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THE

NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1791.

THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS.

(Continued from page 458.)

SUCH were the emotions which agitated me, when new hopes darted into my mind. 'Why,' cried I, 'should I go so far in search of that which Providence has brought within my reach? Yes, it is Providence which for me has conducted this French vessel into the port. These are the friends of Dumont. They adore the same God! Like him, without doubt, they demand virtues of the Supreme Being. They must possess pity. They do possess it. I will not doubt. I will recount my love and my misfortunes. They will be touched with them. There are people, friends of ours, on this coast; they will land me among these people. I shall again see Amelina. Yes, it is heaven which enlightens me. Heaven points out the hand which must save me.'

Suddenly my resolution was irrevocably taken: and my mind was entirely occupied in the means of executing it. The return of hope had nearly restored my usual gaiety: my guards perceived it, and congratulated me on the change. They were far from penetrating the cause. From that day I began to join in their dances and pleasures. They saw it with joy. They believed my chagrin had ceased, and I perceived that they were less watchful of me. In Europe so sudden a change had created suspicion; but not so among negroes. Happy enough never to have need of dissimulation, they judge of the sentiments of the soul by the exterior of the man.

I felt all the advantage I might draw from the conduct I now pursued: and I resolved to pursue it till the negroes who surrounded me should be lulled into perfect security. During the day, I laboured with them in Daniel's gardens. In the

evening I mingled my voice in their songs. At night, I affected, when I slept not, the profound sleep of a man exempt from all care. They thought me reconciled to slavery. Many of those, who till now had slept in my chamber, absented themselves to visit their families. In a short time, I saw myself almost as free as I should have been in my own country: and in truth, but for my fatal impatience, I approached that liberty so necessary to my being. But it was reserved for me, not to learn the happiness which awaited me, till I had bitterly expiated my destructive imprudence.

Time advanced. I resolved no longer to delay my departure; and I chose the approaching night for the execution of my project. All my guards were absent, except one, who remained more to amuse than to guard me. We supped together. Nothing had been refused me which could render my life pleasant; and the food, esteemed most delicate by us, was lavished on my table. The fondness of negroes for palm wine is known, and I had no difficulty in making my guard drink of it to excess. Soon the liquor plunged him into a heavy sleep. It might be midnight when I left the house. There was no moon, but the weather was mild: and the stars, much more luminous in our regions than in Europe, shed a sufficient light to enable me to distinguish objects. I easily scaled the enclosures of the gardens. I swiftly ran down the hill, and was soon on the shore of the sea.

I judged, as accurately as the obscurity of the night would permit, that the vessel lay at the distance of nearly a quarter of a league. I knew my own powers; the space gave me no uneasiness. I was about

to plunge into the waves. I know not what staid me. An involuntary dread seized upon me. I thought a voice cried, 'Whither dost thou go?' I listened. Silence reigned around me. I recognized that my imagination alone had been struck. I hastily accused myself of pusillanimity. I ascribed the species of terror, which had seized me, to the inquietude inseparable from a nocturnal flight, and the effervescence of my mind, agitated by a rapid course. Amelia then approached my imagination. 'What dost thou?' said she. 'A moment's delay may separate thee for ever from Amelia.' 'It is done! let us be gone.' I spring into the vast deep; my arms divide the mounting waves; and already is the shore far from me.

I was near an hour reaching the vessel; I had ill judged the distance. When I approached her, the centinel cried out, 'Who is there?' 'A friend,' I answered in French. The extraordinary circumstance of hearing me speak a language so unusual to these climates, the manner in which I came, the time I had chosen, excited the curiosity of the sailors who were on deck. They crowded to the side where I was: they threw a rope to me; I seized it, and mounted. I instantly saw myself surrounded by a number of marines, who conducted me to the officer on duty. 'Who are you? Whence do you come?' said he, with a coarse voice. 'A moment's patience!' I answered: 'let me recover my breath.' I was worn out. I sat me down. 'I would drink,' said I to him; I feel my heart sink.' He ordered some brandy to be given me. This strong liquor, which till then I had never tasted, quickly restored me. I arose, and they conducted me into the cabin. There was some light in it. If what I have said, concerning my person, be recollected, the astonishment will be expected, with which they considered me. 'By God,' cried the officer, with sufficient energy, 'this is the finest negro I have ever seen. The captain is happy. Fortune comes to him unsought.' I had no comprehension of the sense of his words: but I learned from them that he who spoke was not the commander of the ship. 'Where is the captain,' said I. 'My business is with him.' They had already informed him of what passed; and he soon appeared. I easily distinguished him by the air of respect which his presence inspired. His name was Urban.

This man has had too much concern in the events of my life, to suffer me to proceed without describing him. I beheld a man of about forty, rather meagre, but with limbs and muscles which announced strength. His complexion was swarthy;

his black hair encroached upon his forehead, across which a deep wound, from the stroke of a sabre, had left an indelible mark. Spreading eye brows shaded his small piercing eyes. His nose was prominent; his mouth large; his lips thin; and his teeth blackened with tobacco. He had a broad chest, and his shoulders stood uncommonly high: a certain harshness of muscles gave a serious air to his countenance, which approached severity. Yet the whole of his figure was rather good than otherwise; and even his physiognomy did not want grace when he yielded to gaiety; but was disgusting when animated by the passions which mastered his soul. I do not paint his character; his actions will excuse me.

'Let us be left without witness,' said I to him; 'what I have to communicate requires secrecy.' He made a sign to his people, and they withdrew. 'You see,' said I, 'an unfortunate being, who casts himself on your humanity. I have been educated by a Frenchman. If I have some virtues, it is to him, and to his God, whom he has made known to me, that I owe them. Instructed in the same principles as he, you must have a feeling heart. Behold my title to your compassion. While I explain the motives of my confidence, I do but recal to your mind virtues which must be dear to you.'

A rustling, which I heard in the corner of the room, interrupted me. 'Continue without fear,' said the captain. 'It is my son, and I have no secrets with him.' The light was so feeble, that I had not remarked a hammock in a corner of the cabin, in which the young man lay. It was you, my dear Ferdinand! the best of friends! Heaven had placed you there. You were sent to console me in the abyss, in which I was about to plunge myself.

On the observation of the captain, I continued. I spoke of my infancy; of my father's rank at the court of Siratik; of the adventures of Dumont, and the care which he had taken of my education. I painted to him the force of my passion for Amelia; our war; my captivity with Dâmel; my flight to the ship; and I finished by pointing out the services I expected from him. Scarcely could I finish, before he said, with such earnestness as expressed great inquietude. 'Are you certain that every person on shore is ignorant of your retreat?' 'I am certain of it,' answered I. 'There remains no trace even by which they can be led to suspect me.' 'So much the better,' replied he, with extreme delight; 'I should have been compelled to have returned you. This is an article of our treaty of commerce,

and God knows if I wish to lose you. Be composed; you could not have made a more fortunate application. We sail in two days: till then, avoid being seen by the negroes who come daily on board. No stranger dares to enter this cabin without my permission. Do not leave it; you shall want for nothing. I will see you often. My son is of your age, and he shall be your companion.'

He then opened the door of the department, and called his mate to him, 'You see this negro,' said he. 'Inform the sailors, that if any one of them thinks proper to speak of his being here, I will hang him on the main yard.' 'Very well, sir,' answered the mate; and he went to execute his orders.

The day began to appear. The captain called up his son, and sent him to order some breakfast. The young man returned with attendants, brought bread, ham, and wine. These, though new to my taste, were pleasing after such a night as I had passed: but nothing gave me so much pleasure as the sight of Ferdinand. Tall and finely formed, he possessed also an ingenuous countenance, which ever attaches the heart in the first instance. I could not resist it. I tendered my hand with that frankness of nature, which a commerce with civilized people had not corrupted. 'Sit down beside me,' said I to him. 'With that noble visage, you must have an elevated soul. I am your friend.' 'His friend!' said the father. 'You do not know him?' 'It is true,' answered I, 'my eyes have never seen him before; but my heart loves him. Do you recollect that he is a white man?' said the captain. 'How does colour concern virtue?' returned I. 'It is virtue I love, and not the colour.' Indeed I believe, said Ferdinand sighing, 'that all men are brethren, and that we should love them all.' 'Sdeath!' said the captain angrily, 'shall I never make any thing of you? Must I bring a philosopher into the world?' The eyes of Ferdinand sunk to the ground, and he made no reply. I was silent. The end of this discourse seemed an unknown language to me. The term of philosopher was totally new. Never had I heard it pronounced by Dumont. I have since discovered that, without speaking to me of philosophy, he had taught me what it was; and that the Europeans often pronounce the word, without knowing its purport. When we had finished breakfast, the captain caused a sailor to bring a hammock for me; and said, 'you need rest; lie down, I am going on shore.' He then said to his son; 'you will take care of his dinner; but do not leave this room. On

your life,' added he with a dark frown, 'suffer no one to see him.' He quitted us.

Blind as I was, I saw in this case, nothing but a concern for my welfare. I was even pleased with the bluntness of his manner. The vague promise he had given me, which I considered as leading infallibly to my wishes, the joy of seeing myself surrounded with the countrymen of Dumont, had spread a calm over my soul. 'Alas!' said I to Ferdinand, 'that you cannot proceed with me, to my country, when your father shall land me on the coast of our allies! What pleasure should I have to see the son of my deliverer folded in the arms of all my friends! How would my father, Dumont, Otourou, love you! and my Amelia! She has no brother. You shall be her brother. No, you shall be still nearer to her; you shall be the friend of her lover. Your father cannot quit his vessel; but you, Ferdinand, they can spare you with me. We will return you in another voyage; for I do not intend that you shall quit him for ever. I too well know the anguish of being separated from a father.' Ferdinand had taken my hand. He was silent, and his eyes were fixed upon mine. I thought I saw tears in them. 'My proposition afflicts you. Ah! I see how it is! you have also an Amelia, who expects you, and it is just that she be preferred to a stranger.' 'No,' said he, 'no, my dear—What is your name?' 'Itanoko.' 'Well, Itanoko; no, your gratitude does not afflict me. My grief has another cause. Do not ask me. I cannot answer you. But do believe, that I would shed my blood to be a witness of your return to your friends.' 'I do not demand your secrets,' replied I; 'I have done nothing for you; but you are entitled to mine; and you know them.' 'Alas! you owe me nothing,' said Ferdinand. 'It is not I who am your—your protector.' 'No, it is your father,' answered I; 'and is not that the same thing? With us the father and the children have but one will.' Ferdinand interrupted me. 'Come, take some repose, you have need of it. My duty calls me elsewhere.' He left me alone. I thought myself on the eve of happiness; and, full of this sweet idea, abandoned myself to sleep.

Horrible sleep! thou who didst conceal my butchers from my vengeance! Ah, why didst thou not change thy soothing poppies into the cold ice of death! Then should I have descended into the tomb, without suspecting the perfidy of men!

If I had strength to survive the horrors which attended my waking, if my soul could then withstand the torments that surrounded me, shall I yet find courage to

display the scene? Yes: I owe it to Humanity, which has vainly wept away two hundred years over the negroes, massacred by avarice; I owe it to Europe, which was never the accomplice of barbarities practised upon us in a corner of the world; I owe it to Philosophy, who has at all times contended with the passions to which we have been immolated, and whose victory may perhaps be forwarded by this recital of crimes, committed by her contemptible adversaries.

Alas! while they were heaping outrages upon me, the sweet error of a dream had conducted me to Amelia. I thought I held the hand of Urban. I presented him to my father, to Dumont, to all my friends, by the name of my deliverer. I saw them press him to their bosoms, inundated with tears. I found myself restored to love, to nature, to my country; reflected by him, and I called for blessings on his head. I awakened. O heavens! a frightful obscurity enclosed me. I attempted to rise. My arms and feet were benumbed with heavy chains. I cried with a faint voice, 'Where am I?' Some words, which I received through the confused murmuring of sighs, groans, and sobs, resounded with piercing shrieks, and the harsh sound of irons, taught me that I was in the midst of negroes. Soon I heard the terrible name of slavery spread throughout the black cavity of the vessel. 'Slavery! tory! who has made me a slave!' 'The money of thy butchers,' answered a voice. 'Their money! Never have I cost them any.' 'So much the better for thee. Thou shalt not be devoured by the insatiable pity of their avarice.' 'Oh, my father,' cried I; 'Oh, my Amelia!' 'Thou shalt never see them more,' replied the voice. 'Immense seas will separate thee from them. Fetters, wounds, incessant labour, death! These are what await thee!' I ceased to hear. I felt my limbs stiffen; my blood became torpid, and my senses forsook me.

I know not how long I remained insensible. They had placed me on the deck. Ferdinand and the surgeon stood beside me. I began to recover; but it was long before I distinguished any thing. The first object that struck me was the son of Urban. My feet were still in chains; but my hands were free: and Ferdinand held them between his, bathing them with his tears. I withdrew them with a sort of indignation. This action penetrated to his heart. He extended his arms towards heaven, and retired without speaking to me.

The assistance of the surgeon had restored such strength to me, that I could now consider what passed around me: and I fully saw the dreadful objects which the

obscurity of the hold had partly hidden from my sight. Some hundreds of negroes were spread upon the deck, all of whom had their feet in irons. Their hands were disengaged, because it was the hour in which their miserable nourishment was distributed to them. There, did I see grief express itself in all its varied forms. Some deluged the planks with their tears. Others fiercely demanded vengeance from heaven: and others, with motionless eyes, looked towards their native land, which they could no longer perceive. On one side, a husband sustained his fainting wife, whose weeping infant in vain sucked the breasts which were dried up with suffering. On another, a son, driven to raging madness, tore out his teeth with gnawing the chains which crushed his father's limbs. Around us were planted armed murderers, with smiles on their lips, and audacity on their fronts. Yet the vessel lightly bounded on the tranquil surface of the sea, and the heavens were without a cloud! Ah! it was mercy which withheld the thunder and the storm!

Nothing was wanting to complete this scene, but an instance of that dumb ferocity, that last courage of despair, of which man is capable, when his soul has become seised beneath the torments of injustice. A female negro gave us this example. She was pregnant; and the pains of labour seized her. By a gesture, she gave an intimation of it to our guards. They removed her from the crowd, and placed her on a sail in the after part of the vessel. Without uttering a single cry, without a moan, without shedding a tear, she delivered herself. Scarcely did she perceive her infant, when she seized it; gazed on it with a fierce eye; looked around her; saw herself little observed; crawled to the edge of the ship; gave her son the first and last kiss; and precipitated herself with him into the waves.

Then the alarms of disappointed avarice took the place of humanity. Urban swore, stormed, threatened the guards. They slackened sail. Some sailors threw themselves into the sea. Useless efforts! The irons of the poor negro woman had plunged her beyond their reach. They took up the infant; but it was dead.

I saw all this with a hardened indifference. A rapid passage, from the gentlest hope to the depth of wretchedness, had stupified my soul. My mind verged to imbecility. Many times during the day did Ferdinand approach me. As often did he speak to me. I heard him; I saw him; but without recollecting him. My heart was entirely shut up; and the senses no longer conveyed any intelligence to it.

When

When night came, they drove my unhappy companions into the hold. The precautions which they observed, fully proved the mistrust of these white people. They unchained but one negro at a time. They forced him to descend; and the sailors who were below, replaced his fetters on him. The situation alone of these poor people was sufficient to drive them to despair. Three feet in breadth was allotted to two negroes, and scarcely was there room left them in length to extend their bodies. In the course of the voyage, I have heard Urban boast of his cruel management and the richness of his cargo. Alas! without me—me, whom the barbarian had so unworthily treated; dearly had he paid for this knowledge, of which he made such insolent vaunts.

I expected to be compelled to descend with the others. I saw the infernal place shut up, and they did not think of me. Ferdinand came; he knelt to remove the chains which were on my feet, and availed himself of that position to speak to me, without being remarked. 'If you were in a situation to hear me,' said he, 'I would whisper hope to you. While I live, at least, you shall have a defender; but in the name of God, forbear to reproach my father; do not irritate him.' I answered not a word: I could not speak. If I had possessed that power, resentment alone would have furnished my expressions. But as no one was near us, he seized my irons, and threw them into the sea with such indignation, that this action, which did not escape me, instantly disarmed me. I took his hand, and pressed it to my heart. He understood my language, and answered it with sobs. At that instant, a bell sounded. He pressed me to rise. It was impossible. — He called a sailor to aid him. They sustained me in their arms, and conducted me to the fore part of the vessel, Ferdinand placed me on a bench; and prayers commenced; for it was prayers which this bell announced.

Dumont had rendered this act too familiar, to suffer me to be mistaken in the cause which assembled the crew. Urban himself read the prayers, and the sailors joined in the responses. — This sight effectually drew me from the species of lethargy into which I was plunged. My mind was roused. I felt it revolt at this scene. 'What!' cried I, 'the monster pray! Ah! what can he demand of that God, who knows all hearts?'

When prayers were finished, Ferdinand led me into the apartment where his father and the officers were placing themselves at table. I suffered myself to be conducted involuntarily. It seemed that

my will was extinct. I was an automaton to which we give motion, and which returns to rest the moment we cease to act upon it. Yet I did not endure less. A devouring heat consumed my entrails. My ideas were disordered. It was impossible for me to give any consistency to them. I perfectly felt, that a frightful misfortune had befallen me; but I could give no account of it—like a man tormented with a painful dream, who, though insensible, feels that his dream is the effect of sleep, and struggles against it, without being able to disengage himself.

'Well, how is it?' said Urban to me, as soon as he saw me. 'You are sorrowful; you have more reason to rejoice. You are not, like others, suffocated in the hold. Faith! but for Ferdinand, you should have enjoyed it at your leisure. I must ever be made the humble servant of his will. — Does he wish for any thing?' he weeps. 'Death! I would rather engage a hundred corsairs, than one weeping man. Come, come, eat and drink! cheer up! do not think of dying; that will never do for me. This cursed negro wench has robbed me already to day of an hundred pistoles, by drowning herself. Why, I do you a service by making you a traveller. You would never have been more than a useless negro in your own country. We shall make something of you, at least in America.'

I gave no answer to this discourse, but by a look of disdain. Ferdinand rose from the table, and offered me some food. I thanked him by an inclination of my head. It was impossible for me to eat. When the repast was concluded, the surgeon approached me. He felt my pulse, and declared to Urban, that a burning fever had seized me, and that prompt aid must be administered, if he would save my life. Immediately a bed was made up for me in the gun-room, and I was removed into it by the assistance of Ferdinand.

Urban became truly alarmed for my safety. In the moment, that he first saw me, he conceived the odious project which he had so cruelly executed. Yet, at first, he flattered himself he should have some days to prepare me for my fate, by an appearance of kindness; and he imagined that the evil, thus gradually introduced, would be less sensibly felt by me. My fine figure struck him; and whether he should keep me for his own service, or sell me to an American planter, or present me to some powerful lord, he proposed to make considerable advantage of me. When he quitted me on the morning following the fatal night, on which I fled to his ship, he went on shore, as he has said. He found

found the whole city informed of my flight: *Damel*, whose hopes were thus destroyed, obtaining no tidings from the people whom he had sent every where to seek me, had suspected the truth. He caused all the Captains of the ships which were in the road, to be assembled, and declared his design of examining their ships. *Urban* feigned submission as well as the others; but instantly formed his resolution. His cargo was complete. As he was on the point of sailing, all his people were on board. The future was of no consequence to him. Abounding with riches, this he designed to be his last voyage. He returned then to his vessel. The winds were favourable. He weighed anchor, set sail, and stretched out to sea. His abrupt departure had changed the suspicions of *Damel* into certainty. *Urban* saw a number of canoes pursue him: if, unfortunately for him, the wind had changed or slackened, the canoes would have reached him, the negroes would have made the search, and their violence to recover me from his hands, would not have been without danger, in a vessel filled with slaves, some of whom at least he must have relieved from their fetters, to reinforce his own crew. He saw the peril of his situation, and was thence led to confound me with the rest, hoping that the obscurity of the hold, and the multitude, would more effectually conceal me. My fatigue, the tranquillity which I had lost from the day of the battle, and which I had then recovered at least in a dream, had plunged me into such a profound sleep, that I had been sensible of nothing that had passed. I had slept near twenty-four hours. My swoon had speedily succeeded my sleep. The vessel had all this time made a rapid course. We were entirely out of sight not only of the canoes, but of the land. The apprehensions of *Urban* had ceased; and his son had no difficulty in obtaining the indulgencies which we have seen.

Notwithstanding the care of the surgeon, I was more than five days lingering between life and death. *Urban* neglected nothing to save me: and if he had been actuated by a nobler motive, I should have celebrated his attentions with gratitude. But it was his avarice, which made every effort to close that tomb, which his base perfidy had opened for *Itanoko*.

Yet it was to my dear *Ferdinand* that I owed my life. Without dread I saw death advance toward me; except that, when I thought of *Ferdinand*, his approach appeared terrible. His tears, much more than his discourse, vanquished the indifference, which I had for my health. The

condition, in which I sometimes saw him, penetrated me. At length I said to him, 'I see you wish me to live. Must I then be miserable to make you happy?' 'Ah live!' answered he, 'for my sake. Live, to give me time to convince you, that I have not been accessory to the wrongs which you have endured. Alas! I was far from such a suspicion. 'Do not think,' he would often say to me, 'that you will be for ever separated from your friends. Time perhaps may lead my father to relent. Loaden with the gifts of fortune, the passion, which at present blinds him, may be extinguished. But even if he should remain inflexible, you will, according to the order of nature, one day be delivered into my hands. In that moment you are free. Then, whatever it may cost me to be separated from you, I will re-conduct you to your country. Till then, I feel I can no ways compensate for the privation of a father, of a lover, of your friends. But at least you shall see me by your side; you shall hear me speak of them. I will answer you with my tears; and my tears will console you.' How could I resist such tenderness? 'You triumph, *Ferdinand*,' cried I, 'My death was the most terrible vengeance with which I could strike your father. But I renounce it.'

Till this time, they had been compelled to force medicines on me in the moments of my delirium, which I invariably refused, as recollection returned to me. Subdued by *Ferdinand*, I permitted art to aid nature: and the surgeon soon pronounced me out of danger.

The shock had been too violent, to suffer my convalescence to be entire. My soul was not healed. But my sickness had at least produced this effect, that by attacking the sources of my life, it had blunted the subtle points of my misfortunes. My violent transports were succeeded by a profound melancholy, that sought for every thing on which it could feed. The names of *Amelia*, of my father, at first tore open the folds of my heart: afterwards they poured in a delicious balm, which impregnated this heart with joy.

This melancholy continued my weakness. I was out of danger; but I gained no strength. *Ferdinand* perceived it. He did every thing to amuse me. But it was not in the power of soothing thoughts to draw me from this inert situation. Some violent convulsions were necessary, to drive my soul from that languor, to which it abandoned itself with complacence.

Ferdinand scarcely ever quitted me.—Notwithstanding the inconvenience of my

my apartment. Rather a volunteer on board, than an officer, he had little duty to perform. His father was not offended with an affection, which would have wounded his arrogance in any other circumstances; whatever promised my preservation, was sure to please him; and avarice exempted friendship from the approaches of pride.

One night, Ferdinand having left me to sup with his father, found me on his return much better. He solicited me to go the next day upon deck. 'Alas!' said I, 'you forget the spectacle which awaits me there. I must behold those unfortunate negroes. I shudder with the bare idea.'—'My dear Itauoko,' replied Ferdinand, 'this sight will soon present itself to you on shore. No where can you shun it. I fear the advice I give you is cruel; yet you must accustom your eyes to support this revolting object; since it will incessantly pursue you.' 'It is to counsel me to plant deep in my heart the hatred which I owe the Europeans.'—'Alas! I cannot blame you with respect to some; but if the hatred be general, it will be unjust. A very small number of those persecute you; the remainder pity you; and the wisest anticipate, by their wishes, the happy moment in which your chains will be destroyed.'—'I do not comprehend—If they be the weaker part who oppress us, why do not the stronger oppose this oppression, which to them seems odious?' 'Because the passions are yet stronger than wisdom. The love of gain alone animates your tyrants. By satisfying this vile passion, they procure enjoyments even for those who grieve for your fate; and they subtly paint to them the loss of those enjoyments as inevitable, when compassion shall take the lead. Such too often is man. He wishes to be virtuous; but the practice of virtue require sacrifices from him, his will sleeps, and virtue is forgotten. Add to this, that the eyes which weep over the miseries, have a decided interest in shading from all eyes the excess of them; and

that the commiseration of Europe for your sufferings does more honour to its humanity, because they suspect but the slightest part of them.'

'In truth,' continued Ferdinand, 'who are the witnesses of your afflictions? They are, first, the navigators who sail to your country to buy you. The less you cost, the more they gain. See the motive of the bad quality of that food which they give you. The inconvenience of your situation, in the ship, has its source in the desire of adding to the richness of the cargo; and the weight of your fetters arises from their fear. The next witnesses of your miseries are the planters, whose riches are estimated by the number of negroes which they possess. Hence the perpetual labour they impose on you, to indemnify them for the money which you cost them; hence, the right which they imagine they have acquired by that price, to dispose of your strength, your time, your liberty, and even your life. They draw their reasoning from a principle of natural law, that every one is at liberty to dispose of what he has acquired, at his pleasure; but they forget, that the consequence is falsely deduced; because agreeably to the same natural law, the liberty of man is an unalienable right, which can neither be bought nor sold. To these two descriptions of men, at once the authors and witnesses of your wrongs, may be added the European traders who exchange their merchandise for the productions which are raised by your labour. You will conceive, that an immense profit could alone engage them in such a commerce; and that it is their interest carefully to preserve the source of it. Judge if the truth be likely to pierce through such a medium to Europe. Perhaps Europe would not yet have been interested in your fate, if leisure, and a thirst for knowledge had not led into our islands some philosophic minds who saw and reported your wrongs.'

(To be continued.)

THE CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

On the internal STRUCTURE of the EARTH.

Sit mihi fas

Pondere res alia terræ & caligine mersas.

Vixit.

ON the surface of our globe, we have contemplated the Divine Power and Goodness, in innumerable instances, in which beauty and usefulness are equally

apparent. Let us now penetrate into its interior regions, and explore the wonders of creative power in its dark recesses.

The philosopher has extended his *ideal* researches

researches to the very centre of the earth ; but *actual* inquiries have proceeded, hitherto, but a very little depth below its surface ; and, even in these inquiries, the spirit of enterprize has been excited more by motives of avarice than of curiosity. The deepest mine, which is that of Cotteberg in Hungary, extends only to the depth of 3000 feet : but what a proportion does this bear to the depth of the globe, down to its centre, which is above 4000 miles ? Whatever, therefore, has been said of the earth, to a greater depth, is mere fiction or conjecture. We may suppose it with Buffon, to be a globe of glass ; with Whiston, a sphere of heated iron ; with Burnet, a great mass of waters ; and, with Kircher, one dreadful volcano ; but we must ever at the same time, confess, that these are suppositions, which can never be ascertained by any human being.

Upon examining the earth, where it has been opened to any depth, the first thing that occurs, is the different layers or beds of which it is composed. All these lie horizontally over each other, like leaves of a book, and each of them is composed of materials that increase in weight in proportion as they lie deeper. This is, in general, the disposition of the different materials, where the earth seems to have been unmolested ; but this order is frequently inverted, either from its original formation, or from accidental causes.

The first layer, most commonly found at the surface, is that light coat of blackish mould, which is called, by some, garden earth. With this the earth is universally invested, unless it be washed away by rains, or removed by some other external violence. This seems to have been formed from animal and vegetable bodies decaying, and thus turning into its substance. It serves also as a storehouse, whence the animal and vegetable natures are renewed ; and thus are all the vital blessings continued in unceasing circulation. This earth, however, is not to be supposed entirely pure, but is mixed with much stony and gravelly matter, from the layers that lie immediately beneath it. It generally happens, that the soil is fertile, in proportion to the quantity which this purified mould bears to the grayelly mixture ; and as the former predominates, so far is the vegetation upon it more luxuriant. It is this external covering that supplies man with all the true riches which he enjoys. He may bring up gold or precious stones from greater depths ; but they are merely the toys of a capricious being, upon which he has placed an imaginary value, and for which he often exchanges the more substantial blessings of life. It is the

earth, says Pliny, ' which like a kind mother, receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born. It is this alone, of all the elements around us that is never found an enemy to man. The body of waters may deluge him with rains, oppress him with hail, and drown him with inundations. The air rushes in storms, prepares the tempest, or lights up the volcano ; but the earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty ; returns with interest every good committed to her care ; and, if she produce the poison, she supplies also the antidote. Though constantly teased, more to supply the wants of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and, when life is over, piously covers his remains in her bosom.'

This external and prolific layer is in a state of continual change. Vegetables, which are naturally fixed and rooted to the same place, receive their adventitious nourishment from the surrounding air and water : animals, which remove from place to place, are supported by these, or by each other. Both, however, having enjoyed, for a time, a life adapted to their nature, return to the earth these spoils which they had borrowed for a very short space, yet still to be quickened again into existence. But the deposits they make are of very dissimilar kinds, and the earth is differently enriched by their continuance. Those countries that have, for a long time, supported men and other animals, have been observed to become more barren every day ; while, on the contrary, those desolate places, in which vegetables only are abundantly produced, are known to be possessed of amazing fertility. ' In regions which are uninhabited,' says Buffon, ' where the forests are not cut down, and animals do not feed upon the plants, the bed of vegetable earth is constantly increasing. In all woods, and even in those often cut, there is a layer of earth of six or eight inches thick, formed by leaves, branches, and bark, that fall and rot upon the ground. I have frequently observed on a Roman way, which crosses Burgundy, for a long extent, that there is a bed of black earth, of more than a foot thick, gathered over the stony pavement, on which several trees, of a very considerable size, are supported. This I have found to be nothing but the earth, formed by the decayed leaves and branches, which have been converted by time into a black soil. Now, as vegetables draw much more of their nourishment from the air and water than they do from the earth, it must follow, that, in rotting upon

upon the ground, they give much more to the soil than they have taken from it. Hence, therefore, in woods kept a long time without cutting, the soil below increases to a considerable depth; and such we actually find in those American wilds where the forests have been undisturbed for ages. But it is otherwise where men and other animals have long subsisted; for, as they make a considerable consumption of wood and plants, both for firing and other uses, they take more, from the earth than they return to it. It follows, therefore, that the bed of vegetable earth, in an inhabited country, must be always diminishing, and must, at length, resemble the soil of Arabia Petraea, and other Oriental countries, which, having been long inhabited, are now become plains of salt and sand; the fixed salt always remaining, while the other volatile parts have flown away.

If, from this external surface we descend deeper, and view the earth cut perpendicularly downward, either in the banks of great rivers, or steepy sea shores; or, going still deeper, if we observe it in quarries or mines, we shall find its layers regularly disposed in their proper order.— We must not expect, however, to find them of the same kind or thickness in every place, as they differ in different soils and situations. Sometimes, marble is seen to be over sand, and, sometimes, under it. The most common disposition is, that under the first earth is found gravel or sand, then clay or marle, then chalk or coal, marbles, ores, sands, gravels; and thus an alternation of those substances, each growing more dense as it sinks deeper.— The clay, for instance, found at the depth of one hundred feet, is commonly more heavy than that found near the surface.

Of these beds over beds it is still remarkable, that each of them, as far as it extends, maintains exactly the same thickness. It is found, also, that, as we proceed to considerable depths, every layer grows thicker. They are sometimes very extensive, being often found to cover a space of many leagues in circumference.— But it must not be supposed, that they are uniformly continued over the whole globe, without interruption; on the contrary, they are at ever, at small intervals, cracked through as it were, by perpendicular fissures; the earth resembling, in this respect, the muddy bottom of a pond, whence the water has been dried off by the sun, and thus gaping in several chinks, which descend in a direction perpendicular to its surface. These fissures are many times found empty, but are often closed up by the adventitious sub-

stances, which the rain or some other accidental cause, have conveyed to their cavities. Their openings are not less different than their contents, some being not above half an inch wide, some a foot, and some several yards asunder; which last form those dreadful chasms that are to be found in the Alps, at the edge of which the traveller stands, dreading to look down to the immeasurable gulf below. These amazing clefts are well known to such as have passed those mountains, where a chasm frequently appears several hundred feet deep, and as many over, at the edge of which the way lies. It often happens also, that the road leads along the bottom, and then the spectator observes, on each side, frightful precipices several hundred yards above him; the sides of which correspond so exactly with each other, that they seem evidently torn asunder.

But the chasm in the Alps are nothing to what are to be seen in the Andes in America. These amazing mountains, in comparison of which the former are but little hills, have their fissures in proportion to their greatness. In some places, they are a mile wide, and deep in proportion; and there are some others, that running under ground, resemble in extent, a province.

Of this kind also is the cavern called Elden Hole in Derbyshire; which Dr. Plott tells us, was founded by a line of 2800 feet, without finding the bottom, or meeting with water; and yet the mouth of it is not above forty yards over. This immeasurable chasm runs perpendicularly downward; and the sides of it seem totally so plainly, as to show that they were once united. Those who visit the chasm generally procure stones to be thrown into its mouth;—and these are heard for several minutes, falling and striking against its sides, producing a sound like distant thunder, dying away as the stone falls deeper.

There are many more of these dreadful perpendicular fissures in different parts of the earth, with accounts of which Kircher, Gassarellus, and others, who have given histories of the wonders of the subterranean world, abundantly supply us. The generality of readers, however, will consider them with less astonishment, when they are informed of their being common all over the earth; that in every field, in every quarry, these perpendicular fissures are to be found; either still gaping, or filled with matter that has accidentally closed their interstices. The inattentive spectator neglects the enquiry; but their being common is partly the cause that excites the philosopher's attention to them. The irregularities of Nature he is often content

content to pass over unexamined; but when a constant and common appearance is presented, every return of the object is a fresh call to his curiosity, and the chink in the next quarry becomes as great a matter of wonder as the chasm in Elder Hole. Philosophers, therefore, have long endeavoured to find out the cause of these perpendicular fissures, which our own countrymen Woodward, and Ray, were the first that observed were so common and universal. Buffon supposes them to be cracks made by the sun, in drying up the earth, immediately after its emerging from the deep. The heat of the sun is very probably a principal cause; but it is not right to ascribe to one cause only, what we find may be the result of many causes. Earthquakes, severe frosts, bursting waters, and storms tearing up the roots of trees, have produced them in our times; and to this variety of causes we must, at present, be content to ascribe those which have happened at remote periods, before we could have the opportunity of making any observation upon them.

But in surveying the subterranean wonders of the globe, besides those fissures that descend perpendicularly, we frequently find others that descend but a little way, and then spread themselves often to a great extent below the surface. Many of these caverns, it must be confessed, may be the production of human art and industry; retreats made to protect the oppressed, or shelter the robber. Such, for instance, are the famous labyrinths of Candia; the stone quarry of Maastricht; the salt mines in Poland; some of the catacombs in Egypt and Italy; and a great number of artificial caverns in Spain, that were made to serve as retreats to the Christians against the fury of the Moors. But the greatest numbers of caverns have been fashioned by the hand of Nature only. Indeed, there is scarce a country in the world without its natural caverns; and, every day, many new ones are discovered. Of those in England, Oakley-hole in Somersetshire, the Devil's-hole in Derbyshire, and Penpark-hole in Gloucestershire, have been often described. The former lies on the south side of Mendin-hills, about a mile from the city of Wells. To conceive a just idea of this,

we must imagine a precipice of more than one hundred yards high, on the side of a mountain, which shelves away a mile above it. In this is an opening not very large, into which we enter, going along upon a rocky uneven pavement, sometimes descending. The roof of it as we advance, grows higher, and in some places, is fifty feet from the floor. In some places, however, it is so low, that a man must stoop to pass. It extends, in length about two hundred yards; and from every part of the roof, and the floor, there are formed sparry concretions of various figures, that by strong imaginations have been likened to men, lions, and organs.— At the farthest part of this cavern rises a stream of water, well stored with fish, large enough to turn a mill, and discharging itself at the entrance. But of all the subterranean caverns now known, the most remarkable is The Grotto of Antiparos, discovered in the island of that name, about a hundred years ago, by Magni, an Italian traveller. The descriptions of this, by Kircher, Tournesort, and the Count de Choiseul Gouffier, are too long to be inserted, but are highly deserving the attention of the inquisitive traveller, who visits these subterranean scenes for amusement only, and the more minute observation of the philosopher, ardent to pursue Nature to her most secret recesses.

It is here natural to enquire how these amazing hollows of the earth came to be formed. It seems evident to a philosopher who would attend to the account of Oakley-hole, and to the descriptions that have been given of the other caverns I have mentioned, that their excavation has been occasioned by streams of water; which finding subterranean passages, and by degrees hollowing the beds in which they flowed, the ground above them has slipped down closer to their surface, leaving the upper layers of the earth or stone still suspended; the ground that sunk upon the face of the waters forming the floor of the cavern; the ground, or rock, that kept suspended, forming the roof.— Indeed, there are but few of these caverns found without water, either within them, or near enough to point out their formation.

HISTORICAL REMARKS on the DIGNITY of EMPEROR; with a short ACCOUNT of LEOPOLD II, the present EMPEROR of GERMANY.

THE word Emperor (in Latin *Imperator*) signified, among the ancient Romans, the general of an army, who, for

some extraordinary success, had been complimented with this appellation. Thus Augustus, having obtained no less than twenty-

twenty famous victories, was as often saluted with the title of emperor; and Titus was denominated emperor by his army, after the reduction of Jerusalem.

It came, afterward, to denominate an absolute monarch, or a supreme commander of an empire. In this sense, Julius Cæsar was called emperor; the title descended with the dignity to Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula; and, afterward, it became elective.

In strictness, the title of emperor cannot add any thing to the rights of sovereignty: its effect is only to give precedence and pre-eminence above other sovereigns; and, as such, it raises those invested it with to the summit of human greatness.

The emperors pretend, however, that the imperial dignity is more eminent than the regal; but the foundation of such prerogative does not appear. It is certain, that the greatest, most ancient, and absolute monarchs, as those of Babylon, Persia, Assyria, Egypt, Macedonia, &c. were called by the name of kings, in all languages, both ancient and modern.

It is disputed, whether emperors have the power of conferring the regal title. It is true, they have sometimes taken upon them to erect kingdoms; and thus it is that Bohemia and Poland are said to have been raised to the dignity; thus, also, the Emperor Charles the Bald, in the year 877, gave Provence to Boson, putting the diadem on his head, and decreeing him to be called King. The Emperor Leopold I. moreover, erected the ducal Prussia into a kingdom, in favour of the Elector of Brandenburg; and though several of the Kings of Europe refused, for some time, to acknowledge him in that capacity, yet, at last, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1712, they all acquiesced in it.

In the east, the title and quality of Emperor are more frequent than they are among us; thus, the sovereign Princes of China, Japan, Hindostan, Persia, &c. are all Emperors of China, Japan, &c.

In the year 1723, the Czar of Muscovy assumed the title of *Emperor of all the Russias*, and procured himself to be recognized as such by most of the princes and states of Europe.

The Western Roman empire, which had terminated in the year 475, in the person of Augustulus, the last Roman Emperor, and which was succeeded by the reign of the Huns, the Ostrogoths, and the Lombards, was revived by Charlemagne, King of France, on Christmas day, in the year

800. This Prince being then at Rome, Pope Leo III crowned him Emperor in St. Peter's church, amid the acclamations of the clergy and the people. Nicephorus, who was at that time Emperor of the East, consented to this coronation. After the death of Charlemagne, and of Louis le Debonnaire, his son and successor, the empire was divided between the four sons of the latter. Lothario the first, was Emperor; Pépin was King of Aquitaine; Louis, King of Germany; and Charles le Chauve (the Bald) King of France. This partition was the source of incessant feuds. The French kept the empire under eight Emperors, till the year 912, when Louis III, the last prince of the line of Charlemagne, died without issue male. Conrad, Count of Franconia, the son-in-law of Louis, was then elected Emperor. Thus, the empire went to the Germans, and became elective; for it had been hereditary under the French Emperors; its founders. The Emperor was chosen by the Princes, the Lords, and the deputies of cities, till toward the end of the thirteenth century, when the number of the electors was fixed. Rodolphus, Count of Hapsbourg, was elected Emperor in the year 1273. He is the head of the illustrious house of Austria, which is descended from the same stock as the house of Lorraine, reunited to it in the person of Francis, father of the present Emperor. Charles VI, who died in 1740, was the last Emperor of the house of Austria. He was succeeded by the Elector of Bavaria, Charles VII. It was this unfortunate Prince, whom Dr. Johnson, in his 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' mentions as one of the many examples of splendid misery.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,

From Persia's tyrant* to Bavaria's lord.

* * * * *

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power;

With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;

Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,

The Queen, † the beauty, sets the world in arms;

From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hopes of plunder and of praise;

The fierce Croatian and the wild Hugar,
With

* Xerxes.

† Maria Theresa, daughter of Charles VI.

With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war:

The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom

Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

On the death of Charles VII, in 1745, Francis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the house of Lorraine, was elected Emperor. He died in 1765, and was succeeded by his son Joseph II. the late Emperor.—The greatness of the house of Austria; one of the most powerful in the world, has been augmented, to an uncommon degree, by the splendour of its alliances. Leopold the second, the present Emperor, is not only chief of the empire, but sovereign of Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, the Low Countries, &c. His second son is Grand Duke of Tuscany; and his sisters are the Queens of France and Naples, and the Duchesses of Parma.

The imperial prerogatives were formerly much more extensive than they are at present. At the close of the Saxon race, in the year 1024, they exercised the right of conferring all the ecclesiastical benefices in Germany; of receiving the revenues of them during a vacancy; of succeeding to the effects of intestate ecclesiastics; of confirming or annulling the elections of the popes; of assembling councils, and of appointing them to decide concerning the affairs of the church; of conferring the title of king on their vassals; of granting vacant fiefs; of receiving the revenues of the empire; of governing Italy as its proper sovereigns; of erecting free cities and establishing fairs in them; of assembling the diets of the empire, and fixing the time of their duration; of coining money, and conferring the same privilege on the states of the empire; and of administering both high and low justice within the territories of the different states; but, in the year 1437, they were reduced to the right of conferring all dignities and titles, except the privilege of being a state of the empire; of *præces primariæ*, or of appointing once during their reign a dignitary in each chapter or religious house; of granting dispensations with respect to the age of majority; of erecting cities, and conferring the privilege of coining money; of calling the meetings of the diet, and presiding in them.

To this some have added, 1. That all the princes and states of Germany are obliged to do them homage, and swear fidelity to them. 2. That they, or their generals, have a right to command the

forces of all the princes of the empire, when united together. 3. That they receive a kind of tribute from all the princes and states of the empire, for carrying on a war which concerns the whole empire, which is called the *Roman month*.—But, after all, there is not a foot of land, or territory, annexed to this title: for, ever since the reign of Charles IV, the Emperors have depended entirely on their hereditary dominions as the only source of their subsistence.

The Kings of France, also, were anciently called Emperors, at the time when they reigned with their sons, whom they associated to the crown. Thus, Hugh Capet, having associated his son Robert, took the title of Emperor; and Robert that of King. King Robert is also called Emperor of the French, by Helgau of Fleury. Louis le Gros, upon associating his son, did the same. The Kings of England had likewise anciently the title of Emperors, as appears from a charter of King Edgar; and the crown of England has been long ago declared in parliament to be an imperial crown.

The present head of the German empire is Leopold II, who was born on the fifth of May 1747, being the second son of the Emperor Francis II, and of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, the celebrated daughter of the Emperor Charles VI. He succeeded the Emperor, his father, as Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1765, and was married, the next year, to Maria Louisa, daughter of Philip V, King of Spain. On the 20th of February, 1790, on the death of his brother, the late Emperor Joseph II, he succeeded to the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria, and relinquished the Grand Duchy of Tuscany to Ferdinand, his second son. On the 30th of September, he was elected King of the Romans: he made his public entry into Frankfort on the 4th of October; was crowned Emperor on the 9th of that month, and King of Hungary, at Presbourg, on the 15th of November. He has a numerous family. His eldest son, the Archduke Francis, is hereditary Prince of Hungary and Bohemia, and was married, August 14, 1790, to Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of his Sicilian Majesty. The Emperor has two sisters and one brother unmarried. His other sisters are Maria Amelia, married in 1769, to Ferdinand, duke of Parma, by whom she had a son and three daughters; Maria Caroline, married in 1768, to Ferdinand IV, king of the Two Sicilies, by whom she has seven children living; Maria Antonietta, born Nov. 2 1755, married April 19, 1770, to Lewis dauphin of France,

now Lewis XVI, king of the French; who was born August 23, 1754, and by whom she has a princess, born December 9, 1778, and the present dauphin, born March 27, 1785; the wife of the uncle of the present elector of Saxony; and a brother, Ferdinand, born in 1754, and married in 1771, to Maria Beatrix, daughter and heiress of the duke of Modena, by whom he has two sons and two daughters.

There is a striking resemblance of each other in all the branches of the Austrian family. The Emperor Leopold has, in a remarkable degree, the thick lip, which has long been a distinguishing feature in that family. He is a handsome man; is rapid in his words and motions; and has more vivacity in his manner than either the late Emperor, or his brother, the archduke, who resides at Milan. Like them, he is good humoured, condescending and affable. The Empress when grand duchess of Tuscany, was of a very domestic turn, and lived in the country with her children.

M. Dupaty, in his Letters on Italy, has given an exalted character of Leopold, with some judicious reflections on his civil and criminal regulations. The edict, which contained these, was translated from the Italian, by the direction of the late excellent Mr. Howard, and printed to be given among his friends.—But how benevo-

lent and humane soever were the intentions of this prince, he is treated by Mr. Merry, in his 'Laurel of Liberty,' as a consummate despot.—Since his accession, however, to the hereditary dominions of his ancestors, and to the Imperial dignity, it may be difficult, perhaps, to find any circumstance very censurable in his conduct. At the commencement of his reign, he found himself involved with a diminished army, and an exhausted treasury, in an unsuccessful war against the Ottoman empire; and his subjects in the Low Countries, who had entirely thrown off their allegiance to the late Emperor, his brother, refused, with great pertinacity, to acknowledge him for their sovereign. The readiness with which he consented that the objects in dispute between him and the Turks should be put into a train of final pacification, did not seem to bespeak a savage delight in war; and when he had reduced his Belgic subjects by force of arms, not one vindictive measure sullied the lustre of conquest. Neither confiscations, proscriptions, nor executions, were heard of. His clemency, on the contrary, would have done honour to a Titus; and the readiness with which he agreed to restore the violated constitution to its former state under Maria Theresa, bespoke the good man, the good prince, in a word—the Father of his People.

A DESCRIPTION of the CITY of LARNIC, in the ISLAND of CYPRUS; with an ACCOUNT of the CUSTOMS and MANNERS of the INHABITANTS.

[From Travels through Cyprus, Syria, and Palestine, by the Abbe Mariti.]

MOST travellers have described Larnic only as a pretty considerable town; but if we observe that it is the storhouse of the commerce of the island and that it holds the second rank in the kingdom, though dependant on the governor of Nicosia, it will be allowed that I am sufficiently justified in styling it a city. Besides, it is also the seat of a Greek bishop, and the place where the European consuls have fixed their residence.

However this may be, Larnic is the most agreeable place in the island; for I know nothing more interesting than a commercial city. I experience a secret pleasure on seeing a vast concourse of citizens and foreigners labouring in concert for the happiness of mankind, and making of any metropolis a magazine for the whole world. In my eyes, the exchange is a vast assembly, where all nations have their represen-

tatives. Factors in the commercial world are what ambassadors are in the political: they negotiate affairs; sign treaties; and keep up an useful correspondence between rich societies of men divided by seas, and living at the two extremities of the earth. I have often contemplated, with a pleasing emotion, an inhabitant of Japan discussing his interest with a citizen of London; or a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a contract with a Russian. I was fond of being among these numerous agents of commerce, distinguished by their dress, their manners, and their language; and all searching for the same point by different routes. Here I beheld a body of Armenians; there an assembly of Jews; and a little farther a group of Dutchmen. I became in succession a Dane, a Swede, and a Frenchman; or rather I was a citizen of the world.

The city of Larnic, distant from the town of Salines about half a league, is situated to the north of the ancient Citium, and even occupies a part of the ground on which it once stood.

The origin of it is not precisely known. I am however of opinion that it may be attributed to the proximity of the sea, and the materials found in the ruins of Citium.

When the island was taken by the Turks, in 1770, Larnic was even then a place of importance, as we are assured by Lusignan, whose account is as follows:

* At the distance of half a league from the sea, is a large commercial village, or rather town. It is governed by a noble Venetian, who is changed every two years; but the republic has resolved to render it free, and to give it a more striking appearance.

This writer does not mention its name: it indeed has no fixed denomination; and every traveller has given it one, which differs from the real only in the termination.

This city forms a semicircle, the extremities of which look toward the south; and it is near a league in circumference. All its buildings are modern, and it contains no monument of remote antiquity. The mosque was formerly a Latin church. It is a narrow edifice, built in the Gothic style: the front is composed of six marble columns; four pilasters support the roof, and divide it into three naves; but it exhibits nothing else remarkable.

A minaret has been erected on the ruins of the steeple; and it is from this kind of tower that the people are called to prayers. On one side of it stands a garden, which serves as a burial ground for the most distinguished Turks who die in the city.

Every mosque has an iman, or priest, who is obliged to go thither at the hours set apart for prayer. The imans are empowered to read the Koran, and to instruct the people.

Were we to judge of their discourses from ours, we should form a very false idea of them. The Mussulman eloquence admits nothing of the common-place kind. Less diffuse, and less ornamented than the European oratory, every foreign idea and every useless expression, are carefully banished from it. A Turkish sermon is a continued series of maxims and sentences. The minister never attempts to prove dogmas which nobody doubts; nor does he ever address himself to the audience as if to unbelievers. Morality is the basis of their discourses, which contain regulations for one's conduct in every kind of misfortune to which men may be exposed. The person of the orator is as simple as his discourse; and the proficacy of his conduct

never destroys the beauty of his morality. A young voluptuary is never seen here declaiming against effeminacy and pleasure; an opulent dignitary preaching up the contempt of riches, or an elegant beau satirizing vice and luxury. The ridiculous contrasts, so common, and yet so little taken notice of, in Europe, would highly offend these people, who are very fond of simplicity: they would believe that one ridiculed both them and their religion; and the latter is an object upon which a good Mussulman will never suffer raillery. I beheld also with pleasure, in their numerous auditories, a mixture and confusion of all ranks and conditions. The Turks have not yet introduced into their mosques those humiliating distinctions which disgrace our European churches. Places are not regulated by interest and grandeur; they are disposed of at chance directs: and the lower classes, more religious and more fervent, often occupy the first; and are not, as in Europe, ignominiously driven back to the door. I have no objection to such distinctions being observed in our theatres and academies: the manners of the world prevail there, and the entrance to them is opened only by gold: but that they should exist in our temples, and that Christians should tolerate them, is an insult to the principles of their divine legislator, who paid every attention to the indigent and the needy. Considering this point even in a political view, I will not hesitate to propose the abolition of the odious distinctions, as the best means of bringing back the people to our deserted churches, and of attaching them to the duties of Christianity: they will then frequent places which restore them to their primitive equality; and cherish a religion which preserves to them, in an efficacious manner, the natural rights of mankind.

The muezzins are subaltern ministers, whose business is to call the people to prayers from the tops of the minarets: the reader perhaps will not be displeased to learn the manner in which they discharge this office.

When they have got to the top of the tower, they begin to call out toward the south, then toward the east and the north, and end with the west. Their cry is a kind of loud howling, which they send forth with all their might, shutting at the same time their ears with their fingers. This call, in the Arabic language, is made by invoking the name of God and that of Mahomet.

The Turks ought to pray five times every day; at the dawn of the morning, at noon, at three in the afternoon, at sun-set, and at midnight. On Friday, which is their

their day of repose, they repeat a sixth prayer, an hour before the setting of the sun.

People engaged in business do not attend to their devotions so often: they are satisfied with repeating a short prayer at the commencement and conclusion of the day.

Before they begin, they wash their feet, hands, and other parts of their bodies, with the most scrupulous attention. They then bend themselves as a token of adoration; kneel down on a carpet, a mat, or the corner of their garment; and, turning toward the south, pray with wonderful fervour, for the space of half an hour. I observed that Mecca, the country of their prophet, and from which, according to their idea, salvation was dispensed to them, is situated toward the south; and for this reason they pray with their faces turned to that quarter. The religion of the Turks is undoubtedly dishonoured by a multitude of superstitious practices. But one cannot help approving certain customs, which are the result of a sublime and affecting sentiment; such, for example is that of considering every place where they pray, were it even in the open fields, as sacred: the grass which they tread on, the air that they breathe, and the shade under which they repose, all appear to them to be consecrated by this momentaneous commerce with the Eternal. It is a temple which the pious Mussulman never after beholds but with respect, and which he never approaches but with religious emotion.

The mosque which I have described is the only Turkish place of worship in Larnic. At the entrance of it there is a column of granite that formerly had a lion upon it, which is the arms of the republic of Venice.

The Greeks have here three churches, in which the same number of priests, called *cosmicos irens*, perform divine service. That of St. John is a kind of cathedral. As the destruction of Citti prevented the bishop from residing there any longer, the prelate transferred hither his court and his chapter. The people assemble in these churches three hours before day; for all their religious ceremonies must be finished before sunrise.

The church of St. Mary, belonging to the fathers of the Holy Land, is divided into three naves: and the two collateral ones are kept shut; because, in the east, the women are absolutely separated from the men. The Latins follow the same custom, out of respect for the Orientals. The Emperor Leopold made a present to this church of a very fine organ. The parish belonging to it is that of all the European nations. In the refectory of the

convent, there are two excellent paintings, representing the washing of our Saviour's feet, and the marriage at Cana. The library is exceedingly elegant; and the gardens and orchards which surround it, render this solitude a most delightful habitation. It contains only about half a dozen of monks; but this number is sometimes increased by the addition of thirty or forty strangers.

I must not omit to mention, for the benefit of travellers, that the capuchins of the province of Flanders have an hospital, or house of entertainment, here. Strangers are admitted to their table, on paying twenty or twenty-five paras a day; but the place is dirty, and far from being agreeable.

Every Greek and Latin church is surrounded by walls. The entrance is through a gate about three feet and a half in height; which is made so low, in order to prevent the Turks from introducing horses and other animals into the inclosure. The case is the same throughout all Syria; but this mode, at Cyprus, is adopted only by the Greeks. The Latin churches have lofty porticos, and are respected by the Turks.

Public edifices, such as churches, convents, hospitals, and mosques, are all constructed of stone. Every other building is formed of bricks, which are composed of a mixture of chopped straw and moist earth, dried in the sun. They are exactly shaped like those of Italy, but larger in their dimensions. The cement used is nothing but some of the same clayey earth, with the addition of a little fresh straw. Such, in general, is the construction of all the houses of the kingdom, except in a few villages where stones are very common.

In the city of Larnic, or rather in the whole kingdom of Cyprus, there are people belonging to six European nations: French, English, Tuscans, Neopolitans, Venetians, and Ragusans. Each have their respective consul, except the Tuscans: these are under the protection of the English consul, who is honoured even with the title of Vice-consul of Tuscany. There are here also Imperialists, Danes, Swiss, Dutch, and Genoese. But as all these have long ceased to carry on commerce by themselves, they entrust their commissions to correspondents, whom they have among the other nations established in this island.

In the neighbourhood of the city there is a multitude of cisterns, covered with a viscous kind of cement, impenetrable to oil, which were formerly, as is said, vast reservoirs for containing that liquid. This cement is a mixture of marine salt, lime, and boiling oil. If this be true, the plains

of Cyprus must formerly have been covered with olive trees.

The dervises, as well as the fantons and the abdales, are a kind of Turkish monks. Their dress consists of a robe of coarse woollen stuff, of different colours, which leaves the breast uncovered; over this they have a cloak of the same, but much finer, and of a white colour; and on their heads a cap of white felt, in shape resembling a sugar-loaf. The lower part of it rises up, and is folded back in the form of a turban. They have no linen; but this does not prevent them from being extremely neat and clean. Their external appearance is very decent; and they behave with great politeness and affability. These agreeable qualities are, however, effaced by an infamous taste, to which they abandon themselves without the least reserve: their hypocritical mildness tends only to debauch youth, and enables them to gratify a passion which is contrary to nature.

One Mola Sonchiar is said to have been that founder. They occupy different convents, and perform service in several mosques. They preach twice a week; and both the men and women who are their auditors mix together, which is never the case in other places of religious worship; but the community of the dervises is separated from the rest of the believers by a balustrade. The orator opens his discourse by a passage from the Koran, and thunders forth against vices which he himself is not at a great trouble to avoid. When the sermon is ended, they all sing a hymn, accompanied with the sound of various pipes. The superior afterwards commences a dance, in which all the rest join, and which they execute in the following manner:—They first walk slowly round the mosque, one after the other; but by and by they accelerate their steps; and turn their bodies round with so much precipitation, that the eye can scarcely follow them. When the ball is over, these pious mountebanks kneel down, and remain for some time in that posture with every external appearance of the most fervid devotion. The superior then rises up, the dervises follow his example, and having renewed their whirling round, continue the same farce for an hour and a half longer.

Some ill-informed travellers have con-

founded the fantons with the dervises; but they differ from each other both in their way of life, and in their manner of praying. The fantons, whose founder was Haxret Meulana, dress, it is true, like the dervise; but they are far from being so neat and clean. Their whole exterior appearance displays the utmost misery; and I have seen some of them who were almost completely naked: their features are disgusting; they are of a slovenly disposition; and their behaviour is clownish and uncivil. Such beings are really a disgrace to human nature. They begin their religious ceremonies, which consist in whirling round in a ridiculous manner, and in making violent contortions, at three in the morning. These ceremonies are accompanied by cries which degenerate into frightful bellowing. They beat a kind of cymbal, or rather drum; calling out, with all their might, *Allahu*, which signifies the great god. At length they drop down on the pavement, half dead with fatigue; their mouths become covered with foam; and the stupid Mahomedans then believe that these foams are conversing with God and their prophet. When they recover from this crisis, these monkish imposters eat with the women and young people. There is no excess to which these wretches will not abandon themselves.

The country around Larnic is not the most agreeable in the island, for the soil is extremely dry. The sun falls almost perpendicularly on these parched fields; and while the fatigued traveller breathes a scorching air, he in vain searches for some grove, the shade of which may afford him a shelter, and recruit his exhausted strength. There are no trees in this place but the mulberry, and a few palms scattered here and there on the plains. A great many causes concur to render the neighbourhood of this city barren; there is no water, and the ground abounds in flints and stones. It however produces a good deal of barley; and if the fields are dry, the orchards in return are rich and fruitful; they are remarkably pleasant, and are watered by small canals formed in the earth. The gardens are equally beautiful and abound with all kinds of flowers, the citron and the orange tree thrive in them wonderfully.

On the unsuspected FORCE of the PASSIONS: Exemplified in the History of COURCY and LOUISA.

PERHAPS a principal cause why moral writers have done so little toward

correcting the vices of the age, is—That they have too generally mistaken the sources

sources of action, and ascribed to the human heart a greater degree of depravity than a thorough knowledge of its internal operations will be found to justify.

There is frequently mixed with an enthusiastic admiration of virtue, a degree of asperity, which condemns with too much violence what more gentle methods might perhaps correct, and, by such means, defeats its own purpose of prevention and improvement. Indeed, were mankind half so depraved as, by some surly moralists, they have been represented, to endeavour by exhortation to amend them, would be idle and absurd; since they must be too insensible to feel, and too abandoned to hear.

The fact, I believe is—That even those which, in the eyes of mankind, assume the blackest appearance, often arise, not so much from *vicious principles*, as from the unsuspected force of the passions; which, in the unguarded moment, precipitate us into those unpremeditated gratifications, that leave the generous mind to repentance and to sorrow, and drive the more volatile to dissipated practices, in order to silence the grating voice of reflection.

Were this circumstance properly attended to, the instructor of youth would be better taught to observe the first deviations from virtue, and be enabled, by a conduct at once tender and judicious, to restore them again to the virtuous paths they might otherwise have utterly forsaken. On the contrary, when every youthful error is ascribed to vicious principles, and premeditated treachery, what effect can rationally be expected to ensue?

The inexperienced youth reads, with honest indignation, the progress of vice; his soul sympathizes with all the feelings of injured virtue, and glows with correspondent ardour while the moralist pours forth his execrations against the unprincipled villainy that wounds the tender soul of innocence, or goads, with the thorn of ingratitude, the feeling bosom of benevolence. Perhaps he examines his own heart; and finding it entirely free from that systematical and unprincipled selfishness he has thus been warned against, he exults in the security of generous sentiments, and enjoys in imagination the virtuous triumphs of a soul, formed by partial nature of purer elements, and calculated to tread with undeviating rectitude the paths of benevolence and honour.

Full of the beauteous vision, he enters on the grand theatre of life, and proceeds to action with unsuspecting ardour. But, alas! the heart of man is deceitful to itself above all things; not indeed with respect

to the principles he entertains; but with respect to the theoretical power of these principles over the temptations of passion in the hour of practical trial. Prepared by his books to abhor what (except in the bosoms of the most hardened monsters) has in reality no existence, and little acquainted with the real sources of danger, he advances with careless confidence to the goal, while the unsuspected *passions* are conspiring his destruction, and preparing to plunge him into that abyss of vice, at the bare mention of which his calmer reason would have started, like one who saw a serpent in his way.

It is of no small importance therefore, to investigate the real sources of action, and, displaying the weakness of human resolution, enforce the necessity of guarding the heart against the encroachments of youthful passion. Less to deliberate treachery, than to the cool malevolence of treacherous design, we may often attribute those frequent deviations from chastity which have filled the bosoms of individuals with anguish and remorse, and scattered through society the destructive seeds of profligacy and vice.

The bell that now tolls for the departure of the once gay and generous Courcy, brings all these reflections, so frequently indulged, with tenfold force upon my mind.

Courcy was one of those to whom the blessings of fortune seemed to be given, to instruct the world how wealth ought to be distributed and enjoyed; and on whom the most captivating graces of person and accomplishment appeared to be bestowed, to shew that they do not *necessarily* lead to vanity or depraved inconsistency. The prayers of those whom he had rescued from despair followed him as, with discriminating generosity, he explored the retreats of indigence and sorrow; and in the gayer circles of affluence and fashion, every nymph was proud of his attentions, and every youth deemed himself honoured by his friendship.

His generous heart entertained the keenest abhorrence for that selfish and unfeeling depravity which he considered as the source of vicious action; yet his warmth and impetuosity hurried him into almost as many irregularities as marked the conduct of the generality of his acquaintance; and though his mind revolted at the ungenerous idea of seduction, more than one female had in the moment of passion yielded her innocence a sacrifice to that keen sensibility of beauty which particularly distinguished his character.

But though no deliberate design had led

the way to these transgressions of the laws of virtue; and though, from a review of the circumstances, a candid tribunal might have acquitted him of the crime of deliberate seduction, he could not escape the severe reproaches of his own conscience, nor reflect without horror on what might be the possible consequences of his loose indulgence. He did not neglect, therefore, to make all the atonement in his power, by making such provision for the unfortunate partners of his amours as might secure them from the temptation of any farther departure from the paths of virtue; and he reconciled himself, at length, to the purity of his principles, by reflecting that his guilt was to be attributed to the levity of the females whose blandishments had invited his freedoms.

This was, indeed, in a considerable degree, the case; and let me not pass by so fair an opportunity of giving a hint to those females, who while they intend nothing more than to display the power of their charms by what they deem a little *innocent* coquetry, often become the victims of the passion they inspire; or who stimulated by ambition to attempt the conquest of those hearts whose attachments might advance them to a higher sphere of life, not unfrequently promote their own destruction, and tempt a seducer while they sought to ensure a lover.

But, to return; Courcy, in the mean time, was the most scrupulous of mankind in matters of serious attachment; and would have scorned, alike, to contrive the ruin of a female he loved or to assume the slightest appearance of an affection he did not feel.

Such were the sentiments of his mind when chance brought him acquainted with a lovely female, whose fortune was far inferior to his own, but whose beautiful person, and still more amiable mind, more than counterbalanced this inequality.

Louisa possessed a soul as warm and as amiable as his own, was equally alive to the vibrations of sensibility, and equally solicitous to relieve the distresses of others, although her sex and her circumstances confined her exertions to a narrow sphere. Where such a sympathy of character facilitated the impression, we cannot wonder that the disinterestedness of Courcy, the shining accomplishments of his mind and person, and the graces of his winning eloquence, soon completed his victory over her susceptible heart.

But still there was an obstacle that prevented their union. This charming girl was an orphan, and left by the will of her parents in the care of a selfish aunt,

to whose children Louisa's little fortune was to devolve, in case she died unmarried; and as the consent of this sordid guardian was necessary to her union, the prudent lady had resolved not to let such a reversion be lost to her own family.

The interviews of the lovers were therefore conducted by stealth; and Courcy, being totally unknown to the aunt, who kept a genteel lodging house at the west end of the town, took an apartment under the same roof with his lovely mistress, that he might have the more frequent opportunities of enjoying her company. But the ardour of his affection soon grew impatient of delay, and he prevailed on Louisa to consent to an elopement to that happy country, where Hymen, enthroned by the side of Liberty, sits on the barren rocks, inviting his votaries to escape from the tyranny of unfeeling guardians, and unite in his holy bonds.

The time was agreed upon; the appointed time was approaching; and the chaise was to be at the door at three in the morning. Courcy had tarried out unusually late, to prepare all things for their flight; so that when he came home, he found no person up in the house, but his own servant, whom he immediately sent to bed; and then, after indulging some time in a train of thought natural to the situation of affairs, he took his candle with an intention of retiring to his own chamber. But, lost in one of those reveries, not uncommon to a luxuriant fancy—especially when under the impression of expected felicity, he went up a pair of stairs too much, without in fact, knowing what he was about; and when he awakened from his trance, found his hand upon the lock of Louisa's door.

He started: a sudden tremour ran through his frame; his pulse beat high; and his heart was agitated.

"Happy door!" said he to himself, "thrice happy door! that enfoldest all that is charming and amiable in this world!—Dear, happy door!—But not long shalt thou enjoy thy enviable felicity. Ere long the same hinges that close on my Louisa, shall shut me also in thrice happy privacy."

"O! come, thrice happy hour of bliss and silence;—but Silence shall yield to the murmurs of delight; and the whispers of transports shall faintly interrupt her tranquil reign."

"Louisa! oh Louisa!—A few nights hence—Heaven's 'tis an age."

"Charming Louisa! Perhaps she is thinking of the happy season with the same eager delight: only that her delicate mind is disturbed by a thousand nameless fears,

fears, which the roughness of our sex precludes.

'Perhaps, even now, the reflection has melted her virgin heart to yielding softness; and should I now—'

'Villain!'—after a pause, said he in a half whisper: and dares this heart, which has so often exulted in the purity of its passion, entertain a thought so ungenerous?

'Let me fly the dear, tempting recess, ere yet impetuous passion overturn the poor remains of prudence and honour.'

He withdrew his hand from the handle of the lock; but he had already shot back the bolt, and the door was no sooner liberated from its hold, than it flew open, and he beheld his Louisa, who not retired to her couch, starting from her seat amazed, and dropping the book she had been reading from her hand.

So abrupt and unexpected an intrusion, so long before the appointed hour, alarmed her apprehensions; and when, unable to resist such a temptation, he rushed forward to seize her trembling hand, and entreat her pardon for his mistake, her confusion increased, and her bosom was pierced by the most painful suspicions. She dreaded that he, in whom she had reposed the most unbounded confidence, had formed a selfish design against her honour; she suspected that the projected elopement was a mere snare to lull her into a fatal security, and render her the more easy prey to his ungenerous artifices.

Full of this idea, she was preparing to reproach him with all the spirit of insulted virtue. But the surprise and confusion evident in his countenance, soon induced her to suspect that her conclusions were too hastily drawn. And when, falling on his knees, he entreated her pardon for his premature visit, and protested, in solemn whispers, that she owed his unseasonable intrusion to mistake, she listened with generous pleasure to his excuses.

Certain, however, it is, that Courcy, having intruded by accident, had not resolution enough to withdraw. His desires had been inflamed by the foregoing struggle; and though reason had triumphed, it was weakened by it.

In this situation, the charms of his lovely mistress, heightened by confusion, excited desires too powerful for resistance. He apologized for his intrusion; he protested it was unintentional: but still he tarried; and though he knelt at her feet and entreated her pardon, the ardour of his looks, his words, his actions, justly alarmed the delicacy of Louisa, and gave her no little offence.

He endeavoured to quiet her fears, by

the tenderest vows of lasting and inviolable affection; and the suspicions of her mind began to be lost in the tenderness of her heart. Indeed there is no knowing how the scene might have terminated, had not the aunt, whose apartment joined that of Louisa, and who happened to be awake, heard the unusual buzz of the voices of the lovers, and entered the room at the minute I am describing.

I need not attempt to paint the scene of confusion that ensued: the embarrassment of Louisa, the shame and vexation of Courcy, or the rage and indignation of the aunt. Suffice it to say, that the intended elopement was prevented; and that Louisa, who had experienced the weakness of her own heart, and had so much reason to suspect the integrity of Courcy's, readily consented to be sent the next morning into a distant part of the country, from whence no intelligence of her retreat was ever permitted to reach the ears of her unhappy lover.

The jealous aunt (to whom it is natural to suppose Louisa would be induced to lay open the real circumstances of her intercourse with Courcy, as the only means of vindicating her innocence from more cruel suspicions) neglected, I dare say, no arguments that might confirm her unfavourable conjectures of my unfortunate friend's designs; and though I doubt not that Courcy, could he have obtained an interview, had interest enough in the heart of his mistress to have won her belief of his innocence, and to have procured his pardon; yet it cannot be wondered that, from the suspicious appearances of the adventure, her delicate and amiable mind should think it hardly justifiable to take any measures to afford him the wished-for opportunity.

Poor Courcy, stung to the soul at his disappointment, and distracted to find all his efforts to discover the retreat of his Louisa abortive, soon bade farewell to that alluring gaiety which used to render him the delight of every circle. Languishing without hope of pardon, and despairing of ever being able to vindicate himself in the eyes of one, whose opinion was to him dearer than all the world could bestow; he has at length yielded his valuable life a victim to that sorrow which has been incessantly preying upon his mind; leaving, in the circumstances that furnish materials of the foregoing narrative, this lesson to the moralist: 'That it is more useful to warn us against the encroachments of passion, than to reprobate mankind for principles of depravity, which are not universal.'

Let those of either sex, who wish to avoid

avoid the pangs of severe reflection, which must inevitably follow the improper indulgence of their desires, be sure that they do not trust themselves too far; but be ever guarded, ever vigilant against *the foe within*.

A good heart, and rectitude of intention are not, of themselves, at all times, sufficient guards against the allurements of vice. Caution and distrust of our strength are equally—perhaps, still more essential. Prudence is weak when opposed to de-

sire; and reason flies, like the gossamer before the storm, when the gusts of passion are let loose to assail the feeling soul.

For my own part, I am thoroughly convinced, that where one female has been drawn from the paths of chastity and honour, either through the indelicacy of her own heart, or the designing machinations of our sex, ten have fallen victims of thoughtless freedoms, and undesigned familiarities.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF COURAGE IN VARIOUS SITUATIONS OF LIFE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extravagant enthusiasm with which courage has been admired, especially among the ancients, with whom the word *virtus*, which we translate virtue, signified little more than the thirst of martial glory; I am inclined to think, that it has never yet received its due estimate among mankind, or been valued as it really deserves. It has been praised and exalted for its frenzy, and abuses, while the eye of admiration, dazzled by the false glare of its gilded deformities, has overlooked its real perfections, and been blind to its most valuable qualities. It has been extolled for degrading human nature below the brute creation, and hailed with popular admiration for disturbing the tranquility of mankind; while its tendency to exalt the real virtues, and secure the peace and happiness of the individuals who enjoy it, has been too generally overlooked.

To rectify this fatal mistake, or at least to vindicate the neglected excellencies of this noble attribute of the philosophic mind, is the principal object of this little essay, and I trust the goodness of the intention, will be admitted as an excuse for its defects.

It will easily be perceived from my introduction of the subject, that I do not mean to confine the term to the mere influence of that disposition of mind, which enables a man, without terror, or remorse, to rush forward to the perpetration of the most desperate acts of ferocious inhumanity: the courage I speak of is equally as necessary for the student in his retirement, and the tradesman in the bustle of the mercantile world, as for the sailor in the midst of the ocean; and (whatever fashionable affectation may have insinuated to the contrary) would appear as graceful in the blooming form of youthful beauty, at a

ball, or in a party of pleasure upon the Thames, as in the patriot hero stemming the tide of encroaching tyranny in the senate, or vindicating the sacred liberties of his country, and the inestimable blessings of a free constitution, in the dreadful field of slaughter.

The courage I mean—and I know no other quality worthy of so dignified a title, consists in the calm possession of our judgment in the various situations in which accident, or the common course of events may place us; in apprehending no peril where it does not really exist (when duty will permit us to avoid it) without trepidation, and by such expedients as are most consistent with the dignity of our nature, and most conducive to the end desired.

This is a kind of courage without which no pleasure can be enjoyed with tranquillity, no happiness can ever be permanent, no benevolence can to any considerable degree be efficacious, nor any virtue whatever be secure. There is no situation of life; scarce any occurrence of the busy, the domestic, or the pleasurable day; in which it is not necessary, and in which they who have it not, have not cause to lament the defect. It is an insurance on the advantages and enjoyments we possess; it enables us to extricate ourselves from those embarrassments, into which the coward does but plunge himself deeper and deeper when he attempts to fly; it gives a real independence to its possessor, which wealth cannot bestow; and is a screen of protection to the pleasures that heaven has allotted us, but which every breath of wind would have the power of blighting, if once it were removed.

Where is the reader who cannot call to mind some instances of persons, in the circle of his own acquaintance, whose prosperity

prosperity and happiness have been continually blasted by the unfortunate weakness of their minds in this particular? To say nothing of the hysterics among females (whose weakness in this particular, though generally attributed to nature, arises purely from the folly of their education) — to say nothing of these faintings and hysterics, produced by the simple appearance of spiders, and toads, the most innocent with regard to mankind, of all the reptile race, and not to mention the fevers occasioned by a momentary continuance in the dark, and the accidents resulting from the silly terrors occasioned by the rippling of the stream, and the overfetting, by the agitations of these silly terrors, so many vessels on which sit the dreaded agitation could have had no effect; who does not recollect instances, among the more courageous sex, of persons, prevented by groundless apprehensions from embracing the fairest prospects of honour and success, or deprived of the enjoyments of tranquility, in the very bosom of plenty, by the coward phantoms of improbable disasters? It is, perhaps, to this dastardly quality, as much as to the selfish desire of monopolizing wealth, that we are to attribute the formation of that unnatural and detested character a miser; a being, whose cowardly imagination no degree of affluence can secure from the horrid phantoms of captivity and famine. It is certainly to this weakness, that many characters of a more amiable description owe almost all the unhappiness of their lives; and I myself know a worthy manufacturer, in this metropolis, whose liberal soul, circumstances and blameless life, might secure him from the puncture of almost every anxiety but for this unhappy defect of courage; but whom, on this account, every temporary decay of trade, and every prospect of such decay, can deprive of cheerfulness, of appetite, and repose, of all enjoyment of the reflection that he is already so far out of the reach of fortune, as to have wherewithal, without the assistance of business, to support his family in plenty and respectability.

As for the courage that is merely personal, every one must have observed, in this world of accidents, and unforeseen disasters, how much the happiness of every individual daily depends upon it: nor is fortitude, whether mental or corporeal, of less importance in the more social concerns of public and domestic conduct.

As experience informs that it is a quality that imparts its zest and security to pleasure, so will reflection convince us, that it is this also which gives nerve and firmness to every effective virtue. What a

soul panting for the vigorous exertions of the chace, or burning for fame in the athletic field, would have been, if clogged by the languor of a feeble and emaciated body; such is a mind alive to all that is amiable and virtuous, but deprived of fortitude, and consequently of resolution.

Affection may be eager to rescue a beloved name from the malicious persecutions of calumny, or to preserve a valued family from the oppressions of power, and the villainous intrigue of opulent avarice; and benevolence may pant to snatch incautious virtue from the precipice of danger, or rescue it from the assaults of violence and injustice; but if courage is wanting to stem the torrent of prejudice, and defy the persecutions of malice in the former instances; and to encounter the perils, and endure the difficulties which may oppose in the latter; in vain did the God of Nature warm the coward bosom with these generous sensations; and those wishes which, carried into execution, had purchased self-approbation and renown, expiring in idle contemplation, sink into oblivion, and leave nothing but a painful retrospect behind.

In short; there is not a pursuit of genius, of honour, of utility, which is not liable to perpetual impediment and frustration; not a virtue, or a generous project, which must not frequently be checked, and defeated, if unsupported by courage. How vicious, then, in this point of view, and how ridiculous, in every other, is that misguided affection, that pretended prudence, with which parents endeavour to encrease the timidity, and multiply the fears already but too incident to human nature.

Real prudence and genuine courage, (though springing, perhaps, in some instances, from very different sources) can never, in fact, stand in opposition to each other: but it is readily acknowledged that sneaking caution and giddy rashness are exceedingly different, though proceeding from the same base parent, Ignorance.

Prudence has been called the barrier of Virtue: indeed it may justly be considered as a very valuable fortress; but courage is the martial power which not only garrisons the defensive towers, but which, alone can disperse the invaders, support the influence, and extend the dominions both of virtue and happiness.

I should not have extended my reflections on this subject so far, if I had entertained no farther design than that of displaying mere speculative ingenuity. But as I am convinced that courage, if early attended to, is an attainable quality, these observations are submitted to the reader,

to show the importance of cultivating it.

Nor let those who, hypothetically, ascribe every disposition of human nature, to constitution and original formation, sneer at the assertion of the possibility of cultivating courage; I have myself had experience of the practicability of this culture, and that too in an individual of the sex least suspected of a capacity for this excellence: for having for some years the superintendance of a young lady's education, whose timidity was so great, as to keep her in a continued state of alarm, and even to prevent her approaching within some yards of a piece of water, that flowed by the side of my garden, I was convinced how absolutely necessary it was for her future happiness that this disposition should be subdued. I therefore tried every power of reason and endearment, and sometimes of

verbal severity, whenever any occasion presented, to remove and conquer her fears; nor were my efforts unsuccessful; as she not only got rid of that peculiar excess of fear, which was supposed to have been natural to her, but also attained (to the no small advantage of her intellects and her health) a degree of courage which, though not at all inconsistent with the real delicacy of the sex, the affestation of some of our fine ladies would have called unfeminine.

But as one of the noblest sources of true courage is conscious integrity, I cannot conclude this essay better, than with Horace's admirable description of the man of principle.

Justum, ac tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.

Remarkable VICISSITUDES in the LIFE of the EMPRESS EUDOCIA, WIFE of the EMPEROR THEODOSIUS the YOUNGER.

THE history of a fair and virtuous maiden, exalted from a private condition to the Imperial throne, might be deemed an incredible romance, if such a romance had not been verified in the marriage of Theodosius the Younger, Emperor of the East, in the fifth century.—Athenais a lady celebrated in the history of that age, was educated by her father Leontius, an Athenian philosopher, in the religion and sciences of the Greeks; and so exalted was the opinion which this philosopher entertained of his contemporaries (an opinion far different from the prudential maxims of modern times) that he divided his patrimony between his two sons, bequeathing to his daughter a small legacy of a hundred pieces of gold; 'I give to my beloved daughter,' said he, in his last will and testament, 'only one hundred pieces of money; because her beauty, and literary acquisitions, in which she excels the whole sex, will be a sufficient portion for her.'—In vain did the beautiful and eloquent Athenais implore her brothers not to insist upon this inequitable disposition of her father's property: in vain did she represent, that having never failed, in a single instance, in her duty to him, and the most affectionate regard to them, she did not deserve an odious distinction, which amounted, in a manner, to dishonour; her brothers were inexorable; and their avarice and injustice soon compelled the destitute

Athenais to seek an asylum at the Imperial capital at Constantinople; and with some hopes, either of justice or of favour, to throw herself at the feet of Pulcheria, the Emperor's sister, who governed at her pleasure this virtuous, but weak and indolent prince. The sagacious Pulcheria listened to her eloquent complaint, and secretly desired the daughter of the philosopher Leontius for the future wife of the Emperor of the East, who had now attained the twentieth year of his age. She easily excited the curiosity of her brother, by an interesting picture of the charms of Athenais; large eyes, a well proportioned nose, a fair complexion, golden locks, a slender person, a graceful demeanour, an understanding improved by study, and a virtue tried by distress. Theodosius, concealed behind a curtain in the apartment of his sister, was permitted to behold the Athenian virgin; the modest youth immediately declared his pure and honourable love; and the Imperial nuptials were celebrated amid the acclamations of the capital and the provinces. 'The writer of a romance,' says Mr. Gibbon, 'would not have imagined, that Athenais was near twenty eight years old when she inflamed the heart of the young Emperor.' The new Empress, who was easily persuaded to renounce Paganism, received at her baptism the Christian name of Eudocia; but the cautious Pulcheria withheld the title of Augusta, till the wife of Theodosius

fius had added to the felicity of her comfort by the birth of a daughter.

The brothers of Eudocia obeyed, with some anxiety, the Imperial summons to attend her at Constantinople, but as her new religion had taught her to forgive their fortunate inhumanity, she indulged the generous triumph, if not the tenderness, of a sister, by promoting them to the high rank of consuls and prefects. In the luxury of a palace, she still cultivated those ingenious arts, which had contributed to her elevation, and wisely devoted her talents to the honour of religion and of her husband. Eudocia composed a poetical paraphrase of the first eight books of the Old Testament, and of the prophecies of Daniel and Zachariah; a cento of the verses of Homer, applied to the life and miracles of Jesus Christ; the legend of St. Cyprian; and a panegyric on the Persian victories of Theodosius: and her writings which were applauded by a servile and superstitious age, have not been disdained, in a more enlightened period, by the candour of impartial criticism. But with respect to the Homeric Cento, which Du Change thinks to be all that is extant of her works, it is an insipid performance, which, in the opinion of the critics in general, has been unjustly imputed to her, being utterly unworthy of her illustrious talents: for Eudocia had improved the most extraordinary natural abilities by all the literary treasures of Greece and Rome. She was a perfect mistress of the philosophy of the times; of logic, and of elocution. She attained to a more perfect knowledge of astronomy, geometry, and the proportion of numbers, than any philosopher of that time could boast. In a word, she was so much celebrated, that while two of her historians have styled her, by way of excellence, the *poetess*, the rest have distinguished her by the appellation of the *philosopher*.

The fondness of the Emperor for his beautiful and all accomplished consort was not diminished by time and possession; and Eudocia, after the marriage of her daughter to Valentinian the third, emperor of the West, was permitted to discharge her grateful vows, according to the superstition of the age, by a solemn pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Her ostentatious progress through the East may not merely seem, as Mr. Gibbon sarcastically insinuates, but actually was, inconsistent with the spirit of Christian humility. But such is the imperfection of our nature, that the noblest and best instructed mind, when elevated to an uncommon and unexpected height of worldly grandeur, may lose sight, at times, of those sacred principles, to which, upon

the whole, it may yet be zealously attached. Eudocia pronounced, from a throne of gold and gems, an eloquent oration to the senate of Antioch, declared her imperial intention to enlarge the walls of the city, bestowed a donative of two hundred pounds of gold to restore the public baths, and accepted the statues which were decreed by the gratitude of Antioch. In the Holy Land, her alms and pious foundations, exceeded the munificence of the great Helena, the canonized mother of Constantine the Great; and though the public treasure,' says Mr. Gibbon, with an air of solemn irony, 'might be impoverished by this excessive liberality, she enjoyed the conscious satisfaction of returning to Constantinople with the chains of St. Peter, the right arm of St. Stephen, and an undoubted picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke.' These circumstances Mr. Gibbon relates on the authority of the superstitious Baronius; but the taunting solemnity of his observation is unworthy the true dignity of a candid historian, who would have intimated the distinction between the pure and excellent religion of Jesus Christ and his apostles, and that system of increasing corruption and superstition, which followed the fatal establishment of Christianity by Constantine.

This pilgrimage, however, was the fatal term of all the glories of Eudocia. Satiated with empty pomp, and unmindful, perhaps, of her obligations to Pulcheria, she ambitiously aspired to the government of the Eastern empire: the palace was distracted by female discord; but victory was decided, at last, by the superior ascendant of the sister of Theodosius. The execution of Paulinus, master of the offices, and the disgrace of Cyrus, Prætorian præfect of the East, convinced the public, that the favour of Eudocia was insufficient to protect her most faithful friends; and the uncommon beauty of Paulinus encouraged the secret rumour, that his guilt was that of a successful lover. As soon as the Empress perceived that the affection of Theodosius was irretrievably lost, she requested the permission of retiring to the distant solitude of Jerusalem. She obtained her request; but the jealousy of Theodosius, or the vindictive spirit of Pulcheria, pursued her in her last retreat; and Saturninus, count of the domestics, was directed to punish with death two ecclesiastics, her most favoured servants. Eudocia instantly revenged them by the assassination of the count: the furious passions, which she indulged on this suspicious occasion, seemed to justify the severity of Theodosius; and the Empress, ignominiously

nominiouſly ſtripped of the honours of her rank, was diſgraced, no doubt unjuſtly, in the eyes of the world. The remainder of her life, about ſixteen years, was ſpent in exile and devotion; and the approach of age, the death of Theodoſius, the miſfortunes of her only daughter, who was led a captive from Rome to Carthage, and the ſociety of the Holy Monks of Paleſtine,

inſenſibly confirmed the religious temper of her mind. After a full experience of the viciffitudes of human life, the daughter of the philoſopher Leontius expired, at Jeruſalem, in the ſixty ſeventh year of her age; proteſting with her dying breath, that ſhe had never tranſgreſſed the bounds of innocence and friendſhip.

Authentic ANECDOTES elucidating the celebrated HISTORY of THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

The following Article is extracted from Memoirs du Marechal Duc de Richelieu, juſt publiſhed. The Part of it which contains the Hiſtory of the Twin Brother of Lewis XIV, is ſaid, by the Compiler of theſe Memoirs, to have been obtained from the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, by one of the preſtigate Daughters of that preſtigate Prince, in order to oblige her Lover the Duke of Richlieu.

An account of the birth and education of the unfortunate Prince, who was ſecluded from ſociety by Cardinal Richlieu and Mazarin: and afterward imprifoned by order of Lewis XIV. Written by the Governor of the Prince, a ſhort time before his death.

THE unfortunate Prince whom I have brought up, and taken care of till the cloſe of my life, was born September the 5th, 1638, at half paſt eight. His brother, the preſent ſovereign, was born in the morning of the ſame day, about twelve o'clock. But the birth of theſe Princes preſented a ſtriking conſtraſt, for the eldeſt's was as ſplendid and brilliant as the youngeſt's was melancholy and private.

The King, ſoon after the Queen was ſafely delivered of the firſt Prince, was informed by the midwife, that her Majeſty was ſtill in labour. This intelligence alarmed him greatly, and he ordered the Chancellor of France, the firſt almoner, the Queen's confeſſor, and myſelf to remain in her apartment till ſhe was delivered, as he wiſhed us to be witneſſes of the ſteps which he meant to take, if ſhe gave birth to another Dauphin; for it had been foretold by ſome ſhepherds, that the Queen was pregnant with two ſons; they alſo reported, that they had obtained the knowledge by divine inſpiration. This report was ſoon circulated through Paris, and the people alarmed by it, loudly aſſerted, that if this prediction ſhould be verified, it would cauſe the total ruin of the ſtate. The Archbiſhop of Paris was ſoon informed of theſe tranſactions, and after converſing with the ſhepherds, or-

dered them to be cloſely confined in the priſon of Lazarus; for the ſerious effect their prophecy had produced in the minds of the people, had given the King ſome uneaſineſs, becauſe it made him reflect on the diſturbance he had to fear in this kingdom. He informed the Cardinal of this prediction, who in his answer ſaid, that the birth of two Dauphins was not impoſſible, and that if the peaſant's prophecy ſhould be realized, the laſt born muſt be concealed with the greateſt care, as he might when he grew up, conceive that he had a right to the crown, and cauſe another league in the kingdom.

During the Queen's ſecond labour, which laſted ſeveral hours, the King was tormented by his apprehenſions, for he felt a ſtrong preſentiment, that he ſhould ſoon be the father of two Dauphins. He deſired the Biſhop of Meaux not to leave the Queen till ſhe was delivered, and afterward turning to us, ſaid, ſufficiently loud to be heard by the Queen, that if another Dauphin ſhould be born, and any of us ſhould divulge the ſecret, our heads ſhould answer for it: for, added he, his birth muſt be a ſecret of ſtate, to prevent the miſfortunes which would evidently follow the diſcloſure; as the ſalic law has been ſilent concerning the inheritance of a kingdom, on the birth of male twins.

The event which had been foretold, ſoon after arrived, for the Queen while the King was at ſupper, gave birth to a ſecond ſon much ſmaller and handſomer than the firſt; and the poor infant, by his inceſſant cries, ſeemed to lament his entrance into a world where ſo much miſery was in ſtore for him. The Chancellor then drew up the verbal proceſs of this extraordinary

extraordinary event, but the King not approving of the first, it was burnt in our presence, and it was not till after he had written a great many that his Majesty was satisfied. The first almoner endeavoured to persuade the King, that he ought not to conceal the birth of a prince; to which his Majesty replied, that a reason of state absolutely required the most inviolable secrecy.

The King soon after dictated the oath of secrecy, which he desired us all to sign; when this important business was concluded, he settled the oath to the verbal process, and took possession of it. The royal infant was then given into the hands of the midwife; but to deter her from revealing the secret of his birth, she was menaced with death if she ever gave the least hint of it; we were all likewise strictly charged not even to converse with each other on the subject.

His Majesty dreaded nothing so much as a civil war, and he thought that the dissensions which would certainly occur between the two brothers, if they were brought up as such, would certainly occasion one; the Cardinal, also, when he was invested with the superintendency of the Prince's education, did every thing in his power to keep this apprehension alive.

The King ordered us to examine carefully the poor child's body, to see if he had any marks by which he might hereafter be known, if his brother should die; for the King always purposed in that case, to put the royal infant in possession of his rights; for this reason, after having made us all sign the verbal process, he sealed it with the royal seal.

During the infancy of the young Prince, M. Peronnette, the midwife, treated him as if he were her own son, but from her great care and manner of living, every one suspected that he was the illegitimate son of some rich Nobleman.

As soon as the Prince's infancy was over, Cardinal Mazarin, on whom his education had devolved, assigned him to my care, with orders to educate him in a manner suitable to the dignity of his birth, but in private. M. Peronnette continued to attend him, in my house in Burgundy, till her death; and they were warmly attached to each other.

I had frequent conversations with the Queen during the subsequent disturbances in this kingdom; and her Majesty has often said to me, that if the Prince's birth should be discovered during the life of the young King, his brother, the mal-contented would, she feared, take advantage of it to raise a revolt among the people; for she added, that it was the opinion of ma-

ny able physicians, that the last born of twins was the first conceived, and of course the eldest. This fear did not, however, prevent the Queen from preserving with the greatest care the written testimony of the Prince's birth; for she intended, if any accident had befallen his brother, to have recognised him, though she had another son.

The young Prince received as good an education, as I could have wished to have received myself in similar circumstances; and a better one than was bestowed on the acknowledged Princes.

When he was about nineteen, his desire to know who he was increased to a great degree, and he tormented me with continual solicitations to make him acquainted with the author of his existence; the more earnest he was, the more resolute were my refusals; and when he saw that his entreaties did not avail, he endeavoured to persuade me that he thought he was my son. Often when he called me by the tender name of father, did I tell that he deceived himself; but, at length, seeing that he persevered in this opinion, I ceased to contradict him, and gave him reason to believe that he was really my son. He appeared to credit this, with a view, no doubt, of forcing me by this means to reveal the truth to him; as I afterwards learned that he was at that very time doing all in his power to discover who he was.

Two years elapsed in this manner, when an imprudent action, for which I shall ever reproach myself, revealed to him the important secret of his birth. He knew that I had received, at that time, many expresses from the King; and this circumstance, probably raised some doubts in his mind, which he sought to clear up by opening my scrutoire, in which I had imprudently left many letters from the Queen and Cardinal. He read them; and their contents, aided by his natural penetration, discovered the whole secret to him.

I observed about this time that his manners were quite changed, for instead of treating me with that affection and respect which I was accustomed to receive from him, he became surly and reserved. This alteration at first surprized me, but I too soon learnt the cause.

My suspicions were first roused by his asking me, with great earnestness, to procure him the portraits of the late and present King. I told him in answer, that there had been no good resemblances of either drawn; and that I would wait till some eminent painter should execute their pictures.

' This reply, which he appeared to be extremely dissatisfied with, was followed by a request to go to Dijon: the extreme disappointment he expressed on being refused, alarmed me, and from that moment I watched his motions more closely. I afterwards learnt that his motive for wishing to visit Dijon was, to see the King's picture; he had an intention also of going from thence to the court, that was then kept at St. Jean de Las, to see and compare himself with his brother.

' The young Prince was then extremely beautiful; and he inspired such an affection in the breast of a young chambermaid, that, in defiance of the strict orders which all the domestics had received, not to give the Prince any thing he required without permission, she procured him the King's portrait.

' As soon as the unhappy Prince glanced his eye on it, he was forcibly struck by its resemblance to himself; and well he might, for one portrait would have served for them both. The sight confirmed all his doubts and made him furious. He instantly flew to me, exclaiming, in the most violent passion, "This is the King; and I am his brother: here is an undeniable proof of it." He then shewed me a letter from Cardinal Mazarin that he had stolen out of my scrutoire, in which his birth was mentioned.

' I now feared that he would contrive means to escape to the court during the celebration of his brother's nuptials; and to prevent this meeting, which I greatly dreaded, I soon after sent a messenger to the King to inform him of the Prince's having broken open my scrutoire; by which means he had discovered the secret of his birth; I also informed him the effect this discovery had produced in his mind. On the receipt of this letter, his Majesty instantly ordered us both to be imprisoned. The Cardinal was charged with this order; and at the same time acquainted the Prince, that his improper conduct was the cause of our common misfortune.

' I have continued from that time till this moment a fellow prisoner with the Prince; and now feeling that the awful sentence to depart this life has been pronounced by my heavenly judge, I can no longer refuse to calm both my own mind and my pupil's, by a candid declaration of this important fact, which may enable him to extricate himself from his present ignominious state, if the King should die without issue. Ought I to be obliged by a forced oath to keep a secret inviolably with which posterity ought to be acquainted?

This is the historical memoir which the Regent delivered to the Princess: It does not, indeed, certify that this Prince was the prisoner known by the name of the Iron-mask, but all the foregoing facts agree so well with the extraordinary anecdotes related of this mysterious personage, that it appears beyond contradiction, that this memoir fills up the vacuum relative to the beginning of his life. I will, therefore, subjoin some of the authentic anecdotes which have been given to the public of the Iron-mask, since he arrived with Mr. de Saint-Mars at the state prison in the Isle of Sainte Marguerite.

The first person who mentions the Iron-mask is an anonymous author, in a work entitled, *Memoirs of the Court of Persia*; he related many authentic anecdotes respecting the prisoner, but is totally mistaken in his conjectures concerning his rank. These memoirs no sooner appeared, than a crowd of literary men endeavoured to prove who this prisoner was whose extraordinary treatment had excited such universal curiosity. One asserted that he was the Duke of Beaufort, who was certainly killed by the Turks while he was defending Candia, in the year 1699. For in the first place it is well known that the Iron-mask was in confinement at Pignerol before he came to the Isle of St. Marguerite, in the year 1662: besides, how was it possible for the Duke to be stolen from his army so secretly as for it to escape discovery? For what reason also was he imprisoned? and why was it necessary for him to be constantly masked? Others contended, that the prisoner was the Count of Vermandois, a natural son of Louis the XIV, who died publicly of the small-pox in 1683. Another author contended, that he was the Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded at London in 1675: even allowing it possible that Lewis would have consented to imprison the Duke to oblige King James, is it probable that he would have continued the pleasing office of jailor, after his death, to oblige a sovereign with whom he was at war?

' All these chimeras are now dissipated by this important relation; and the uncommon precautions which were used to conceal the face of the man in the iron mask, is a further proof that he was the identical Prince mentioned in the memoirs; for he was never permitted to walk in the court of the Bastille without his mask; which he was forbidden to take off, even in the presence of his physicians. Would this precaution have been taken, if his face had not been a striking likeness of one well known throughout France? And what face could this be but that

that of his brother, Lewis XIV? to whom this unfortunate Prince bore so great a resemblance, that a slight glance of him, it was feared, would have betrayed the secret which was so ardently to be wished to be concealed? Why, also, had he an Italian name given him, though he had no foreign accent? for in the register of his burial at St. Paul's church he is called Marchiali. Voltaire seems to have been the only writer who was acquainted with the mystery of this extraordinary prisoner's birth; though, notwithstanding he related many authentic anecdotes of him, he carefully concealed it.

We will now give the reader a succinct account of the man in the iron mask, extracted from the writings of Voltaire, and many other eminent authors. A few months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, a young prisoner arrived at the Isle of St. Marguerite, whose appearance excited universal curiosity; his manners were graceful and dignified, his person above the middle size, and his face extremely handsome. On the way thither he constantly wore a mask made with iron springs, to enable him to eat without taking it off. It was, at first, believed that this mask was made entirely of iron, from whence he acquired the name of the man with the iron mask. His attendants had received orders to kill him if he attempted to take off his mask, or discover himself.

The prisoner remained in this idle till the year 1690, when the governor of Pignerol being promoted to the government of the Bastille, conducted him to that fortress. In his way thither, he stopped with him at his estate near Palteau. The prisoner arrived there in a litter, surrounded by a numerous guard on horseback. Mr. de Saint Mars eat at the same table with him all the time they resided at Palteau; the latter was always placed with his back toward the windows; and the peasants, whom curiosity kept constantly on the watch, observed that Mr. de Saint Mars always sat opposite him with two pistols by the side of his plate. They were waited on by one servant only, who received the dishes in the antichamber, and always that the dining-room door carefully after him when he went out. The prisoner was always masked, even when he passed through the court; the governor also slept in a bed in the same room with him. In the course of their journey, the iron-mask was, one day, heard to ask his keeper whether the king had any design on his life? No, my prince, he replied, provided that you allow yourself to be conducted without opposition, your life is perfectly secure. The stranger was accom-

modated as well as it was possible to be in the Bastille; and every thing he expressed a desire for was instantly procured him. He was particularly partial to fine linen, which did not proceed from vanity, for he was really in want of it; because his constant confinement, and sedentary life, had rendered his skin so delicate that unless his linen was extremely fine, it incommoded him.

He was also fond of playing on the guitar. He never complained of his confinement, nor gave a hint of his rank. The tones of his voice were uncommonly pleasing and interesting.

He was served constantly in plate; and the governor always placed his dishes on the table himself; and when he entered, or retired, he locked the door after him. He *tutoyait* (theed and thoued) the governor, who on the contrary treated him with the greatest respect, and never wore a hat, or sat down in his presence, unless he was desired.

While he resided at Sainte Marguerite's, he wrote his name on a plate, and threw it out of his window toward a boat lying at the foot of the tower. A fisherman picked it up, and carried it to the governor. He was alarmed at the sight of it; and asked the man with great anxiety, whether he could read, and whether any one else had seen the plate? I cannot read, replied the fisherman; and no one else has seen the plate, as I have this instant found it. The man was, however, kept till the governor was well assured of the truth of his assertions.

He made another attempt to make himself known, which was equally unsuccessful. A young man who lived in the isle, one day perceived something floating under the prisoner's window, and on picking it up, he discovered it to be a very fine shirt, written all over. He carried it immediately to the governor, who, after unfolding it, appeared in the greatest consternation. He inquired of the young man whether he had had the curiosity to read what was written on it? He answered no; but notwithstanding this reply, he was found, a few days after, dead in his bed.

The fate of the iron-mask excited great curiosity; and a young officer, who visited Mr. de Sainte Mars when he resided at Sainte Marguerite's, was so desirous to see him, that he bribed a sentinel who was stationed in a gallery under the prisoner's window, to let him take his place for a short time. He had a perfect view of him from thence, as he was then without his mask. His face was fair and handsome; and his person tall and finely formed. His hair was perfectly grey, though he was on-

ly in the flower of his age. He spent the whole night in walking up and down the room.

Father Griffet, in his Journal of the Bastille, says, that on the 8th of September, 1698 Mr de Saint Mars, newly created governor of that fortress, made his first entrance into it, bringing with him an ancient prisoner, whom he had taken care of at Pignerol, and at the Isle of Saint Marguerite. His name was not mentioned, and he was kept constantly masked. An apartment was prepared for him, by order of the governor before his arrival fitted up in the most convenient style. When he was allowed to go to mass he was strictly forbid to speak, or uncover his face; and orders were given to the soldiers to fire upon him if he attempted either. As he passed through the court, their pieces were always pointed toward him.

This unfortunate prince died the 19th of November, 1703, after a short illness, and was buried in St. Paul's church. The expence of his funeral only amounted to forty livres. His real name and age were concealed from the priests who buried him; for in the register made of his funeral, it was mentioned that he was above forty years old; and he had told his apo-

thecary, some time before his death, that he thought he must be sixty.

It is a well known fact, that every thing which he had used was, after his death, burnt and destroyed; even to the doors of his prison. His plate was melted down; and the walls of his chamber were scraped and whitewashed. Nay, such was the fear of his having left a letter or any mark, which might lead to discover who he was, that the very floor of his room was taken up, and the ceiling taken down. In short, every corner was searched into, that no trace might remain of him.

The result of these extraordinary accounts is, that the iron mask must have been a person of great consequence; and what person could have been of sufficient consequence, excepting this prince, to give rise to the above mentioned precautions to prevent any discovery of his face and rank. For on the slightest probability of a discovery, the governor expressed the greatest consternation; and the respectful steps which he took to silence all those who were so unfortunate as to find any thing on which the poor prisoner had written, was another striking proof that his being concealed was of the utmost consequence to the king and the ministry.

RULES FOR BAD HORSEMEN.

IN the first place, every horse should be accustomed to stand still when he is mounted. One would imagine this might be readily granted; yet we see how much the contrary is practised. When a gentle man mounts at a livery stable, the groom takes the horse by the bit, which he bends tight round his under jaw: the horse striving to go on, is forced back; advancing again, he frets, as he is again stopped short, and hurt by the manner of holding him. The rider, in the mean time mounting without the bridle, or at least holding it but slightly, is helped to it by the groom, who being thoroughly employed by the horse's fluttering, has at the same time both bridle and stirrup to give. His confusion would be prevented, if every horse was taught to stand still when he is mounted. Forbid your groom, therefore, when he rides your horse to water, to throw himself over him from a horse-block, and kick him with his leg, even before he is fairly upon him. This wrong manner of mounting is what chiefly teaches your horse the vicious habit against which we are here warning. On the other hand, a constant

practice of mounting in the proper manner, is all that is necessary to prevent a horse's going on till the rider is quite adjusted in the saddle.

The next thing necessary therefore is, that the rider should mount properly. The common method is to stand near the croup or hinder part of the horse, with the bridle held very long in the right hand. By this manner of holding the bridle before you mount, you are liable to be kicked; and when you are mounted, your horse may go on some time, or play what gambols he pleases, before the rein is short enough in your hand to prevent him. It is common likewise for an awkward rider, as soon as his foot is in the stirrup, to throw himself with all his force to gain his seat: which he cannot do, till he hath first overbalanced himself on one side or the other: he will then wriggle into it by degrees. The way to mount with ease and safety is, to stand rather before than behind the stirrup. In this posture take the bridle short, and the mane together in your left hand, helping yourself to the stirrup with your right, so that your toe may

may not touch the horse in mounting. When your left foot is in the stirrup, move on your right, till you face the side of the horse, looking across over the saddle. Then with your right hand grasp the hinder part of the saddle; and with that and your left, which holds the mane and bridle, lift yourself upright on your left foot. Remain thus a mere instant on your stirrup, only so as to divide the action into two motions. While you are in this posture, you have a sure hold with both hands, and are at liberty, either to get safely down, or to throw your leg over and gain your seat. By this deliberate motion, likewise, you avoid, what every good horseman, would endeavour to avoid, putting your horse into a flutter.

When you dismount, hold the bridle and mane together in your left hand, as when you mounted; put your right hand on the pommel of the saddle, to raise yourself, throw your leg back over the horse, grasp the hinder part of the saddle with your right hand, remain a moment on your stirrup, and in every respect dismount as you mounted; only what was your first motion when you mounted, becomes the last in dismounting. Remember not to bend your right knee in dismounting, lest your spur should rub against the horse,

It may next be recommended to hold your bridle at a convenient length. Sit square, and let not the purchase of the bridle pull forward your shoulder; but keep your body even, as it would be if each hand held a rein. Hold your reins with the whole grasp of your hand, dividing them with your little finger. Let your hand be perpendicular; your thumb will then be uppermost, and placed on the bridle. Bend your wrist a little outward; and when you pull the bridle, raise your hand toward your breast, and the lower part of the palm rather more than the upper. Let the bridle be at such a length in your hand, as, if the horse should tumble, you may be able to raise his head, and support it by the strength of your arms, and the weight of your body thrown backward. If you hold the rein too long, you are subject to fall backward as your horse rises.

If, knowing your horse perfectly well, you think a tight rein unnecessary, advance your arm a little (but not your shoulder) toward the horse's head, and keep your usual length of rein. By this means, you have a check upon your horse, while you indulge him.

If you ride with a curb, make it a rule to hook on the chain yourself; the most quiet horse may bring his rider into danger, should the curb hurt him. If, in fix-

ing the curb, you turn the chain to the right, the links will unfold themselves, and oppose a farther turning. Put on the chain loose enough to hang down on the horse's under lip, so that it may not rise and press his jaw, till the reins of the bridle are moderately pulled.

If your horse has been used to stand still when he is mounted, there will be no occasion for a groom to hold him; but if he does suffer him not to touch the reins, but that part of the bridle which comes down the cheek of the horse. He cannot then interfere with the management of the reins, which belongs to the rider only; and holding a horse by the curb (which is ever painful to him) is evidently improper when he is to stand still.

Another thing to be remembered is, not to ride with your arms and elbows as high as your shoulders; nor let them shake up and down with the motion of the horse. The posture is unbecoming, and the weight of the arms (and of the body too if the rider does not sit still) acts in continual jerks on the jaw of the horse, which must give him pain, and make him unquiet, if he has a tender mouth or any spirit.

Bad riders wonder why horses are gentle as soon as they are mounted by skilful ones, though their skill seems unemployed; the reason is, the horse goes at his ease, yet finds all his motions watched; which he has sagacity enough to discover. Such a rider hides his whip, if he finds his horse is afraid of it; and keeps his legs from his sides, if he finds he dreads the spur.

Avoid the ungraceful custom of letting your legs shake against the sides of the horse: and as you are not to keep your arms and elbows high, and in motion; so you are not to rivet them to your sides, but let them fall easy. One may, at a distance, distinguish a genteel horseman from an awkward one: the first sits still, and appears of a piece with his horse; the latter seems flying off at all points.

It is often said with emphasis, that such a one has no fear on horseback; and it means, not only that he does not ride well, but that he does not sit on the right part of the horse. To have a good seat, is to sit on that part of the horse, which, as he springs, is the centre of motion; and from which, of course, any weight would be with most difficulty shaken. As in the rising and falling of a board placed in *æquilibrium*, the centre will be always most at rest; the true seat will be found in that part of the saddle, into which your body would naturally slide, if you rode without stirrups; and is only to be preserved by a

proper poise of the body, though the generality of riders imagine it is to be done by the grasp of the thighs and knees. The rider should consider himself as united to his horse in this point; and when shaken from it, endeavour to restore the balance.

Perhaps the mention of the two extremes of a bad seat may help to describe the true one. The one is, when the rider sits very far back on the saddle, so that his weight presses the loins of the horse: the other, when his body hangs forward, over the pommel of his saddle. The first may be seen practised by grooms, when they ride with their stirrups affectedly short; the latter, by fearful horsemen on the least flutter of the horse. Every good rider has, even on the hunting saddle, as determined a place for his thighs, as can be determined for him by the bars of a demi-peak. Indeed there is no difference between the seat of either: only, as in the first you ride with shorter stirrups, your body will be consequently more behind your knees.

To have a good seat yourself, your saddle must sit well. To fix a precise rule might be difficult: it may be a direction, to have your saddle press as nearly as possible on that part which we have described as the point of union between the man and horse; however, so as not to obstruct the motion of the horse's shoulders. Place yourself in the middle or lowest part of it: sit erect; but with as little constraint as in your ordinary sitting. The ease of action marks the gentleman: you may repose yourself, but not lounge. The set and studied erectness acquired in the riding-house, by those whose deportment is not easy, appears ungentle and unnatural.

If your horse stops short, or endeavours by rising and kicking to unseat you, bend not your body forward, as many do in those circumstances: that motion throws the breech backward, and you off your fork or twist, and out of your seat; whereas, the advancing the lower part of your body, and bending back the upper part and shoulders, is the method both to keep your seat, and to recover it when lost. The bending your body back, and that in a great degree, is the greatest security in flying leaps; it is a security too, when your horse leaps standing. The horse's rising does not try the rider's seat; the lash of his hind-legs is what ought chiefly to be guarded against, and is best done by the body's being greatly inclined back. Stiffen not your legs or thighs; and let your body be pliable in the loins, like the coachman's on the box. This loose manner of sitting will elude every rough motion of the horse; whereas the fixture of the knees, so commonly laid a stress on, will

in great shocks conduce to the violence of the fall.

Was the cricket-player, when the ball is struck with the greatest velocity, to hold his hand firm and fixed when he receives it, the hand would be bruised, or perhaps the bones fractured by the resistance. To obviate this accident, he therefore gradually yields his hands to the motion of the ball for a certain distance; and by a due mixture of opposition and obedience, catches it without sustaining the least injury. The case is exactly the same in riding: the skilful horseman will recover his poise by giving some way to the motion; and the ignorant horseman will be flung out of his seat by endeavouring to be fixed.

Stretch not out your legs before you; this will push you against the back of the saddle: neither gather up your knees, like a man riding on a pack; this throws your thighs upwards: each practice unseats you. Keep your legs straight down; and sit not on the most fleshy part of the thighs, but turn them inward, so as to bring in your knees and toes: and it is more safe to ride with the ball of the foot pressing on the stirrup, than with the stirrup as far back as the heel; for the pressure of the heel being in that case behind the stirrup, keeps the thighs down.

When you find your thighs thrown upward, widen your knees to get them and the upper part of your fork lower down on the horse. Grasp the saddle with the hollow or inner part of your thighs, but not more than just to assist the balance of your body: this will also enable you to keep your spurs from the horse's sides, and to bring your toes in, without that affected and useless manner of bringing them in practised by many. Sink your heels straight down; for while your heels and thighs keep down, you cannot fall: this (aided with the bend of the back) gives the security of a seat, to those who bear themselves up in their stirrups in a swift gallop, or in the alternate rising and falling in a full trot.

Let your seat determine the length of your stirrup, rather than the stirrups your seat. If more precision is requisite, let your stirrups (in the hunting saddle) be of such a length, as that, when you stand in them, there may be the breadth of four fingers between your seat and the saddle.

It would greatly assist a learner, if he would practice riding in a large circle, without stirrups: keeping his face looking on the outward part of the circle so as not to have a full view of the horse's head, but just of that ear which is on the outward part, of the circle and his shoulder; which

which is toward the centre of the circle, very forward. By this means you learn to balance your body, and keep a true seat, independent of your stirrups; you may probably likewise escape a fall, should you at any time lose them by being accidentally shaken from your seat.

As the seat in some measure depends on the saddle, it may not be amiss to observe, that because a saddle with a high pommel is thought dangerous, the other extreme prevails, and the pommel is scarce allowed to be higher than the middle of the saddle. The saddle should lie as near the back-bone as can be, without hurting the horse; for the nearer you sit to his back, the better seat you have. If it does so, it is plain the pommel must rise enough to secure the withers from pressure: therefore, a horse whose withers are higher than common, requires a higher pommel. If, to avoid this, you make the saddle of a more straight line, the inconvenience spoken of follows; you sit too much above the horse's back, nor can the saddle form a proper seat. There should be no ridge from the button at the side of the pommel, to the back part of the saddle. That line also should be a little concave, for your thighs to lie at ease. In short, a saddle ought to be, as nearly as possible, as if cut out of the horse.

When you want your horse to move forward, raise his head a little, and touch him gently with your whip; or else, press the calves of your legs against his sides. If he does not move fast enough, press them with more force, and so till the spur just touches him. By this practice he will (if he has any spirit) move upon the least pressure of the leg. Never spur him by a kick; but if it be necessary to spur him briskly, keep your heels close to his sides, and slacken their force as he becomes obedient.

When your horse attempts to be vicious, take each rein separate, one in each hand, and advancing your arms forward, hold him in very short. In this case, it is common for the rider to pull him in hard, with his arms low. But the horse by this means having his head low too, has it more in his power to throw out his heels; whereas, if his head be raised very high, and his nose thrown out a little, which is consequent, he can neither rise before or behind; because he can give himself neither of those motions, without having his head at liberty. A plank placed in *aequilibrio*, cannot rise at one end unless it sinks at the other.

If your horse is headstrong, pull not with one continued pull, but stop, and back him often, just shaking the reins,

and making little repeated pulls till he obeys. Horses are so accustomed to bear on the bit when they go forward, that they are discouraged if the rider will not let them do so.

If a horse is loose necked, he will throw up his head at a continued pull; in which situation the rider, seeing the front of his face, can have no power over him. When your horse does thus, drop your hand and give your bridle play, and he will of course drop his head again into its proper place; while it is coming down, make a second gentle pull, and you will find his mouth. With a little practice, this is done almost instantaneously; and this method will stop, in the distance of a few yards, a horse, which, will run away with those who pull at him with all their might. Almost every one must have observed, that when a horse feels himself pulled with the bridle, even when he is going gently, he often mistakes what was designed to stop him, as a direction to bear on his bit and to go faster.

Keep your horse's head high, that he may raise his neck and crest; play a little with the rein, and move the bit in his mouth, that he may not press on it in one constant and continued manner; be not afraid of raising his head too high; he will naturally be too ready to bring it down, and tire your hands with the weight, on the least abatement of his mettle. When you feel him heavy, stop him, and make him go back a few paces; thus you break by degrees his propensity to press on his bridle.

You ought not to be pleased (though many are) with a round neck, and a head drawn in toward his breast; let your horse carry his head bridling in, provided he carries it high, and his neck arching upwards; but if his neck bends downward, his figure is bad, his sight is too near his toes, he leans on the bridle, and you have no command over him. If he goes pressing but lightly on his bridle, he is the more sure footed, and goes the pleasanter; as your wrist only may guide him. If he hangs down his head, and makes you support the weight of that and his neck with your arms bearing on his fore legs, (which is called *being on his shoulders*) he will strike his toes against the ground, and stumble.

If your horse is heavy upon the bit, tie him every day, for an hour or two, with his tail to the manger, and his head as high as you can make him lift it, by a rein on each post of the stall, to each ring of the snaffle bit.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS of the LIFE and WRITINGS of HENRY HOME, LORD KAMES,
the celebrated Author of 'Elements of Criticism,' &c.

HENRY HOME, Lord Kames, an eminent Scottish lawyer, and author of many celebrated works on various subjects, was descended of a very honourable and ancient family, and born in the year 1696. Lord Kames' grandfather, Henry Home, was a younger son of Sir John Home of Renton, who held the high office of Lord Justice clerk, or chief criminal judge of Scotland, in the year 1663. He received the estate of Kames from his uncle George, brother to the then Lord Justice-clerk. The family of Renton is descended from that of the Earls of Home, the representatives of the ancient princes of Northumberland, as appears from the records of the lion-office.

The county of Berwick in Scotland has the honour of having given birth to this great and useful member of society. In early youth he was lively, and eager in the acquisition of knowledge. He never attended a public school; but was instructed in the ancient and modern languages, as well as in several branches of mathematics, and the arts necessarily connected with that science, by Mr. Wingate, a man of considerable parts and learning, who spent many years as preceptor or private tutor to Mr. Home.

After studying with acuteness and diligence, at the university of Edinburgh, the civil law, and the municipal law of his own country, Mr. Home early perceived that a knowledge of these alone is not sufficient to make an accomplished lawyer. An acquaintance with the forms and practical business of courts, and especially of the supreme court, as a member of which he was to seek for fame and emolument, he considered as essentially necessary to qualify him to be a complete barrister. He accordingly attended for some time the chamber of a writer to the signet, where he had an opportunity of learning the styles of legal deeds, and the modes of conducting different species of business. This wise step, independently of his great genius and unwearied application, procured him, after his admission to the bar, peculiar respect from the court, and proportional employment in his profession of an advocate. Whoever peruses the law-papers composed by Mr. Home when a young man, will perceive an uncommon elegance of style, beside great ingenuity of reasoning, and a thorough knowledge of the law and constitution of his country. These qualifications, together with the strength and vivacity of his natural abilities, soon rai-

fed him to be an ornament to the Scottish bar; and, on the 2d of February 1752, he was advanced to the bench as one of the judges of the court of session, under the title of Lord Kames.

Before this period, however, notwithstanding the unavoidable labours of his profession, Mr. Home had favoured the world with several useful and ingenious works. In the year 1728, he published 'Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session from 1716 to 1728,' in one vol. folio.—In 1732 appeared 'Essays upon several subjects in law, viz. Jus tertii; Beneficium cedendarum actionum; Vinco Vincem; and Prescription;' 8vo. This first produce of his original genius, and of his extensive views, excited not only the attention, but the admiration of the judges, and of all the other members of the college of justice. This work was succeeded, in the year 1741, by 'Decisions of the Court of Session from its first institution to the year 1740, abridged and digested under proper heads, in form of a Dictionary,' 2 vol. folio; A very laborious work, and of the greatest utility to every practical lawyer. In 1747 appeared 'Essays upon several subjects concerning British Antiquities, viz. 1. Introduction of the feudal Law into Scotland. 2. Constitution of Parliament. 3. Honour, Dignity. 4. Succession, or Descent; with an Appendix upon hereditary and indefeasible Right,' composed in 1745, and published in 1747, in 8vo. In a preface to this work, Lord Kames informs us, that in the years 1745 and 1746, when the nation was in great suspense and distraction, he retired to the country; and in order to banish as much as possible the uneasiness of his mind, he contrived the plan, and executed this ingenious performance.

Though not in the order of time, we shall continue the list of all our author's writings on law, before we proceed to his productions on other subjects. In 1757, he published 'The Statute Law of Scotland abridged, with historical notes, 8vo. a most useful and laborious work. In the year 1759, he presented to the public a new work under the title of 'Historical Law Tracts,' 8vo. It contains fourteen interesting tracts, viz. History of the Criminal Law.—History of Promises and Covenants.—History of Property.—History of Securities upon and for Payment of Debt.—History of the Privilege which an Heir-apparent in a feudal Holding has to continue the Possession of his Ancestor.—

History of Regalities, and of the Privilege of repledging:—History of Courts:—History of Brieves:—History of Process in Absence:—History of Execution against Moveables and Land for Payment of Debt:—History of Personal Execution for Payment of Debt:—History of Execution for obtaining payment after the Death of the Debtor:—History of the limited and universal Representation of Heirs:—Old and New Extent. In 1760, he published, in folio, 'The Principles of Equity,' a work which shows both the fertility of the author's genius and his indefatigable application. In 1766, he gave to the public another volume in folio of 'Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session; from 1730 to 1752.' In 1777, appeared his 'Elucidations respecting the Common and Statute Law of Scotland,' 8vo. This book contains many curious and interesting remarks upon some intricate and dubious points which occur in the law of Scotland. In 1780, he published a volume in folio of 'Select Decisions of the Court of Session from 1752 to 1768.'

(From this sketch of Lord Kames' compositions and collections with a view to improve and elucidate the laws of Scotland, the reader may form some idea of his great industry, and of his anxious desire to promote the honour and welfare of his country. It remains to be remarked, that in the supreme court there, the law-writings of Lord Kames are held in equal estimation, and quoted with equal respect, as those of Coke or Blackstone in the courts of England.

Lord Kames' mind was very much inclined to metaphysical disquisitions. When a young man, in order to improve himself in his favourite study, he corresponded with the famous Berkeley bishop of Cloyne, Dr. Butler bishop of Durham, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and many other ingenious and learned men both in Britain and Ireland. The letters of correspondence, we are happy to learn, have been carefully preserved by his son and heir George Home-Drummond, Esq. of Blair-Drummond.

The year 1751 give birth to the first fruits of his Lordship's metaphysical studies, under the title of 'Essays on the Principles of Morality and natural Religion,' in two parts. Though a small volume, it was replete with ingenuity and acute reasoning, excited general attention, and gave rise to much controversy. It contained, in more explicit terms than perhaps any other work of a religious theist then known in Scotland, the doctrine which has of late made so much noise under the appellation of *philosophical necessity*. The same thing had indeed been taught by Hobbes, by Collins,

and by the celebrated David Hume; but as those authors either were professed infidels, or were supposed to be such, it excited, as coming from them, no wonder, and provoked for a time very little indignation. But when a writer, who exhibited no symptoms of extravagant scepticism, who insinuated nothing against the truth of revelation in general, and who inculcated with earnestness the great duties of morality and natural religion, advanced at the same time so uncommon a doctrine as that of *necessity*; a number of pens immediately drawn against him, and for a while the work and its author were extremely obnoxious to a great part of the Scottish nation. On the other hand, there were some, and those not totally illiterate, who, confounding *necessity* with *predestination*, complimented Mr. Home on his masterly defence of the established faith; and though between those two schemes there is no sort of resemblance, except that the future happiness or misery of all men is, according to both, certainly foreknown and appointed by God; yet we remember, that a professor in a dissenting academy so far mistook the one for the other, that he recommended to his pupils the Essays on morality and natural Religion, as containing a complete vindication of the doctrine of Calvin. For this mistake he was dismissed from his office, and excluded from the communion of the sect to which he belonged. Lord Kames like many other great and good men, continued a Necessarian to the day of his death; but in a subsequent edition of the Essays, he exhibited a remarkable proof of his candour and liberality of sentiment, by altering the expressions, which, contrary to his intention, had given such general offence.

In 1761, he published an 'Introduction to the Art of Thinking,' 12mo. This small but valuable book was originally intended for the instruction of his own family. The plan of it is both curious, amusing, and highly calculated to catch the attention and to improve the minds of youth. It consists of maxims collected from Rochefoucault and many other authors. To illustrate these maxims, and to rivet their spirit and meaning in the minds of young persons, his Lordship has added to most of them beautiful stories, fables, and historical anecdotes.

In the department of belles lettres, his 'Elements of Criticism' appeared in 1762, in 3 vols. 8vo. This valuable work is the first and most successful attempt to show, that the art of criticism is founded on the principles of human nature. Such a plan it might be thought, should have produced a dry and phlegmatic performance. Lord

Kames, on the contrary, from the sprightliness of his manner of treating every subject he handled, has rendered the Elements of Criticism not only highly instructive, but one of the most entertaining books in our language. Before this work was published, Rollin's *Belles Lettres*, a dull performance, from which a student could derive little advantage, was universally recommended as a standard; but, after the Elements of Criticism were presented to the public, Rollin's instantly vanished, and gave place to greater genius and greater utility. With regard to real instruction and genuine taste in composition of every kind, a student, a gentleman, or a scholar, can in no language find such a fertile field of information. Lord Kames, accordingly, had the happiness of seeing the good effects of his labours, and of enjoying for twenty years a reputation which he so justly merited.

A still further proof of the genius and various pursuits of his active mind was given in the year 1772 when his Lordship published a work in 8vo, under the title of 'The Gentleman Farmer, being an attempt to improve Agriculture by subjecting it to the test of rational principles.' Our limits do not permit us to give details; but, with regard to this book, we must inform the public, that all the intelligent Farmers in Scotland uniformly declare, that, after perusing Young, Dickson, and a hundred other writers on Agriculture, Lord Kames' Gentleman Farmer contains the best practical and rational information on the various articles of husbandry which can any where be obtained. As a practical farmer, Lord Kames has given many obvious proofs of his skill. After he succeeded, in right of his lady, to the ample estate of Drummond in the county of Perth, he formed a plan for turning a large moor, consisting of at least 1500 acres, into arable land. His Lordship had the pleasure, before he died, to see the plan successfully, though only partially, executed. The same plan is now carrying on in a much more rapid manner by his son George Home Drummond, Esq.

In 1773, Lord Kames favoured the world with *Sketches of the History of Man*, 2 vols. 4to. This work consists of a great variety of facts and observations concerning the nature of man; the produce of much and profitable reading. In the course of his studies and reasonings, he had amassed a vast collection of materials. These, when considerably advanced in years, he digested under proper heads, and submitted them to the consideration of the public. He intended that this book should be equally intelligible to women as

to men; and, to accomplish this end, when he had occasion to quote ancient or foreign books, he uniformly translated the passages. The Sketches contain much useful information; and, like all his Lordship's performances, are lively and entertaining.

We now come to Lord Kames' last work, to which he modestly gives the title of 'Loose Hints upon Education; chiefly concerning the culture of the Heart.' It was published in 1781, in 8vo, when the venerable and astonishing author was in the 85th year of his age. Though his Lordship chose to call them Loose Hints, the intelligent reader will perceive in this composition an uncommon activity of mind at an age so far advanced beyond the usual period of human life, and an earnest desire to form the youth to honour, to virtue, to industry, and to a veneration of the Deity.

Beside the books we have enumerated, Lord Kames published many temporary and fugitive pieces in different periodical works. In the 'Essays Physical and Literary,' published by a society of gentlemen in Edinburgh, we find compositions of his Lordship On the Laws of Motion, On the Advantages of Shallow Ploughing and on Evaporation; all of which exhibit evident marks of genius and originality of thinking.

How a man employed through life in public-business, and in business of the first importance, could find leisure for so many different pursuits, and excel in them, it is not easy for a meaner mind to form even a conception. Much, no doubt, is to be attributed to the superiority of his genius; but much must likewise have been the result of a proper distribution of his time. He rose early; when in the vigour of life at 4 o'clock, in old age at six; and studied all the morning. When the court was sitting, the duties of his office employed him from eight or nine to twelve or one; after which, if the weather permitted, he walked for two hours with some literary friends, and then went home to dinner. While he was on the bench, and we believe while he was at the bar, he neither gave nor accepted invitations to dinner during the term or session; and if any friend came invited to dine with him, his Lordship displayed his usual cheerfulness and hospitality, but always retired with his clerk as soon as he had drunk a very few glasses of wine, leaving his company to be entertained by his lady. The afternoon was spent as the morning had been, in study. In the evening he went to the theatre or the concert, from which he returned to the society of some men of learning, with whom he sat late, and displayed

played such talents for conversation as are not often found. It is observed by a late celebrated author, that "to read, write, and converse in due proportions, is the business of a man of letters; and that he who hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground." It was by practising these lessons that Lord Kames rose to literary eminence, in opposition to all the obstacles which the tumult of public business could place in his way.

To give a proper delineation of the public and private character of Lord Kames, would far exceed our limits. The writer of this article, however, who had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with this great and good man for more than twenty years, must be indulged in adding a few facts which fell under his own observation.

Lord Kames was remarkable for public spirit, to which he conjoined activity and great exertion. He for a long tract of time had the principal management of all the societies and boards for promoting the trade, fisheries and manufactures in Scotland. As conducive to those ends, he was a strenuous advocate for making and repairing turnpike roads through every part of the country. He had likewise a chief lead in the distribution and application of the funds arising from the estates in Scotland which had unfortunately been annexed to the crown. He was no less zealous in supporting, both with his writings and personal influence, literary associations. He was in some measure the parent of what was called the physical and literary society. This society was afterwards incorporated into the royal society of Edinburgh, which received a charter from the crown, and which is daily producing marks of genius, as well as works of real utility.

As a private and domestic gentleman, Lord Kames was admired by both sexes. The vivacity of his wit and of his animal spirits, even when advanced in years, rendered his company not only agreeable, but greatly solicited by the literati, and courted by ladies of the highest rank and accomplishments. He told very few stories; and rarely, if ever, repeated the same story to the same person. From the necessity of retailing anecdotes, the miserable refuge of those who, without genius, attempt to shine in conversation, the abundance of his own mind set him free; for his wit or his learning always suggested what the occasion required. He could with equal ease and readiness combat the opinions of a me-

taphysician, unravel the intricacies of law, talk with a farmer on improvement in agriculture, or estimate with a lady the merits of the dress in fashion. Instead of being jealous of rivals, the characteristic of little minds, Lord Kames fostered and encouraged every symptom of merit that he could discover in the scholar, or in the lowest mechanic. Before he succeeded to the estate of Blair-Drummond, his fortune was small. Notwithstanding this circumstance, he, in conjunction with Mrs. Drummond, his respectable and accomplished spouse, did much more service to the indigent, than most families of greater opulence. If the present necessity was pressing, they gave money. They did more. When they discovered that male or female petitioners were capable of performing any art or labour, both parties exerted themselves in procuring that species of work which the poor people could perform. In cases of this kind, which were very frequent, the lady took charge of the women and his Lordship of the men. From what has been said concerning the various and numerous productions of his genius, it is obvious that there could be few idle moments in his long protracted life. His mind was incessantly employed; either teeming with new ideas, or pursuing active and laborious occupations. At the same time, with all this intellectual ardour, one great feature in the character of Lord Kames, besides his literary talents and public spirit, was a remarkable innocency of mind. He not only never indulged in detraction, but when any species of scandal was exhibited in his company, he either remained silent, or endeavoured to give a different turn to the conversation. As natural consequences of this amiable disposition, he never meddled with politics, even when parties ran to indecent lengths in this country; and, what is still more remarkable, he never wrote a sentence, notwithstanding his numerous publications, without a direct and a manifest intention to benefit his fellow-creatures. In his temper he was naturally warm, though kindly and affectionate. In the friendships he formed, he was ardent, zealous, and sincere. So far from being inclined to irreligion, as some ignorant bigots insinuated, few men possessed a more devout habit of thought. A constant sense of Deity, and a veneration for Providence, dwelt upon his mind. From this source arose that propensity which appears in all his writings, of investigating final causes, and tracing the wisdom of the Supreme Author of nature. But here we must stop. Lord Kames, to the great regret of the public, died on the 27th day of December 1782.

As he had no marked disease but the debility necessarily resulting from extreme old age, a few days before his death he went to the court of session, addressed all

the judges separately, told them he was speedily to depart, and took a solemn and an affectionate farewell.

A CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE CONGELATION OF QUICKSILVER.

[From Coxe's Travels.]

MR. COXE, one of those intelligent travellers, who agreeably intersperse philosophical disquisitions with historical narrations and geographical details, has given us the substance of this article, in the fifth volume, in octavo, of his 'Travels into Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark.'

Mr. Joseph Adam Braun, professor of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, discovered in December 1759, that mercury might be rendered solid by means of artificial cold; and since that time it has been congealed in severe winters, by the cold of the atmosphere in the northern countries of both the old and new continent.

This congelation of mercury by the natural cold, renders the knowledge of its freezing point a matter of great importance to the natural history of the earth as well as of man, as by determining the degree of cold necessary to effect this phenomenon, we shall be able to form an estimate of the real degree of cold obtaining in the countries near the poles, and consequently of the power inherent in living animals to resist it. Until lately our ideas on this subject were confused and erroneous. The experiments and observations of the most able naturalists in different parts of Europe and America were only of partial use to natural history and physics, by giving a place to mercury among the malleable metals, and by demonstrating that there is nothing essentially fluid in its nature, but that it is a metal which melts with a less degree of heat than the others.

But still the philosopher was not informed what reliance he could place on the mercurial thermometer toward determining the cold of climates, as the motions of the quicksilver appeared by those very experiments extremely irregular in the lower parts of the scale, falling many degrees in an instant, and, after it had descended below a certain point, sinking suddenly into the bulb, and thereby indicating (if any conclusion could be drawn from its descent) that the animals of the

northern countries could resist the action of cold some hundred degrees below the freezing point of water. This supposition staggered the faith of many philosophers, and made them anxious that the matter should be more fully investigated. Accordingly the Royal Society of London desired its members residing in cold countries to turn their attention toward determining the point of congelation of mercury, and to remark the descent of the mercury in the thermometer during the process from the freezing point of water to that of mercury, in order to form a juster notion of the real contraction of that metal. But it was not till lately that light was thrown on the subject, by a course of experiments made at the desire of the Royal Society, by Mr. Hatchins, governor of Hudson's Bay, who received excellent instructions from Mr. Cavendish, and Dr. Black, professor of Chemistry in the university of Edinburgh. These directions, and an apparatus made in London for the purpose, enabled the governor to perceive, that the sudden and considerable descent which takes place in the lower parts of the thermometer, when exposed to great cold, happens from the contraction of the metal in its frozen state, and does not affect the regularity and justness of its contraction while it remains fluid. This great point was principally ascertained by means of a spirit thermometer, which was found not to freeze as soon as the mercury, and thereby indicated the degree of cold produced by his frigorific mixture, when the mercurial thermometer ceased to measure it on account of its contraction on becoming solid.

In order to prove, that the descent of the mercury in the thermometer was derived from this new discovered principle, namely, the contraction of this metal in freezing; and to try whether pure mercury required a greater degree of cold to freeze it than adulterated mercury, Dr. Guthrie made several experiments. The apparatus which he employed in these experiments was suggested to him by his learned

learned friend Dr. Black. It differs from that employed by Mr. Hutchins in being more simple, and consequently the mercury easier to be examined during the process of congelation. It consists of a half pint water glass, wrapped round with coarse flannel, and filled with burning spirit of nitre and snow to produce artificial cold; a glass tube of about an half inch diameter, containing a little mercury to be frozen, and in this tube is inserted a thermometer, so that its bulb is buried in the mercury, but no part of the stem of the tube and thermometer thus arranged, are placed in the above mentioned water glass, containing the freezing mixture.

From the whole of these experiments (for which, as too long for the limits of this article, we must refer to Mr. Coxe's book) Dr. Guthrie concludes, that the freezing point of mercury is at 32 degrees below Reaumur's thermometer, or 40 of Fahrenheit's.

That there appears no difference in the point of congelation of purified and common mercury, except one preparation with antimony, which seems to congel with a less degree of cold than all the others above mentioned.

That in some circumstances mercury may be cooled below its freezing point, without losing its fluidity, even as far as five and half degrees; while the portion in which the bulb of the thermometer is plunged becomes solid.

That there appears nothing in these experiments to affect the credit of the mercurial thermometer, as an accurate instrument for measuring the degrees of heat from the point of boiling water down to that of the congelation of mercury; but that no conclusions can be drawn from its motions below this point, as they depend on the contraction of the metal in a solid state, which ought to be carefully distinguished from what takes place while it preserves its fluidity; that therefore the ideas we have formed of the cold obtaining in the inhabited countries near the poles, and the astonishing power of animals to resist it, must be erroneous,* as they have been taken from the extraordinary descent of the mercury in the thermometer; which, we now know, is

derived from the contraction of the mercury when frozen, and not from such an extraordinary degree of cold, as, if it had taken place, must have destroyed the whole system of organized bodies.

That we cannot, according to our present knowledge of the subject, assert, that there exists a much greater degree of cold than the point of the congelation of mercury, no other instrument having been employed to ascertain it than the mercurial thermometer, which is now proved of no authority below 32 degrees of Reaumur.

But it appears, that a thermometer filled with highly rectified spirits of wine preserves its fluidity in a cold of 35 degrees of Reaumur, or 47 of Fahrenheit, and probably in a greater, so that it may be employed in northern climates with more advantage than one filled with mercury.

The surprising coincidence in the freezing of mercury congelated in Siberia by natural cold, with that effected by means of artificial cold, merits attention, as they both fix the freezing point of mercury at 32 of Reaumur; particularly professor Laxman, in a late paper to the Imperial Academy, declares, that he found common mercury constantly become solid at 210 of Dr. Lisle (32 of Reaumur) and that in the year 1782, it continued solid for two months together; and Dr. Pallas, in the third volume of his Travels, mentions the same phenomenon taking place about the same part of the scale.

Thus far Dr. Guthrie.

From a careful review of Mr. Hutchins' experiments, and a comparison of the thermometers which he employed on that occasion, Mr. Cavendish concludes, that the true point at which quicksilver froze on Mr. Hutchins's thermometers, graduated according to the scale of Fahrenheit, was 40; and a thermometer adjusted in the manner recommended by the committee of the Royal Society, freezes in 38 $\frac{2}{3}$, or in whole numbers 39 below freezing point, or 31 $\frac{1}{3}$ of Reaumur, which answers to the conclusion drawn by Dr. Guthrie from his experiments, estimating the point of mercurial congelation at 32 of Reaumur, or 40 below 0 of Fahrenheit.

As

* Dr. Blagden ingeniously infers from a comparison of natural cold, during a series of years, at Albany Fort, measured by a spirit thermometer, and of artificial cold produced by freezing mixtures, that the extreme of artificial cold produced by snow and nitrous acid corresponds pretty exactly with the extreme of natural cold in the most rigorous climates, which can well be inhabited; and does not exceed 46" of a standard mercurial thermometer of Fahrenheit. Phil. Transac. vol. lxxiii. page 387.

As the degree of artificial cold requisite to congeal quicksilver had been greatly misconceived and exaggerated, a similar misconception also prevailed with respect to the degree of natural cold necessary to the success of the experiment.

Professor Braun estimated, that the degree of natural cold ought not to be less than 190 of De Lisle, or 17 below 0 of Fahrenheit, and that opinion was generally adopted by the naturalists of Russia, as when the mercury in the thermometer stood above that point, they conceived it needless to attempt the experiment.

Dr. Guthrie, however, in the course of his experiments, sufficiently proves, that the congelation succeeded in a cold not

exceeding 0 of Fahrenheit, and subsequent experiments made at Oxford by Mr. Walker, shew, that a very small degree of natural cold is sufficient to obtain for the frigorific mixture the degree of cold necessary to congeal quicksilver.

Mr. Walker congealed quicksilver by means of a mixture of, equal parts, of vitriolic acid and strong fuming nitrous acid with snow, the temperature of the atmosphere being only at 30, or two degrees below freezing point.

The same ingenious gentleman has also shewn, that it may be even frozen in summer, in the hottest climates, by a particular combination of the frigorific mixtures, without the use of ice.

HISTORY OF BENVOLIO.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

AS a friend to liberality of sentiment, and one whose philosophy teaches him to consider the removal of any narrow prejudice from the minds of our fellow creatures as an increase of the aggregate of human happiness, I could not but be pleased with a little article, inserted in your entertaining miscellany for May last, entitled 'The Bachelor's Apology.' I could not help thinking, that in this little piece I discovered the generous and feeling heart struggling under the unhappiness it describes, and deeply wounded by the puncture of perplexities not very unlike to those it so pathetically relates.

I am equally convinced, with the apologist, that, tho' custom has long branded with contemptuous sarcasm the titles of Old Bachelor and Old Maid, there are many who have subjected themselves to this wanton ridicule from motives that do the highest honour to humanity. Several instances of this kind have fallen within the compass of my own observation; and as I am desirous, whenever I have an opportunity, of vindicating any part of my species from unmerited censure, I shall now submit to the attention of the public, a very interesting example in proof of my assertion.

Mr. Gregson was a respectable tradesman, at the west end of the town, who blended together the very rarely connected qualities of the greatest mercantile assiduity and the most lively sense of all the generous feelings of the heart. It was thro' the influence of the latter, that he was induced to spend the flower of his life in

promoting the fortunes of a relation, to whom he considered himself bound by the ties of early obligation, but whose unkind deportment and subsequent behaviour might have induced a mind, less susceptible than Mr. Gregson's, to consider every claim of gratitude as entirely cancelled.

This, however, was not easily to be effected according to his conceptions, and it was long before he could persuade himself that he was entitled to consult any separate interest in opposition to his former benefactor. But finding, at last, that all the efforts of his industrious application, were considered insufficient as a return for former favours, and his avaricious kinsman proposing to change the share of the profits, which had for some time been appropriated to him out of the business, into a scanty annual stipend, he began to think it time to seek for a more permanent establishment for his family.

This family consisted of a wife, a son, Benvolio, (then about fifteen years of age) whose history I am about to relate, and two daughters, both of them of still more tender years.

The anxious father, thus situated, ventured, at the age of forty, to begin the world for himself, and embarked the little savings of former economy in the hazardous attempt of raising a new business on his own foundation; an attempt, which his selfish relative, who felt his value as soon as he had lost his assistance, did not neglect the malicious endeavour to frustrate, by malignant whispers and unsounded assertions.

His reputation, however, was too firmly established to be injured by such artifices, and his industry too exemplary not to procure a speedy prospect of the most ample success, and to inspire the most flattering hopes of future respectability in the bosom of his little family. But alas! these hopes and prospects were of short duration. His exertions had been too great for his feeble constitution; and, before he had been engaged two years in this concern, he was attacked by a violent fit of the asthma, and, after a short illness, expired, a victim to his efforts in behalf of a beloved family, whom, notwithstanding all his assiduity, he was compelled to leave in scanty and precarious circumstances.

Benvolio, whose promising genius and endearing manners had long imparted the sincerest satisfaction to his family, and filled their bosoms with the most sanguine expectations of his future eminence in the world, now proved himself to be no less worthy of admiration for the amiable tenderness of his heart, and the generous warmth of his affections.

He had discovered a strong and early bias to the study of the polite arts; and as his capacity for the attainment of excellence in that study appeared to be equal to his inclination for the pursuit, the fond father had encouraged a disposition, which he hoped would render him a real honour to his family, and an ornament to the country in which he lived. This powerful attachment, as it led him to court the society of those who entertained similar inclinations, had occasioned him, young as he was, to conceive sentiments of the most tender nature, for an amiable female, endeared to his heart by a correspondence of taste and sentiment, equality of years and temper, and the pressure of unlooked-for and unmerited misfortunes.

But all the dreams of happiness, and of fame, that were wont to sooth his pensive mind, were now at an end. His much-loved father was no more; and he had scarcely revived from the first paroxysms of anguish occasioned by this irreparable loss, when, reflecting that his mother and sisters had no friend but himself, to whom they could look up for protection and assistance, he found it necessary to prepare for another separation equally affecting, and still more difficult to be endured; because it must proceed from the volutary exertions of his own mind. In short, he made an heroic sacrifice, both of his ambition and his love, at the shrine of filial duty and fraternal affection; and suppressing his ardent attachment to those favourite arts which, at best, he knew must be long unprofitable, and stifling the tender senti-

ments of his heart, he devoted himself entirely to the support and consolation of his family.

Being, fortunately, very ready with his pen, he procured employment from a writing stationer, with whom he had some acquaintance; and thus, by means of his industry, contributed to the comfortable maintenance of those for whom he had sacrificed every other attachment.

The employment upon which he depended, however, exclusive that it was, necessarily, very unpleasant to one of his taste and sentiments, was exceedingly precarious, and the seasons of avocation, with all his assiduity and frugality, would but just enable him to provide for those of leisure; so that no prospect of amending his situation soothed the increasing anxiety of his mind. This, together with the regret with which he never ceased to reflect on the compelled desertion of his much-loved arts, and to contemplate his separation from the object of his disinterested attachment, cast a gloom over his mind, which, though it did not at all sour his temper, took from his conversation that lustre which once rendered him the delight and admiration of all his acquaintance.

He did not, however, abandon himself to unpleasant reflections, but employed his leisure hours in cultivating the infant minds of his sisters, and sometimes in improving himself in those elegant studies to which he ever retained his early bias. From the latter of these amusements (for he distinguished them both by that name) he always arose with such sensations as we feel on quitting the oft-revisited grave of some dear departed friend, whom melancholy tenderness reminds us we shall see no more.

But the increasing gloom of Benvolio's mind was, after the lapse of two or three years, considerably deepened by the death of his mother, the loss of whose maternal assiduity (beside that he tenderly loved her) he conceived would be severely felt by his young and inexperienced sisters.

To these, however, his redoubled attentions made the best possible compensation for such a loss. He was equally unwearied and successful in inculcating every maxim of prudence and virtue, which their friendless situation rendered peculiarly necessary. As he had never assumed the authority, which a less liberal mind would have thought itself entitled to, but had ever treated them with confidence and love, his instructions and admonitions were always enforced by the most powerful of all auxiliaries—the affection of his pupils.

As these fond nurslings of his fostering care grew up, they began to contribute their efforts

efforts to the improvement of their mutual circumstances; and the profits of their needles being added to those of his pen, they were enabled to live in a less contracted and uncomfortable manner; and as the minds and persons of the sisters partook, in a considerable degree, of what may be called the amiable, Benvolio began to look forward with the cheerful hope of seeing them established by matrimonial engagements, in a situation, if not affluent, at least respectable. Nor were his expectations disappointed. They both entered into the hallowed bands of wedlock with tradesmen of some estimation, though not in opulent circumstances.

The hour was arrived for which the heart of this amiable brother had so long and so ardently wished. His fears and anxieties for the welfare of his sisters were at an end. He rejoiced that they were placed out of the reach of temptation, and secured (whatever might hereafter befall him) from the dread of want, and the degradation of unfriended penury. Nor was his satisfaction a little increased by the reflection, that he could now indulge a little more in the study of his darling arts, without endangering the interests of any one but himself.

Such were the pleasing reflections of Benvolio. But, alas! by some mysterious dispensation of providence, it was his fate, that all his pleasing prospects should prove delusive visions. These reflections were quickly at an end, and melancholy and dejection succeeded in their place. The solitudes of fraternal tenderness yielded to lonely meditation. Robbed of the only conversation from which, for a considerable time, he had been used to receive any delight, his mind began to ruminate on his own forlorn and hopeless situation.

Conscious of superior genius, he beheld himself doomed to the lonely vale of obscurity. With a heart alive to all the tenderness of social endearment, he found himself excluded from the reciprocations of connubial affection, isolated in the midst of a gay and crowded metropolis, and destined to smother all the glowing passions of his soul in the cold and comfortless state of celibacy.

His servile and laborious profession, which, while the welfare of those he loved depended on his application, he had pursued with alacrity, that stimulus being removed, became irksome and disgusting; and though his piety prevented him from arraigning the justice of Providence in its mysterious distribution, he could not philosophize himself into an acquiescence in his situation.

It is true, his favourite studies would

frequently dissipate, in some measure, these dejecting reflections. But there were times when melancholy would suspend the powers of invention, when mental anguish would dash the pencil of genius from the artist's hand, and the unbidden tear blur the neglected palette. Nay, these very arts, as his affection for them increased with indulgence, made him look with still more abhorrence on the profession on which he was dependent; and, consequently, increased the melancholy turn of his mind.

At length, he formed a design of rendering the amusements he delighted in, assistant to his emolument; though he was, at the same time, too conscious how precarious such emoluments were likely to be, to abandon his profession for such a phantom; but he conceived, that by thus making his favourite pleasures productive of some little profit, he might be enabled to dedicate the more time to them, without inconvenience to his circumstances.

With this project he pleased himself much; and his early attempts being rather successful, he became more sanguine in his expectations. Having once known the pleasure of deriving emolument from the most favourite gratification of his mind, he had, of course, ever after, an increased distaste, for any other means of profitable attainment. From this time he pursued his professional avocations with languor and indifference.

But the flattering prospects of advantage from his beloved studies did not keep pace with his expectations; on the contrary, like his other hopes, they tantalized him for awhile, and then almost entirely vanished. The encouragement he met with was always inadequate to his real deserts; and so far were his profits from keeping pace with his improvement, that, after a short time, they rapidly decreased, and, as he could not prevail upon himself to redouble his application to his pen, his circumstances became daily more and more contracted.

The native pride of superior genius prevented him from making his disappointments known to his friends; but as he was constantly pondering over them, in his solitary apartment, the uneasy sensations and perturbed reflections they produced, became, at length, too powerful for his reason; and the gloom, so long gathering over his mind, darkened into a degree of insanity.

The eccentricity of his conduct, and the wildness of his gesticulations, alarmed his friends. The sisters to whom he had formerly behaved with more than paternal tenderness, now returned his gener-
ously

sity by the most anxious attention to his unhappy wanderings. Nor were their efforts fruitless for the restoration of his peace:

His mind, in a short time, regained some measure of its wonted serenity. His application to his favourite pursuits being, for some time after this, more flattering to his ambition and more productive of emolument, contributed, in no small degree, to the prolongation of this desired serenity; and the prospect of comparative felicity once more flattered with delusive smile the imagination of Benvolio and his anxious friends.

But the cup of sorrow was not yet full. Fresh disappointments again agitated his mind, and an unfortunate accident (which a delicate feeling for a worthy, and living family forbids me to explain) destroying in a great measure, the peace of his favourite sister, and her little domestic circle, so far disturbed his tranquillity, that a relapse was very much dreaded. At the same time, a friend, in whom he had long placed an implicit confidence, and for whom he had entertained the most sincere esteem, treated him with a degree of treacherous cruelty, and unmerited neglect, which stung the fine and generous feelings of his soul, to a degree that exquisite sensibility can alone conceive.

He now entirely abandoned himself to poignant reflections on the business of this delusive world, and the hopeless misery of his own situation. Nor was the keenness of his anguish aggravated in a small degree by the reflection, that while thousands, whose minds were insensible to the tender alleviations of conjugal endearment, were surrounded with all the fond connections of the husband and the parent, he, whose heart was tremblingly alive to all the fine vibrations of social sensibility, was destitute of the consolation of pouring his sorrows into the tender bosom of an amiable partner, whose congenial soul might alleviate by sympathy the weight of mortal woes. In all the frantic excesses of despair, he called upon the memory of her whose amiable manners and enchanting form had first impressed the signet of tenderness upon his mind, and awakened his breast to the throb of refined and glowing sentiment.

The sufferings of Benvolio had now attained their full climax; and the excess of

his anguish produced the only melancholy relief of which a wounded mind is susceptible. His constitution, already much impaired by continual uneasiness, yielded to this paroxysm, and a fever ensued, which, in a few days, put a period to his unfortunate life.

Thus fell one of the noblest, most refined, and most enlightened geniuses which ever sprung up in the lowly vale of unfringed obscurity, and was suffered,

‘ To waste its sweetness on the desert air ;

A genius calculated to add lustre to the reputation of his country, and adorn with genuine glory the species to which he belonged; but who, unaided by those generous patrons of merit, who think themselves not bound to extend relief to genius, till its beggary becomes importunate at their doors, was suffered to languish in mechanical drudgery, till he fell a victim to those dignified endowments which lifted his soul; indeed, above the level of his situation; but which were incompetent to exalt his person above the stings of want, ingratitude, and neglect.

He has left his name, indeed,

‘ To point a moral and adorn a tale ;’

But the tale is a brand of censure upon a senseless age, and the moral is but too mortifying to the generous pride of aspiring genius; since it shews how little reason there can be to exult in a mental superiority which, even when blended with virtue, cannot secure the happiness of its possessor.

I would fain, from this narrative, enforce another moral, and teach ungenerous scoffers, that every Old Bachelor does not derive his title to their illiberal contempt from ‘ the want of a feeling and a social heart,’ but frequently from an excess of those generous feelings which the grinning sons of barbarous levity can neither feel nor comprehend. Were it otherwise, the comfortless situation of a man unconnected and unendured, would be more than adequate punishment for his neglect; and I would still repeat, ‘ Let him descend in peace to the grave, pitied, though unlamented, while his name dies silently away, and is buried in oblivion for ever.’

A SOCIETY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF BRITISH WOOL.

A SOCIETY has been lately instituted under the auspices of Sir John Sin-

clair, Bart. M.P. for the improvement of British wool. That intelligent and active

senator, in the course of his investigations respecting the revenue, trade, finances, and resources of this country, having had occasion to observe that the wool of Britain for many centuries, had been accounted the finest, and best for the manufacture of cloth, that was then to be had in Europe, and that it now is many degrees inferior to that of Spain, was at pains to trace the cause of this singular phenomenon. The result of his enquiries was, that this change could only be attributed to neglect; and that this neglect had probably arisen from some legislative regulations that took place soon after the accession of the family of Stuart to the throne of England.— Hence he concluded, that by a proper degree of attention, the wool of this country might be brought to an equal degree of fineness at least to what it formerly possessed, which if effected, must prove highly beneficial to the manufactures of this country. In one neglected corner of the kingdom (Shetland,) he discovered the remains of this fine woolled breed of sheep nearly unadulterated; but it was in so great danger of being lost, by an admixture with other breeds, that his first attention was directed to the saving of it; and having proposed it to the Highland Society of Scotland, that patriotic body of men, with their usual liberality, made haste to second his intentions; a set of premiums have been offered by them for selecting the best of this breed of sheep, and obtaining a thorough knowledge of them, which will effectually preserve them till measures can be adopted for more fully ascertaining the value of their wool and other qualities.

But as the Highland Society have many other objects that claim their attention, and exhaust their funds, it was judged expedient to establish a distinct society, whose sole object should be that of improving the quality of British wool. This was no sooner proposed, than many Noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank, made haste to step forward in so public a cause. The Town of Edinburgh, with an alacrity that does honour to the magistrates of that city, have contributed very liberally towards that end; and the

Chambers of Commerce, and other corporate bodies, have expressed a desire to do the same; so that there seems to be little doubt but the funds of the society will be soon adequate to the purposes wanted.

Each member of this society, is to contribute one guinea, towards its funds, while he continues a member. The money is to be at the disposal of a committee, chosen annually, by the society at large.

The objects of this society are, in the first place, to select the best breeds of sheep, that are still to be found in Britain, and to keep them apart from all others, till, by a set of accurate experiments, the actual value of the wool, and other qualities of the sheep, be fairly ascertained; and, in the next place, to obtain from foreign parts, some of the best breeds of sheep that can be found, to be kept also apart from all others, till the respective value of their wool, and the other qualities of these sheep, can be ascertained and compared with others. Then, by publishing to the world the result of these trials, to point out the particular breeds, that appear to be best adapted for every particular purpose; and the peculiar circumstance of pasturage and climate, where the flocks may best be kept. Such are the extensive views of this patriotic society, which are so liberal and beneficent, that it cannot fail to obtain the good wishes of every well-disposed citizen.

In consequence of the attention, that has been already bestowed upon this subject, some specimens of the Shetland wool have been obtained, and shewn to manufacturers, who account it an article of inestimable value. In softness of texture it far exceeds the finest Spanish wool, and may in some respects be compared with the *laine de vignone*. And it can be had of a much purer, white than any other wool, so as to admit of being dyed of the most delicate light colours, which the yellowish tinge of other kinds of wool does not admit of. We shall probably have occasion, in some future numbers of this work, to give a further account of this article.

An ACCOUNT of the GREAT CHARTREUSE, near GRENOBLE, in FRANCE.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

AMONG the various religious orders, the most celebrated has been that of the Carthusians. This order, which is a branch

branch of the Benedictines, was instituted by a devotee, named St. Bruno, about the year 1084. It is distinguished by the austerity of their rule, which obliges them to a perpetual solitude; to a total abstinence from flesh, even at the peril of their lives; to feed on bread, water, and salt, one day in every week; and to absolute silence, except at certain stated times. Their houses were usually built in deserts: their fare was coarse, and their discipline severe. Their name is derived from a village, in the province of Dauphiny, called *Chartreuse*, in French, and, in Latin, *Carthusium*. Hence the French call all the votaries of this order *Chartreux*, and their convents *Chartreuses*; an appellation which appears to have obtained anciently in England; whence the name of that celebrated hospital, or rather college, in London, the *Charter-house*, so called, by corruption, from *Chartreuse*.

The Grand Chartreuse, the subject of this article, was the first convent of this order. It is situated in the mountains of Dauphiny, about five leagues from the city of Grenoble. The views of the founder were total seclusion from the world; and he has chosen a spot admirably adapted to his purpose, amid frightful rocks and almost inaccessible precipices. Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, who advised St. Bruno to choose this situation, forbade all women, hunters, and shepherds to approach it. Perhaps, with respect to situation, nothing can more realize the prison of the Abyssinian Prince, in Dr. Johnson's romance of *Rasselas*. This, too, is a valley, some miles in length, surrounded by steep mountains; it widens in the middle, but is so nearly closed at either extremity as barely to give passage to a torrent which rolls through it, and to a narrow road conducted along the brink of the torrent. Over this road, in each of these, is built a gateway; and thus the inhabitants of the valley are effectually excluded from all commerce with the world.

The craggy sides of the valley are covered with wood, chiefly firs and pines, of every size, interspersed with here and there a hanging field, which seems inaccessible. An immense revenue would arise from the sale of this wood, if it could be transported with ease: the water is useless to this end, on account of the huge blocks of stone with which it is filled, and which break and stop its course.

A navigable river is very often picturesque; but these scenes lose nothing by the want of it: foaming cataracts amply compensate the deficiency of barks and sails, which are indeed quite foreign to the character of Alpine scenery. *Salvator Rosa*

would have delighted to copy many parts of the Carthusian landscape.

In the widest and most elevated part of of the valley stands the convent; the road which leads to it always follows the course of the torrent, sometimes near the water's edge, and sometimes very high above it. Vast stones, or whole trees felled on purpose, form a rude parapet against the dangerous precipice. Excepting the road, no trace of man's art is here seen; trees, and inequalities in the ground, conceal the convent till a near approach to its gate. When first it is discovered, nothing particularly strikes the eye; it is a large, convenient, plain edifice.

The society consisted of one hundred fathers, beside three hundred servants; these last did all the work in the house and on the estate. They had every thing within themselves; every necessary art and trade was exercised by one of the lay-brethren.

Each monk had an apartment to himself, consisting of two small rooms; the windows were of oiled paper, to prevent the mind from wandering; yet they had also glass casements, to be used in bad weather. Their fare was always meagre, served up to each individual alone in his cell. They observed a strict and constant silence, except on some holidays; but, as they lived in the exercise of perpetual hospitality toward a great concourse of strangers who resorted to the Great Chartreuse, there was an officer of the community appointed to welcome the visitors, and to superintend their entertainment. This duty he discharged with such a mixture of attention and humility as is no where else to be found.

Notwithstanding the austerity of their rule, no order has so little relaxed from ancient institutions as the Carthusians. This is to be attributed partly to their entire seclusion from the world, and almost from each other, and partly to the annual holding of a general chapter of the order at the Great Chartreuse. This the neighbouring priors always attended; the more distant attended every second or third year. The chapter lasted a week; when finished, high mass was celebrated, and immediately the foreign priors were obliged to set off, be the weather what it might. The season for holding this chapter was the fourth Sunday after Easter; and during the session strangers were not received. At all other times visitors were cordially welcome. A good dining-room was appropriated to their use, out of which two or three small, but neat, cabins opened, fitted up with beds for their accommodation. Their table was served with fish,

eggs, and vegetables, and very good wine. No meat was eaten within these walls.

It was formerly a custom to bring an *album* to visitors, in which they were desired to record their visit, in any language, in verse or in prose. This, at last, was discontinued, on account of the licentiousness of some pens.

Our poet Gray appears to have twice visited this celebrated spot. The second time, when his natural melancholy, heightened by chagrin, had led his wishes to a gloomy dereliction of society, he found himself in a situation perfectly suited to the temper of his soul; and here, in the album of these fathers, he wrote the following Ode; such an Ode as only he himself could have written:

O tu, severi Religio loci,
 Quocunq; gaudes nomine (non leve
 Nativa nam certè fluenta
 Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
 Præsentiosem et conspicimus Deum
 Per invidias rupes, fera, per juga,
 Clivisque præruptos, sonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
 Quàm si repositus sub trabe citreâ
 Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
 Salve vocanti, ritè, fessò et
 Da placidam juveni quietum.
 Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
 Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
 Vetat volentem, me resorbens
 In medios violenta fluctus.
 Saltè remoto des, Pater, angulo
 Horas senectæ ducere liberâs;
 Tutumque vulgari tumultu
 Surripias, hominumque curis.

IMITATED.

Oh, Genius of this hallow'd place
 (The seat of sanctity and grace)
 Whatever name shall greet thy ear,
 Or holy, reverend, or severe,
 (For ah! no common power pervades
 These sacred streams, these antique glades)
 And sure we more conspicuous see

The presence of the Deity
 In rocks abrupt, in foaming floods,
 In the meridian night of woods!
 Than if, on throne of ivory plac'd,
 With gold and gems profusely grac'd,
 In robe of Tyrian purple dress'd,
 He Phidias' magic hand confests'd.
 O! thus invoc'd, propitious power,
 The rest of one, one short-liv'd hour
 On thy poor suppliant bestow,
 A wand'rer through this wild of woe.
 For, ah! him cruel fate impels
 To quit thy calm and peaceful cells,
 Where Solitude and Silence reign,
 With all the virtues in their train
 (Where Contemplation, nymph serene,
 With gentle step and placid mein,
 With Saints and Confessors of old
 High sacred converse seem to hold;
 Where Piety, with up-cast eyes,
 Dissolves in holy extasies;
 And scorning aught of this vile earth,
 That Heaven seeks that gave her birth;
 Where Charity, above the rest,
 E'en in the desert spreads a feast;)
 But ah! stern fate, with ruthless force,
 Impels him through life's rapid course,
 Where his frail bark, by tempests tost,
 May in the vast abyss be lost;
 And thro' the winds' and waters' roar
 Some pitying port in vain implore.'

This celebrated monastery has at length experienced one of those vicissitudes, which are, sooner or later, the consequence of the irresistible influence of opinion, assisted by the conjunction of times and circumstances. It has been lately dissolved, in consequence of the great revolution in France, and its inhabitants are driven from their beloved solitude, with habits unformed for society, to subsist in the world on separate pensions, allowed by the nation from the produce of their confiscated revenues.—In our Magazines for June, 1790, are some poetical lines by Mr. Merri, on the former state of this romantic spot and of its late inhabitants.

ON THE SCALE OF FAME.

[From Heron's Letters.]

I HAVE heard it seriously asserted in conversation, that it is impossible for any writer to obtain a false fame; and that celebrity must ever be the fruit of some proportionable merit. This opinion, as false, as it is plausible, deserves a confutation at

some length, from its important consequences to the interests of literature.

The fame of a good writer resembles the descent of a pyramid—most minute at first, but swelling to an enormous base, which stands firm as the earth, and defies every tempest,

tempest, and even the silent waste of time. False fame resembles the pyramid likewise in every thing except its durability; but in another view; for it rises from a broad base, and tapers to nothing. Hence that applause, which is wide at first, is very seldom lasting: and durable reputation almost always springs from very minute beginnings.

A good writer is seldom or never popular at first. His ideas are so much out of the common line, that he is not understood, much less tasted by the mob of his day. True judges, men of real science, are always his first admirers from congeniality of mind: and his fame, when swelled to a vast river, is yet of the utmost purity, because its sources are clear. The applause of true judges is the only living fame which a writer of true taste can relish. When popular acclamation rises around him, he will be ready to say with the ancient Greek, upon hearing an unexpected roar of praise from the populace whom he was addressing, 'Have I said a foolish thing?'

The opinion of men of learning always lead the mob, when it hath had a proper period to operate: the opinion of the mob is seldom or never that of men of learning; and in no instance can lead it.

The fame of the most superlative writers is, after thousands of years, always confined to superior minds: the popular acclaim is only an unmeaning echo of it. Du Bos hath well observed that the true reputation of Homer is at this day confined to those who can read and admire him in the original; perhaps amounting to two hundred persons in the world. His other pretended admirers disgrace his genuine fame; and are the mere babbling echoes of the former.

The like may be said of every superlative writer. Is Pindar, or Tacitus, the minion of the populace? Our own Milton, our Shakespeare, universal as they are, are not understood, or at least relished by one person in a thousand, who echo their celebrity with open mouth. Were the genuine sentiments of the million enquired into, it would be discovered, that any fashionable bauble of the diurnal kind, is of far more estimation in their sight, than the immortal labours of these glorious writers. What is the use of diamonds to them? Can they eat them? No; with the cock in the fable, grains of corn were better; and, where corn is, not to be had, even chaff.

But before the breeze of time, that chaff vanishes; while diamonds remain and blaze to eternity.

Men of superior talents have it not in

their power to adjust the reputation of a work at once. They must have time to consider it. Perhaps the author is known to many of them; and they tremble at the suspicion of partiality. Perhaps they are careless; perhaps they are invidious; perhaps they are foes of the author.

Meanwhile a work of real merit is sure to be neglected; for where shall the cattle go, when there is no guide? the little craft are coasting round their own paltry shores, and know not that a new world is discovered. If they did, how shall they sail to it without powers, and without a compass? The small fishes, they find at home, are enough for them. They leave the exploration of the treasures of other climates, to those who are in possession of superior means of navigation.

The fame of few writers, whose works are not of a more temporary kind, can be estimated in the century in which they live. One hundred years of purgatory may with great justice be looked upon as assigned to most authors, before they pass to paradise or damnation.

Roussau, I think, observes that the path to true fame, like that to the temple of virtue, is most arduous and difficult: and it may be added, that, where this difficulty is not found, it is much to be doubted, that the path is not the true one.

I know not, however, if living fame, which is almost always false, be not of more real moment to any writer or artist, than posthumous and eternal. The latter will never buy him a great coat; whereas the former heaps wealth and honours upon his happy head. Living fame is sweet music to the ears, though one were even certain that it would die with us. Posthumous fame is unenjoyable by us, is of no existence to us. The false prescience of it, affords high satisfaction to the vain-glorious fool: but the true prescience of it slightly affects the great and the wise.

It hath already been observed, that legitimate celebrity is only to be found in the mouths of true judges, who are full as rare as good writers; insomuch that for fifty years after Milton's *Comus* was published, nobody knew its worth but Sir Henry Wotton. The delay, which true judges always adopt, in pronouncing upon superior works, hath also been stated. The public, in the mean time, led by caprice or fashion, bestow their applause, which they ought carefully to hoard for real merit, upon every gew-gaw that comes in their way. Hence the number of false reputations is almost infinite; and in proportion

on to the true; about one thousand to one.

Any person, who doubts if fame may ever be surreptitiously acquired, need only to look into the title pages, and contemporary productions, of a thousand-works of the last and present century. In the first, we will see sometimes the twelfth edition of some poetical or other work, which disgraces the human mind. In the last he will observe the vain and transitory praises bestowed on it by writers of equal minuteness of intellect. For one instance in a thousand of these facts, Cotton's Virgil Travestie had fourteen editions, Milton's Poems hardly two; and see the praises of the matchless Orinda's poems in Cowley and others. Who was she? Can there be a stronger illustration of my position, that false reputations actually exist? Nay, I know, that I could from this very century, muster up complete evidences of my position, that they surpass the true in the proportion of at least one thousand to one.

I know not how it is, but it is certainly a more favourable symptom of a work, to have enemies at first, than admirers. The ingenious author of the book *De l'Esprit*, a work in which great talents are exerted to support bad principles, observes with truth, that superiority is sure to create enemies. The maxim of most people is that of the Ephesians, 'If any one excel among us, let him go and excel elsewhere.' M. Helvetius hath aptly distinguished the esteem professed for writers of repute into two sorts; an esteem of

prejudice, taken up, on the word of others; and an esteem of sentiment. The last I call the only foundation of true fame, when it is the sentiment of a superior soul. He marks Corneille as a writer whose esteem stands wholly upon prejudice, and not sentiment.

When I mention popular fame, as of no account in forming our judgment of the worth of a modern writer, I do not mean to speak but of works out of the common class—works that give new forms to human talents. Works of themselves merely popular, as novels and the like, need not stand the test of their century before their fame may be called permanent. A table of periods, that must pass over different works, before the stamp of lasting worth is put upon them, might be curious. Let us try. Suppose

	Years.
Epic poetry	100
Dramatic poetry,	50
History	100
Lyric poetry	100
Novels	50
Satiric poetry	20
Didactic poetry	20
Philosophy, Natural	2,000
———— Moral ²	10
Criticism	100
Miscellanies	50
Panegyrics,	1 hour
Pastoral poetry	5 minutes

The reason of the short space allowed for the two last, is their putrescent quality: which makes it not safe to keep them long before they are eaten.

MR. PITT'S celebrated SPEECH on the ABOLITION of the SLAVE TRADE, on the 19th of April, 1791.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer said, from the hour of his having the honour to sit in Parliament to the present, among all the political or personal questions in which it had been his fortune to take a share, there never was a question in which, both from the principles it involved, and the consequences connected with it, his heart was so deeply interested. But forcibly as it appealed to the best and most unerring sensations of man; strong, and in his mind irresistible, as were the arguments that might be drawn from that force alone, he would not argue it merely as a question of feeling, although in departing from that ground he desired it to be understood that he did not abandon it. The main strength of the arguments ad-

vanced by those who opposed the motion of his Hon. Friend, was to bring forward an impracticability, which resolved itself into a question of expediency or in expediency. On this ground he should examine it, observing as a necessary precaution against misunderstanding his own sentiments, that no expediency would hinder him from assenting to it, unless it could be shewn that the legislature of a country had not a right to bind its subjects, and to restrain them from a violation of the general and fundamental principles of justice and morality. No man would contend, that it was any slight ground of expediency that ought to sanction the continuance of such a trade; or any thing short of whether the cultivation of the West India Islands could

be carried on without it, so as to render them beneficial to the proprietors and of advantage to this country, ought to make it even the subject of discussion. If it had been said, by those who opposed the motion, that no adequate means of cultivation could be found if the slave trade were abolished; and that if adequate means could be found, the planters would not only cheerfully consent to adopt such means, but return their grateful thanks to those who should suggest them. From those who said so, he differed widely in opinion; and although he could not but lament to find the sentiments of all those who had immediate interest in the decision, at variance with his, and their judgment directly opposite to that which he had formed, yet he could not but think, that an excess of sensibility, and an over apprehension in a case that concerned them so nearly, had prevented them from drawing the same conclusions from the same facts, as he had done; and that he and other Gentlemen, who had no bias on their minds, who had no object in view but to discover truth, were perhaps more competent judges than they were. In considering this part of the subject, he should first refer to Jamaica, both as the most important of the West India Islands, containing about one half of the number of slaves in the whole, and as that in which they had before them the most accurate accounts of the importation and propagation. From these documents, and the oral testimony of Gentlemen who had spoken in support of the contrary opinion, he trusted he should prove to the satisfaction of the Committee, that there was the prospect of securing the cultivation of the lands without any material diminution of the number of slaves in the first instance, and of laying the foundation of a future increase on such solid and permanent principles as could not be shaken in the natural course of things, and would render the state of the island infinitely superior to a dependance on importation. Accounts had been made out for a series of periods of the increase of slaves by birth and importation, and of the decrease by casualty or death. From the first of those periods it appeared that the decrease of numbers, independent of importation, had been gradually diminishing to the last, viz. from 1768 to 1788, in which the decrease, on an average, was not more than one per cent. This decrease was owing to various causes, which, by wholesome regulations, might be removed; and when removed, as they already in a great measure were, no man would say that the natural progress of population would not keep up the number.—The statements,

however, in those calculations, made the decrease much too great. He entered into a clear and accurate examination of those statements, comparing one account with another, and pointing out in what each was correct or incorrect; from which he deduced, that allowing the number of slaves not rated in the tax-tables to bear the same proportion to the number rated in 1768 and 1788, the decrease of number, independent of importation, had been less than one per cent. on an average of twenty and three fourths. This was the decrease on the whole number, and for the whole period; but as applied to the present time it was considerably less, because the decrease from its progressive diminution must have been greater in the former part of the period than in the latter. In that period too there had been extraordinary causes of diminution. By a succession of hurricanes and calamities, such as had never occurred in any former period, fifteen thousand slaves had been swept away. The independence of America had been another cause of decrease. By the change of the mode of supplying the islands with provisions, which had been adopted for wise reasons, and attended with beneficial effects, a short scarcity was asserted to have been felt, which naturally fell heaviest upon the slaves. That change, however, had turned the attention of the planters to raising provisions on the island, greatly increasing the culture for that purpose, and created a rich and permanent resource against future scarcity, by which the condition of the slaves was proportionably improved. Nor was this all. In the general account of deaths were included the deaths of slaves newly imported; and these, if taken out, would show, that among the negroes seasoned on the island, the births were more than sufficient to supply the deaths. For the first two years imported negroes could contribute nothing to the general stock by birth, but much to the general mortality; for it was admitted, that nearly one half of them died in the seasoning. Of those who were landed in health, although what sort of health they could enjoy after such a voyage it was not easy to conceive, but of those who, according to the term used in the market, were said to be in health, one fourth died; and of those who came loaded with such foul and loathsome diseases, as the House in its enquiries had been compelled to look upon, more than a half, making together, at the lowest computation, one third of the whole. This on six thousand, the average number annually imported, amounted to little short of one per cent. on the whole number in the island. From all these considerations

rations it was clear, that the decrease of population was not more than three fourths per cent; and would it be contended, that to stop so small a decrease was beyond the power of such regulations as benevolence, humanity, and, he might add, interest, would readily point out? Were, then, the importation, of slaves to be stopped, this small decrease of numbers would go on gradually lessening, till, in the course of 14 or fifteen years, as the disproportion between the sexes, which the importation alone kept up, ceased to operate, it would entirely disappear, and a gradual increase take place. If to this was added the effect to be expected from regulations and a better mode of treatment—not from regulations enjoined by the legislature, but from the most active and vigilant of all regulations—regulations proceeding from a near and urgent sense of interest, from the necessity imposed on every planter of taking care that the treatment of his slaves was as mild and humane as the condition of slavery would admit. This, an abolition of importation alone could effect: And when it was effected, could there be a doubt that the foundation would be laid on a sure and permanent increase of the numbers; not more pleasing to the sentiments of humanity, than highly beneficial to the colonies? In proving this, he had proved more than he was called upon to prove; it was sufficient for his argument that no great inconvenience would attend the abolition; and he rejoiced that the effect of the system brought forward by his Honourable Friend, would be not only putting an end to a traffic inhuman and disgraceful, but increasing the success and prosperity of our colonies. In all the calculations through which he had gone, he could afford to give up three fourths of what he was entitled to take, and still his conclusion would be good. If there was any credit due to reasoning from facts and experience, that conclusion was entitled to the most implicit belief. But admitting, for the sake of argument, what he was not called to admit, that the number of slaves would decrease for a few years after the abolition, what would be the consequence? That the number of imported slaves would be diminished, and the number of Creoles increased; the latter, by their own acknowledgement, much more valuable than the former. Would any diminution that could be apprehended be of such magnitude as to counterbalance the advantage independent of the happiness of being released from the necessity of that importation which they had felt so long to be a burden and a curse? They said, that they were desirous of improving the con-

dition of their slaves: That which improved the condition and the value of the imported slave, would improve equally the condition and the value of the Creole, and contribute two-fold to the consequences he had stated. This was intimately connected with another question, viz. the condition of the descendants of those slaves? The hasty inconsiderate abolition of slavery in the West Indies, which had been imputed to those who brought forward the abolition of the slave trade, had never entered into the imagination of any rational man. In the condition into which we had brought them, a rash emancipation before the objects of it were instructed to use with discretion the gift that was given them, would be to commit a breach of duty, not to confer a benefit; but it was impossible not to say, that as the means of instruction were given them, they ought to be gradually released from the abject state of servitude in which they were, and put under the full protection of law. If this was a desirable object, how was it to be obtained if the importation continued? Take away that, and the difficulty would vanish. Instruction, much more than any regulation, would improve their value, and, far beyond the compensation for the pains in bestowing it, be the means of atonement and expiation for the miseries inflicted on many generations. That their value would increase with the degrees of their freedom, was no wild speculation of his. It was founded on the general principle of human nature, and sanctioned by the invariable testimony of human experience. In those islands where slaves had one day in the week to themselves, although worn down and exhausted by six days labour, it was acknowledged that they improved the time that was given them, and in some cases raised their own provisions. Such would always be the case. They would be industrious when they found they had an interest in their industry; and when they had the natural springs of human action, they would rise to the dignity of human energy. On these grounds he was convinced, that the decrease of slaves by an immediate stop to the importation, would be inconsiderable; and that it would be temporary; that it would diminish; that it would be followed by a great and permanent advantage with all the other benefits he had stated. These reasons though drawn from the state of Jamaica alone, as far as the information went, were applicable to the other islands. He went into the same sort of detail respecting the progress of population in each, and concluded, that except in Grenada and St. Vincent's, which had not been so long

in our possession as the rest, there was no danger of any material decrease of numbers, by stopping importation. What exception might be made in favour of these, it would be for the wisdom of the House to consider; but surely they would not say, that if the abolition might be effected in four-fifths of the whole, the accidental circumstances of the other fifth, for which a remedy could be found, ought not to stand in the way. He hoped he had shewn there was no interest endangered, which the Committee could, in the face of the world, oppose to the suggestions of their feelings, and the dictates of their consciences.

Having gone so much at length into the question of expediency, he should say a few words, and but a few, on the other parts of the subject. What was the state of the trade? When he looked to Africa, and the state of the governments on the Slave Coast, all of them, under whatever form, more or less despotic, the consequences to be inferred were exactly such as they appeared in evidence. If where the restraints of those in power were few and feeble, any trade was offered which applied to their passions, it was at once a call upon them to commit abuse; and must produce all the evils that were attributed to it. We sent them what they were most desirous of obtaining, for which we expected but one return, viz. Slaves. That return when they had it not, it was evident they would take the means to find; and for all the excesses, the murders, and rapine which they committed, we, who held out the temptation were justly answerable. That the unhappy victims, sold to us, were prisoners of war, or persons convicted of crimes, as had been alledged was impossible. Could any man suppose that a demand which was constant and regular, could be supplied by means that were casual and fluctuating? When we wanted slaves, we always found that they were to be obtained. Was it to be believed that war and conviction outran our demands, and not that they were proportioned to the demand? Alas! we made human beings the object of an abominable commerce, and then denied them the benefit of a commercial calculation. Let any man look at the numbers exported, the extent and population of the country whence they were taken, and say, if he could, that they could be supplied but by commencing wars for the sake of prisoners, and creating crimes for the sake of conviction. It was next said, that as prisoners of war, or convicted criminals, they would be condemned to indiscriminate slaughter were

not this profitable mode of disposing of them prevented. This was assuming, that it was the practice of all savages to slaughter their captives, which was not true, and if it were true, the practice was not perpetual; for as they advanced in civilization, the barbarous custom, wherever it had existed, was discontinued. It was assuming also, that they did not kill their prisoners from the first fury of passion, but kept them till that had subsided, and their minds were free to consider whether to kill or spare. It was in evidence, that they had slaves among themselves; that a man was thought rich in proportion to his number, and that they did actually employ those very wretches who were destined for sale, till they found a purchaser. It was therefore reasonable to infer, that they would keep those captives as an accession to their stock of slaves, and employ them in some way or other, were not the greater temptation of our trade held out to them. Their Princes might be supposed to consult sometimes the interest of the community, were it not for our perverted system which set their interest at irreconcilable variance with that of their people. An Hon. Baronet had said, that witchcraft, which had been stated as a crime, invented for the sake of the conviction, meant poisoning. But whatever it meant, was it supposed that the crime itself could be so common, or that were it not invented for the sake of the conviction, the punishment would be, not the death or slavery of the offender, but the death or slavery of his whole family and kindred? Of all these evils, of pretended wars, fictitious crimes, and inhuman punishments, we were the cause, while that trade continued. We were not only the cause of all the existing evils, but we intercepted from that country the ordinary dispensations of Providence; the natural progress of cultivation, and instead of communicating any of the blessings which we enjoyed, continued it in darkness, in ignorance, and in blood. Let us look at the map of Africa, and consider, that while every other quarter of the globe had been deriving knowledge and improvement by communication, it alone had remained unimproved, and unexplored. Let us reflect how long we had been acquainted with its coasts; and that of the interior parts we had yet no knowledge, but by this horrid intercourse. He would not pursue the wretched victims through the horrors of their passage, which, whoever had contemplated, must be convinced that no regulation could render fit for human eyes to look on, and which alone, as an evil neither to be remedied nor tolerated, he should think a

insufficient reason for an abolition. If he followed them to the West Indies, the only substantial hope of their condition there being rendered fit to be endured, depended on the abolition of the trade. If, therefore, the consequences to be apprehended, were as painful as they had been represented, he should think it an act of indispensable duty to the unalterable principles of humanity and justice, to vote for that aboli-

tion; but what must be the aggravation of refusing to vote it, when no public evil could in consequence of it ensue. He declared, he had never on any occasion, discharged his duty more cheerfully, than in stating his reasons for this vote, and whether successful or not, he should enjoy the consolation of having endeavoured to rescue his country from the opprobrium and disgrace of traffic in human blood.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE of a MAN who lived twelve Days after a Quantity of melted LEAD had been received into his STOMACH.

THIS accident happened at the burning of the famous Edystone light-house, on the 2d. December 1755. About two o'clock in the morning, the light-keeper then upon watch, went into the lantern as usual to snuff the candles; he found the whole in a smoke; and upon opening the door of the lantern into the balcony, a flame instantly burst from the inside of the cupola; he immediately endeavoured to alarm his companions; but they being in bed, and asleep, were not so ready in coming to his assistance as the occasion required. As there were always some leather buckets kept in the house, and a tub of water in the lantern, he attempted to extinguish the fire by throwing water from the balcony upon the outside cover of lead. By this time his companions arriving, he encouraged them to fetch up water with the buckets from the sea; but the height of the place, added to the consternation which must attend such an unexpected event, rendered their efforts fruitless. The flames gathered strength every moment; the poor man with every exertion, having the water to throw four yards higher than himself, found himself unable to stop the progress of the conflagration, and was obliged to desist.

As he was looking upward, with the greatest attention, to see the effect of the water thrown, a position which physiognomists tell us, occasions the mouth naturally to be a little open, a quantity of lead, dissolved by the heat of the flames, suddenly rushed like a torrent from the roof, and fell upon his head, face, and shoulders, and burnt him in a dreadful manner: from this moment he had a violent internal sensation, and imagined that a quantity of this lead had passed his throat, and got into his body. Under this violence of pain and anxiety, as every attempt had proved ineffectual, and the rage of the flame was increasing, it is not to be wondered that the terror and dismay

of the three men increased in proportion; so that they all found themselves intimidated, and glad to make their retreat from the immediate scene of horror into one of the rooms below. They therefore descended as the fire approached, with no other prospect than of securing their immediate safety, with scarce any hopes of being saved from destruction.

How soon the flames were seen on shore is uncertain; but early in the morning they were perceived by some of the Cawsand fishermen, and intelligence thereof given to Mr. Edwards, of Rame, in that neighbourhood, a gentleman of some fortune, and more humanity, who immediately sent out a fishing boat and men, to the relief of the distressed objects in the light house.

The boat and men arrived thither about ten o'clock, after the fire had been burning full eight hours; in which time the three light-keepers were not only driven from all rooms and the stair-case, but to avoid the falling of the timber and red-hot bolts, &c. upon them, they were found sitting in the hole or cave on the east side of the rock under the iron ladder, almost in a state of stupefaction; it being then low water.

With much difficulty they were taken off, when finding it impossible to do any further service, they hastened to Plymouth.

The man who had been mentioned already was named Henry Hall, of Stonehouse, near Plymouth, and though aged 94 years, being of a good constitution, was remarkably active, considering his time of life. He invariably told the surgeon who attended him, Dr. Spry of Plymouth, that if he would do any thing effectual to his recovery, he must relieve his stomach from the lead which he was sure was within him; and this he not only told Dr. Spry, but all those about him, though in a very hoarse voice, and the same assertion

assertion he made to Mr. Jessop.—The reality of the assertion seemed, however, then incredible to Dr. Spry, who could scarcely suppose it possible that any human being could exist after receiving melted lead into the stomach; much less that he should afterwards be able to bear towing through the sea from the rock, and also the fatigue and inconvenience, from the length of time he was in getting on shore, before any remedies could be applied. The man, however, did not shew any symptoms of being much worse or better until the sixth day after the accident, when he was thought to mend: he constantly took

his medicines, and swallowed many things both liquid and solid, till the tenth or eleventh day; after which he suddenly grew worse; and on the twelfth, being seized with cold sweats and spasms, he soon after expired.

His body was opened by Dr. Spry, and in the stomach was found a solid piece of lead, of a flat oval form, which weighed 7 ounces and 5 drachms. So extraordinary a circumstance appearing to deserve the notice of the philosophical world, an account of it was sent to the Royal Society, and printed in the 49th Volume of their Transactions, p. 477.

M A H O M E T :

A D R E A M.

STANDING on the brink of the sea, I amused myself in contemplating the proud and foaming billows that dashed with fury against the sandy beach. One while they rushed with impetuosity, as if about to devour the earth; another while they retired at the command of that Being who has written on the shore, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'

There had been thrown out upon the sand an oyster, which the most swelling and impetuous surge could not recover: upon its opening a little to the sun, as if to refresh itself with his rays, I observed something sparkling within; and looking more attentively, I discovered that what had struck my view was a small golden bell, with a tongue of pearl, inscribed with extremely beautiful characters. By the help of a good glass I read with astonishment the following words: 'You are now invested with the power of calling from the regions of the dead any spirit you please.' I exclaimed: 'Heaven blefs the author of such a gift!' and I rung the bell.

All at once a most dazzling spectacle presented itself to my view: A beam of glory seemed to descend from the orb of the sun, and directed itself to the place where I stood; while an angel, gliding with rapidity along this luminous conductor, appeared before me.

I fell prostrate on the earth, covering my face with my hands; but a soft and majestic voice calling me, I raised myself up, and beheld a youth of exquisite beauty. His fair hair was tied gracefully behind; a turban of an azure colour surrounded his brows; and his robe, of a dazzling

white, was tucked up with knots of gold. 'The Ancient of days (said he), that Being who weighs the ocean in the hollow of his hand, has deigned to send me to satisfy your requests.'

Immediately a temple of alabaster, in form of a rotunda, was raised around me; and a voice addressed me thus: 'Name, then, among the children of men, and of those who are destined to inherit eternal day, him whom you wish to see.'

Several illustrious personages crowded upon my memory; Sesostris, Abraham, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Cromwell, &c. &c. when, in my confusion, I named aloud 'Mahomet.'

Instantly his shade arose from the pavement of the temple, and I viewed at leisure the founder of the Mussulman religion and power, the conqueror of Mecca and Arabia, and the fortunate husband of so many handsome women. He had an air of authority, a majestic countenance, and most expressive eyes. 'Why,' said I to him, 'did you set yourself up for a prophet? wherefore did you thus impose upon mankind?'—Mahomet darted a stern look at me, and I was struck with his grandeur. He was silent; but his silence was that of dignity and disdain. He had a book under his arm, and he trampled upon a sword, as if ashamed of ever having employed it. But his book seemed dear to him; and there sparkled from it a luminous ray, which convinced me that it was full of that Deity whose power and glory it so awfully announced.

I addressed him again: 'Why have you abused the credulity of your countrymen? Why have you pretended to revelations?'

A solemn voice, proceeding from a lofty column of fine jasper, answered me in the following words :—

' Accuse not a great man who has been revered by so considerable a part of the world, and who has so much contributed to the destruction of idolatry. Do you know what is contained in this book?—Ill grounded calumny may charge a great personage with imaginary crimes; but can it combat the universal respect of nations, or can it annihilate the veneration which has lasted for so many ages? His precepts yet living, and spread over the vast surface of the globe, were established by the power of great abilities. Yes, such a legislator, perceiving that mankind would certainly reject the authority of one like themselves, found it necessary to have recourse to heaven for the precepts he wished to inculcate upon earth. Beware therefore of blaming him, or of giving him the appellation of knave or impostor: his sage and useful laws are the expression of the divine will; so far from offering prejudice to men, they persuade them to their true interests. And as the whole universe affords conviction of a supreme intelligence, who has established moral as well as physical laws, this great man exhibits himself as the herald or interpreter of these divine laws; he reveals them with a tone of majesty corresponding to their importance; he establishes civil police on a religious foundation, a foundation sacred and necessary; and his authority is founded on the dignity and integrity of his cause.

' If the ancient legislators have mixed fables and reveries with important and sublime truths, it was only for the purpose of making the latter pass. Time, circumstances, and the very nature of the human mind, always fond of the marvellous, may each of them force a legislator to embellish his morality and religion with the charms of fable: The former may be considered as the body, and is susceptible of various modifications without danger; the other is the real soul of this religious establishment.

' Cease then, ye blind mortals; cease to rank among impostors those enlightened benefactors of the human race, because they have conformed themselves to its foibles, and have left behind them some unavoidable errors, in order to make their useful doctrines and morals more readily adopted: Those errors were not fabrica-

ted by them, but by a blind multitude in a more early period: a religion purely metaphysical, could not have been understood at that time, nor perhaps could it be understood even at this day.

' Be just then, ye weak mortals, and give thanks to those who first taught the idea of a Divinity, who observes all our actions; and who, according to them, will dispense a just retribution; to those who have instituted certain days for bringing mankind together, and for uniting them in society; who have forbidden murder, robbery, and injustice; have brought to light that sublime and consolatory doctrine, the immortality of the soul; established the rights of sepulture; who have recommended charity, respect for parents, the obligation of oaths, and a lawful subordination of ranks; in a word, who have laid down a system of morality, to which even at the present day nothing could be added, and which more than all other sciences bears the impression of the one supreme image of the eternal will.

' It would be difficult to decide to what extent a man, who wanted, even in these more enlightened days, to propagate a new system of religion, might avail himself of the engine of enthusiasm and the marvellous. His method would be tedious and uncertain, if he proceeded by means of conviction only; but if he laid hold of the imagination in some bold and striking manner, perhaps he would instantly bring about an useful revolution. And tell me, who is the man that would not pardon, in a modern legislator, a little innocent deceit, that might be necessary in promulgating among the ignorant, superstitious, and barbarous people, a code of laws founded on reason, wisdom and benevolence?

The voice then ceased. Mahomet, still silent and immovable, with disdain in his countenance, gave me a look expressive of his superiority, and with a placid dignity re-entered the earth. Immediately the temple with its dome disappeared.

I awaked from my dream, fully determined upon sending to my neighbour Dr. Lavater, the great physiognomist, a sketch of the armed prophet, the author of the Koran. Great men anciently were authors and sometimes sovereigns. O, my countrymen, what glorious times were these!

MANNER OF CELEBRATING EASTER AT BARCELONA.

[From J. Townsend's Journey through Spain.]

ON Wednesday, the 12th of April, I arrived at Barcelona, and the next morning early I visited the churches, to see the preparations they had made for the evening, in which they were to represent the last suffering of the Redeemer. In every church I found two images, as large as life, distinguished from the rest as being stationary, and the more immediate objects of their devotion; the one representing Christ as taken from the cross, the other the Virgin in all her best attire, pierced by seven swords, and leaning over the recumbent body of her son. Behind these images, a theatre with colonades, supporting a multitude of wax-tapers, dazzled the sight, whilst the ear was charmed by the harmonious chanting of the choir.

More than a hundred thousand persons all the morning crowded the streets, hurrying from church to church to express the warmth of their zeal, and the fervor of their devotion, by bowing themselves in each, and kissing the feet of the most revered image. Most of the spectators were natives of the city, but many upon such occasions resort to Barcelona from the adjacent villages, and some from distant provinces.

Towards the close of day the pageant appeared, moving with slow and solemn pace along the streets, and conducted with the most perfect regularity. The last supper of Christ with his disciples, the treachery of Judas, attended by the priests, together with the guards, the flagellation, the crucifixion, the taking from the cross, the anointing of the body, and the burial, with every transaction of the closing scene, and the events subsequent to the passion of our Lord, were represented by images large as life, placed in proper order on lofty stages, many of which were elegant, and all as highly ornamented as carving and gilding, rich silks, brocades and velvets, with curious embroidery, all executed by their most skilful artists, could render them. No expence was spared either in the materials, the workmanship, or the wax lights, which, with the most splendid profusion, were consumed upon the occasion. Each of these stages was supported on the shoulders of six men, who were completely hid by a covering of black velvet hanging round the margin of the stage, and reaching nearly to the ground. This procession was preceded by Roman centurions clothed in their proper armour, and the soldiers of the garrison

brought up the rear. The intermediate space was occupied by the groups of images above described, attended by 800 burgeses, clothed in black buckram, with flowing trains, each carrying a flambeau in his hand. Besides these, 180 penitents engaged my more particular attention. Like the former, they carried each a flambeau, but their dress was singular, somewhat resembling that of the blue-coat boys of Christ's Hospital in London, being a jacket and coat in one, reaching to their heels, made of dark brown shalloon, with a bonnet on their head, like what is called the tools's cap, being a cone covering the head and face completely, and having holes for the eyes. The design in this peculiar form is to conceal the penitents, and to spare their blushes. These were followed by twenty others, who, either from remorse of conscience, or having been guilty of more atrocious crimes, or for hire, or with the most benevolent intention of adding to the common fund of merit for the service of the church, walked in the procession barefooted, dragging heavy chains, and bearing large crosses on their shoulders. Their penance was severe; but, for their comfort, they had assigned to them the post of honour; for immediately after them followed the sacred corpse placed in a glass coffin, and attended by twenty-five priests, dressed in their richest robes. Near the body a well-chosen band with hautboys, clarinets, French horns, and flutes, played the softest and most solemn music. This part of the procession wanted nothing to heighten the effect. I am persuaded that every one who had a soul for harmony felt the flattering rate.

In the processions of the present day, practices which had crept in when chivalry prevailed, with all its wild conceits, practices inconsistent with sound morals, and offensive to humanity, are no longer to be seen. The civil magistrate, interposing his authority, has forbidden, under the severest penalties, abominations which, as the genuine offspring of vice, could not have ventured to appear, even in the darkest ages, unless in disguise and under the sanction of religion. The adulterer, if he will court the affections of his mistress; no longer permitted publicly to avow his passion, to scourge himself in her presence, and by the severity of his sufferings to excite her pity, must now seek the shade, and if he finds himself inclined to use the discipline, it must be where no human

human eye can see him. In these ages of superior knowledge and refinement, men look back with wonder at the strangely inconsistent conduct of their progenitors, when, ignorant of every thing but arms, they embraced and carried with them a religion whose influence they never felt, and the purity of whose precepts, they did not understand. It was in Spain only that superstition reared her throne, all Europe acknowledged her dominion, and in every nation in which the victorious banner of the Goths and Vandals was displayed, we have seen execrable vices cherished in the same breast which appeared to glow with fervid zeal for the glory of God, at least as far as could be testified by the most strict attention to the ceremonials of religion. All Europe is emerging from this state of Gothic ignorance, and Spain, although the last, it is to be hoped will not be the last enlightened.

When the pageant was over, the people retired quietly to their habitations; and although more than a hundred thousand persons had been assembled to view this spectacle, no accident of any kind was heard of. The day following, before eight in the morning, another procession of the same kind, but more elegant than the former, was conducted through the streets, and in the evening a third, at which assisted all the Nobles of Barcelona, each attended by two servants, and, in rotation, carrying a crucifix large as the life, and so heavy, that no one for any length of time could sustain the weight of it. The stages and the images were not the same which had been exhibited the preceding day, but represented all the same events. Every stage was completely occupied by images large as life, and surrounded by a border of open carved work superbly gilt; and the bearers, as in former instances, were hid by curtains of black velvet, richly embroidered. Two hundred penitents in grey attended as before, in each of these processions were

many children, some not more than three years old, carrying little crosses, with each a flambeau in his hand. These are used in all processions, even in the middle of the day.

The different stages, with their groups of figures, belong to different bodies corporate, either of the Nobles or artificers, and are ranged in the processions according to their right of precedency. These groups are called the mystery of the corporation. That of the French artificers is an *Ecce homo*, but for some reason the consul walks before it, attended only by the meanest subjects of his nation.

The succeeding day, at nine o'clock in the morning, when, as being Saturday, I had no expectation of such an event, the Resurrection was announced by bells ringing, drums beating, cannons firing, people shouting, colours flying, and, in a moment, all the signs of mourning were succeeded by tokens of the most frantic joy.

The processions were intermitted for several years, prohibited by government on account of abuses which had crept into them, and, in their place, the carnival was substituted, with the same licentious riot and confusion as I have described in Paris, and as all who have passed the carnival in Italy have seen. But after the inhabitants of Barcelona, in the year 1774, had resisted the demands of government, requiring them to draft every fifth man for the army, like the other cities and provinces of Spain, the carnival was forbid, and the trade, which had been always brisk at this season, felt a loss, which made the citizens call loudly for the restoration of their processions.

After Easter they have one upon a smaller scale; about seventy priests, each with a lighted flambeau in his hand, preceded by a herald with his banner, carry the host, under a canopy of crimson velvet, to those who had not been well enough to receive it in the churches.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

SIR Matthew Hale, while at the university of Oxford, made a considerable progress in learning; but was diverted from his studies by the levities of youth. However, being reformed from these by Mr. Serjeant Glanvill, he became afterward an ornament to the bench, to his country, and to human nature. During the civil wars, he behaved so well as to

gain the esteem of both parties; being employed in his practice by the King's party, and appointed by the parliament one of the commissioners to treat with the King. During the protectorate, he was one of the judges of the common pleas, and, at the restoration, was made chief baron of the exchequer. He was one of the principal judges that sat in Clifford's inn

inn to settle the differences between landlord and tenant, after the fire of London; in which he behaved to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and also in his post of chief baron acted with inflexible integrity. One of the first peers went once to his chamber, and told him, 'That having a suit in law to be tried before him, he was then to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it should come to be tried in court.' Upon which the lord chief baron interrupted him, and said, 'He did not deal fairly to come to his chambers about such affairs; for he never received information of such causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike.' Upon which his Grace (for he was a Duke) went away not a little dissatisfied, and complained of it to the King as a rudeness not to be endured: but his Majesty bid him content himself that he was used no worse; and said, 'That he verily believed he would have used him no better if he had gone to solicit him in any of his own causes.' Another remarkable incident happened in one of his circuits. A gentleman, who had a trial at the assizes, had sent him a buck for his table. When judge Hale therefore heard his name, he asked 'if he was not the same person who had sent him the venison?' and finding that he was the same, he told him, that 'he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had him for his buck.' The gentleman answered, that 'he never sold his venison; and that he had done nothing to him which he did not do to every judge who had gone that circuit;' which was confirmed by several gentlemen present. The lord chief baron, however, would not suffer the trial to proceed till he had paid for the present: upon which the gentleman withdrew the record. In 1671, he was advanced to be lord chief justice of the King's Bench; but about four years after this promotion, his health declining, he resigned his post in February 1675-6, and died in December following, in the 67th year of his age.

THERE are only two countries in the world where we have any evidence that Hawking or the exercise of taking wild fowls by the means of hawks, was very anciently in vogue. These are, Thrace and Britain. In the former, it was pursued merely as the diversion of a particular district, if we may believe Pliny, whose account is rendered obscure by the darkness of his ideas of the matter. The primitive Britons, with a fondness for the exercise of hunting, had also a taste for that of hawking; and every chief among

them maintained a considerable number of birds for that sport. It appears also from a curious passage in the poems of Ossian, that the same diversion was fashionable at a very early period in Scotland. The poet tells us, that a peace was endeavoured to be gained by the proffer of 100 managed steeds, 100 foreign captives, and '100 hawks with fluttering wings, that fly across the sky.' To the Romans this diversion was scarce known in the days of Vespasian; yet it was introduced immediately afterwards. Most probably they adopted it from the Britons; but we certainly know that they greatly improved it by the introduction of spaniels into the island. In this state it appears among the Roman Britons in the sixth century. Gildas, in a remarkable passage in his first epistle, speak of Maglocunus, on his relinquishing the sphere of ambition, and taking refuge in a monastery; and providentially compares him to a dove, that hastens away at the noisy approach of the dogs, and with various turns and windings takes her flight from the talons of the hawk.

THE philosopher of human nature will not disdain to study manners and characters in the lowest orders of society; and his opinion of nations in general will be formed, in a great measure, by an attention to these, as well as to the middling ranks, and the more elevated classes. Voltaire, when in London, was particularly observant of the proceedings of an English mob; and he mentions it as a circumstance highly honourable to the nation, and what he had not observed in any other country, that, in their private disputes, our mobs seemed to be governed by an invariable principle of honour; for when it comes to the last extremity, the dispute is settled by a mode of fighting, which, although it may occasion a temporary injury, is seldom terminated by fatal consequences; and the spectators are certain to interfere, if either party attempt to take an unfair advantage of the other: to which may be added, the entire reconciliation which almost universally follows the decision, and the humanity and tenderness with which even the victor treats the vanquished. On the contrary, in other countries, where the offence is not instantly resenting by a thrust with a long-knife (as with the Italians and Portuguese); if either party fall, the uppermost is permitted to beat him, as long as he can keep him in that situation; and they have recourse to kicking, scratching, and even throttling. This is the case in Brabant and Flanders. Our English mode of boxing, when abstractedly considered by a per-

son of humane feelings, moral views, and refined sentiments, must appear, unquestionably, brutal and ferocious; but a philosopher, who has a more extensive acquaintance with human nature, as exhibited in other countries, will deem our custom of boxing to be comparatively innocent, and even generous and noble; and so, no doubt, thought the spectators of a combat between two Dutchmen, which was fought in a field, near Limehouse, on Sunday morning, the 12th of June.

Two Dutch sailors having some words, at a public-house, about a woman of the town, agreed to decide the difference by a combat with their large knives, which, as they avoid thrusting, is called *steering*. They chose some of their companions as umpires, and this inhuman contest was conducted with the utmost firmness: they cut each other's face and arms with the greatest composure. Both the cheek-bones of the aggressor were laid bare: and the other, though the victor, was so faint from the loss of blood, that he was obliged to be carried on board the vessel to which he belonged.

WHEN a Pun is nothing more than a play upon words violently fitted to a resemblance, it is unquestionably disgusting. When it is neat and unforced, it excites that pleasure which ever results from the sudden sight of common objects placed in a situation of unexpected gaiety. When it was observed by a grave critic, that the Moon, in the tragedy of Douglas, did not *move*, one of the audience pleasantly answered, that being made of *paper*, it was certainly *stationary*.

IT was a fine answer, which the venerable serjeant Maynard, who lived to an extreme old age, made to King William III, 'I think,' said that great Prince, 'you have survived all the lawyers in my dominions.'—'Yes, Sir; and if your Majesty had not come over to our protection, I should have survived the law itself.'

A JUDGE suspected of bribery, checked his clerk for having a *dirty* face. "I plead guilty, my lord (said the clerk) but *my hands are clean*."

A MAN remarkably well dressed, having been capitally convicted before St. Leger, an Irish judge, his Lordship, after passing sentence, observed to the jury, that he received more satisfaction from hanging one rascal in ruffles, than from sending twenty rogues in plain shirts to the gallows.

IN 1776, Peter the Great passing through Dantzick in his way to Holland, and finding that the divine service had just begun, he desired that he might be conducted to church. The burgo-master immediately waited upon him, and conducted him to the most conspicuous seat, that of the chief magistrate. Peter having seated himself, obliged the burgo-master to sit down by him. He then listened to the sermon with great attention; but finding his head grow cold, he all of a sudden, and without saying a word, pulled off the magistrate's huge periwig, and gravely put it on his own head. They both remained in that ludicrous situation till the end of the sermon, when the Czar, with a nod by way of acknowledgment, returned the periwig.

IN the reign of Edward III, as we are informed by Mr. Warton, in his History of English Poetry, a troop of knights being drawn up, in order to proceed on some very gallant undertaking, the beautiful countess of Salisbury, to encourage and inspire them with invincible fortitude came forth and *kissed* them every one, in the open street, and in the presence of thousands of spectators.

When two persons affirmed opposite facts in a court of justice, all legal proceedings were adjourned to the field of battle, where, after each had sworn to the truth of his affirmation, they proceeded.

"To prove their *dictums* orthodox
'By apostolic blows and knocks;'

And the man who had the strongest *arm* was supposed to have proved himself possessed of the sincerest *tongue*; while the vanquished party, if he happened to survive the combat, was rendered perpetually infamous, because his skull was not proof against his opponent's weapon.

But the most curious anecdote of this celebrated chivalry, now on record, occurs in the ecclesiastical history of Spain: Alphonus the ninth, about the year 1214, having expelled the moors from Toledo, endeavoured to establish the Roman missal in the place of that of St. Isidore. This alarming innovation was obstinately opposed by the people of Toledo; and the king found that his project would be attended with almost insuperable difficulties. The contest between the two missals grew at length so serious, that it was mutually resolved to decide the controversy, not by theological disputation, but by single combat, in which the champion of the Toledan missal proved victorious.

P O E T R Y.

ODE TO MEDITATION.

(From Mrs. Robinson's Poems.)

SWEET child of Reason! maid serene,
 With folded arms and pensive mien,
 Who wand'ring near yon thorny wild,
 So oft, my length'ning hours beguild;
 Thou, who within thy peaceful cell,
 Canst laugh at life's tumultuous care,
 While calm repose delights to dwell
 On beds of fragrant roses there;
 Where meek ey'd Patience waits to greet
 The woe worn *traveller's* weary feet,
 Till by her blest and cheering ray
 The clouds of sorrow fade away;
 Where conscious Rectitude retires
 Instructive Wisdom; calm Desires;
 Prolific Science; lab'ring Art;
 And Genius with expanded heart.

Far from thy lone and pure domain,
 Steals pallid Guilt, whose scowling eye
 Marks the rack'd soul's convulsive pain
 Tho' hid beneath the mask of joy;
 Madd'ning Ambition's dauntless band;
 Lean Avarice with iron hand;
 Hypocrisy with fawning tongue;
 Soft Flatt'ry with persuasive song;
 Appall'd, in gloomy shadows fly
 From Meditations piercing eye.

How oft with thee I've stroll'd unseen
 O'er the lone valley's velvet green;
 And brush'd away the twilight dew
 That stain'd the cowslip's golden hue;
 Oft as I ponder'd o'er the scene,
 Would Mem'ry picture to my heart,
 How full of grief my days have been
 How swiftly rapt'rous hours depart;
 Then woud'st thou sweetly reas'ning say,
 Time journey's thro' the roughest day's.

The Hermit from the world retir'd,
 By calm Religion's voice inspir'd,
 Tells how serenely time glides on,
 From crimson morn, till setting sun;
 How guiltless, pure, and free from strife,
 He journeys through the vale of life;
 Within his breast nor sorrows mourn,
 Nor cares perplex, nor passions burn;
 No jealous fears, or boundless joys,
 The tenor of his mind destroys;
 And when revolving mem'ry shows
 The thorny world's unnumber'd woes;
 He blesses Heaven's benign decree,
 That gave his days to peace and thee.

The gentle Maid, whose roseat bloom
 Fade's fast within a cloister's gloom;

For by relentless Fate remov'd,
 From all her youthful fancy lov'd;
 When her warm heart no longer bleeds;
 And cool Reflection's hour succeeds;
 Led by thy downy hand she strays
 Along the green dell's tangled maze;
 Where thro' dank leaves, the whisp'ring
 show'rs:

Awake to life the fainting flow'rs;
 Absorb'd by thee, she hears no more
 The distant torrent's fearful roar;
 The well-known Vesper's silver tone;
 The bleak wind's desolating moan;
 No more she sees the nodding spires,
 Where the dark bird of night retires;
 While Echo chaunts her boding song
 The cloister's mould'ring walls among;
 No more she weeps at Fate's decree,
 But yields her pensive soul to thee.

The Stage, whose palsy'd head bends low
 Midst scatter'd locks of silv'ry snow;
 Still by his mind's clear lustre tells,
 What warmth within his bosom dwells;
 How glows his heart with treasure'd store,
 How rich in wisdom's boundless store;
 In fading life's protracted hour
 He smiles at Death's terrific pow'r;
 He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam
 With Resignation's faintest beam:
 And as the weeping star of morn
 Sheds lustre on the wither'd thorn,
 His tears benign, calm comfort throws
 O'er rugged Life's corroding woes;
 His pious soul's enlightened rays
 Dart forth to gild his wint'ry days:
 He smiles serene at Heaven's decree,
 And his last hour resigns to thee.

When Learning, with Promethean art,
 Unveils to light the youthful heart;
 When on the richly-budding spray
 The glorious beams of Genius play;
 When the expanded leaves proclaim
 The promis'd fruits of rip'ning Fame;
 O Meditation, maid divine!
 Proud Reason owns the work is thine.

Oft have I known thy magic pow'r,
 Irradiate sorrow's wint'ry hour;
 Oft my full heart to thee hath flown,
 And wept for mis'ries not its own;
 When pinch'd with agonizing pain,
 My restless bosom dar'd complain;
 Oft have I sunk upon thy breast,
 And lull'd my weary mind to rest;
 Till I have own'd the blest decree,
 That gave my soul to Peace and thee.

H O R A C E, Book I. ODE xxii.

By the late Dr. JOHNSON.

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart

With virtue's sacred ardour glows;
Nor taints with death the envenom'd dart,
Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows :

Though Scythia's icy cliffs he treads,
Or horrid Afric's faithless sands ;
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
His liquid wealth o'er barbarous lands.

For while by Chloe's image charm'd,
Too far in Sabine woods I stray'd ;
Me singing, careless and unarmed,
A grizly wolf surpriz'd, and fled.

No savage more potentous stain'd
Apulia's spacious wilds with gore ;
None fiercer Juba's thirsty land,
Dire nurse of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
Among the quivering branches sighs ;
Where clouds condens'd for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning skies :

Place me beneath the burning line,
A clime deny'd to human race ;
I'll sing of Chloe's charms divine,
Her heav'nly voice, and beauteous face.

THE HUE AND CRY.

[From 'Poems by the Author of The Village Curate.']

OYEZ, my good people draw near,
My story surpasses belief,
Yet deign for a moment to hear,
And assist me to catch a stray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damsel to meet,
Adorn'd like an angel of light,
In a robe that flow'd down to her feet,
No snow on the mountain so white.

Silver flowers bespangled her shoe,
Amber locks on her shoulders were spread,
Her waist had a girdle of blue,
And a beaver-plum'd hat had her head.

Her steps an impression scarce leave,
She bounds o'er the meadow so soon ;

Her smile is like Autumn's, clear eye,
And her look as serene as his moon.

She seems to have nothing to blame,
Deceitless and meek as the dove ;
But there hides not a thief of such fame,
She has pilfer'd below and above.

Her cheek has the blushes of day,
Her neck has undone the swan's wing,
Her breath has the odours of May,
And her eye has the dews of the spring.

She has robb'd of its crimson the rose,
She has dar'd the carnation to strip,
The bee who has plunder'd them knows
And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has stol'n for her forehead so even
All beauty by sea and by land,
She has all the fine azure of heaven
In the veins of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, she has ransack'd above,
She has beggar'd both nature and art,
She has got all we honour and love,
And from me she has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honest friends, bring her home,
And set her down safe at my door,
Let her once my companion become,
And I swear she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward
Whose value can never be told,
More precious than all you regard,
More in worth than an house-full of gold.

A reward such as none but a dunce,
Such as none but a madman would miss,
O yes, I will give you for once
From the charmer you give me, a kiss.

MY NATIVE VALE.

A PASTORAL SONG, from the ITALIAN

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds, and warbles there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To ev'ry passing villager ;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,

To charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound ;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The mimic dance in twi-light glade,
The rustic glee, and roundelay,
Sung in the silent woodland shade ;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my Native Vale !

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

[From the Same.]

U P O N a garden's perfum'd bed
With various gaudy colours spread,
Beneath the shelter of a rose
A Butterfly had sought repose ;
Faint, with the sultry beams of day,
Supine the beauteous insect lay.

A Bee, impatient to devour,
The nectar sweets of ev'ry flow'r,
Returning to her golden store,
A weight of fragrant treasure bore :
With envious eye, she mark'd the shade,
Where the poor Butterfly was laid,
And resting on the bending spray,
Thus murmur'd forth her drony lay :—

'Thou empty thing, whose merit lies
In the vain boast of orient dyes ;
Whose glittering form the slightest breath
Robs of its gloss, and fades to death ;
Who idly rovt' the summer day,
Flut'ring a transient life away,
Unmindful of the chilling hour,
The nipping frost, the drenching show'r ;
Who heedless of " to-morrow's fare,"
Mak'st present bliss thy only care ;
Is it for thee, the damask rose
With such transcendent lustre glows ?
Is it for such a giddy thing
Nature unveils the blushing spring ?
Hence, from thy lurking place, and know :
'Tis not for thee her beauties glow.

The Butterfly, with decent pride
In gentle accents, thus reply'd :
'Tis true, I flutter life away
In pastime, innocent and gay ;
The sun that decks the blushing spring
Gives lustre to my painted wing ;
'Tis Nature bids each colour vie,
With rainbow tints of varying die ;
I boast no skill, no subtle pow'r
'To steal the balm from ev'ry flow'r ;
The rose, that only shelter'd me,

Has pour'd a load of sweets on thee ;
Of merit we have both our share,
Heav'n gave thee art, and made me fair ;
And tho' thy cunning can despise
The humble worth of harmless flies ;
Remember, envious, busy thing,
Thy honey form conceals a sting ;
Enjoy thy garden, while I rove
The sunny hill, the woodbine grove,
And far remov'd from care and thee,
Embrace my humble destiny ;
While in some lone sequester'd bow'r,
I'll live content beyond thy pow'r
For where ill-nature holds her reign
Taste, Worth, and Beauty, plead in vain ;
Even Genius must to pride submit
When Envy winds the shaft of Wit.

THE ROSE AND LILLY. A TALE.

Addressed to the FAIR.

I N days of yore when *beast* and *bird*,
Nay *trees* and *shrubs* could speak ;
When language from the grazing herd
Filled every green retreat.

One radiant morning, when the dews
Shone glistening on the plains ;
Where man the rural scheme pursues,
And artless nature reigns,

I rose to take the freshened air,
To catch the early breeze ;
And varied opening beauty share,
Beneath expanding trees.

A snow white lilly and a rose,
In near alliance stood ;
Each, chief in kind, did sweets disclose,
To scent a neighbouring wood ;

The boasting *rose* thus spake her joy,
And blushed a deeper bloom,
'My charms shall every pen employ,
To paint my high perfume.

Ages on ages shall roll round,
But to augment my fame ;
I first of flowers shall still be found,
And chief of honours claim,

The pouting lips of virgins fair,
Shall in my buds be seen ;
My flowers expanding shall compare
With beauty's radiant queen.

Then, when I've scented field and grove
With rich Damascus' sweets,

Transplanted by the hand of love,
From shades and green retreats:

I shall some panting bosom grace,
There closely prest remain;
Where no vain rival gains a place
I shall my rank maintain.

Then shall I swell the poet's strain,
A constant theme for verse;
Beneath the pencil too I'll reign,
To shew what bards rehearse.

But you, faint languid lilly white,
Who can your bloom espy?
Dare you the wand'ring eye invite
When I am placed so nigh?

The lofty lilly raised her head,
And modest thus replied,
While balmy fragrance round her shed,
As to the rose she cried,

'Vain shrub, all boasting I forbear,
Although Apollo's swains
In foster numbers shall declare
My whiteness in their strains,

Nor will I vaunt of rich perfumes,
To scent the garden's walk:
Boast you of all these transient blooms;
Such be thy trivial talk.

A nobler theme I have in store,
Reserved for me alone,
One grand pre-eminence that's more
Than all thou hast made known.

He who created all on earth
Did my pure charm declare;
That being who gave nature birth,
Proclaim'd, nought was so fair.

That Asian monarchs, high array'd
In eastern pomp and pride,
Such genuine beauties ne'er displayed
As did in me reside!

The rose, abashed, then bent her head,
Nor did the theme resume;
Low to the earth her foliage spread,
Nor further dared presume.

Then, punished for her haughty boast,
Immediate shot the thorn;
To prove that sweetness oft is lost,
When guarded round with scorn.

Then take a hint, each haughty fair,
Nor think the tale beneath your ear.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HAPPY's the man whose tranquil
breast,
Despises wild Ambition's toys,
Content he lays him down to rest,
Defying Discord's jarring noise.

In vain shall glitt'ring visions rise,
Deck'd in proud robes of regal state;
He views them with undazzled eyes,
And mocks the pomp encumber'd great.

When War extends her blood-stain'd
wreath,
And proud to shew her steel-clad form,
Bids loud the martial music breathe,
To wake the blood-engender'd storm:

Though princes bow before the car,
That Conquest's waving banners shade;
He scorns the honours paid to war,
Whose laurels rage and death degrade.

In search of wealth he'll never roam,
Nor tempt the wide deceiving seas;
He tends his garden, loves his home,
And health rewards him in each breeze.

When wint'ry storms, and pouring rain,
Disturb his calm nocturnal rest,
He wakes;—but turns to sleep again,
Without one care to damp his breast.

Thus calm and tranquil may I live,
Unknown to want, unknown to wealth;
And may the gods these blessings give,
My Stella's charms, content and health.

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN mild evening cools the air,
To Constantia's I repair;
There, from toil and trouble free,
Gaily chat, and sip my tea.

When the sun his rays withdraws,
Bound by friendship's sacred laws,
Damon at my house is found,
Where the cheerful glass goes round.

Let me, reason! whilst I live,
All the day to business give.
Thus shall I at fate repine,
Blest in friendship, love, and wine?

Friendship, business, love, and wine,
Must the human heart refine.
Who then shall this toast approve,
Friendship, business, wine, and love?

C H R O N I C L E .

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Tourney, August 18.

THE inauguration of Leopold II, in this province, which was effected a few days ago by their R. R. H. the Governor General, was the most brilliant of any that had occurred before, both as to the company present, and the reception they met with from the inhabitants, which were no where so cordial; near 500 French refugee officers went out with the Magistrates to meet him on horseback; upon entering the town, the populace took the horses from the carriage, and drew it to the Bishop's Palace, where they alighted. The ball was very elegantly attended, and the illuminations grand.

Vienna, August 20. Our accounts from Bruxelles mention to a certainty, that there has been a total change in the Cabinet at Vienna, and that Prince de Kaunitz, after having been Prime Minister *fifty years*, is dismissed; also that the Vice Chancellor, Philippe de Cobentzl, has been sent to Milan, and that the Register of the Chancery, Baron Lederer, has retired with a pension.

This sudden change causes much speculation, and amongst other reasons given are that they were violently suspected of coming on a secret correspondence for four years with a certain party who have, without any effect, been striving to obtain freedom for the people in the Belgic Provinces.

An interview between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, to take place on the 26th of August, at the Castle of Pillnitz in Saxony, where reports state, not improbably, they were to be joined by the Elector of Saxony.

The object of this meeting, once suspected to be for effecting a Counter Revolution in France, is in the first place to consult on the plan of a Treaty proposed to be entered into for preventing the spreading of Liberty in Germany; for which purpose it is proposed to guarantee the possessions of each other conformable to the ancient and present laws now existing.

What they may think of doing hereafter respecting France is at present very little thought off.

Poland is certainly a great object of their consideration—for if the new Revolution in Poland is suffered to be permanent, these Monarchs may in some measure be said to be placed between two fires, and if the flames should spread, the con-

flagration, in all human probability, would become general.

We cannot help confessing that the project, however salutary, is very dangerous, inasmuch as it may create alarms where none existed; but we hope that the joint wisdom of these Monarchs will agree in authorizing the state of their peasantry so as to avoid any new commotions.

Turin, August 23. In a number of parishes of Piemont, the peasants having learnt the French *Droits d'Homme* have determined not to pay *their tithes* any longer.

The foreign papers from Germany and Flanders all flatly contradict the design of the European Potentates joining against France, and assert, that such reports are the works of the Aristocracies to see what effect and alarm they have on the National Assembly.

Lisbon, Aug. 2. The like apprehensions which have long been entertained by the Court of Spain, of a revolution in that country, at present pervade the breasts of our Ministry; several decrees intended for the suppression of public meetings of almost every description, have been lately issued, but they are calculated to ferment, rather than suppress any wish in the Portuguese to effect a revolution.

A number of vessels daily arrive here from all parts; by some from Philadelphia we learn, that the greatest preparations were making for an active campaign against their savage neighbours; and the most sanguine expectations were entertained of its success.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Sept. 1.

THE number of ships that have been taken up by the Russia and Turkey Merchants since last Tuesday, amounts to fifty-four; and a great many more are daily expected to be taken up.

Within a few days past, an affray took place, at the iron, coal, and tar works at Muirkirk, in Scotland, where a number of English Scotch, and Irish men were employed. The Scotch and Irish having quarrelled, agreed to decide the difference by a general battle: accordingly, between sixty and seventy on each side stripped, and prepared for the combat, armed with bludgeons, pick-shafts, and whatever weapons could be got. They engaged with so much fury, that, in the space of half an hour, very few of the Scotch combatants were

were standing—and the Irishmen totally lay prostrate—numbers on each side were dreadfully mangled, disabled, and quite senseless. The companies concerned in the different works, having examined into the cause of the quarrel, found the Irishmen were the aggressors, and expelled them from their works.

It is said, that the regiment of Berwick, commanded by the Duc de Fitzjames, has deserted from the National Colours and is gone to join the Counter Revolutionists.

By the Dutch Mail we are informed, that Mr. Fawcner took leave of the Empress of Russia at Petersburg on the 31st of July, and received a present of a very valuable gold fuff-box, enriched with diamonds.

The Emperor proposes to send more troops to the Low Countries; public affairs there cannot be deemed in a state completely settled, while there is no security for its continuance but by force.

Fontainebleau, which is to be the future residence of the French Kings, is situated in the middle of a forest, about three miles from the river Seine, and thirty-five South East from Paris. It is in every respect magnificent and curious, but particularly eminent for its fine paintings of Andre Del Sarto, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. The gardens are adorned with fine statues, walks, grottos, escades, parterres and other curious ornaments.

There is a young man now under sentence of transportation to Botany Bay, who unknowingly, a few months since, robbed his father on the highway a few miles from town: the circumstance that led to this discovery was, that after sentence of death had been passed upon the offender, his mother was persuaded to carry a petition to the prosecutor, who, to her great surprize, she found to have been formerly her young master, and by whom she had the unfortunate object of her petition, as previous to her delivery she had received a sum of money from, and had been sent to lye in at a friend's in the country.—The consequence was, that by a very powerful interest, the sentence of death was mitigated to that of exile and which, by the bounty of the newly discovered relation, has been rendered as comfortable to the son and the mother as circumstances would admit.

On Monday as Mr. Frankish, farmer, of Ellertoupe, near Pocklington, was in one of his hay fields, he complained of being poorly, reclined himself on hay cock, and expired in about two minutes; his body was immediately taken home in a cart, and the Coroner's jury sat the next day.—verdict of course, natural death.

The above Mr. Frankish was of a parsimonious disposition, and, as is usual with people of that turn, had amassed property to a great amount, having lived to the age of 75 years; he was a bachelor, and his domestic expences, trifling indeed. A female relation paid him a visit for a few days, and wishing to employ herself usefully, said, Uncle I am going to Pocklington, if you will give me money to buy worsted, I'll knit you a pair of stockings? His reply was, I've got no silver; she said I can get change for you; "No, bairn, I've not changed a guinea these fifty years."

Since his death, about eighty guineas in an old stocking were found in the thatch of his house, and diligent search is making by his friends for more; but it is imagined their industry will be ineffectual, as the old gentleman well knew how to employ it more advantageously, viz. on mortgages, &c.

The following extraordinary and melancholy circumstances given in a morning paper, as lately occurring in the parish of Clomeny in Ireland:—

On the borders of the extensive barrens or deserts of Eneshowen, there are a few miserable hovels, which form part of the estate of the Marquis of Donnegal. The barren near the sea, is bounded by stupenduous rocks, which hang in a most awful manner over the water; in the cavities of these rocks, Eagles, famous no less for their uncommon size, than extraordinary ferocity abide in general, preying on such fish as may be cast ashore by the violence of the sea.

As several children were playing before one of the cottages above mentioned, they were attacked by a large Eagle. One fine boy, of about four years of age, unconscious of his danger, endeavoured to defend himself: the voracious bird, incensed rather than dismayed by his puerile efforts, seized the infant in his talons, and conveyed him to its nest, where two Eagles waited with impatience its return.

The father of the child, who was quickly apprized of his danger, traced the flight of the bird with anxious care, and observing where it alighted procured assistance, and by means of a rope, was let down the rocks to the nest; where, horrible to relate, he found the child mangled in the most shocking manner—his eyes were both picked out, and the flesh entirely torn off his left side. The birds on his approach, alarmed by the noise, took to flight; so that he, without danger to himself was able to carry back the fragments of his child, who after languishing about three hours, died.

A slight skirmish has lately taken place between two recruiting parties belonging to France and the Emperor, near to Mons, in which the French routed the Imperialists. This is thought to be but the prelude to more bloody contests.

The Rev. Mr. William Thompson has succeeded the late Rev. Mr. Wesley, as President of the body of Methodists.

The caution and humanity with which the Birmingham rioters were treated and tried at the late Warwick Assizes, does the highest honour to the Judge and Jury.— A comparative view of the proceedings there, and the proceedings at St. Margaret's Hill, in 1780, must necessarily impress the mind with the most awful sensations.

So unwilling were the people of Birmingham to serve upon the Jury, that upwards of twenty of them were fined for not obeying the Sheriff's Summons.

On Thursday last, the cripple, who solicited charity in a chair, in which he moves himself along the streets, was married to a hale young woman, at Shoreditch church. The concourse of people to see the ceremony performed was so great, that the clergyman was obliged to read the service in the vestry.

Mr. Hasler, the attorney, who was convicted on Monday of a wilful and corrupt perjury committed sixteen years since, in an answer filed by him to a bill preferred against him in the High Court of Chancery, moved an arrest of judgment; but that not being granted, he received sentence to be imprisoned six months in Newgate, and to stand on the pillory the first Saturday of next Term.

This gentleman is said to be possessed of an estate of six hundred pounds a-year!

The following Letter was found in a glass bottle that happened to be picked up by some Dutch Fishermen, about three German leagues from the Island of Helgoland.

*On board the Arnold bound from
Leitb. to Italy, written at the
moment she was sinking.*

My dear dear Father!

Deprived of the hope of ever seeing you again, and on the point of perishing along with 17 human creatures, I look upon it as my duty to write to you, and at least try whether my Letter, enclosed in this bottle, may not reach the land; in that case, I confide in the humanity of the person who finds it, to transmit it by the post.

During last night, just about midnight, our vessel sprung a Leak, and the water gained so fast upon the pumps, that we despair of her being any longer able to swim.

A few minutes before, the long-boat happened unfortunately to be staved: therefore we have no longer any hope of escaping from the pitiless ocean.

I am entirely resigned to my fate; and I confide myself to the All-powerful Being, who, I trust, will pardon my sins.

I now seize this opportunity to request, for the love of God, that you will take care of the child which Betty Black called me the father of:—I formerly disavowed it; and I ask pardon of Almighty God for so doing.

As nothing else appertaining to your unfortunate son remains, I trust that you will be kind to the child, as I myself intended to have been.

Give my blessing to my mother; tell her that at this very moment my heart beats for her, who reared with so much tenderness her unhappy son,

JOHN DOBIE.

N. B. I commend to the humanity of whoever finds this, that he will transmit it by post.

May God bless you all for ever! Adieu, to all eternity!

To the Rev. Mr. Dobie, Minister of the Gospel, at Eaglesham, near Glasgow.

A Hamburg merchant undertook to send the original of this letter to Mr. Dobie; and it is not doubted, but he has received it before this time.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, Sept. 30.

THE following is an Address presented by the Gentlemen of Digby Lodge, to the Bishop of Nova-Scotia.

To the Right Reverend the Bishop of Nova-Scotia, and its Dependencies, &c. &c.

The humble and respectful Address of the Society of Free and Accepted Masons.

Right Reverend Sir,

WE, the Master, Wardens and Brethren of Digby of Lodge, No. 6, of the Ancient, united and charitable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, beg leave to approach your presence, with hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude on this your second courteous and pious visit to our loyal settlement.

As our community is founded on and supported by divine, mystical architecture; so shall we with the highest extacy of pleasure attend on your dedication of that majestic and beautiful Fabric, the foundation

dation corner stone of which you did us the honor to fix at your former visit.

We joyfully embrace this happy opportunity in the most public and explicit manner to testify our most hearty thankfulness to his Majesty and the British Government—to Admiral Digby—to his Excellency Governor Parr, our very worthy Provincial Grand Master—and our other gracious benefactors, for their assistance, encouragement and support in our great but necessary undertaking, to erect an edifice for the worship of our Creator: and especially to our learned, able and heavenly minded Bishop, for all his kind care, for all his truly paternal affection towards us, both before and since his advancement to his high and honorable station.

Be pleased to accept our particular thanks for the constant support and encouragement you have given to our worthy and pious Rector, who by his shining abilities, unremitting diligence and exemplary conduct has gained the esteem and affection, not only of this whole fraternity, but of his other parishioners and acquaintances.

May Almighty God long preserve your valuable life, as a distinguished blessing to Church and State, to the Gospel and the Poor; may you be blessed with health, peace and content, in this world, and receive a joyful crown of glory in the world, to come.

(Signed) JA. FOREMAN, Sec'y.
Digby, Sept. 10, 1791.

The Bishop's Answer.

Gentlemen,

I feel myself very much obliged by your very affectionate address, and request that you will be pleased to accept of my sincere thanks.

It gives me the truest pleasure to find the Church of which I formerly laid the corner stone, in so advanced a state, and now ready for consecration. The workmanship appears to be well executed, the edifice is convenient and elegant, and does credit to those concerned in constructing it. I most sincerely rejoice that the inhabitants of Digby have so decent a house for the public worship of Almighty God; may his blessing accompany the ordinances that shall be therein administered. The attendance of your respectable Society will add much to the solemnity of the dedication.

The grateful sense of his Majesty's paternal care—of the munificent aid granted by the British Government—of the assistance received from his Excellency, our worthy Governor, and of the liberal do-

nation from Admiral Digby, which you thus publicly and explicitly testify is highly pleasing to me, and what I naturally expected from the loyal Inhabitants of Digby. Nor can I forbear expressing my satisfaction at the honourable testimony you bear to the unremitting diligence and exemplary conduct of your valuable Pastor, who must be incited by perseverance in his laudable exertions on finding they are thus approved by his people, and his merit duly appreciated. Permit me to add, that your unshaken Loyalty to the best of earthly Sovereigns and your firm adherence to our excellent Church, cannot fail of attaching me to you still more, and increasing that regard and esteem for you, which was the result of our former connection.

Possessed as I am of these sentiments, I cannot suppress the real joy, I feel on observing the peaceful and flourishing state of this district. The difficulties unavoidably incident to emigration, and first settlement of a new Country, are now happily surmounted, and you can, with little interruption, avail yourselves of the great and many natural advantages presented by your situation.—If some mistaken people, who were blind through prejudice, to those advantages, have left you, they have been replaced by others, who I trust, will be no less serviceable to the community; and the spirit of harmony and industry which evidently prevails, will be productive of the most beneficial effects.

I pray the Almighty to take you and the other Inhabitants of this place, under his gracious protection. May that benevolence and brotherly love which are characteristic of your Society, may pure religion, virtue and peace, take up their abode among you; and may prosperity and contentment, their usual concomitants, be your portion. These are the unfeigned wishes of

Gentlemen, Your affectionate
and humble Servant,

CHARLES NOVA-SCOTIA.

Digby, Sept. 10th, 1791.

To the Gentlemen
of Digby Lodge. }

DEATHS.

- Sept. 1. Mrs. Eleanor McGregor, aged 27 years.
8. Mrs. Susannah Wilkins, aged 47.
13. Captain John Cunningham, aged 34.
14. Mr. Wm. Petty, aged 40.
16. Mr. Robert Kirk, aged 32.
28. Mrs. Elizabeth Vincent, aged 60.