long made a conspicuous figure by their military exploits, and have since proved, that they are equally fit for the arts of peace. They are very fond of travelling; but, at the same time, they love their country, never forget it, and always long to see it again. With an irresistible inclination for liberty, they are attached to their sovereigns, and majesty is always certain of their veneration and respect. They support poverty with courage and patience; but riches to them are often attended with danger.

There are some cantons in Sweden, where the manners of the people are still truly patriarchal, and display the utmost purity, innocence, and candour. Ye travellers, endowed with upright and feeling hearts, hasten to behold this interesting spectacle: it is superior to that exhibited by the wonders of art, and the monuments of pomp and luxury! But delay not: corruption already begins to diffuse abroad her destructive breath, and more than one trace of its baneful influence are already to be perceived. Pernicious maxims, a taste for frivolous objects, and the ambition of imitating other nations, whose manner of living is generally boasted of, will insensibly produce a revolution, which every virtuous citizen must lament. The excessive use of spirituous liquors is no less dangerous and destructive to good morals; the number of the places where they are sold increases every day; and some of them may be met with at every step, on the most frequented roads. Thither the labourer and the artist go, to sacrifice both their health and money, to swallow a destructive poison, which enervates their bodies, and renders them stupid.

The Swedes are distinguished from other people of Europe by a national dress, established in 1777, with the laudable design of repressing luxury in the article of clothes. The men wear a close coat, very wide breeches, strings in their shoes, a girdle, a round hat, and a cloak. The usual colour is black. In court dresses, the cloak, the buttons, the girdle, and the shoe strings are of a flame colour. The women wear a black robe, with puffed gauze sleeves, a coloured sash and ribbands. Those who go to court have their sleeves of white gauze.

There is also a particular uniform for

gala days. The men appear in a blue satin suit, lined with white, and ornamented with lace; the women in a white satin robe, with coloured sashes and ribbands. Two days of the year, the first of May and midsummer, are in Sweden particularly consecrated to public mirth and joy. On the first of May, large fires, which seem to announce that natural warmth about to succeed the severity of the winter, are kindled in the fields; around these fires the people assemble, while others go to enjoy good cheer, and with the glass in their hands to banish care and sorrow. Midsummer-day is still better calculated to inspire mirth and festivity: the fine season is then established; the sun every where diffuses his vivifying rays; the tenants of the woods, freed from their long captivity, tune their throats to joy; the flocks range the fields at their ease, to taste the juicy grass; and man, awakened from that lethargy into which he has been sunk, together with all nature, seems to be animated by a new soul, while his faculties resume their wonted vigour, and his heart becomes open to the soft impressions of sensibility. On the evening before this happy period, the people assemble; the houses are ornamented with boughs; and the young men and young women erect a pole, around which they dance till morning. Having recruited their strength by some hours of repose, they repair to church, and, after imploring the protection of the Supreme Being, they again give themselves up to fresh effusions of joy. During these two festivals, the people display all their gaiety by dances and songs, the greater part of which are national, and partake somewhat of the climate.

The inhabitants of the southern provinces endeavour to provide places of shelter from the heat; and those of the north, living near the abode of Boreas, employ all their ingenuity to preserve themselves from the cold. This art is well known in Sweden: pelisses, cloaks, great coats, and boots lined with furs, are of excellent service. The greater part of the houses are of wood; but, when well constructed, and kept in repair, they are warmer than those built of brick or stone: they likewise contract less moisture, and are not so apt to retain that nourisher of cold. The seams of the windows are daubed over with pitch or cement, and double ones are sometimes employed; but these are attended with a very sensible inconvenience in winter, by rendering the apartments too dark. The stoves are constructed in such a manner as is most suitable to the country; the tubes of them are so twisted as to make the

the heat circulate, and to prevent it from being too soon dissipated: by means of a lever, the air may be condensed and rarefied at pleasure. Wood here is not dear, and little care is employed to save it. The price of provisions is equally moderate; but the case is not the same with labour and objects of luxury. The lower classes of people live principally upon hard bread, salted or dried fish, and water gruel; beer is their ordinary beverage, and they can procure it exceedingly cheap. At the tables of the rich and opulent, there is always plenty of meat, and the repast is preceded by a kind of collation, consisting of butter, cheese, salt provisions, and strong liquors. Strangers are astonished to see women here often swallow large quantities of these liquors, and with the same ease as the men. The consumption of wine is very great in Sweden; but people seldom drink it to excess. The use of tea and coffee is every day extended more and more.

One cannot travel in Sweden, without being struck with the arrangements which administration have formed for the convenience of travelling. They bear a peculiar character which is altogether national. The peasants furnish horses, each of which costs four schellings per mile, except in cities, where people must pay six. At each post, a certain number of them is kept always in readiness, and when these are not sufficient, others are sought for in the neighbourhood. The person who procures the horses, presents to the traveller a book, the leaves of which are divided into several columns. In these the latter inserts the day and hour of his arrival; his name and quality; the place from which he came, and to which he is going; the number of horses he has employed, and the manner in which he has been served. At the end of every month this book is transmitted to the territorial judge. The horses are small, and make little show; but they go very fast, especially in winter. The sledge may be said to cleave the air; it passes over lakes covered with ice and snow, and you are at your journey's end when you perhaps think that you have only got half way. If you treat the peasants with mildness, you may make them do whatever you choose: It is only in the neighborhood of the capital that they are self-interested and unruly. It is a great pity, that an establishment so convenient for the traveller, should be hurtful to agriculture.

Such are the principal outlines of the picture exhibited in general, by the character, manners, and customs of the Swedes. By examining each province in particular, we shall, however, find various shades of a

deeper or lighter cast. The Scandian, who cultivates a fertile soil, and who commonly possesses a moderate share of wealth, is sensible of his happiness, and imparts it to others. The Smolander, his neighbour, placed amid barren rocks, and melancholy woods, is humble, mild, and submissive; the smallest reward will satisfy him, and he testifies his gratitude in the most simple and affecting manner. The Westrogoth, who likewise inhabits a country little favoured by nature, is well acquainted with the resources of industry, and puts them in practice: above all, he understands to perfection every kind of traffic. The Ostrogoth has nothing against him but his name; he is distinguished by his politeness, his affability, and the easiness of his manners; he resembles that nature with which he is surrounded, and which every where presents itself under the most pleasing aspects. The vicinity of the capital gives to the Sudermanian, and the Uplander, a double physiognomy, the natural features of which have been disfigured. The Westmanian prepossesses by a noble figure, a firmness and steadiness of character, and simple but mild manners. The inhabitant of that district called Norland, is very tall; has an intrepid look: and frankness and loyalty is painted in his countenance. The inhabitant of Finland is honest, industrious, enured to labour, and capable of enduring great hardships; but he is reproached with being stiff and obstinate. The Laplanders, who live on the borders of Norland, begin to be civilized; but the rest are still in a savage state, and acquainted with no other rule of conduct than the instinct of nature.

We cannot here pass over in silence that remarkable tribe, whose name alone recalls the idea of patriotism and courage. Under a rigorous sky, amid mountains covered with snow, during eight months of the year, the Dalecarlians accustom themselves to the severest labours, and fear no fatigue. Like the rocks which surround them, they brave every attack; proud and intrepid, as all mountaineers are, they detest slavery, resist oppression; and, attached to their manners and customs, they transmit them unchanged from generation to generation. Short coats, all black or white, a long beard, and an uncouth but nervous dialect, distinguish them from the other inhabitants of Sweden. Placed upon an ungrateful and barren soil, they have often no other nourishment than bread composed of the coarsest meal, mixed with the bark of trees, gruel seasoned only with water and salt, or dried fish. These people emigrate, in great numbers, to seek for a maintenance in the

opulent provinces, and above all in the capital; they are employed in public as well as in private works, and in whatever they undertake, they shew as much intelligence as honesty. While they are absent from their native country, they observe the strictest economy in their manner of living, and endeavour to save enough to enable them to return, and to supply their wants, which are not numerous. Simple, open and sincere, the Dalecarlians are not sufficiently on their guard against fraud and deception; the cunning of some dexterous adventurers has often engaged them in enterprises, as contrary to their interest as to that of the state; but the blame cannot fall upon them; they have never entertained any criminal intentions; the only object they had in view was, to support the privileges of the nation. The most brilliant period of their history is, doubtless, that of those exploits by which they signalized their valour under the banners of Gustavus I. They delivered their fellow citizens from the yoke of oppression, and, at the same time, saved their country.

The capital of Sweden has had the fate of all those proud cities, to which the riches of states are conveyed, and in which they are accumulated. Except some few shades, arising from different degrees of opulence and population, Stockholm exhibits the same scenes as other places of the like kind. Here we may see the madness of luxury passing from the superior to the inferior classes; a taste for pleasure giving birth to a dislike for labour, and the performance of one's duty; and seduction sacrificing numberless unhappy victims, to gratify brutal and inordinate passions. Here also, we meet with abundance of professed gamblers, fine gentlemen and fine ladies, good natured husbands, and modish wives who take advantage of their simplicity and condescension. The fashions and customs which are imported from France, always obtain here a decided preference; this, sometimes, produces singular effects, which form a whimsical contrast with the climate, and the indelible traits of national character.

Among the public amusements at Stockholm, those most worthy of notice are theatrical representations. The opera here has attained to a degree of perfection which astonishes strangers. Original pieces are sometimes performed; the rest

are translated from the French: but the preference is always given to those which have music of Gluck's composition. The theatre, called the dramatic is destined for plays, and the higher species of comedy; that called comic is set apart for pieces of a less serious nature, and for farces; but though both these theatres have made considerable progress, they have still need of improvement. The French comedy was formerly reserved for the court; but of late years, it has been open to the public. A taste for the drama has been diffused from the capital into the provinces: theatres are established at Gottenburg, Norrkœping, Carserona, Obo, and Fahlun; and we are assured, that the managers derive great profits from them.

Government have established, at Stockholm, a tribunal of police, on the plan of that at Paris; it is much respected, and has at its head the governor of the city. Watchmen are distributed in all the quarters of the capital, who go the rounds in winter from nine, and in summer from ten in the evening, till four in the morning. They call out the hours; and during the whole night the streets resound with the following words: 'May the good and all-powerful arm of God preserve our city from fire and flames!' The hours are announced also, from the tops of towers, by an instrument, the melancholy sounds of which are not very agreeable to those who cannot enjoy sleep. Prudent arrangements prevent here the ravages occasioned by fires, and they will be less dreaded when wooden houses have entirely disappeared. An order has been issued by government, forbidding any new ones to be erected, or the old ones to be repaired. The insurance office against fires has gained the confidence of the public, and the provincial cities, as well as the capital, may partake of the advantages arising from this institution. The streets of Stockholm are lighted during the winter nights, and some other cities have followed the example of the capital. For this purpose lanterns are affixed to the houses, or placed upon posts; but these luminaries afford only a feeble and uncertain light. Though the streets of Stockholm are broad and spacious, it is much to be wished, for the sake of those who walk, that they had foot-paths, and were paved. The public walk called the King's garden might be made much more extensive.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

[Addressed to the Editors of the Literary Magazine.]

I TAKE the liberty to address this letter to you, respecting the biography of the late Mr. Elwes, which you have indulged us with in your polite magazine. Should the following little, though extraordinary incident, be worth while to form an anecdote in any future number, it is at your service.

Mr. Elwes had a steward who lived in Great Portland-street, Marybone, Mr. Conquest Jones, who was parsimonious to a very great degree. Mr. Jones told me, that one morning Mr. Elwes's groom, or some menial servant, came to him at the early hour of seven in the morning, desiring his immediate attendance on his master, who had secreted nails, hammers, &c. &c. and absolutely had shut himself up in an attic chamber, where he had been three days: all efforts to open his voluntary prison were unsuccessful.

Mr. Jones, who also was a man of very large fortune, went down in a postchaise immediately. On his arrival at the mansion of wretchedness, he found every means to break open the door ineffectual, therefore got a ladder, and broke open the window, where they found the meagre object of pity on a poor pallet bed, without food

or any other nourishment.—The first words he said were—Let me die here—for if not, I shall die in a workhouse. This he repeated with painful eagerness. However, Mr. Jones conveyed him from his confinement, and after a day or two, brought him to London, to dissipate the disorder.

I must now mention a circumstance respecting Sir William Elwes, who, when abroad, married a Spanish lady, of great personal and mental accomplishments, aided by a large fortune. Sir William had two sons, who were left with their mother, in a state of insolvency, I think at Hounslow; this lady applied to me, to circumstantiate her distress to the late Mr. Elwes, (the subject of those late memoirs, whether he was a relation or not, I cannot say, they told me that he had sent Lady Elwes once or twice a guinea or two before.) I wrote, however, and the result was, he sent Lady Elwes either ten or twenty pounds, for which I received her thanks; it is fifteen or sixteen years ago. This circumstance was very honourable, and is a foil to some traits of his character.

EXTRAORDINARY AFFECTION OF A YOUNG ELEPHANT.

[By Mr. Bruce.]

THERE now remained but two elephants of those that had been discovered, which were a she one and a calf. The Agageer would willingly have let these alone, as the teeth of the female are very small, and the young one is of no sort of value, even for food, its flesh shrinking much upon drying. The hunters would not be limited in their sport. The people having observed the place of her retreat; thither we eagerly followed. She was very soon found, and as soon lamed by the Agageer; but when they came to wound her with the darts, as every one did in their turn, to our very great surprize, the young one, which had been suffered to escape, unheeded and unpursued, came out from the thicket, apparently in great anger, running upon the horses and men with all the violence it was master of. I was amazed, and as much as ever I was upon such an

occasion, afflicted at seeing the great affection of the little animal defending its wounded mother, heedless of its own life or safety. I therefore cried out to them, for God's sake, to spare the mother, tho' then it was too late, and the calf had made several rude attacks upon me, which I avoided without much difficulty; but I am happy to this day in the reflection that I did not strike it. At last, making one of its attacks upon Aylo Engedan, it hurt him a little upon the leg; upon which he thrust it through with his lance, as others did after, and it then fell dead before its wounded mother, whom it had so affectionately defended. It was about the size of an ass, but round, big belled, and heavily made, and was so furious, and unruly, that it would have broken the leg of either man or horse, could it have overtaken them, and jostled against them properly. Here

is an example of a beast (a young one too) possessing abstracted sentiments to a very high degree. By its sight on the first appearance of the hunters, it is plain it apprehended danger to itself; it also reflected upon that of its mother, which was the cause of its return to her assistance. This

affection, or duty, or let us call it any thing we please, except instinct, was stronger than the fear of danger; and it must have conquered that fear by reflection before it returned, when it resolved to make its best and last efforts, for it never attempted to fly afterwards.

THE MORNING.

[By Haller.]

THE moon retires—Nature's dark veil no more obscures the air and earth—the twinkling stars disappear—and the reviving warmth of the sun awakens all creatures.

Already are the heavens adorned with its purple hues and its sparkling sapphires; Aurora, fair harbinger of the day, graciously dispenses smiles; and the brightness of the roses which wreath her forehead dissipates the mists of night.

The flaming light of the world advances from the eastern gate, triumphantly treading on the shining splendours of the milky way; clouds, covered with heaven's rubies, oppose him with their lightning, and a flame of gold spreads itself around the horizon.

The roses open, to salute the sun with genial dews; and the lilies exhale delicious odours from their satin'd leaves.

The vigilant hind flies to the labour-giving field; he guides with careful pleasure the earth-piercing plough; in the mean time his ears are delighted by the light-some band of minstrels, which sweeten the air and woods with their melodious notes. Thus doth benignant Heaven lighten the heavy pressure of toilsful industry!

O Creator! all that I see are the effects of thy power! thou art the soul of nature, and dost actuate every part! the stated periods and glittering appearance of yon orbs, and the unquenched fire of the revolving sun, proceed from thy hands, and boast thy impression!

Thou illumest the solemn moon to guide us amid darkness; thou dost lend wings to the unseen wind, and by night thou dost enrich the earth with fruitful dews.

From dust thou hast formed yon proud-topped mountains; from sand hast thou produced metals; thou hast spread yon firmament, and thou hast clothed it with clouds, that it may remain unpolluted by the exploring eye of man.

Thou hast wonderfully formed the veins of that fish which causes rivers to overflow, and which makes whirlpools, and spreads devastation with the flappings of his tail. Thou hast built the elephant, and thou hast animated its enormous bulk, that it resembles a moving mountain.

Thou supportest yon splendid arches of the heavens upon the vast void; and with thy word thou hast produced from chaos this wondrous universe, filling it with order, and giving it no other limits than its own grandeur.

Great God! created spirits are too insignificant to raise the glory of thy works! We lose ourselves in their immensity. To tell them, one must resemble thyself in infinity.

Humbly contented, I remain in my own prescribed circle. Incomprehensible Being! thy resplendent glories blind the presuming eye of man! and He from whom the earth receives its being, needs not the praises of a worm!

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

ALATE worthy Baron of the Exchequer, who clothed an excellent head, and honest heart, rather too negligently, met with no ill-timed sarcasm from a learned serjeant, who made the

court wait one morning on the circuit. On his taking his place, the Baron, who sat as judge, observed, rather sharply:

Baron. Brother, you are late, the court has waited considerably.

Serj. I beg their pardon; I knew not that your lordship intended sitting so early; the instant I heard your trumpets, I dressed myself.

Baron. You was a long while about it!

Serj. I think, my lord, (looking at his watch) not twenty minutes.

Baron. Twenty minutes! I was ready in five after I left my bed.

Serj. In that respect, my Dog Shock distances your Lordship hollow; he only shakes his coat, and fancies himself sufficiently dressed for any company.

LEWIS XI's Scullion being met in the kitchen by Lewis, whom he affected not to know, was asked by the King, 'How much do you earn?' 'As much as the King. I earn my expences, and what can he do more?'

To parry off a reflection in the manner it is done in the following anecdote, requires no little degree of wit, ingenuity, and temper.

When any one blames a King for not speaking plainly, it should be remembered, it is the very duty of a Sovereign, to say that which cannot be brought against him. This principle was ingeniously turned by a gentleman in the court of Charles the second. 'Do you know,' said a friend of his, 'that a few days ago, his Majesty said you were an incorrigible fool?' 'I do not mind that,' replied the gentleman, 'for don't you know that Kings never say what they think!'

GENUINE wit and humour, from whatever quarter it comes, cannot fail of pleasing. 'If you are not hanged,' said a country justice to a horse dealer, 'I'll be hanged for you.' 'Very well, your worship,' said the fellow, 'if it should so happen, I hope you will not be out of the way!'

GOUPY attended as an assistant drawing-master at the palace of the Prince of Wales. While he was one day there, his present Majesty, then Prince George, and a very little boy, for some trifling fault was ordered to stand behind the chair as a prisoner. Goupy was commanded to go on with his drawing; 'How can I,' replied the artist, 'make a drawing worthy the attention of your royal Highness, when I see the Prince standing behind your chair, under your displeasure?' 'You may return to your seat Sir,' said the good natured Prince of Wales, 'but remember that Goupy has released you.'

As Goupy grew old, he became very poor. At the accession of his present Ma-

jesty he was eighty four.—Soon after that period, walking in a pensive mood in the Kensington-road, he observed the royal carriage, and pulled off his hat. The face of the old man caught the King's eye; he ordered the coach to stop, called the friendless artist to the door, and asked him, 'how he went on, and what he had to live upon?' 'Little enough, in truth,' replied the old man, but as I was once so happy as to take your Majesty out of a prison, I hope you will not suffer me to go into one.' 'Indeed I will not,' replied King, 'until I enquire further about your situation, you shall be paid a guinea a week.' This the poor man received a few weeks, at the end of which time he died.

THE following Anecdote, which is replete with instruction, cannot be better related than in the words of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Fuller, in his 'Worthies of England':—'It happened says he, in the reign of King James, when Henry Earl of Huntingdon, was Lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son in that county was pressed into the wars, as I take it, to go over with Count Mansfield. The old man, at Leicester, requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry, maintained his mother. The Earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loth to tell, (as suspecting it a fault, for so poor a man to confess a truth) at last he told him that his name was Hastings.—'Cosen Hastings,' said the Earl, 'we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root. Your son my kinsman, shall not be pressed.' So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with a courtesie in an honourable person, and gentry I believe in both.'

IN the beginning of the reign of Peter I. the Russians used to marry without seeing each other. The parents on the man's side used to send a kind of matron to the girl's parents; the matron then told them; *I know you have goods to dispose of, and we have purchasers.* After some enquiries, and a few days spent in negotiating the affair, the parents used to meet. If the lad was agreeable to the girl's parents, the day of the ceremony was fixed. The evening before the marriage, the young man was brought to see his destined wife, who received him without speaking a word; one of her relations was engaged to converse with him. The next day, the lad used to send a present to the lady, consisting of sweetmeats, soap, and other things of the same kind. The box was never opened but

but in presence of her friends, who were immediately sent for; she then used to lock herself up with them, continually shedding tears while her friends were singing songs suitable to the occasion of her marriage.

THE inhabitants of Siberia are much delighted with receiving visits; visiting is called *going in guest*. As soon as the company comes in, the mistress of the house appears with her husband, and kisses them all on the mouth. She is often an old woman of seventy, who comes in hobbling along, with a shaking head, and some remains of a few rotten teeth; but whether she is young or old, ugly or handsome, the ceremony is still the same: and it would be a crime, let what would happen, to shew any signs of mirth upon these occasions. A gentleman in Siberia, who would sometimes come forward to meet the ladies at these visits, and instead of appearing solemn as he ought to have done, would put on a smiling countenance. One of his friends informed him, he behaved very rudely to the ladies, who did not, however find fault; and very improperly to the men, who were much displeas'd with him.

When this first ceremony is over, the mistress of the house withdraws. She returns soon after, with a waiter and glasses full of liquors; every body rises, she offers them the liquors; the company bow to one another, drink, eat for some time, and then go away. The men sometimes converse between whites, but the women never join in the conversation. If a stranger comes in, he invites the company to his house, who always comply with his invitation. They do not leave him, till they have drank plentifully, and go from thence to drink with another neighbour. The whole afternoon is thus spent in visiting, and every man generally goes home drunk.

DUNDEE, who commanded a body of highlanders, for James the Second, after the abdication of that Prince, was a most extraordinary man. He had inflamed his mind from his earliest youth by the perusal of antient poets, historians, and orators, with the love of the great actions they praise and describe. He is reported to have inflamed it still more, by listening to the ancient songs of the highland bards. He entered into the profession of arms with an opinion, that he ought to know the services of different nations, and the duties of different ranks: with this view he went into several foreign services; and when he could not obtain a command,

served as a volunteer. At the battle of Senefce, he saved the Prince of Orange's life. Soon after, he asked one of the Scotch regiments in the Dutch service. But the Prince being pre-engaged, refused his request. Upon this he quitted the Dutch service, saying 'The soldier who has not gratitude cannot be brave.' His reputation, and his services against the covenanters, obtained him a regiment from Charles II. and a peerage and high command in the army from his successor. In his exploits against these men, his behaviour had been sullied by the imputation of cruelty: he excused himself by saying, 'That if terror ended, or prevented war, it was true mercy.'

DUNDEE had orders from his master not to fight M'Kay (King William's general) until a large force which was promised from Ireland should join him; this kept him two months cooped up in the mountains, furious from restraint. He was obliged continually to shift his quarters by prodigious marches, in order to avoid, or harass his enemy's army, to obtain provisions, and sometimes to take advantages; the first messenger of his approach was generally his army in fight: the first intelligence of his retreat brought accounts, that he was already out of the enemy's reach. In some of these marches his men wanted bread, salt, and all liquors except water, during several weeks; yet were ashamed to complain, when they observed that their commander lived not more delicately than themselves. If any thing good was brought him to eat, he sent it to a faint or sick soldier; if a soldier was weary, he offered to carry his arms. He kept those that were with him from sinking under their fatigues, not so much by exhortation as by preventing them from attending to their sufferings. For this reason he walked on-foot with his men; now by the side of one clan, and anon by that of another; he amused them with jokes; he flattered them with a knowledge of their genealogies; he animated them by a recital of the deeds of their ancestors, and of the verses of their bards. It was one of his maxims, that no general should fight with an irregular army, unless he was acquainted with every man he commanded. Yet, with these habits of familiarity, the severity of his discipline was dreadful; the only punishment he inflicted was death; 'all other punishments,' he said, 'disgraced a gentleman, and all who were with him were of that rank; but that death was relief from the consciousness of crime.' It is reported of him, that hav-

ing seen a youth fly in his first action, he pretended he had sent him to the rear on a message; the youth fled a second time; he brought him to the front of the army, and saying, 'That a gentleman's son ought not to fall by the hands of a common executioner,' shot him with his own pistol.

IN the celebrated action which decided the fate of the Bœotians, the Romans were retreating in confusion; when Sylla, frantic at the sight, leaped off his horse, seized one of the ensigns, and rushing in among the fugitives, 'here,' cried he, 'shall I die with honour: and you, Romans, when asked, where you betrayed your general, remember to tell, it was at Orchomenos.' Shame, and a sense of honour, stopped their flight, and turned the fortune of the day.

HOW lightly the Romans accounted the marriage-compact, we may judge from an anecdote mentioned by Plutarch. A certain Roman had divorced his wife, and being pressed by the expostulations of his friends, who asked, *was she not fair & was she not chaste & was she not fruitful & holding up his shoe to them, replied, is it not handsome? is it not new? yet none knows where it pinches but he that wears it.*

DON Martin Yanex de Barbuda, master of Alcantara, having about the year 1390, attempted with a small force to kill all the Moors in Spain, was, together with most of his forces, slain in battle; on his tomb is the following inscription: *Aqui yace aquel, in cuyo gran corazon nunca pover tuvo entrada.* 'Here lies he, into whose heart fear never found entrance;' which gave occasion to the Emperor Charles V. to say, *Este fidalgo jamas debio apagar alguna candela con sus dedos.* 'Then that gentleman has never snuffed a candle with his fingers.'

A Maiden Lady, lately deceased, has bequeathed the following legacies. 'Item I leave to my dear entertaining Jackoo, (her monkey), 10l. per annum, during his natural life, to be expended yearly for his support. Item, to Shock and Tib, (her lap-dog and cat) 5l. each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it so happen, that Shock dies before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, in that case, the survivor to have the whole: which legacies I hereby ordain, after the decease of all the aforementioned parties, shall descend in remainder to my niece, Mrs. Mary G——n, and to the children of her body, lawfully begotten.'

A P H O R I S M S.

A MAN who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injustice as long as he defers it.

THE dispatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the solicitor as the good office itself.

THE love of praise is a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary person; and those who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that particle of the Divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation.

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them.

NOTHING is more amiable than true

modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it.

TRUE modesty avoids every thing that is criminal; false modesty every thing that is unfashionable.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented, had he foreseen them.

GREAT and heroic minds, not only shew a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but are altogether free from the impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting them.

IT is an impertinent and unreasonable fault in conversation, for one man to take up all the discourse.

IT is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another.

THE lazy, the idle, and the sroward, are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which pass about to the disadvantage of the rest of the world.

WERE it not for the pleasure of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured to open their lips in conversation.

THE unwillingness to receive good tidings, is a quality as inseparable from a scandal-bearer as the readiness to divulge bad.

PROVIDENCE frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, inasmuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

A MAN who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, because that which he has superior to other people cannot be exerted, without raising himself an enemy.

THERE is not a sight in nature so mortifying as that of a distracted person, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole soul disordered and confused.

A GREAT talent for conversation requires at least to be accompanied with a great degree of politeness. He who outshines others, owes to them a great deal of polite attention.

WE should be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these and the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind.

A FRIEND exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other.

WE should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived.

INTEMPERATE zeal, bigotry, and persecution, for any party or opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature.

AS love is the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but love softened by a degree of sorrow: in short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous sympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the same common lot.

THERE is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the loss of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible, good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence.

EXCESSIVE and too frequent marks of respect and esteem only tire those to whom they are addressed, and on that account are the contrary of true politeness, whose only end is to please.

LICENTIOUS language has something brutal in it, which disgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the savages in the field.

IT is not always so easy to get rid of an impertinent companion, as of a silly book; otherwise, to be for ever aiming at wit, would be as teasing and intolerable in writing as in conversation.

WHATEVER friendship those we have justly offended express towards us, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that they do not preserve some resentment for the injury we have done them; and if at last they should give us such convincing proofs of it as to leave us no room to doubt of their sincerity, they are then in regard to us in the situation of one to whom we owe great obligations: but we never love those to whom we have been too much indebted; or at least we do not see them with pleasure.

P O E T R Y.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

S P R I N G.

WHILE wintry storms, in dark array,

Deform our April's doubtful day,
And not a flower its bloom displays,
And not a songster charms the sprays,
What vernal sweet invites to sing.
A tuneful welcome to the lingering spring?

Yet here, tho' clouds obscure our day,
And winter long maintains his sway,
Yet roving fancy gladly flies
To fairer meads and milder skies,
Where many a vernal sweet appears,
And changeful April smiles amid her tears.

The Muse, with fancy, fondly roves
From wild Acadia's leafless groves,
And joyous leaves our delug'd mead,
To ramble thro' the vales with Tweed;
To trace, once more, the rising greens,
And mark each opening flower in fond
paternal scenes.

She views, amid the happy plain,
Inspiring Spring resume her reign—
While 'wakened by the fragrant gale
The blackbird warbles in the vale
And the sweet lark, ascending high,
With artless music gladdens all the sky.

She strays, where wild-thyme scents the
hill,
Or water-mint perfumes the rill,
Or the pale primrose lifts its head
Beneath the waving willow-shade;
Where the shrill *scowit* shrieks around,
And anxious hovers o'er the marshy
ground.

On uplands, where cool zephyrs breathe,
Where yellow furz perfumes the heath,
She listens to the plough-boy's song,
While round the noisy *sea-mews* throng;
Where the shy *curlew* frames her nest,
And whistles mildly o'er the moorland
waste.

And memory delights to dwell
On every glen and mossy dell,
Where fragrant violet-beds were seen,
Where daisies deck'd the pastur'd green,
Where lambkins gambol'd round the rills,
And rural bleatings ran along the hills.

To cheer the tedious, drizzling day,
While Spring delays to deck the grove,
Impetuous fancy bursts away,
In blest Britannia's woods to rove—
When May adorns our rural seats,
The Muse no more shall roam from wild
Acadia's sweets.

POLLIO.

*** POLLIO returns his respectful acknowledgments for the unmerited honour A. Z. was pleased to confer on him.—He is resolved, that, however undeserving his Muse may be of A. Z.'s flattering encomiums, or however incapable of affording amusement, she shall never give cause for any greater displeasure, than that of a generous mind in perusing an unsuccessful attempt to please.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

E L E G Y

On Mr. HENRY FERGUSON, who was
burnt to Death by Accident, April 21,
1791.

WHAT mournful language can the
muse supply
More apt than that now obviously
known?
The full-sworn heart, the bitter-streaming
eye,
Proclaim the dreaded fate of him that's
gone.

A sound more horrid never wak'd surprise
Than that sad tale which brought his
fearful end;

A sight so awful never struck my eyes
As the dire exit of my aged friend.

I saw the Christian victim, where he lay,
Nature recoil'd and durst abhor the
sight:

I turn'd to Heav'n and was compelled to say
In this respect—'Whatever is, is right.'

(Oh best of Systems, wisest Providence!
To thee we attribute the seeming ill,
Thy ways far supercede our grosser sense
And serve the purpose of thy righteous
will.)

Where

Where he expir'd—that fatal, happy room
 (Whence we beheld the sulph'rous
 smoke arise)
 Might be to him a bed of sweet perfume,
 Whose exhalation bore him to the skies,

God, whom he serv'd with unabated zeal,
 Cou'd, as of old, the force of fire restrain;
 The scorching flames his body might not
 feel,
 Nor can a soul anticipate the pain.

Full many a day this rugged vale he trod,
 And sigh'd for glory many a ling'ring
 year;
 He walk'd obsequious to the will of God,
 Who took him hence before his throne
 t' appear.

There he exults within the sphere of love,
 Drinks of the streams that banish mor-
 tal care,
 Among the bright harmonious host above,
 A wreath of endless glory crowns him
 there.

Methinks I see, all on a chrystal throne,
 His faithful partner,* just arriv'd be-
 fore,
 Bending her soft ethereal spirit down,
 To hail her Henry on the blissful shore:

I still retain the visionary sound
 Of them, with angels, on the glorious
 plains:
 The glitt'ring vault of Heav'n with songs
 rebound,
 And vast eternity inspires their strains.

O what transcendant happiness is this!
 Our God, our relatives in Heav'n to
 know:
 How will it heighten everlasting bliss
 To meet in glory those we lov'd below!

Then let us imitate the pure, the just,
 And claim the epithet of good and wise;
 Prepare our bodies to embrace the dust,
 Our souls for glorious mansions in the
 skies.

That meadow where often I stray'd,
 That bank and yon' shadowy tree,
 Those streams, with such fondness survey'd,
 Have hid all their sweetness from me.

Yon hill that uprears his smooth head,
 Where the wild-thyme its fragrance be-
 stows,
 Whose verdures have rose for my bed,
 And whose breezes have sigh'd my repose

What tho' from his summit so high,
 Flock, cottage, and woodland are seen;
 Yet no more I with fondness desery,
 For indifference rises between.

Ah! whither, ye sweets, do ye fly?
 For fancy your absence must mourn;
 Ah! say, will ye fade from my eye,
 And yet will ye never return?

That valley, whose mantle so gay,
 Is with primrose and cowslip o'erspread;
 No longer invites me to stray,
 And rife the sweets of their bed.

Not odious at present they look;
 I discern that their colours are bright;
 But their charms have my fancy forsook,
 And their fragrance forgot to delight.

To my coolest attention how dear
 The soothing complaint of the dove!
 I have left my companions to hear
 The wood-linnet warble her love.

Nor these can my footsteps retard;
 Or if round me they carelessly fly,
 From mine eyes they attract no regard,
 And my ears their soft warblings deny.

Ah! sure 'tis the business of life,
 That bids those endearments depart;
 To involve us in cares and in strife,
 That enstrange and entangle the heart.

With destiny all must comply;
 Yet cannot my fancy but mourn,
 For the season that fades from my eye,
 And the sweets that must never return.

S O N G.

THE MIRROR.

YE scenes that engaged my gay youth,
 Say, whither so fast do ye fly?
 If the lesson you told me was truth,
 Ah! why do ye fade from my eye?

A Butcher with a hand as hard as stone,
 And callous to an orphan lambkin's
 moan,
 2 G Seizes

* His Wife died about thirteen weeks before this catastrophe.

Seizes his fated prey with horrid grin,
And whistles while his knife he plunges
in.

Nell, who the scene beheld, with piteous
look

And shrugg'd up shoulders, thus her feel-
ings spoke:

'The barbarous wretch, thus unprovok'd,
to spill

The blood of a poor-lamb that ne'er did
ill.

See how the little creature pants for life,
The murderer's jaws clasping the reeking
knife.

To do a deed like this, were I to gain
The universe—ev'n such a bribe were
vain.

Thus Nell, with tenderness, exclaims and
feels,

While all the time, good soul, she skins live
eels.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

[From the World.]

O Fortune! how strangely thy gifts are
awarded!

How much, to thy shame, thy caprice is
recorded,

Since the wise, great, and good, of thy
frowns seldom 'scape any,

Witness poor Belisarius, who begg'd for
a ha'penny.

Date obolum, Date obolum,

Date obolum Belisario.

He, whose fame for true valour was spread
far and wide, Sir,

And whom none, but his country, true
praise e'er deny'd, Sir;

By his poor faithful dog, was thro' Rome's
city led, Sir,

With one foot in the grave, was forc'd to
beg for his bread, Sir.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

As a young Roman Knight was by chance
passing by, Sir,

The old soldier's appearance, at once
caught his eye, Sir,

And his purse, in his helmet, he dropt
with a tear, Sir,

While the veteran's sad story attracted his
ear, Sir.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'I have fought, I have bled, I have con-
quer'd for Rome, Sir,

I have crown'd her with laurels, which
for ages will bloom, Sir:

From her foes harsh dominion, I have
rais'd to her to power;

I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my
dower.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'I no soldiers e'er risqu'd, by attacking at
random,

Or victory insured with a '*nil desperan-
dum*;

But whenever I fought, I made both friend
and foe know,

That all my design was, '*pro publico bono*.'

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'I no colonies lost, by attempts to en-
slave 'em,

Or of Romans' free rights, ever strove to
bereave 'em;

Or to bow down their necks, to my pride
or my pleasure,

Have an empire divided, or wasted its
treasure.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'Nor yet to enrich or ennoble myself, Sir,
Has my glory been tarnish'd by base views
of self, Sir;

For such sordid designs I've so far been
from carving,

Blind and old, I've no chance, but of beg-
ging or starving.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'Now if Hero, or Statesman, should hear
this relation,

Whose deeds have still been for the good
of his nation;

Who, tho' feeble and blind, should like
me grope his way, Sir,

The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn
night to day, Sir.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'But if wanting that light, at the close of
of life's spark, Sir,

He at length comes to take the great leap
in the dark, Sir;

He may wish, while his friends wring their
hands round his bed, Sir,

That, like poor Belisarius, he'd begg'd for
his bread, Sir.

Date obolum Belisario.

A BALLAD.

TO please me the more, and to change
the dull scene,

My swain took me oft to the sports on the
green;

And

And to every fine sight would he tempt
me to roam,
For he fear'd that my heart should grow
weary at home.

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

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

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

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

THE R A P T U R E :

On viewing the Tomb of SHAKESPEARE,
at Stratford-upon-Avon.

IMMORTAL Shakespear! while I view
thy shrine,
Where many a bard has been with rap-
tures fir'd,
Accept these poor, tho' grateful lays of
mine;
These grateful lays thy relics have in-
spir'd.

Great Nature's mirror! Fancy's fav'rite
child!
Whose wondrous Muse could all her
charms explain;
And soothe our ears, with thy sweet warb-
lings wild,
Without controul, o'er ev'ry passion
reign.

This flow'ry wreath, I hang around thy
urn,
Not deck'd with dew, but with the
gen'rous tear!
And till the vital lamp shall cease to burn,
Thy mem'ry sweet I ever shall revere.

Ye weeping Muses, vent the melting strain!
Ye rural swains, an annual tribute
bring:
Collect from ev'ry grove, and flow'ry plain,
The richest produce of the breathing
spring.

Soft zephyrs fair, your fragrant wings dis-
play,
Wait ev'ry sweet, from all the flow'rs
that bloom;
Ye fairy tribes, who sport in Cynthia's
ray,
Your airy circles lead, around this tomb.

And you, ye nymphs of Avon, crystal
stream,
With willows crown'd, your solemn
dirges sing,
Till that last morn emits the splendid
beam!
His Ariel wakes him with the tuneful
string.

THE FAIR INDIGNANT.

I.

O Damon, still you strive in vain
A fix'd resolve to move!
My heart, alas! may feel the pain,
But scorns the guilt of love.

II.

Is this, ye pow'rs, his boasted flame?
Is this his only end?
And can his love destroy the fame
His honour should defend?

III.

Perfidious too like all the rest,
Is faithless Damon grown?
And can he seek to wound a breast
That beats for him alone?

IV.

O for a thought so meanly base!
Th' ungrateful youth shall find
That heart that could admire his face,
Can hate him for his mind.

CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Vienna, Feb. 26.

IT would be greatly to the advantage of Europe, if the peace which we flatter ourselves is concluded between our Court and the Turks, could be the guarantee of the re-establishment of general tranquillity; but the Porte and Russia are too firm in their pretensions, which are diametrically opposite to each other, to leave us any room to expect it. The troops on both sides do not even allow themselves any repose during the winter, as, according to private accounts from Moldavia of the 25th of January, we learn that the Turkish garrison of Brailow, some days before sallied forth on a sudden upon the Russian light troops, which were posted near Galacz, and even on the fleet commanded by General Ribas. This sudden and unexpected attack cost the Russians above 200 Cossacks and soldiers of the light troops, and the fleet itself received some damage. General Soltikow was then at Burlath, where he had taken up his quarters for the winter; but he, on learning the attack and loss which his troops had suffered, immediately repaired to Galacz, and gave orders for a number of regiments which had entered into winter quarters to quit them again, and to others, which were on their march to enter into them, to halt; and two battalions of grenadiers had already entered into it, and had encamped under huts covered with earth. The light troops and volunteers which retreated a little way to suspend hostilities during the remainder of the season, have also advanced again. After having made these dispositions, General de Suwarow set off for Jassy, to confer in person with Prince Potemkin. The fleet of General Ribas, which was at anchor near Galacz, was on the 24th of Jan. reinforced by 30 vessels from Cherson, which had on board four battalions of Zaporozean Cossacks; so that it is now composed of 100 ships or vessels of different sizes, manned with about 12,000 men, most of whom are Cossacks from Zaporoz, bitter enemies to the Ottomans. The Turkish garrison of Galacz has also been reinforced on its part, and is already so numerous that to procure lodgings for them the Jews and Christians have been obliged to evacuate the place. But these different detachments, and those which have been sent to Brailow, have so weak-

ened the Grand Vizier's army, that in the month of January, he had not above 6000 men in his camp, at Schiumla. On the 22d of January a Pacha of Two Tails arrived at Ruschug, to take the command of the Turkish fleet, and impede, if possible, the progress of the Russians.

Stockholm, Feb. 27. A courier arrived here on the 22d from Petersburg. The Baron d'Ingellstrom, Ambassador from Russia, is expected here soon, and no doubt his presence will accelerate the fixing of the limits in Finland, relative to which nothing is yet determined; this, however, is not looked upon as the only negotiation with which that Minister will be charged, particularly as the activity observed in the warlike preparations seems to indicate that our Court has other views than an inactive neutrality. For some time past measures have been taken to put our forces, both by sea and land, in such a state as to be ready for action upon the shortest notice. Orders have been sent to Carlserona, to get six sail of the line ready for sea by the first of May, and other orders have been sent to the Colonels of all the regiments to be completely ready to march by the 15th of that month.

Rome, February 13. Messdames, aunts to his Majesty the King of France, are shortly expected to arrive in this capital, where it is imagined they will fix their residence.

We are assured that his Holiness has acquiesced in the demands of the King of Sardinia, relative to the nomination to the benefices in his Estates in Italy; and that on the return of the King of Naples, the difficulties which have arisen between that Court and our's will be accommodated.

Cagliostro, though guilty of a number of crimes in foreign countries, has not been found guilty of any in this capital. He will however, be banished from the Pope's territories.

Avignon, Feb. 2. We yesterday celebrated the federation proposed to all the commons of the country; most of them assisted on the occasion; Cavailton, l'Ille, Pernes, Vaison, le Thor, Chateau Neuf, d'Avignon, Bedarides, and Sorgues sent deputies, who represented above 81,000 citizens.

Marjilles, Feb. 16. By several Captains who arrived here from the coast of Tunis we learn, that on the night between the

the 31st of December and the 1st of January, a violent North East wind drove on the breakers of Tunis four French and two Spanish vessels, nearly all the crews of which, together with 1250 African passengers, who were on their return from a pilgrimage to Mecca, perished.

Geneva, Feb. 19. The publication issued by the Council on Tuesday last has restored peace and tranquility. To the prudence and firmness of its language we owe this quick change.

Petersburgh, Feb. 22. The approaching arrival of Prince Potemkin is confirmed. The Empress, it is said, meant to receive him in such a manner as to give great proofs of her approbation, and the high estimation in which she holds his services. They talk of a very rich dress which she has destined for him, with diamond buttons, epaulets, and buckles, to the value of two or three hundred thousand roubles; and her Majesty having purchased the palace of Stockhoof for 400,000 roubles, they are preparing it for the reception of Prince Potemkin, who is to take up his abode in that palace, which is furnishing and ornamenting with great care and magnificence.

A fresh convoy has been sent to Livonia, composed of a great number of waggons, carts, and sledges, laden with implements of war, especially pontoons, and every thing necessary to build a bridge of boats. They are also hard at work in forwarding a third transport of the same force, which will follow it immediately, and orders have been sent to the provinces adjoining Poland to send as soon as possible 5000 artillery horses, and 1500 conductors. The army of Livonia is reinforcing daily, so that neither the Prussian troops or those of Poland (should the Republic think proper to take part in the war) will find the Russian frontiers defenceless.

Prince Potemkin has successively detached from his army two regiments of cuirassiers, six of carbiniers, three of dragoons, four of grenadiers (each of which consists of 4075 men), 43 of fusiliers, and two of chasseurs, to reinforce the troops in the Government of Kiovia; White Russia; Pleskow, and of Livonia; but notwithstanding these detachments his army still amounts to 29,737 cavalry, and 109,033 infantry, in all to 138,840 men; independent of a corps of artillery, of bombardiers, and of engineers, together with Cossacks and other irregular troops.

Constantinople, Feb. 25. The Sultana Valide, mother to his Highness, having been summoned to the Council, has tried every effort to prevail upon her son to listen to an accommodation with Russia, but in

vain. At the breaking up of the Council, orders were sent throughout the Archipelago to raise 20,000 sailors, and for the equipment of 70 vessels, destined for the Black Sea, whilst another Squadron, reinforced by the vessels demanded of the Regencies of Algiers and Tunis, is to defend the Archipelago against the incursions of the Russian corsairs. Those who are accustomed to calculate the enormous expences of all these great enterprizes are astonished at this, and think it never will be put into execution.

The continual succession of bad news which daily arrives causes the greatest uneasiness both among the Ministry and among the public, from whom it is impossible to hide all the calamities which have followed the rapid successes of the Russian forces. However, Government are doing all in their power to protect the capital; and a corps of 60,000 men will be gathered together at Adrianople, which army is not to act upon the offensive, but the defensive. Messengers are also sent to Macedonia, Albania, Bosnia, and Rometia, to persuade all the Janissaries and Spahis to assemble as expeditiously as possible; but by all accounts there are few of them to be found, the Porte having lost during the present war, 120,000 of their best troops, besides what have died by sickness, so that it will be difficult for the governors of the provinces to get together 100,000 men.

Orders have been issued for all the public houses to be shut up, not only here, but throughout the empire, as the people, contrary to the precepts of the Great Prophet, are very much given to wine.

Letters from Syria inform us, that that the Pacha of Acra is endeavouring to render himself independent of the Porte, and wishes to assume the sovereignty of his own Government.

Avignon, March 10. The Commonalty of this city has declared M. Givio, Archbishop of Avignon, divested of his Bishoprick, for having refused to take the Civic Oath; M. Maliers is elected in his stead.

Copenhagen, March 19. Although our Court is fully determined to remain neuter, yet at a time when all the Powers of the North are arming, and the Baltic is menaced with a visit from foreign fleets, with a view to enforce the wishes of their Courts, the Danish Government has judged it necessary to take some precautions on its part, and has in consequence issued orders to arm a number of ships of war as soon as possible; they will not exceed the number of those which we had armed last summer, but will be sufficient to protect the neutrality of our ports. To equip this Squadron

Squadron 1600 men will be enrolled in the islands of Denmark, and in the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein; and the Admiralty has engaged to send an order into Norway to have 1500 Sailors ready for the King's service. We are in the mean time not a little concerned, that the Baltick is likely to be disturbed with foreign fleets, an event of which the present age scarcely affords us an example; and the effects of which, so injurious to trade in general, will fall on those nations whose flags reap the greatest profits by it.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, April 9.

ASMI Achmet Effendi, Envoy Extraordinary from the Ottoman Porte to the King of Prussia, made his formal entry into Berlin on the 16th. of February.

He was preceded by M. de Dietz, Privy Counsellor of Legetion, who had attended his Excellency, by order of the King, from the 5th of the same month, and by whom the ceremony of his reception was regulated. At Rummelsborough he was met by the Royal carriages, two chariots with eight horses each, in the first of which rode the Envoy, with Major Roder, who received him upon the frontiers, and in the second his Secretary, bearing the presents of the Grand Seigneur, and letters of credence.

Detachments of the military preceded and followed the carriages, and the streets were lined with guards.

On the 19th his Excellency had his first audience of Count Finckenstein, the eldest of the Cabinet Ministers; the next day he dined with Count Hertberg, the second Minister of State; and the day after he had an audience of the King.

The pomp of this Embassy does but feebly disguise the humiliation of Turkey; an Empire, whose power has hitherto, for the most part, secured them from the absurd indulgence of receiving Ambassadors and sending none; and which cannot now be supposed to deviate from this rule except from the humble reason of—*necessity*.

The National Assembly of France have passed a decree, forbidding the presumptive heir to leave the kingdom, without the consent of the legislature; or the capital, without the permission of the executive power.

The Turkish Musti has published a proclamation, whereby he invites all the

subjects of the extensive Ottoman Empire to serve their Prince against the Russians, with a fidelity equal to their courage. To some he promises an entrance into Paradise, provided they die in arms—to others is promised the rank of Nobility, and a certain portion of land, for the heads of ten Christians. Great expectations are formed of the energy with which the Turks will be inspired by these means.

On Thursday night died at his house in Upper Grosvenor street, Sir Archibald Campbell, K. B. Major-General in the army, and Colonel of the 74th regiment of foot. Sir Archibald was the sitting Representative in Parliament for the Royal Boroughs of Stirling, &c.

The appointment of a new Grand Visir has already had some effect in bringing recruits to the Turkish army, and will probably revive the courage of the old troops. The superstition of the Turks is well-known, and they could not think conquest possible, under a commander so long accustomed to defeat.

The late Grand Visir, before he could be put to death, discharged two pistols at the officers sent to execute him. A third then shot him through the breast, and his head was immediately cut off.

From twelve o'clock last night till six this morning, there was the hottest press ever known, in Hamoaze, Catwater, and Plymouth Pool.—Many good sailers were picked up, particularly from the colliers; the crew of one, in particular, had concealed themselves for a fortnight past, and slept on board last night, thinking the business of pressing was put a stop to. They were all carried on board the Cambridge.

Last night advertisements were published by the Agent Victualler for two separate contracts, each for 1000 quarters of amber malt, for the brewery at South Down.

Large quantities of corn were sent to the King's mills to be ground for baking biscuit for the fleet; and the bakers have orders to open six ovens to-morrow, and to bake as many suites of biscuit in a single day as can possibly be got done, each suite of biscuit weighing 118l.

Yesterday Major General O'Hara had the honour to kiss the King's hand at the Levee, on receiving the command of the 74th regiment of foot, vacated by the death of Sir Archibald Campbell.

On Tuesday, Government chartered two more large ships for Botany Bay, which are to be got ready as soon as possible; in consequence of which orders were yesterday sent from the Secretary of State's Office, to the keepers of the different goals in the kingdom, to send up all the prisoners to

Newgate

Newgate that they have under sentence of transportation.

Tuesday afternoon a battle was fought in the Hollow, Islington, between a soldier and a lawyer, for ten guineas. After a hard contest for upwards of an hour and a quarter, in which the former's eyes were so closed up, as to be obliged to be lanced for him to see his antagonist, victory declared in favour of the soldier.

The number of prisoners now in Newgate is 461; viz. 134 for trial, 23 capital convicts respited during his Majesty's pleasure, 41 transports, 62 under orders of imprisonment for certain stated periods, one for hard labour in improving the navigation of the River Thames, three bankrupts for not answering to the satisfaction of the commissioners, and 197 debtors.

Yesterday 77 prisoners were removed from the several gaols to Newgate, in order to take their trial at the ensuing Session at the Old-Bailey.

The King of Sweden, even in the ceremonies of a court festivity, seems desirous to perpetuate the memory of his naval achievements.

The twentieth anniversary of his accession to the throne was celebrated at Stockholm, on the thirteenth of February last, when all the military and naval officers, who were present at the battles of Fredericksham and Schiwenksund, were assembled in the palace, and, at the head of them, his Majesty proceeded to chapel, where a discourse upon the occasion was pronounced by the Bishop of Wexis.

After the sermon, the King descended from the throne, which had been erected in the church, and, placing himself before the Altar, addressed the whole body of officers in a speech of considerable length.

He then distributed to them successively a gold medallion of an oval form, on one side of which VICTORY is represented hovering over a galley; with a branch of laurel in each hand, and on the other appear the following words—*Vaisseaux ennemis, pris a Fredericksham le 15 Mai, et a Schiwenksund le 9 Juillet 1790.*

The subalterns are to wear this medallion, like a gorget, upon the breast; others are to suspend it by a gold chain from the neck; and they are all to be considered as members of an order thus founded.

The Court of France has notified to that of Copenhagen the adoption of a new national flag and streamer, and required that it may be acknowledged in all the ports of Denmark.

The Duke of Orleans's house in Park-lane is quite finished; his new carriage remains at Hatchett's, and his stud is still unfold. There is every appearance that

he means to return to England; but when his wishes will be gratified, must depend upon the mobility of Paris.

Madame La Peyrouse has desired to have a passage in the vessels now fitting out in France, to go in search of those commanded by her husband.

A Jew hung himself last week, because his admonitions to his son-in-law against eating oysters were not productive of the desired effect.

The Duke of Clarence has bespoke a set of Worcester china, which is to consist of five hundred pieces, at the price of eight hundred guineas. Though ordered by his Royal Highness, it is understood to be a present from his Majesty.

A Treasury warrant has just been signed for cutting 1000 loads of timber in the New Forest, for the use of his Majesty's Navy.

Several other warrants have also been just signed for selling large quantities of timber for the same purpose, in different Forests belonging to his Majesty.

During the retirement of the greatest part of the Russian army into winter quarters, General Suwarow the conqueror of Ismail, has drawn a large body of cosacks and infantry from the neighbourhood of that place towards Galacz, where they have been ordered to prepare for a march to Brahilow.

The corps of Gudowitch, reinforced by three Moldavian regiments, had taken measures for commencing the siege of this place about the latter end of February; and, upon the return of General Suwarow from the camp of Maximeny, it was supposed the fortress would be completely invested.

Brahilow is a place of considerable strength, and the garrison consists of twelve thousand men, sent thither expressly upon an expectation of an attack, and provided with all the necessaries for a vigorous defence.

From the character of General Suwarow, the contest, however, is not expected to be long.—The place will be attempted by storm; and its fate will be decided, for the present, by the number and personal valour of the troops, in some early conflict.

The Dutch force in the Texel amounts to twelve sail of the line, which will be prepared to put to sea as soon as the ice disappears.

The Archbishop of Dublin has lately received, for the renewal of only one leaf, the sum of twelve thousand guineas.

General Bowles, the Cherokee Chief, dined on Tuesday, at the Mansion House, where he called to thank the Lord Mayor for

for the civilities he had received from him. He yesterday embarked at Gravesend for his own country.

Mr. Pollock, one of the principal clerks in Lord Grenville's office, is the gentleman through whose hands all the bills for the expences of the Cherokee Chiefs in this country have passed. They amount to between two and three thousand pounds.

Notwithstanding all the various reports respecting the Downs Station, it is now certain, that Sir Richard King is to have the appointment, and to hoist his flag for the present on board the Marlborough, of 74 guns, until the St. George, of 98 guns, which was commissioned on Wednesday, can be got ready to receive his flag. Capt. Smith is appointed to the St. George, and Captain Nichols to the Formidable.

Admiral Faulkner is appointed to the Barfish, of 98 guns, now in commission at Spithead, and is expected to hoist his flag in a few days.

According to letters from Paris, the insurrection amongst the French West India Blacks is appeased; they promise fidelity to the Europeans, and renounce all pretensions inimical to the laws established with respect to them.

A few days since, as Mr. Percival, midshipman on board the Nemesis, lying at Milford, was going on board his ship, by some accident he fell out of the boat and was drowned. He was a young man of promising abilities. A branch of the Egmont family, and a son of Colonel Percival of the Marines.

In the arsenal at Peterburgh every sort of ammunition was preparing about the middle of last February, and 500 horses were kept in readiness for the conveyance of some immense supplies intended to be sent off in the end of the month.

The Society of Free-Masons is at present under the displeasure of the Emperor. He has imbibed the opinion, that many of the late political discontents were produced, or increased by them, and has written a letter, with his own hand, to the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, and the Apostolic Vicar of his armies, ordering them to transmit lists of the names of the Priests and Monks who are of this Society. All such will be obliged to surrender their public functions, or renounce their obligations as Free-Masons.

At a village within a few miles of Dublin, about the hour of twelve at night last Friday evening, two well dressed men came to the sexton's house adjoining thereto, and desired he would inter a corpse which they had in a coffin and carried thither in a hackney coach, al-

legging that they had taken this secret mode of proceeding to prevent the body being arrested for debts, without offering the sexton and his assistant some money to comply with their request. The money was accepted, but from the lateness of the hour he declined interring it till day light.—With some difficulty the two persons at length agreed to the declaration of the sexton, and then departed.—In the morning the sexton's curiosity prompted him to open the coffin, and dreadful to behold, there lay the body of a young man with his throat entirely cut across, his cloaths all on, which were of the best kind, with his watch and six guineas in his pockets.

It is not as yet discovered who the unfortunate person is, or what prompted the murder; every step is however taking to bring this horrid transaction to light.

In an account, which has been taken of the births and deaths in Austria, the following remarkable circumstance appears. In the village of Goteischen, which contains three hundred and fifty inhabitants, there has been no death for two years past, nor has any person been much indisposed.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, April 28.

A Melancholy accident occurred here on Thursday last.—As Deacon Henry Ferguson was sitting by the fire in a back parlour of his house alone, he was taken (as is supposed) with an apoplectic fit—fell into the flames, and being stunned by a blow received in the fall, lay there until he expired, without being able to call for assistance. The family were first apprized of his situation by a person who went into the room with a dish of victuals, and found it filled with smoke: the neighbours were instantly alarmed, and the body drawn from the fire as quick as possible, but without any signs of life remaining.

DIED.

- April 1.* Mr. William Marshal, aged 24 years.
 — 5. Mrs. Sarah M'Donough, aged 58.
 — 11. Mrs. Grace Read, aged 58, consort of Thomas Read, Esq; Master Attendant of his Majesty's Naval Yard.
 — 13. Edward Matthews, aged 30.