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THE
LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

FOR

1803—4.

FROM OCTOBER TO MARCH, INCLUSIVE.

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INDEX

TO

THE FIRST VOLUME.

<i>ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.</i>			
	<i>page</i>		
ADDRESS of the Editor	3	Rockaway, a jaunt to	10
Agricultural essays	343	Royal, the epithet, remarks on	25
Anacreon's merits discussed	163	Review of Abercrombie's Compend	38
Authorship, remarks on	8	D'Israeli's Narrative	
Antiquities, on a passion for	246	Poems	44
Carwin, the bilquist, memoirs of		Paine's Ruling Passion	104
100, 181, 255, 332,	421	Wilson's Egyptian Ex-	
Cook, James, an Owhyhee-man	82	pedition	106
Critical notices 15, 91, 173, 336,	416	Boston, a poem	190
Chemical questions	181	British Spy	261
Cotton, on the culture of	329	Town and Country Phy-	
Cui bono?	327	sician	265
Disputation, thoughts on	84	Cowper's Life	345
Duelling, reflections on	407, 410	Millar's Retrospect	419
Eloquence of Pitt, Fox, and Er-		Swift's Polite Conversation, thoughts	
skine compared	28	on	6
Eddystone light house, reflections on	407	Statues and busts, account of those	
Fame, thoughts on	326	exhibited at New York	185
Female learning, thoughts on	245	Traveller	21, 89, 247
Fire, on narratives respecting	7	Warm rooms, on the salubrity of	341
French language, ascendancy of	24	Wooden buildings, folly of	405
Futurity, impropriety of looking into	97	Yellow fever, thoughts on	7
Gentleman? what is a	243		
King's Bench prison, account of	14		
Legibility in writing commended	83	<i>POETRY.</i>	
Letter-writing	81		
Marriage, reflections on	85	<i>ORIGINAL.</i>	
Man with the huge nose	23	Alcestes and Azora	192
Mehrendorf marriages, account of	88	Artaban, the robber	111
Murray, Lindley, letter from	244	Boar hunt	268
Novel reading	403	Dr Jenner, lines to	110
Pensions, remarks on	9	Laura, to, offended	110
Pennsylvania, journey through	167, 250	Olinda, lines to	47
Peruvian religion, hints respecting	87	Philanthropy, a prayer	110
Poetry, what is the essence of	165	Peace, a sonnet	191
Quakerism, a dialogue	248	Poetry, a fragment	248
Robinson Crusoe, thoughts on that		Village Maid	191
work	323	Youth	424

INDEX.

SELECTED.

Ages, the four
 Canzonets from Camoens
 Cominge
 Curate, a fragment
 Enigma
 Grasshopper
 Health
 Tale from Cowper
 Winter traveller

Immortality, on 130
 Klopstock's Messiah examined 468
 Konigsmark 301
 Labrè, account of 312
 Lee, anecdote of general 377
 Letter from Cowper 137
 Lewis, major, journal of 377
 Liverpool, state of 453
 London, picturesque view of 376
 Longevity of the learned 207
 Mammoth 292
 Men in the iron mine 366
 Meteoric stone 379
 Michael Bruce 127
 Miscellanies 77
~~Mismerism~~ 462
 Monthly publications, London 119
 Moore, memoirs of Dr. J. 369
 Negro slavery, address on 472

SELECTIONS.

Addington, Mr. account of 445
 Alexander I, anecdotes of 75
 Algiers, account of 119, 297
 Arts, on the imitative 144
 Bartholemew, massacre of 427
 Bowell, account of 224
 Brandy 270
 British population 73
 Bear hunting in Finland 464
 Buenos Ayres described 283
 Burke, character of Edmund 374
 Cecilia, a tale 141
 Chocolate 427
 Coal near Woodstock 206
 Conde, prince of, sketch of 357
 Cooper, the actor, biographical sketch of 431
 Chamelion described 452
 Darwin's Temple of Nature 434
 Darwin, account of 384, 440
 Delwin, Philip, story of 218, 308, 379
 Diaries, remarks on 305
 Diversity of opinion, on 388
 Female dress 74
 Financial statements 133
 Fire ball, account of 378
 France, travels in 115, 277, 353
 Hatfield, the swindler 219
 Hunting in Bengal 196

~~Mismerism~~ 462
 Monthly publications, London 119
 Moore, memoirs of Dr. J. 369
 Negro slavery, address on 472
 ————— abolished in New Jersey 474
 Parades, count, memoirs of 112, 302, 280
 Peasantry of France, state of 450
 Prayer sanctioned by philosophy 458
 Reports to congress 475
 Republican marriages in France 72
 Resemblances, literary 124, 214, 288
 Recamier's bedchamber, madame 456
 Rhode Island, agriculture of 210
 Salaries, public, in America 480
 Saxe's ghost 303
 Sicard, re-appearance of 350
 Shall and will, on the words 335
 Sugar from native plants 392
 St. Domingo, picture of 446
 Swedish travelling on the ice 459
 Tangun horse 457
 Theatrical campaign 221
 Turkish procession described 118
 Thunder explained 465, 470
 United States, debt of 205
 ————— population of 208
 Wax trees, account of 271

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OCTOBER, 1803.

[No. 1.]

CONTENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS.	Page.	CRITICISM.	Page.
Editors' Address to the Public . . .	1	Abercrombie's Compendis	38
Swift's Polite Conversation	6	D'Israeli's Narrative Poems	44
Yellow Fever	7	POETRY...ORIGINAL.	
Fire	ib.	Lines to Olinda	47
Authorship	8	SELECTED.	
Pensions	9	Cominge	ib.
A Jaunt to Rockaway	10	Canzonets from Camoens	51
Account of the King's Bench		—	
Prison	14	French Invasion of Hanover	56
Critical Notices	15	Irish Insurrection	58
The Travellers...no. 1.	21	—	
The Man with the Huge Nose . . .	23	Remarkable Occurrences	61
Ascendancy of the French Lan- guage	24	—	
The Epithet Royal	25	French Republican Marriages . . .	71
Eloquence of Pitt, Fox, and Ers- kine	28	British Population	73
Dryton's View of South Carolina	30	On Female Dress	74
		Anecdotes of Alexander I.	75
		Miscellaneous Extracts	77

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THE EDITORS' ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is usual for one who presents the public with a periodical work like the present, to introduce himself to the notice of his readers by some sort of preface or address. I take up the pen in conformity to this custom, but am quite at a loss for topics suitable to so interesting an occasion. I cannot expatiate on the variety of my knowledge, the brilliancy of my wit, the versatility of my talents. To none of these do I lay any claim, and though this variety, brilliancy of solidity, are necessary ingredients in a work of this kind, I trust merely to the zeal and liberality of my friends to supply me with them. I have them not myself, but doubt not of the good offices of those who possess them, and shall think myself entitled to no small praise, if I am able to collect into one focal spot the rays of a great number of luminaries. They also may be very unequal to each other in lustre, and some of them may be little better than twinkling and feeble stars, of the hundredth magnitude; but what is wanting in indivi-

dual splendor, will be made up by the union of all their beams into one. My province shall be to hold the mirror up so as to assemble all their influence within its verge, and reflect them on the public in such manner as to warm and enlighten.

As I possess nothing but zeal, I can promise to exert nothing else; but my consolation is, that, aided by that powerful spirit, many have accomplished things much more arduous than that which I propose to myself.

Many are the works of this kind which have risen and fallen in America, and many of them have enjoyed but a brief existence. This circumstance has always at first sight, given me some uneasiness; but when I come more soberly to meditate upon it, my courage revives, and I discover no reason for my doubts. Many works have actually been reared and sustained by the curiosity and favour of the public. They have ultimately declined or fallen, it is true; but why? From no abatement of the public curiosity,

but from causes which publishers or editors only are accountable. Those who managed the publication, have commonly either changed their principles, remitted their zeal, or voluntarily relinquished their trade, or, last of all, and like other men, have died. Such works have flourished for a time, and they ceased to flourish, by the fault or misfortune of the proprietors. The public is always eager to encourage one who devotes himself to their rational amusement, and when he ceases to demand or to deserve their favour, they feel more regret than anger in withdrawing it.

The world, by which I mean the few hundred persons, who concern themselves about this work, will naturally inquire who it is who thus addresses them. "This is somewhat more than a point of idle curiosity," my reader will say, "for, from my knowledge of the man must I infer how far he will be able or willing to fulfil his promises. Besides, it is great importance to know, whether his sentiments on certain subjects, be agreeable or not to my own. In politics, for example, he may be a maie-content: in religion an heretic. He may be an ardent advocate for all that I abhor, or he may be a celebrated champion of my favourite opinions. It is evident that these particulars must dictate the treatment you receive from me, and make me either your friend or enemy: your patron or your persecutor. Besides, I am anxious for some personal knowledge of you, that I may judge of your literary merits. You may, possibly, be one of these, who came hither from the old world to seek your fortune; who have handled the pen as others handle the awl or the needle: that is, for the sake of a livelihood: and who, therefore, are willing to work on any kind of cloth or leather, and to any model that may be in demand. You may, in the course of your trade, have accommodated yourself to twenty different fashions, and have served twenty classes of customers;

have copied at one time, a Parisian; at another, a London fashion: and have truckled to the humours, now of a precise enthusiast, and now of a smart freethinker.

"'Tis of no manner of importance what creed you may publicly profess on this occasion, or on what side, religious or political, you may declare yourself enlisted. To judge of the value or sincerity of these professions: to form some notion how far you will faithfully or skilfully perform your part, I must know your character. By that knowledge, I shall regulate myself with more certainty than by any anonymous declaration you may think proper to make."

I bow to the reasonableness of these observations, and shall therefore take no pains to conceal my name. Any body may know it who chuses to ask me or my publisher. I shall not, however, put it at the bottom of this address. My diffidence, as my friends would call it; and my discretion, as my enemies, if I have any, would term it, hinders me from calling out my name in a crowd. It has heretofore hindered me from making my appearance there, when impelled by the strongest of human considerations, and produces, at this time, an insuperable aversion to naming myself to my readers. The mere act of calling out my own name, on this occasion, is of no moment, since an author or editor who takes no pains to conceal himself, cannot fail of being known to as many as desire to know him. And whether my notoriety make for me or against me, I shall use no means to prevent it.

I am far from wishing, however, that my readers should judge of my exertions by my former ones. I have written much, but take much blame to myself for something which I have written, and take no praise for any thing. I should enjoy a larger share of my own respect, at the present moment, if nothing had ever flowed from my pen, the production of which could be traced to me.

A variety of causes induce me to form such a wish, but I am principally influenced by the consideration that time can scarcely fail of enlarging and refining the powers of a man, while the world is sure to judge of his capacities and principles at fifty, from what he has written at fifteen.

Meanwhile, I deem it reasonable to explain the motives of the present publication, and must rely for credit on the good nature of my readers. The project is not a mercenary one. Nobody relies for subsistence on its success, nor does the editor put any thing but his reputation at stake. At the same time, he cannot but be desirous of an ample subscription, not merely because pecuniary profit is acceptable, but because this is the best proof which he can receive that his endeavours to amuse and instruct have not been unsuccessful.

Useful information and rational amusement being his objects, he will not scruple to collect materials from all quarters. He will ransack the newest foreign publications, and extract from them whatever can serve his purpose. He will not forget that a work, which solicits the attention of many readers, must build its claim on the variety as well as copiousness of its contents.

As to *domestic* publications, besides extracting from them any thing serviceable to the public, he will give a critical account of them, and in this respect, make his work an American Review, in which the history of our native literature shall be carefully detailed.

He will pay particular attention to the history of passing events. He will carefully compile the news, foreign and domestic, of the current month, and give, in a concise and systematic order, that intelligence which the common newspapers communicate in a vague and indiscriminate way. His work shall likewise be a repository of all those signal incidents in private life, which mark the character of the age, and excite the liveliest curiosity.

This is an imperfect sketch of his work, and to accomplish these ends, he is secure of the liberal aid of many most respectable persons in this city, and New-York. He regrets the necessity he is under of concealing these names, since they would furnish the public with irresistible inducements to read, what, *when* they had read, they would find sufficiently recommended by its own merits.

In an age like this, when the foundations of religion and morality have been so boldly attacked, it seems necessary in announcing a work of this nature, to be particularly explicit as to the path which the editor means to pursue. He, therefore, avows himself to be, without equivocation or reserve, the ardent friend and the willing champion of the Christian religion. Christian piety he reveres as the highest excellence of human beings, and the amplest reward he can seek, for his labour, is the consciousness of having, in some degree however inconsiderable, contributed to recommend the practice of religious duties.

As, in the conduct of this work, a supreme regard will be paid to the interests of religion and morality, he will scrupulously guard against all that dishonours or impairs that principle. Every thing that savours of indelicacy or licentiousness will be rigorously proscribed. His poetical pieces may be dull, but they shall, at least, be free from voluptuousness or sensuality, and his prose, whether seconded or not by genius and knowledge, shall scrupulously aim at the promotion of public and private virtue.

As a political annalist, he will speculate freely on foreign transactions; but, in his detail of domestic events, he will confine himself, as strictly as possible, to the limits of a mere historian. There is nothing for which he has a deeper abhorrence than the intemperance of party, and his fundamental rule shall be to exclude from his pages, all personal altercation and abuse.

He will conclude by reminding the public that there is not, at present, any other monthly publication in America; and that a plan of this kind, if well conducted, cannot fail of being highly conducive to amusement and instruction. There are many, therefore, it is hoped, who, when such an herald as this knocks at their door, will open it without reluctance, and admit a visitant who calls only once a month; who talks upon every topic; whose company may be dismissed or resumed, and who may be made to prate or to hold his tongue, at pleasure; a companion he will be, possessing one companionable property, in the highest degree, that is to say, a desire to please.

Sept. 1, 1803.

For the American Register.

EXTRACTS

FROM

A STUDENT'S DIARY.

SWIFT'S POLITE CONVERSATION.

I HAVE just been reading "Polite Conversation" by Swift. It is amusing to observe how many of the embellishments of modern conversation have been employed to the same purpose these hundred years. Many of them are probably of as old a date as the reign of Egbert, and most of them, at least, as old as that of Elizabeth, when, as the comedies and comic scenes of Shakespeare prove, the colloquial dialect of the English was the same as at present.

Every body knows that Swift, in these dialogues, intended to ridicule the practice of interlarding discourse with hackneyed and established witticisms or sarcasms. Most of these are wretched in themselves, but some are liable to no other objection than the want of novelty. And yet there are some to whom the most hackneyed will be new. In truth, this must necessarily be the case with every *good-thing*. The tritest saying must, by every

man, have once been heard for the first time, and must, therefore, have once been new to him.

The whole mass of good-things and good-stories, in current use, would make up a very large volume; and the very tritest of these if told in a mixed and casual company, would probably be new to more than one person present. Hence the irresistible temptation to repeat a good thing, which, when we heard it, was new to us, and hence the awkward situation in which a facetious narrator so often finds himself placed, that of finding the most impertinent gravity, on occasions where he looked for laughter and applause.

When we examine the pretensions of reputed wits, we shall be surprised to find how much of their reputation is founded upon the same invariable stock of good things. They rarely tell a story which they have not told a thousand times before, and as these stories may sometimes be real occurrences or original inventions of their own, they will of course be new to strangers. We must pass some time with them before we perceive that one day's banquet is merely a counterpart of that of the day before.

Perhaps, however, it is very seldom that the humorist *knowingly* repeats the same story to the same company. Memory, as it grows retentive of remote transactions, is apt to lose its hold of more recent ones. Thus an old man of three score will frequently repeat to the same man, on the same day, a relation of some event that happened fifty years before.

A *story*, however, is one thing, and a witticism is another. It is the latter which the Dean makes the object of his ridicule in these dialogues, and which so often intrudes itself into conversation. Every one desirous of steering clear of this folly, ought to read this performance carefully, for it not only teaches us to shun so childish a practice, but tells us what we are to shun.

FIRE.

There is nothing about which newspaper writers are more anxious than to dignify the account of a fire. The plain and direct expressions are so simple and so brief, that they are by no means satisfied with them. They must amplify and decorate the disastrous narrative as much as possible, and for this end, they deal in circuitous and pompous phrases; in affecting epithets and metaphors. I have often been amused at their laborious efforts to be solemn and eloquent on these occasions.

For instance;...the story to be told is, that, at such time and place, a fire broke out and burnt or destroyed such and such buildings.

They disdain so straight a path as this, and will ramble very ingeniously thus:..."The citizens were disturbed by the alarm of fire;" or, (as an Albany editor once had it) the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants were broken by *vociferated fire!*... In spite of the exertions of the citizens, such and such buildings were "swallowed up by the conflagration:" or, (still more poetically) "became victims to the devouring element;"...or, "fell a prey to the remorseless fury of the flames."

A late newspaper introduces a column of such news by this sentence..."We are sorry to announce to our readers, the devastation committed yesterday by the devouring element of fire." In the ensuing narrative we are told, that the "rage of the conflagration was appeased," at such an hour and that such a part of the town was "snatched from the grasp of the devouring element."

YELLOW FEVER.

How powerfully is the imagination affected by the frequent and almost periodic returns of this new, strange and unwelcome visitant. 'Till the

year 1793, we, in this part of America, at least, the present generation, had only heard and read of pestilence. Since that period it has visited us five years out of ten, and, in our great cities, there is no domestic event more familiar to us; none which we anticipate with more probability, and by which we prepare more naturally to regulate our motions, than this.

I often imagine to myself my feelings on being informed, by some one able to give the information, at the opening, for instance, of the year 1793, that for the ensuing ten years, a destructive plague would rage among us, during five summers, by which the city would be, for two or three months, almost entirely depopulated; by which all the usual functions and employments of life would be suspended, and a large portion of sixty thousand people, which subsist by daily and uninterrupted employment, would be suddenly bereft of all activity.

My notions of the evil would doubtless have been imperfect and inadequate, as, indeed, these notions, with all the benefits of experience, still are. I should have underrated it in some respects, while in other respects, I should equally have overrated it. I should have had but feeble conceptions of the misery which individuals were about to suffer, while I should probably have computed its influence on population and general prosperity at much too high a rate. I could not have imagined before-hand the effect of familiarity, the power which custom has to enable us to accommodate ourselves to inevitable evils, and that vigour which one spring of population is sure to derive from the depression of another.

There is one thing, at least, which my ignorance of human nature would have hindered me from predicting; and that is, the effect which the introduction of this new disease has had on the habits and opinions of physicians. Who would have dreamed that this order of men would split into hostile factions, which should

wage war against each other with the utmost animosity; that they would arrange themselves in parties, the champions of opposite opinions not only as to the mode of curing the malady, but as to the source to which the malady itself is to be traced.

What volumes of acrimonious controversy have the last ten years produced on these subjects? How dogmatic the assertions, how violent the invectives, which the importation-men and the home-origimen have darted at each other. How is the pride of human reason humbled, by observing that in this enlightened age, with so vigilant a police, with such comprehensive and exact methods of investigating facts, and such diffusing vehicles of information and comparison as newspapers afford, there should still be in the community opposite opinions as to the nature and origin of a pestilence which has visited our principal cities five times in ten years? That even its contagious nature should not be unanimously settled? If I go into company, indeed, and talk with a physician on this subject, I shall be told that the means of information, on this head, have been so abundant and satisfactory, that the question has long ago been settled by all rational people. Every thing, he will go on to tell me, demonstrates the origin of the yellow fever to be foreign, and its appearance among us to be in consequence of importation. I cannot help being biassed by the positive assertions of a man of general candour, of knowledge and experience; but what am I to think when I meet another man, a physician, of equal understanding and experience with the former, whose assertions are just as positive, and directly opposite? But still greater is my perplexity when I meet a third, who tells me that this question has engaged his attention for many years, but that the more he collects, investigates and compares, the farther is he from an absolute decision, the more inscrutable the question be-

comes; and time, he is now fully of opinion, instead of clearing up the darkness, will only involve the matter in greater obscurity.

Such reasoners as the last, are, indeed, rarely to be met with. Doubt is so painful a state, and a man's pride and prejudice are so unavoidably engaged, on one side or the other, as he advances in his inquiry, and we so easily and suddenly pass from a state of neutrality, in which we only inquire after truth, into a state of conviction, when we merely search for arguments and facts in favour of one side; that nothing is rarer than a physician who hesitates on this subject. Some men may vary from year to year, and change sides as often as the fever visits us, but they are ardent and dogmatic in maintaining what happens to be their present opinion, and stigmatize all their opponents as fools and villains.

This medical controversy is much to be regretted on many accounts. It is not one of the least evils that it tends to shake the confidence of mankind in the *skill* of those, whose skill is indebted for the greater part of its success to the confidence, with which the patient is inspired by it.



AUTHORSHIP.

IN Europe, Authorship is in some instances a *trade*: it is a calling by which those who pursue it, seek their daily bread as regularly as a carpenter or smith pursues the same end, by means of the adze or the anvil. But authorship, as a mere trade, seems to be held in very little estimation. There is no other *tradesman*, to whom the epithet *poor* is more usually applied. A *poor author* is a phrase so often employed, that the two words have almost coalesced into one. The latter, if used alone, signifies merely a man who writes and publishes;

but if *poor* be prefixed, it clearly indicates a writer by trade.

This trade is the refuge of idleness and poverty. Any thing that gives a permanent revenue, however scanty the sum, or laborious the service, is deemed preferable to authorship: but when a *poor* fellow has either too little steadiness, industry, or reputation, for the post of clerk in a banker's office, or usher in a school, or curacy in Wales, he betakes himself, as his last resource, to writing paragraphs for a newspaper, translating new novels or travels from the French or German, or spinning Romances from his own brain; and these enable him to live as well as habits of improvidence and heedlessness as to all economical matters, will allow him.

While the *poor author*, that is to say, the author by trade, is regarded with indifference or contempt, the *author*, that is, the man who devotes to composition the leisure secured to him by hereditary affluence, or by a lucrative profession or office, obtains from mankind an higher, and more lasting, and more genuine reverence, than any other class of mortals. As there is nothing I should more fervently deprecate than to be enrolled in the former class, so there is nothing to which I more ardently aspire, than to be numbered among the latter. To write, because the employment is delightful, or because I have a passion for fame or for usefulness, is the summit of terrestrial joys, the pinnacle of human elevation.

There is my friend H..... Can a man be situated more happily? His aunt not only secures him and his charming Eleanor from the possibility of want, she secures them not only the pleasures and honors of extraordinary affluence, but even from the common cares of a master of a family. She is his steward, that is, she manages exclusively the fortune which is hereafter to be absolutely, as it is now virtually his: she is his housekeeper, inasmuch as she takes upon herself the management of servants, the ordering of provisions,

and the payment of all family expenses. The young and happy couple have nothing to do but to give themselves up to the delights of mutual tenderness, and to fill up the interval between these joys with bathing and walking, or with music, conversation, reading and writing. He has no other labour on his hands than to decide whether the coming hours shall be employed at the clarionet, the pencil, the book or the pen. After a good deal of fluctuation, a passion for the pen seems to have gotten the mastery, and a part of every day is regularly engrossed by an interesting and important project. Every day is witness to some progress, and though his views continually extend to futurity and immortality, yet the immediate pleasures of reasoning, invention, and acquired knowledge are his, and every day is happy in itself, while it brings supreme felicity still nearer.

PENSIONS.

I HAVE been reading Burke's speeches on Economical Reform. Notwithstanding all the eloquence displayed on that occasion, notwithstanding the pressure of public exigencies, and the hard expedients to which the government has been driven; who would believe, if there were any possibility of doubting it, that four noblemen of overgrown private fortunes, divide between them eight thousand pounds (forty thousand dollars) per annum, as salaries; one as master of the fox-hounds, another as master of the buck-hounds, a third as master of the harriers, and a fourth as ranger of some park!

The government, however, exercises a most laudable economy in other respects. The greatest moral or literary merit, attended with the greatest poverty, will not tempt the ruling powers to stretch their libe-

rality any further, or to load the public treasury with any additional incumbrances.

To give them their due, however, we must admit of two exceptions to this observation. Doctor Johnson, after struggling with disease and poverty for sixty years, was presented with a most magnificent annuity of *two hundred pounds* per annum. When travelling was prescribed by his physicians, an application was made for a small augmentation, but it was impossible to obtain it. Cowper, a glory and blessing to humanity, struggled with narrow circumstances, and with the most horrible of maladies, for upwards of sixty years, when his majesty was graciously pleased to secure to him three hundred pounds per annum. These salaries together were equal to one fourth of the wages of the master of the fox-hounds; which, after all, is only a nominal office, and which is always possessed by those who have vast patrimonies of their own.

It is astonishing that kings and nobles are not more beneficent to men of genius, even from a mere selfish passion for praise. The gratitude excited by such gifts, is always in proportion to the benefits they confer on the receiver, not to the generosity of the donor: and what eloquent eulogies will the king receive, who, with one hand, bestows *three hundred* a year on a superannuated poet, though, with the other, he confers *seven times* the sum on the master of his fox-hounds.

Suppose the aforesaid eight thousand pounds were distributed, in life annuities of *two hundred* each, to men, whose forlorn situation, joined with intellectual merit, laid indisputable claim to so mere a competence, there would be no less than *forty* persons enlisted in the service of the giver's glory. How would such munificence have sounded through the world: how rich, in the ornaments of public gratitude, would it go down to posterity! what a mighty and expensive effort

would it appear! And yet we see that, at present, this very sum, indeed, ten times this sum, is divided between half a dozen noble and worthless idlers, whose claim, and that is only nominal, consists in their superintendence of a pack of hounds, or something of equal dignity and usefulness!

This is not a censure intended particularly for England, or for kings. This abuse of the public revenue, in a greater or less degree, is incident to all nations, and to every form of government.

A JAUNT TO ROCKAWAY, IN LONG-ISLAND.

MY DEAR R.....

WHAT possible amusement can you expect from *my* recital of a jaunt to Rockaway? I cannot dignify trifles, or give to vulgar sights a novelty, by making them pass through my fancy. That fancy, you well know, has no particle of kindred to that of poet or painter, and nobody should pretend to describe, who does not look through the optics of either painter or poet. Besides, my ignorance circumscribes my curiosity. I have few objects of remembrance with which to compare the objects that I meet with. Hence, as the carriage whirls along, faces, fences, houses, barns, cultivated fields, pass rapidly across my eye, without leaving a vestige behind them. You will of course ask me, how the fields are inclosed? How they are planted? What portion is tilled; what is wood, and what is waste? Of what number, materials, dimensions, and form, are the dwellings, the granaries, the churches, the bridges, the carriages? What is the countenance, the dress, the deportment of the passengers, and so forth? through an endless catalogue of interrogatories.

Now I cannot answer a word to all these questions. *Your* attention, on the contrary, during such a journey, would be incessantly alive: you would take exact note of all these particulars, and draw from them a thousand inferences as to the nature of the soil, the state of agriculture, and the condition of the people. While your companions were beguiling the time by a map: by looking eagerly forward to the bating place, and asking the driver now and then, how many miles he had to go to dinner, or cursing the dust, the heat, the jolting, and the hard benches, or conversing with each other, all your senses, and your whole soul would be chained to passing objects. Not a stone would you meet with, but should instantly pass through your crucible; not a tree or a post, but would serve as a clue to the knowledge of the soil, climate, and the industry of the island. You would count the passengers, take an inventory of their dress, mark their looks and their steps; you would calculate the length, breadth, and height of all the buildings; and compare every thing you saw, from the church to the pig-pen, and from the parson to the plow-boy, with all that you had seen elsewhere.

Such is the traveller, my friend, that you would have made; and you have known more of Long-Island in a few hours, than many who have lived within sight of it these fifty years: I, alas! am one of those whom fifty years of observation would leave in the same ignorance in which they found me.

'Tis true, as you say, that such an unobservant wretch as I represent myself to be, may yet amuse by relating his own sensations, and his narrative, if it give no account of the scene of his journey, will, at least, comprise a picture of his own character. An accurate history of the thoughts and feelings of any man, for one hour, is more valuable to some minds, than a system of geography; and you, you tell me, are one of those who would rather

travel into the mind of a plowman, than into the interior of Africa. I confess myself of your way of thinking; but from very different motives. I must needs say I would rather consort forever with a plowman, or even with an old Bergen market woman, than expose myself to an hundredth part of the perils which beset the heels of a Ledyard or a Parke.

You see how ingeniously I put off this unpleasant task: but since you will not let me off, I must begin. Remember, it is a picture of myself, and not of the island, that you want: and such, how disreputable soever it may be to the painter, you shall have. I have some comfort in thinking, that most of the travellers to Rockaway, are but little wiser and more inquisitive than myself.

In the first place, then, we left I.....'s at one o'clock. The day was extremely fine, and promised a most pleasant ride. You may suppose that we were most agreeably occupied in the prospect of a journey which neither of the three had ever made before: but no such thing. We thought and talked of nothing but the uncertainty of getting seats in the stage, which goes at that hour from Brooklynn, and the reasonable apprehension of being miserably crowded, even if we could get seats. Such is my aversion to being wedged with ten or twelve in a stage coach, that I had previously resolved to return, in case of any such misfortune. So I told my friends, but in this I fibbed a little, for the naked truth was that I wanted a pretext for staying behind; having left society in New York, the loss of which all the pleasures of Rockaway would poorly compensate.

We passed the river, and after dining at the inn, were seated in the coach, much more at our ease than we had any reason to expect. We rode through a country altogether new to me, twelve or fourteen miles (I forgot which) to Jamaica. Shall I give you a peep into my

thoughts? I am half ashamed to admit you, but I will deal sincerely with you. Still, say I, my consolation is, that few travellers, if their minds were laid as completely open to inspection, would come off from their trial with more credit than myself.

I confess to you then that my mind was much more busily engaged in reflecting on the possible consequences of coming off without several changes of clothes in my handkerchief, and without an umbrella to shelter me from sunshine and rain, than with the fields and woods which I passed through. My umbrella I had the ill-luck to break as we crossed the river, and as to clothes, I had the folly, as usual, to forget that Rockaway was a place of fashionable resort, and that many accidents might happen to prolong our stay there four or five days, instead of a single day; and yet think not that I was totally insensible to passing objects. The sweet pure country air, which was brisk, cool and fresh enough to make supportable the noon-tide rays of a July sun, to the whole force of which my seat beside the driver exposed me, I inhaled with delight. I remember little, however, but a country, pretty much *denuded of its woods*, (as Sam. Johnson would say) a sandy soil; stubble fields, houses fifty years old, a couple of miles from each other, and most of them, especially those furthest on the road, exact counterparts of such as we see in Dutch and Flemish landscapes; four-wheeled rustic carriages, of a most disproportioned length, crazy and uncouth, without springs, entered from behind, and loaded with women and children, pigs and chickens; not a single carriage of elegance or pleasure to be met with, though overtaken by half a dozen gigs, going to the same place with ourselves.

We reached Jamaica at five o'clock, and here we staid one hour. A glass of lemonade, a plentiful ablu- tion in cold water, and a walk

with B.... in a church-yard opposite the inn, were all the surprising events which distinguished this hour. This island is one of the oldest of European settlements in North America, and we therefore expected to find in this churchyard some memorial of ancient days, but we were disappointed. There were many grave-stones, broken or half sunken, or blackened by age, but the oldest date was within forty years. The church, though painted anew and furnished up lately, was about seventy years old, as an inscription on the front informed us. There was another of a much more antique cast within view, but we did not approach it.

I hope you will be sparing of your questions respecting Jamaica, for I can answer none of them. I asked not a single question statistical or topographical of our hostess. I did not count the houses, and therefore can form no notion of the population. It is a spacious, well-looking village, many of whose houses appear to be built as summer retreats for wealthy citizens, and that is all I can say of it.

During our second stage, I was placed much more at my ease than during the first. I was seated beside a pretty little girl, whom all the company took care to inform, that they thought her pretty. For my part, her attractions made little impression on my fancy. To be infirmly delicate in form, to have a baby-like innocence of aspect, and a voice so very soft that it can scarcely be heard, are no recommendations to me. She prattled a good deal about a squirrel and canary-bird which she had at home, and that respectful attention was paid to a pair of very sweet *lips*, which the *words* that fell from them would never have obtained. The rest of our company were men, and I have not wit enough to extract any oddity or singularity from their conversation or appearance. Two of them, you know, were my companions, and the other two cheerful and well-bred strangers.

I, for the most part, was mute, as I usually am, in a stage-coach and among strangers. Not so my two friends. B... finds a topic of talk and good humour in every thing, and J...’s amenity is always ready to pursue the other’s lead. I forget all their topics, except a very earnest discussion of the merits of different lodging-houses, at the sea-side, and many sympathetic effusions, drawn forth by the *shipwreck* of another coach. On the first head we concluded to go to the house nearest the sea, one Ben Cornwall’s, our purpose being as much to gratify the eye as the touch, and there we accordingly arrived, pretty late on a chill, moist and cloudy evening.

There are few men who are always masters of their spirits, and mine, which had not been high through the day, fell suddenly some degrees lower, on stepping out of the carriage into the piazza of the house. This place appeared, at the first glance, to want at the same time the comforts and seclusion of a private house, and the order and plenty of a public one. The scene without was extremely dreary, and the vicinity of the sea, not being a quarter of a mile distant, gave us very distinctly the music of his multitudinous waves.

Our curiosity would not allow us to go to bed, till we had touched the ocean-wave. We, therefore, after a poor repast, hastened down to the beach. Between the house and the water, is a wide and level expanse of loose white sand, which is a pretty good sample of Arabia or Zaara, as I have heard them described. Tell me, you who have travelled, whether every country, in the temperate zone, of moderate extent and somewhat diversified, contains not samples of every quarter of the globe?

The air was wet to the touch and saline to the taste, but the novelty of the scene, to which a canopy of dark clouds, with a pale star gleaming now and then through the crevices, tended to increase, buoyed up my spirits to their usual pitch. To

my friend B... this novelty was absolute. He never before saw the ocean; but to me it was new only as I now saw it, at night. Seven years ago I found my way to the margin of the sea, between Sandyhook and the mouth of the Raritan. I took a long peregrination on foot, in company with two friends, and shall never forget the impression which the boundless and troubled ocean, seen for the first time, from an open beach, in a clear day, and with a strong wind blowing landward, made upon me. It was flood-tide, and the sandy margin formed a pretty steep shelf. The billows, therefore, rose to a considerable height, and brake with great fury against it; and my soul was suspended for half an hour, with an awe, a rapture which I never felt before. Far different were my feelings on *this* occasion, for the scene was no longer new to me, and the scene itself was far less magnificent. There was scarcely any wind, the tide was ebb, and the shore declined almost imperceptibly.

As we came to this place for the purpose of bathing, and had so short a time to stay, we thought we could not begin too early, and therefore stript immediately, notwithstanding the freshness of the air, and what is of greater moment, our ignorance of the shore.

Up, pretty high upon the shore, is an house, no better than a fisherman’s hut. ’Tis a mere frame of wood, boarded at the sides and top, with no window, and a door-way. The floor is sand, and there are pegs against the wall to hang clothes upon. There is a tub provided for cleansing the feet from the sand, which when wet clings to the skin like bird-lime. Towels, which are furnished at the house, we brought not with us.

Is there any thing, the advantages of which are more universally and constantly manifested, than order? Its value is seen in the most trivial matters, as in the most momentous. This room was pitch-dark, and we were wholly unac-

quainted with it: and yet by the simple process of hanging our clothes, as we take them off, on a peg, and putting them on in the same order reversed, there is no difficulty. Some of us were not so wise as to practise this order, and, of consequence, were condemned to grope about half an hour longer than others, in the dark, for stockings, sleeve-buttons, hats, and handkerchiefs.

What would physicians say to standing naked on a bleak night, with the wind at east, while the billows broke over you for ten minutes? There is an agreeable trepidation felt, while the scene is new, and the sudden effusion of cold water must, methinks, produce powerful effects of some kind or another.

As we were early comers to this house, we were honoured each with a room to himself. There were twenty or thirty persons to be accommodated, besides a numerous family, in a wooden house of two stories; so that we could not but congratulate ourselves on the privilege thus secured to us. The chamber, however, allotted to me was a little nook, about seven feet long and three wide, only large enough to admit the bedstead and him that slept in it. In such excursions as these, however, hardships and privations, are preferable to ease and luxury. There is something like consciousness of merit in encountering them voluntarily and with cheerfulness. There is a rivalry in hardihood and good humour, more pleasurable than any delights of the senses. A splenetic or fastidious traveller is a great burden to himself and to his company, and ought, through mere generosity, to keep himself at home. In saying this, I am conscious, that in some degree, I pronounce my own condemnation, but I hope I am not very culpable.

My friends rose at day-light next morning, and went to bathe. They gave me warning, but I heeded it not. My little nook had half melted

me with heat, and I felt as if unqualified for the least exertion. I was sorry to have lost the opportunity, and rose, when the sun was high in the heavens, with some degree of regret. But, more lucky than I deserved to be, I found a country waggon at the door, ready to carry down any one that chose, to the strand. I went down with another.

This was a far different bathing from that of the night before. The waggon carries us to the water's edge, and there we may undress at our leisure amidst a footing of clean straw, convenient seats and plenty of napkins. The waggon receives us directly from the water and carries us home, without trouble or delay. On this occasion the sun was just warm enough to be comfortable, and the time o'day exactly suited to the bath. Such is my notion of the matter, but I doubt whether any body else will agree with me. Sunrise and sun-set are the usual bathing-times.

After breakfast, we took a walk along the strand. My pastime consisted in picking up shells; in sifting and examining the fine white sand; in treading on the heels and toes of the wave, as it fell and rose, and in trying to find some music in its eternal murmur. Here could I give you long descants on all these topics, but my vague and crude reveries would only make my dull epistle still more dull. The sun at last broke out with the full force of midsummer, and we panted and waded through the sand, homeward, with no small regret that we had ventured so far. We Americans in general have feeble heads: those of us, I mean, who were not born to dig ditches and make hay. A white hat, broad-brimmed, and light as a straw, is an insufficient shelter against the direct beams of the sun. What must we have suffered on this occasion when the vertical rays fell on a surface of smooth white sand: We were almost liquefied before we reached the house.

The company, at this house, was numerous, and afforded, as usual, abundant topics of speculation. Some were young men, in the hey day of spirits, rattling, restless, and noisy. Some were solid and conversible, and some awkward and reserved. Three ladies, married women, belonged to the company: one of which said nothing, but was as dignified and courteous in demeanor as silence would let her be: another talked much, and a third hit the true medium pretty well. I did not fail to make a great many reflections on the passing scene, which, together with a volume of Cecilia, made the day pass not very tediously.

My friends always carry books with them, even when they go abroad for a few hours. One of them to day produced the Maxims of La Bruyere, the other those of Rouchefoucauld, and some minutes were consumed in decyphering and commenting on these. But the subject which engrossed most attention in the morning, was a plan for procuring a dozen of claret for the embellishment of dinner; and the return of man and chaise, without the claret for which he had been sent to a distant tavern, cast a great damp upon the spirits of most of us. We got rid of the afternoon pretty easily, by giving an hour or two to the bottle, and the rest to the *sicsta*. As to our talk at dinner, there was perfect good humour, and a good deal of inclination to be witty, but I do not recollect a single *good thing* that deserves to be recorded; and my powers do not enable me to place the common place characters around me in an interesting or amusing point of view. As to myself, I am never at home, never in my element at such a place as this. A thousand nameless restraints in-cumber my speech and my limbs, and I cannot even listen to others with a gay, unembarrassed mind. Towards evening it began to rain, and not only imprisoned us for the present, but gave us some apprehensions of a detention here for a

week. A detention, which, for many reasons, one of which I have already mentioned, would have proved extremely disagreeable to me.

My friend, I have grown very tired of my story. I believe I will cut short the rest, and carry you back with me next morning, to New York, in a couple of sentences. The weather on the morrow, was damp and lowering, but it cleared up early. We were again agreeably disappointed in our expectations of a crowded stage, and after breakfasting at Jamaica, reached town at one o'clock. On my return, I was just as unobservant of the passing scene as before, and took as little note of the geography of the isle. Set me out on the same journey again, and I should scarcely recognize a foot of the way. I saw trees and shrubs and grasses, but I could not name them, *being as how* I am no botanist.

Perhaps, however, I mistake the purpose of such journeys, which is not to exercise the reasoning faculties, or to add to knowledge, but to unbend, to dissipate thought and care, and to strengthen the frame, and refresh the spirits, by mere motion and variety. This is the language which my friends hold; but, I confess, mere mental vacuity gives me neither health nor pleasure. To give time wings, my attention must be fixed on something: I must look about me in pursuit of some expected object; I must converse with my companion on some reasonable topic; I must find some image in my own fancy to examine, or the way is painfully tedious. This jaunt to Rockaway has left few agreeable traces behind it. All I remember with any pleasure, are the appearance of the wide ocean, and the incidents of bathing in its surges. Had I been a botanist, and lighted upon some new plant; a mineralogist, and found an agate or a petrification; a naturalist, and caught such a butterfly as I never saw before, I should have reflected on the journey with no little satisfaction. As it was, I set my foot in the city with no other sentiment, but that of re-

gret, for not having employed these two days in a very different manner.

C. E.

For the American Register.

Some Account of the King's Bench Prison; in a letter from an American in London to the Editor.

The comparative comforts of their prisons offer something in mitigation of the severity of the debtor laws of the English, as they relate to persons who are not wholly destitute of the "one thing needful:" but no apology can be invented for their absurd rigour, as they respect by far the greater number of the victims of debt. The law presumes every debtor solvent; which presumption, in innumerable cases, is absolutely false. The body of the debtor, therefore, in supposition of *ability* and *fraud* is consigned to imprisonment at the pleasure of a vindictive creditor. If the debtor be really insolvent, which is surely as probable a supposition as the opposite, he is at the mercy of an angry and perhaps injured individual, who, by a strange perversion of every judicial principle, becomes a judge, with criminal jurisdiction, and is invested with the power of dispensing a severer punishment than the law inflicts on the deepest offences. If poverty be no crime, why punish it with arbitrary imprisonment? If criminal, why is it entrusted to private hands to pardon without discretion, or punish without measure.

An insolvent law is now under parliamentary discussion, for the relief of about ten thousand miserable wretches, now imprisoned in all the different gaols of the United Kingdom, who will probably be soon let loose upon the public, corrupted by the habits, and soiled by the ignominy of a prison. This expedient is adopted once in six or seven years, not as a remedy for the defective laws, but because the

prisons overflow. On this joyful occasion, thousands will emerge from many years' imprisonment, whose original debts did not exceed twenty pounds, now augmented, by the expenses of the law, to fifty or sixty, and in some instances, to an hundred pounds.

If it be for the benefit of trade, the idol of the English nation, that such laws exist, it is much to be lamented that the supposed interests of trade, and the real interests of humanity and justice, should be so much at variance; but the well-grounded terror of innovation, which prevails in this government, will probably prevent for a long time any change in this monstrous feature of British policy.

The King's Bench prison, which the misfortune of our friend L..... has given me an opportunity of examining, is appropriated to debtors alone, and to such of these only as are prosecuted in the court of *King's Bench*. This delicacy, which excludes from this society felons, or criminals of any kind, it must be confessed, is honorable to the laws, and adheres to a distinction not well drawn in other respects between debt and felony. The police of this institution is under the direction of a marshal, deputy, clerk of the papers, and three turnkeys; all of which offices are considerably lucrative. There are many immunities and privileges peculiar to the place, and not enjoyed by provincial and county prisons. Each resident holds the key of his own apartment, and has the unlimited power of locomotion at all hours of the day and night, within an area of about six thousand square yards (an acre and a quarter) enclosed by a brick wall forty feet high, over which, from the tops of a stately edifice, you have a pleasant view of the hills of Kent and the city of London. The principal building is three hundred feet in length, fifty feet wide, and four stories high; and contains one hundred and eighty apartments, the greater part of which are in good

repair, painted, and some of them papered. Two persons are allotted to each of these rooms, which are fifteen feet by twelve, length and breadth; but one may enjoy exclusive possession by paying five shillings a week, which the poorer class of prisoners accept as a consideration for relinquishing their right, and, with it, eke out a miserable existence in a common receptacle. Within these walls are inexhaustible springs of hard and soft water, one of which has mineral qualities that are salutary. Shambles every day exhibit every variety in kind and quality of Leadenhall and Billingsgate markets; a public kitchen for cooking, besides half a dozen cook-shops; a coffee-house and two public taps, from which beer and even wine flow without measure; a bake-house, and in fine every handicraft is carried on here, in the different apartments, making the place a good epitome of London. An unrestrained ingress and egress is allowed from eight in the morning, till ten at night; and the hum of innumerable visitors of every garb and deportment, with the motley music and appearance of every class of pedlars that walks the streets of London, display a scene extremely lively and grotesque. There is every shade of character, every grade of wealth and (excepting privileged persons) of rank and title. Some of the prisoners exceed a thousand guineas a year in their expences, and are visited by their families, who, if we may judge from their equipages, abate nothing of their wonted luxury. There is another class of debtors who place their families in the neighbourhood, and rather than surrender an annuity or jointure, take up their rest, for life: an insolvent act, or act of grace, compels him not to give his property to the creditor, but leaves him the option of freedom or captivity, and many prefer the latter.

The third class are driven to the most deplorable shifts, and, like

the moths, feed upon their clothes, as long as they last. Absolute starvation, though not frequent, does yet sometimes occur in the annals of the King's Bench. The number of prisoners now amounts to five hundred, and the original debts of threefourths of the number do not, on an average, exceed forty pounds, from which we are obliged to infer that the laws give impunity to opulent knaves, while it bears with undistinguishing severity on the innocent and culpable poor.

For the American Register.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. I.

I have now in my hands an old copy of Milton, which at first belonged to my father. It is an old book, and few volumes have been oftener in my hands. I would not exchange it for an edition of the same work embellished by all the arts of the printer, the engraver, and the binder....Inanimate objects have an influence on the affections; else why do I prefer this homely volume, shattered by the hands of time and of use, to Paradise Lost newly printed and decorated? Milton is only inferior to the voice of inspiration....He is first among the poets who were not the prophets of the Lord. His erudition was vast, but his genius was vaster. His learning did not restrain, but regulated his flight. Amidst the glories of heaven he looked undazzled, and rays from his penetrating mind illuminated the depths of despair. Did not their antiquity increase the veneration bestowed on the names of Homer and Virgil, criticism would always place them below Milton on the scale of poetical merit. I have read, I have studied the Iliad and the Æneid....I have read and examined with critical scrutiny, in the original language or in the translation most of the poems which bear the name of epic or

heroic, and the more I read the more I am convinced, the longer I live the more I am convinced that a greater magnitude of mind is discovered in the *Paradise Lost*, than in any other uninspired poem in existence. *Paradise Lost* is the greatest effort of its author. His other works rank as follows in the scale of merit:

2 *Comus*.....3 *Paradise Regained*
4 *Sampson Agonistes*.....5 *Lycidas*.....6 *L'Alegro and Il Penseroso*
7 *Hymn on the Nativity*.

I consider the relish for the poetry of Milton as a criterion of the taste and mental elevation of the reader. None can fully admire him, but those who are raised in mind above the *profanum vulgus*. Miserable was the judgment of Voltaire, which could wonder at an Englishman's passionate admiration of Milton and Shakespeare. An object of contemptuous pity was that fashionable Lord* who declared his preference of the *Henriade* of Voltaire, before the works of his immortal countryman. Such a man might harrangue to the astonishment of assembled peers, he might offer his sacrifices on the altar of the graces, but he should never attempt to join the councils of correct and dignified criticism. I could fill a volume in speaking of Milton, so keen is my sensibility to his excellencies, so great is the instruction and pleasure which I have received from him. I have marked many of his passages in my almost worn-out copy, and offered upon them some remarks: To these I sometimes recur with satisfaction; they are mementos of former periods which have been passed in converse with the mighty bard, and of some hours of dejection which were lightened by his voice.

Dr. Johnson has said, that we must read Milton's *Paradise Lost* as a task. This is one among the many premature sentences pronounced by that great man. The whole of his work we could not ex-

pect to excite the same pleasure; but if the greater part produces not delight, then there is no delight in elevated poetry....I consider Dr. Johnson's criticism however, on this performance, with some exceptions, to be in the highest degree excellent. Addison's *Saturday's Papers* on the same subject, though not equally acute, are eminently pleasing. Cowper has said in one of his most agreeable letters, that Milton has employed the only machinery which was justifiable in a Christian poet. I have however admired the conception of Dryden, who, when he thought of writing an epic poem in honour of King Arthur, determined to introduce angels as the guardians of nations. It was the lot of Arthur and the guardian angels to fall into very different hands. Perhaps some have heard that Sir Richard Blackmore has written an epic poem called *Arthur*, and used the intervention of angels, though they may not have read the poem. The exordium and invocation of *Paradise Lost*, are eminently happy. They embrace completely the subject which is to be sung; they are simple and strong. How poor is the invocation of any muse to Milton's invocation of the Spirit? His strain was heavenly, and to heaven he looks for aid. As the fall of angels was the fall of man, Milton first discloses to our view the apostate spirits in their regions of sorrow, forming new schemes of rebellion and malice.

Many of the most striking passages of Milton have been noticed by the critic, and suggested to the admiration of the reader. I have however the hope of pointing out, in the course of my *Critical Notices*, some portions of Milton, and of other poets, which are deserving of the highest commendation, and on which criticism has not yet been lavish of its praises.

I am deceived if, from all the volumes of uninspired poetry, there can be produced a sublimer description than that which is contained in

* Chesterfield.

the following lines of the VIth Book of Paradise Lost:

Yet half his strength he put not forth,
but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of
heaven;
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flocks together
throng'd,
Drove them before him thunderstruck,
pursued
With terrors and with furies to the
bounds
And chrysal wall of heaven; which
opening wide
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap dis-
close!
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous
sight
Struck them with horror backward, but
far worse
Urg'd them behind: Headlong them-
selves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven; eter-
nal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the insufferable noise, hell
saw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would
have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too
deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast
had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded chaos
roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning received them whole, and on
them closed.

I cannot conceive how it is possible for words or conception to exceed the preceding passage in strength. It represents a termination of a battle purely original.... Here Milton could not tread either in the footsteps of the Grecian or the Roman bard. The scene of the action was on the borders of heaven, and the place in which the routed army was plunged, was the bottomless abyss....chaos, the empire of universal confusion, was, by the rout, encumbered with ruin. The soul which conceived this un-

commonly original description, must have been agitated by the tumults of poetical rage; and the hand which wrote it, must have trembled. Though all the lines are admirable, yet I have ventured to mark in italics, those which I thought were supereminent among the eminent.

As a contrast to the passage already quoted, I shall offer the following tender and sweetly modulated lines:

“O unexpected stroke, O worse than
death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus
leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks
and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope
to spend,
Quiet tho' sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O
flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender
hand
From the first opening bud, and gave
ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or
rank
Your tribes, and water from the am-
brosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me
adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was
sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wan-
der down
Into a lower world; to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in
other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal
fruits?
Whom thus the Angel interrupted
mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy
heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not
thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art
bound;
Where he abides, think there thy na-
tive soul.
Adam, by this from the cold sudden
damp

Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits
return'd,

To Michael thus his humble words
address'd.

Celestial, whether among the thrones,
or nam'd

Of them the highest; for such of shape
may seem

Prince above princes! gently hast thou
told

Thy message, which might else in tell-
ing wound,

And in performing end us; what be-
sides

Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings
bring,

Departure from this happy place, our
sweet

Recess, and only consolation left

Familiar to our eyes! all places else

Inhospitable appear, and desolate;

Nor knowing us, nor known: And, if
by prayer

Incessant I could hope to change the
will

Of Him who all things can, I would
not cease

To weary him with my assiduous cries:

But prayer against his absolute decree

No more avails than breath against the
wind,

Blown stifling back on him that
breathes it forth;

Therefore to his great bidding I sub-
mit.

This most afflicts me, that, departing
hence,

As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd

His blessed countenance: Here I could
frequent

With worship place by place where he
vouchsaf'd

Presence divine; and to my sons re-
late,

"On this mount he appear'd; under
this tree

Stood visible; among these pines his
voice

I heard; here with him at this foun-
tain talk'd:"

So many grateful altars I would rear

Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone

Of lustre from the brook, in memory

Or monument to ages; and thereon

Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits,
and flowers:

In yonder nether world where shall I
seek

His bright appearances, or foot-step
trace!

For though I fled him angry, yet, re-
call'd

To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I
now

Gladly behold though but his utmost
skirts

Of glory; and far off his steps adore."

In this passage there is a beautiful contrast between the sorrow of Adam and that of Eve...The sorrow of Eve was more melting than that of her husband...it dwelt more minutely on the favourite objects which she was to leave behind her. The flowers which she had nursed and cherished with her own hand...the nuptial bower which she had decorated...the walks and shades among which she had rambled and reposed; and from which she must now be separated forever, filled her with the most piercing regret. The sorrow of Adam dwelt more especially on his banishment from the divine presence, and on the places in which he appeared or stood visible, and where he heard the sound of his compassionate voice. He resolves that should he be permitted still to dwell in Paradise, he would rear up many mementos of his former days of happiness, that so he might be able to tell to his children, that here his God appeared before him, and from that thicket he heard the sound of his voice. The comfort which the angel endeavours to give to each of our parents, is of the most conciliating and soothing kind. These speeches of Adam and Eve have been noticed before, but I think not sufficiently. No lines could be more pathetic. When we consider that they were spoken by our parents and representatives, can any passage in poetry be produced which can equal them in dignified pathos, and in the effect which they communicate? While reading them, every son and daughter of Adam may unite in language somewhat similar. Fields of Paradise, the dwelling of my parents, farewell.... Abodes of innocence and of happiness, "fit haunt for Gods," from you we must be ever secluded...Our footsteps shall not be imprinted upon

your soil....We shall gather no flowers from the garden of Eden, to the whisper and music of your woods; to the murmur of your streams we shall never listen....reclining from the banks, our lips shall never kiss the coolness of your watersIn your bowers of bliss we shall not be permitted to repose.... Our parent fathers shall never tell us, "On this mount God appeared, under this tree stood visible, among these pines his voice I heard, here with him at this fountain talked,"

The description in *Paradise Lost*, Book XI. of the abatement of the waters after the deluge, is remarkably striking, and deserves to be repeatedly noticed:

"He look'd, and saw the ark hull
on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds
were fled,
Driven by a keen north-wind, that,
blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as de-
cay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide watery
glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave
largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their
flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb,
that stole
With soft foot towards the Deep;
who now had stopt
His sluices, as the Heaven his win-
dows shut.

The bold and curious personifications in this passage are most worthy of remark. The face of the deluge is wrinkled by the keen north wind, like that of an old man by age. The sun gazes hot, in his wonderful mirror of the expanded waters, and draws from them such draughts to quench the fierceness of his thirst, that they hush the tumults of their billows, shrink away before him, and "with soft foot," or with gentle murmurs steal again to the bosom of the deep. None but the most mighty imagination could have given birth to such a picture, and none but a giant in intellect could have begotten such gigantic personifications.

VOL. I....NO. I,

Some critics, in order to afford to the world the testimony of their discernment, have asserted that such books were the best in such a work. One critic has discovered, and after him many have said, that the first six books were the best of the *Paradise Lost*. Upon what they have grounded this opinion, I cannot discover. They have much more discernment than I pretend to possess. In the different books, there is a variation of matter; but the same strength and ardour of imagination....the same burning, intrepid and victorious genius is preserved without diminution throughout all of them. I am often tempted to laugh at the many absurd criticisms which have been written on epic poetry. It forsooth must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. This we all must acknowledge to be indispensable; for we cannot conceive how any man in his senses could give a finished narration without these. Every composition on earth, not represented as a fragment, written by a rational man, has a beginning, middle, and an end. Then again in the epopee there must be machinery, because Aristotle said so, and Homer has employed it in his *Iliad*.... but with all due deference to critical acumen; if all the machinery of Homer could be withdrawn, and a substitution be made of an equal number of Homer's lines with those taken away, so as to fill up every gap and incoherence of transition, I should vote for the destruction of Homer's machinery. Milton's machinery is stupendously great, and as far superior to that of all other poets as can be conceived. The *Jerusalem Delivered* stands next in dignity, in this respect, to *Paradise Lost*. The machinery of Gothic superstition is vastly more pleasing to me when embodied by poetry, than Homer's Gods. In the bosom of every son and daughter of poetry, there is a chord which vibrates to the sound of Gothic story. But Homer's mythology communicates no pleasing dread, it thrills with

the pressure of no icy fingers, and holds out not one supernatural being that we can love. In the days of my boyhood, when the marvellous in fiction lifted me above the world, I read with indifference all the stories of Homer's Gods; and was always sorry when I was introduced in their company. Like Achilles, I searched for Hector amidst the embattled ranks, not with his terrible look of revenge, but with the eye of interest and affection; and I could not forgive the venerable Grecian for making my favourite hero fly from his approaching enemy.

If we exclude from the comparison the dramatic writers, who among the English poets, who have written in blank verse, shall we rank next to Milton? Without hesitation I would assign that place to Young. In some respects, he falls not beneath Milton. In condensing thought within a small compass, he surpasses all ancient and modern authors. When he wrote his greatest work, he courted the stillness of the night, he associated with shadows drear....his eyes caught through his lattice the rays of the moon and the stars, and his ears listened to the music of the spheres. After Young, come Thomson and Cowper....Thomson is praised by every body, whether they relish him or not; and they never praise him unjustly. "*Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon,*" was not only the language of a madman, but of a poet; and indeed, the highest exhilaration, the most elevated inventive agitation of every poet of the first order, is on the borders of phrenzy. The soul of Pope was never tossed by these tumultuous sensations....he is an accurate, a reasoning poet....he is melodious in the highest degree....he must always please....he should always be admired; but he is vastly surpassed by Milton, Dryden, Young, Thomson, Cowper, and Gray, in poetical enthusiasm. Cowper has not the music or romance of Thomson; his eye, however, rolled in a fine

phrenzy; he is the most familiar and domestic poet of the English language; he is full of thought and exquisite morality. If he has less music and romance than Thomson, he has more solidity and gravity; he is a better instructor. I have been lately reading, with delight, his Letters and posthumous poems, preserved in Hayley's life of him, and would enrich my Notices with some extracts from them; but I wish not to put in my sickle, before the harvest is ripe; for an edition of Hayley's Life of Cowper is now in an American press; and if this work be prosecuted, will form the subject of a minute and interesting Review.

Were I called upon in a company of poetical votaries and talkers, to give utterance to one of the most striking passages of Young's Night Thoughts, I should repeat the following on time, from Night the second....

All-sensual man, because untouch'd,
unseen,
He looks on time as nothing: nothing
else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's. Time's
a god ...
Thou hast not heard of Time's omni-
potence;
For, or against, what wonders can he
do!
And will: to stand blank neuter he
disdains.
Not on those terms, was time, heav'n's
stranger, sent
On this important embassy, to man,
Lorenzo! no: on the long destin'd
hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe;
That memorable hour, of wond'rous
birth,
When the dread Sire, on emanation
bent,
And big with nature, rising in his
might,
Call'd forth creation, (for then time
was born)
*By godhead streaming through a thou-
sand worlds,*
Not on those terms, from the great
days of heav'n,
From old eternity's mysterious orb,
*Was time cut off, and cast beneath the
skies,*

*The skies, which watch'd him in his new
abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving
spheres,
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months and years his
children play,
Like numerous wings, around him, as he
flies :*
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they
shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted
flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient
rest,
And join anew eternity, his sire ;
In his immutability to rest,
When worlds, that count his circles, now
unbing'd,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) *bead-
long rush*
To timeless night and chaos, whence
they rose.

If these lines are not admired, it will not be for want of grandeur in them, but for want of elevation somewhere else. The conception that time is a portion cut off from eternity, and thrust down beneath the skies, and watched by the heavenly bodies, and measured by their revolutions....that days, months, and years, are his children, or rather so many wings, which hover around him, and direct him in his course to the bosom of eternity again, is inexpressibly great. The closing lines might serve as a motto for a philosophical discussion.... Time, separated from the existence of animated beings, is nothing : it is measured by our consciousness ; if we bestow individual existence on what we mean by time, it is evident that it cannot cease to exist : though worlds should be destroyed, yet such an airy nothing as we mean by time, separated from animated nature, must still be just as it was : how very fine, then, is the idea of Young, that time is cut off from eternity....that it is hastening into eternity again, with its years and its centuries....and that when worlds are destroyed, and in the places which they now occupy, nothing will be left, to measure the lapse of

time. Time will be swallowed up in eternity, which is occupied by the existence of God, of angels, and of men.

Here I shall, for the present, suspend my Critical notices, by assuring those who have derived any satisfaction from following the traces of an hasty and busily occupied writer, that should the projected work of my friend the Editor, be sufficiently encouraged by a liberal and discerning public, they shall (Deo volante) repeatedly meet the productions of the same pen.

I. O.

THE TRAVELLER....NO. I.

I am a man left solitary in the world. I have neither parents, nor wife, nor children, to rejoice in my prosperity, or to mingle their sorrows with mine : my friends and associates are few. I am not more than thirty years of age, but my pallid cheek, my museful countenance, and some hairs which have been silvered by an aching head, would declare that I was nearer to forty. In the course of my journey thus far on the stage of human existence, I have not been an inattentive observer of the characters of men, and of passing events.... Though I could tell much, yet I am called a silent man : and I must confess, that what I have seen in life, has more disposed me to become a speculative, thoughtful and melancholy man, than a vivacious and busy narrator of facts. I am oftentimes more fond of employing my pen, than my tongue, and have occasionally, through its instrumentality, preserved on paper some sentimental speculation, and the traces of some museful journey. In this propensity I still persevere, and shall probably to the public address several numbers of my speculations and rambles, which shall succeed the one which now solicits their attention.

The attachments, which we form in early life, are generally the strongest and the most sincere. The feelings have not then lost their generous warmth, nor is the ardour of sensibility damped by commerce with the world. Covetousness has not then been born, and made the soul the grave of every noble passion; malice has not then aroused from its slumbers, nor does envy sicken at the praise of a brother.... The heart then pants with a noble emulation, and the blush of shame burns on the cheek. Strangers to the world, the prospect that spreads before the eyes of youth, appears pleasing and enchanting. No hills of difficulty arise before them; no snares open beneath their feet; the world to them is virtuous and honest, for they have not yet experienced its guile. It has been often the remark of experience, that when we are most ignorant of human nature, we are freest from care; that those years which are spent within the walls of a college, and which are devoted to the acquirement of knowledge, form the happiest period of our lives. Though I cannot wholly subscribe to this remark, yet I can safely say, that, while at college, I passed my most unincumbered days. Often from the most exalted stations in society, has the man of the world looked back, with regret, on the scenes of his youth, on those happy days, when, immersed in academic shades, he had not yet mingled with the noise and uproar of men; when he had not yet discovered their machinations and their wiles; when his ambition was confined to the little sphere in which he moved; when he trod, unwearied, the paths of science, and when the strains of the Grecian and Roman bards kindled his soul to rapture.

When wasting pains, and manhood's
brooding woes
Broke not the slumbers of his gay re-
pose;
When o'er the fields, light as the sum-
mer wind,

He flew, and left each anxious thought
behind.

All these remembrances, as the shades of departed pleasures, arise before his view, and he mourns over their grave, with a tear; "all these remembrances sweep over his mind with an enchanting power of melancholy tenderness, and lull to sleep the cares and business of the moment."

Frequent sensations of this kind are congenial to the mind which has not lost its sensibility and its taste. Who can hear with indifference, in more advanced age, the strain to which he has often listened in his infancy, and which then transported him with its liveliness, or soothed him with its sadness? Who can behold, without emotion, the shades, beneath which he has often reclined, or revisit the stream to whose murmurs he formerly listened, and along whose banks he directed his earliest rambles? Who can behold, without being carried back to scenes which have forever gone, the building in which he was born?

I have been excited to these reflections, by a visit to the place of my nativity.... I am now gazing on the house in which I first opened my eyes on the light of heaven, and exploring the hills, the plains and waters, which I traced while a vagrant boy. Sensations, which are undecipherable, rush on my mind at this review, and I cannot restrain my desire to portray my boyhood, and to talk of events, which this spot of my birth recalls. Come then, let me make this log my chair, this old stump my table, and with my pencil let me fill these blank leaves of my pocket-book with the images of the past.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Where have ye flown, ye visions
gay,
Which flutter'd round my head?
Has time's rude hand brush'd you
away?
Is youthful fervor dead?

Peace to thy banks, thou gentle
stream,

Where first I saw the light,
Yet do thy murmurs fill my dream,
And soothe the sleep of night.

The house which stands upon the hill,
The waving wood behind,
The distant church, the busy mill,
Are pictur'd in my mind.

O let me wander o'er again
These scenes of artless joy,
And mark the shades, the hills and
plain,
I rambled while a boy.

Fond memory, bear me to that cliff,
That overhangs the shore,
And let me watch the passing skiff,
And hear the dashing oar ...

On that rude seat, with moss o'er-
grown,
I often lay, reclin'd,
Indulg'd my pensive whims alone,
And listen'd to the wind.

One night I sat upon that rock,
No human foot was near,
The close of day had toll'd the clock,
But still I knew not fear:

Pale rose the moon, and o'er the flood
Her trembling lustre cast,
And loud and sullen, from the wood,
Came on my ear the blast.

The moon withdrew her silver beam,
The night grew damp and dark,
Lash'd by the north-wind, howl'd the
stream,
And rose the watch-dog's bark.

Ah! then I started from my seat,
Swift to the house I fled,
With fears my childish bosom beat,
For ghosts were then my dread.

Such fears leave sunshine in the
breast,
When all the danger's gone:
Sweet are the dreams of childhood's
rest,
When some gay trophy's won.

That school-house on the shaded lawn,
Beside the babbling brook,

Beheld me at the peep of dawn,
Loud clamouring o'er my book.

Ah! me, how many a restless day
Has held me captive there!
How did I hail the hours of play,
Which slew each little care.

The teacher was an aged wight,
With spectacles on nose;
To me how dreadful was the sight,
When'er his anger rose.

My book, bethumb'd dog-ear'd and
torn,
Each day he heard me read;
And how approvingly, each morn,
He strok'd my flaxen head.

Good man! he's gone, he's sunk to
rest;
His little reign is o'er,
And squabbling imps shall not molest
His peace and quiet more.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MAN WITH THE HUGE NOSE.

In Imitation of the Manner of Sterne.

My uncle Toby, one cold Decem-
ber evening, sat smoking his pipe
by the fire, involved in deep reve-
rie, when Corporal Trim entered.
Please your honour, said the Cor-
poral, slowly approaching. My uncle
Toby made no reply. There is a
biting air abroad, your honour.
My uncle Toby spoke not. Shall
I help your honour to a cup of sack,
continued the Corporal, raising his
voice. Still my uncle Toby was si-
lent. I have seen the man with the
huge nose, said Trim. My uncle
Toby dropped his pipe. I have
seen the man with the large nose,
continued the Corporal; the man
whom your honour heard so much
of in Strasburgh, with the satin-
crimson breeches. The same who
was seen by the centinel and the
bandy-legged trumpeter, Trim?....
The same, your honour. My uncle
Toby arose. I dreamt that I saw
that man last night, Trim, conti-
nued my uncle Toby, just as he en-

tered the gates of Strasburgh, holding a scimitar before his nose. Heaven defend his nose, exclaimed the Corporal. Let no man do it any harm, echoed my uncle Toby. Heaven defend it from the finger of the bandy-legged trumpeter, continued the Corporal. And from those of the hostess of the inn, continued my uncle Toby. May his crimson-satin breeches escape all danger, exclaimed the Corporal. May they escape all pollution, echoed my uncle Toby. May the hands of the trumpeter's wife never lay hold upon them, continued Trim. Nor of the hostess of the inn, continued my uncle Toby. He has a noble nose, please your honour, said Trim.... the bandy-legged trumpeter swore it was as long as his trumpet, and that it made a noise as loud....the bandy-legged trumpeter's wife swore it was a *sweet nose*, and as soft as a flute....O! it is a noble nose, your honour. Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, I should like to see that nose. You shall see it, please his majesty, exclaimed the Corporal....I will fetch it to your honour. Forget not, Trim, replied my uncle, to bring the man along with his nose. Trim disappeared, and my uncle Toby walked the room, agitated and silent. The clock had struck eight, when Trim returned with a nose in his hand, followed by an elegant young stranger. Here, your honour, said Trim, is the man, and here is the nose. My uncle Toby was silent, gazing on the stranger. Before him stood the figure of a man of twenty-five, tall, and of a martial air. He was arrayed in a military habit, and wore a small scimitar on his thigh. His countenance was manly and noble, but overcast with a shade of melancholy sadness. As he cast on my uncle Toby a look from his dark-brown eyes, a big tear rolled from his cheek. Gallant stranger, I have seen you before, said my uncle Toby. You have, said the stranger, while he fell on one knee, and raised his hands toward heaven. I have seen you before, and I know you

now, said my uncle, while he fell on his neck, and wept. Ask him, please your honour, quoth Trim, the Corporal, why he wore this huge nose....and what has become of his crimson-satin breeches....if they have escaped the fingers of the bandy-legged trumpeter's wife, and those of the hostess of the inn.... Hold thy peace, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, while he wiped his eyes, we will hear that by and by.... Trim? Your honour, answered Trim. Trim, continued my uncle Toby, in a mournful voice....Here I am, answered the Corporal.... Trim, continued my uncle still more mournful. God bless your honour, exclaimed Trim, letting fall the waxen nose. Mend that fire, Trim, and bring me another pipe, ended my uncle Toby.

* * * * *

I.

For the *Literary Magazine*.

ASCENDANCY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THE ascendancy of the French language, in the nations who are neighbours of France, is a circumstance somewhat remarkable. In the English language, for instance, we find the technical vocabulary of several arts to be chiefly or wholly French. In many cases not only words are pure French, but the order in which they stand in the phrase, is agreeable to the French fashion, and very many of these words and phrases are not of remote and Norman origin, but recently imported. As, The Art Military, Prerogative Royal, Ambassador Plenipotentiary, Envoy Extraordinary, Commissary General, and so forth.

It just now occurred to me to inquire what arts had adopted their language from the French. In the first place, the art of war, and its kindred art of fortification, are entirely French. Their terms are all borrowed from that language.

The diplomatic dialect is French, and many French terms and phrases

are preserved when the correspondence of governments is carried on in English, or translated into it. It is remarkable, that the only occasion on which the adjective of Britain is *Britannic*, is in diplomatic papers, in imitation of the French adjective. This is so well established, that to say his British or his English majesty, would be a solecism; whereas to substitute *Britannic* for British on any other occasion, would be equally singular and uncouth. The *Britannic fleet* or army, would sound as strangely as his *British majesty*.

The terms in cookery, in confectionary, in perfumery, in hair-dressing are mostly imported, together with the arts themselves, from France.

Among the fine arts, music derives its language from Italy. The terms of sculpture and painting are many of them Italian, and many of them are also French. To France are we indebted for most of our architectural terms.

The terms of science are chiefly derived from the Greek and Latin. The French, however, have the honour of inventing an entire new language for chemistry. The French revolution, as it has given birth to a great many new doctrines, has likewise brought into existence a great number of new words; and the English, with an unaccountable servility, have always made haste to adopt them. It is common to hear writers and speakers declaiming against France, and against innovation in general, in a language that may be termed revolutionary French, and which would be quite unintelligible to the contemporaries of Steele and Addison. The English are hostile to innovation in every thing but language.

In the arrangements now taking place in England to resist impending invasion, there is a law for raising what is called, in direct imitation of the French, *an army of reserve*. This phrase (like one of long standing, though also borrowed from the French, *corps de re-*

serve, or *body of reserve*,) is a direct hostility on the genius of old English, but it is used merely because the French have given the same name to the same thing.

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE EPITHET ROYAL.

THE affectation of honouring places, associations, and professions with the epithet Royal, which at present prevails in England, and formerly in France, has been carried to great, and sometimes ridiculous extremes. In England, the first society of sages called itself the Royal Society. It would puzzle any one to discover, from their title, the pursuits of the association. In this case, the appellation is merely fulsome and unmeaning flattery, since it is well known, that this fraternity owed nothing, at its first formation, to the King. Within a short period a great number of societies have sprung up, which, from the spirit of absurd imitation, or with a view to curry favour with majesty, have been careful to add royal to their name. Thus we have the Royal African Association, the Royal Academy, the Royal Institution of Great Britain, the Royal Insurance Company, the Royal Bank (of Edinburgh,) the Royal Jennerian Society, the Royal Academy of Dublin, the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Among the Royals of elder date, we have the Royal Exchange, the Royal College of Physicians, and Theatres-Royal of Drury-lane and Covent-Carden. In recent times, the establishment of new theatres has put their proprietors to sad shifts for names sufficiently dignified; one of them is obliged to reverse the name already in use, and to call itself *The Royal Theatre*.

The thrifty class of mankind, who have their subsistence to procure by studying the popular humour, have made extensive use of this epithet. Travellers describe

the whimsical effect produced in this respect, among the French artizans, by the change of government. On the downfall of the monarchy, "Royal" was every where superseded by "nationale," and very odd combinations ensued.

We in America, having no kings nor princes among us, are obliged to content ourselves with describing our vocations by their proper names. I do not recollect to have met with but one instance in which an artist has endeavoured to acquire repute by the use of some great name. Many of my readers, perhaps, recollect an advertisement of a New-York operator on the teeth, who advertised himself as "Dentist to the late General Washington;" and to support his pretensions, published a letter from the General, which ran in these terms....Sir, whenever I have occasion for your services in the way of your profession, I shall have no objection to employ you.

G. W.

I recollect a barber, for whose razor I used to have daily occasion, who displayed one morning an unusual share of self-importance, which he presently accounted for, by telling me that he had just had the honour of shaving his excellency the Governor.

W.

For the *American Register*.

ON THE ELOQUENCE OF PITT,
FOX AND ERSKINE.

[The kindness of a friend has permitted us to print the following letter, written by a young American now in Europe. The author has already afforded proofs of talents, which will probably one day raise him to the first stations in his country, and this letter is no mean evidence both of a delicate taste, and an amiable disposition. E.]

London, 13th July, 1803.

Dear Sir,

MR. W.....is to sail for Philadelphia to-morrow, and I cannot

permit such an opportunity to occur, without letting you know, that, wherever I am, I cherish the remembrance of you with that of my country. The distance which interrupts our correspondence, and the engagements which often perplex me, serve only to endear to me the recollection of my absent friends, to whom my heart has long desired to be reunited. In the midst of this crowded metropolis, I am yet literally a stranger: I find no spot in which I can plant one new affection, and I long to cultivate those which I left at home. You will, I know, reprove me for this disposition; which, you will suppose, disqualifies me for improving my new situation in a country which affords so many curiosities to an inquiring mind; which you deem the seat of the arts and sciences. I won't argue with you: I submit to your reproof with a consciousness that it is not entirely unmerited. But I am conscious, also, of having made many laudable efforts to soften the severity of English courtesy, and, when repulsed in the private walks of life, I have turned my footsteps to the public scenes, best calculated to afford innocent amusement and useful information. I attended the theatres, till they disgusted me, as well by their performances, as their audience. Though repeatedly baffled in my attempts to gain admission into the courts, I have sometimes succeeded in hearing Erskine, Garrow, and Gibbs: and at the *imminent hazard of my

* The writer here alludes to the difficulty of gaining access to the House of Commons, on occasion of Pitt's speech on the renewal of war. The contemporary journalists mention this speech as having been lost to the world by the exclusion of the note-takers. The writer, more adventurous and more fortunate, got a seat in the lobby of the house, by being thrown headlong, though without injury, with a score or two of others, from the gallery, by the pressure of an immense crowd.

life, I, at last, witnessed the full blaze of Mr. Pitt's eloquence. This last is the great era of my enjoyments here, pre-eminently surpassing all the rest, and so far, indeed, as almost to make me recollect it alone. You will believe all I say, when I assure you, that Mr. Pitt realized the highest expectations I had formed. He is the greatest orator that I ever heard. His eloquence is a clear and constant stream; you admire its majestic windings, you are dazzled by the lights reflected from its smooth and unbroken surface. I feel its presence, when I behold the current rolling in the field of my imagination, and I strive in vain to discover some other object which can convey to you a more correct idea of this great orator. His very defects are so peculiarly fitted to each other, that they do not impair the great character of his eloquence, while his forcible reasoning, his ardent and uninterrupted delivery occupy the mind, and carry it along with him, it does not perceive that his person is slender, his carriage and gesture awkward, or that his periods, so happily are they balanced, and so well adjusted to the tone and cadence of his voice, are longer than the rules of criticism allow to discourses which are to be spoken. Without the formality and stiffness of formal divisions of his subject, he displays the most methodical arrangement, so natural that, while you listen to him, you do not perceive it, and, after speaking two hours, you think that he has spoken only a few minutes. His style is rather argumentative than figurative. But although it presents you no bold apostrophes, no splendid comparisons, it abounds with tropes and metaphors, which come to his assistance unasked, which he utters without appearing to be conscious of using them, and which you perceive only in the general light they shed over his discourse. They resemble the innumerable stars which compose the galaxy, and which a telescope

only can separate into distinct luminaries.

He is completely the sun of eloquence in the House of Commons, for he eclipses the light of every other orator. Mr. Fox is the morning-star only, till his great opponent rises. Mr. Fox's eloquence is wholly of a different character. In invention, quickness of apprehension, variety of illustration, humour, and one species of pathetic eloquence.... perhaps in *all* the constituents of eloquence, derived from the mind, independent of *delivery*, he is at least equal, if not superior to Mr. Pitt. In that which addresses itself to the tender emotions of the heart, Fox is, I believe, unrivalled. In his late speech, he displayed, in a very uncommon degree, a talent for exciting the ridiculous. He succeeded so well, as to make the patriotic ardour, kindled by Mr. Pitt, and those who took the same side of the question, explode in repeated bursts of laughter. In the character of Muley Molock, Mr. Pitt laughed heartily at himself, and the declaimers against the injustice of France were astonished, when they came to defend their own country from the same charge, to perceive that their arguments must resemble the reply of "the lady in the farce," that "she had always been chaste on this side of the Cape of Good Hope." But Mr. Fox's delivery is exceedingly disagreeable. His voice is squeaking, his utterance embarrassed and interrupted. He frequently recalls his words, and alters the arrangement of his sentences, after having gone half through them. Nevertheless, there is no orator, after Mr. Pitt, who deserves to be compared with Mr. Fox; and, on the whole, I believe there is less eloquence in England than in America. I have not mentioned Mr. Sheridan, because I have not had the pleasure of hearing him, except for a few minutes. Gray, Erskine, Canning and Wilberforce, have no pretensions to eloquence, nor is there one great

speaker in the present administration. You are surprised, perhaps, at my denying eloquence to Mr. Erskine: I heard him speak for one hour in the House of Commons, and I found it impossible, I would have defied any body else to tell on what side of the great question, peace or war, he intended to vote, unless, indeed, it be always proper to judge from the place where a member seats himself, of what party he is. Mr. Pitt's great speech followed Mr. Erskine's, and contained, as

nearly as I can recollect, the following words: "In reply to the honourable member who has just spoken, I shall not consider what he has uttered as either a very systematic or a very clear view of the subject which he proposed to investigate, nor can I suppose that he himself considers his remarks in that light." I have also heard Mr. Erskine at the bar, and been almost as much disappointed as in the house. In both places he is, in my opinion at least, far surpassed by Mr. D——.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICISM.

A View of South Carolina, as respects her natural and civil concerns... by John Drayton. Charleston, W. P. Young, 1802, 8vo. boards. pp. 255.

WE have great pleasure in meeting with a work of this kind. At present, the geographical and statistical condition of the United States is very little known; and it can only be known by the compilation of works like the present. The District of Maine, the States of Vermont and New-Hampshire are the only portions of our country, which have been made the subjects of particular histories or descriptions, before the present undertaking; and we now add the name of Drayton to those of Williams and Belknap, as the literary benefactors of their country.

We are first presented with a general account of the discovery and settlement of this state. Then follows a description of the face of the country, its mineral and vegetable productions, and its climate. The delineation of the face of the country is accurate and scientific. The climate is illustrated by thermometrical tables, by tables of diseases compiled by a medical society at Charleston, and by other valuable documents and observations.

The following account of a whirlwind deserves to be extracted:

"About ten o'clock in the morning, on the 4th of May, 1764, a dreadful whirlwind was said to be observed in the Indian country, above three hundred miles to the westward of Charleston; which,

between one and two in the afternoon of the same day, was seen approaching us very fast in a direct line, and not three miles from the town. But when it had advanced to the distance of about half a mile from us, it was provisionally opposed by another whirlwind, which came from the north-east; and crossing the point of land on which Charleston stands, the shock of their junction was so great as to alter the direction of the former somewhat more towards the south, whereby great part of this place was preserved from inevitable destruction. It then passed down Ashley river with such rapidity and violence, that in a few minutes it reached Rebellion Road, where a large fleet of loaded vessels with one of his majesty's ships, their convoy, lay, about four or five miles below the town, ready to sail for England; three of which were overset and sunk so suddenly, that some people who happened to be in one of their cabins had not time to come on deck; and many of the other ships, which, luckily, did not lie so immediately exposed to the greatest fury of the tempest, would have shared the same fate, had not their masts given way; for all those it passed over, were laid down on their sides: and the mizen-mast of the king's ship was carried off close to the quarter-deck, as smoothly as if it had been cut with a saw.

"As people sat at dinner that day, they were alarmed with an unusual sort of stunning noise, as of the ruffling of many drums, intermixed with such a roaring, thundering, churning or dashing sound, as the sea makes, in breaking on a hollow rocky shore, during a violent storm; when, on running out of doors, the tremendous cloud was seen advancing at a great rate, with a quick circular motion, its contents seeming in a violent agitation, from the great tumult that appeared, not only in the body of the column itself, but, likewise from the contiguous clouds which drove rapidly towards it from all directions, as if the whole contents of the atmosphere flowed thither, and were instantly absorbed by it. Hence it was, that this meteor every moment appeared so differently; some parts of it being black and dark at times; others of a flame colour; and again, as if vast waves of the sea had risen into the air. But such was the perturbation in the cloud, that these phenomena varied continually; all parts of it rolling over each other in the most confused and rapid manner: and every now and then, large branches or trees might be seen hurled about in it. Its diameter was thought to be about three hundred yards, and the height thirty degrees; a thick vapour emitted from it rising much higher. In passing along, it carried the waters of the river before it, in the form of a mountainous wave; so that the bottom was seen in many places. Such floods of water fell on those parts over which it passed, as if a whole sea had been discharged on them at once; and for a mile or two on each side of it, abundance of rain fell. As the wind ceased presently after the whirlwind passed, the branches and leaves of various sorts of trees, which had been carried into the air, continued to fall for half an hour; and in their descent, appeared like flocks of birds of different sizes. A gentleman, over whose plantation the skirt of this storm passed, not more than two miles from Charleston,

assured me, that had a thousand negroes been employed for a whole day in cutting down his trees, they could not have made such a waste of them, as this whirlwind did in less than half a minute. Such trees as were young and pliant, stooped to its violence, and afterwards recovered themselves. But all those, which were more inflexible, and firmly rooted, were broken off, and hurled away: so that no part of many of them could afterwards be found; amongst which were some live oaks of near two feet diameter, the wood of which is known to be almost as ponderous and hard as *lignum vita*; so that some of these trees, must have weighed, perhaps more than two tons. Yet heavy as they were, no remains of them could afterwards be found any where, except the roots, which were fixed in the earth. These whirlwinds more often proceed through the upper country, sometimes in a width of half a mile, tearing up the largest oaks and other trees in their way; or twisting and shivering them to pieces."

The following statement of the nature and extent of estates is valuable:

"The incomes of the planters, and farmers, are various; ranging from eighty to forty thousand dollars. Very few, however, receive incomes of the above magnitude. Many receive from twelve to twenty thousand dollars per annum; and the greatest part of the planters are only in the annual receipt of from three to six thousand dollars. The estates of these latter may be worth from 20 to 40,000 dollars. The farmers are on a smaller scale; and their incomes may be said to range between two thousand, and forty dollars. The best lands in this state, which are tide swamps, if cultivated, have sold for one hundred and seventy dollars an acre. In general, however, they sell from seventy to ninety dollars an acre; on a credit of one or two years. Uncultivated tide land sells proportionably lower. Inland swamps, if cultivated, sell at prices betwixt

twenty and fifty dollars each acre. Good cotton land has sold in Beaufort district, as high as sixty dollars per acre. In general, however, its value, in different parts of the state, is from six to forty dollars; the same depending much on its situation; as that nearest the sea is considered the most valuable, and produces the finest cotton. Other high lands sell from one to six dollars an acre; according to their respective situations, and conveniences to navigation. Hence, men possessing any capital whatever, may settle themselves independently; upon lands which descend to their posterity; together with every improvement made thereon, by their industrious labour.

“The buildings are also as various, as the values of estates; ranging in value between thirty thousand and twenty dollars. They are commonly built of wood; some, however, are constructed of brick; principally those in cities and towns. And of late years, buildings have been carried on with spirit throughout the state; and houses of brick and wood erected, suitable to the improvement of manners, and comforts of society. The houses are, for the most part, built of one or two stories, according to the taste and abilities of the owner. One particularity, however, may be remarked respecting them, which is, that piazzas are generally attached to their southern front, as well for the convenience of walking therein, during the day, as for preventing the sun's too great influence on the interior part of the house; and the out-offices are rarely connected with the principal dwelling, being placed at a distance from it, of thirty or forty yards. The houses of the poorest sort of people, are made of logs, let into each other at the ends, their interstices being filled up with moss, straw, and clay; and are covered with clap-boards. Their plans are simple, as they consist only of one or two rooms: and the manners of their tenants are equally plain.

But, it is here, that health and independence dwell. And a crop of an hoghead of tobacco, or a bag or two of cotton, forms an income which pays the taxes and expenses of the farm, and makes a family happy and contented.”

The most valuable part of this performance, is the detail it contains of the agriculture and rural economy of this state. We have here a more clear and satisfactory account of the culture of those important articles, rice and cotton, than is elsewhere to be found. A distinct view is given in an happily conceived table, of the comparative modes of cultivating rice in South Carolina, Spain, Egypt, Sumatra, and China.

As cotton is growing very rapidly into esteem, and its cultivation begins to be attended to in the middle districts of the United States, we shall extract our author's account of the Carolinian culture:

“Cotton is noticed as an article of export in South Carolina, as early as the year 1754; and from that time to this, it has been grown in the state; but, without any particular attention, until of late years. During the American war with Great Britain, it was raised through necessity; and with a mixture of wool, or sometimes by itself, was woven into negro cloths: but, it ceased with the cause which excited its culture; and again sunk to its former level. As an article of export from the United States of America, it originated in Georgia, since the peace of 1783; and yielding extraordinary profits to the planter, soon recommended itself to those of this state. And hence that beginning, which has now surpassed in value the greatest crops of rice or indigo, which have ever been made in South Carolina.

“The cotton which is grown in this state, may be ranged in three classes: viz. *nankeen*, *green seed*, and *black seed*, cotton.

“Nankeen cotton is principally grown in the middle and upper country, for family use. It is so

called from the wool, resembling the colour of nankeen or *Nanking* cloth; which it retains as long as it is worn. It is not in much demand, the white cotton having engrossed the public attention. Were it encouraged however, cloths might be manufactured from it, perhaps not inferior to those imported from the East Indies, it being probable the cotton is of the same kind; as from experiments which have been made, nankeens have been manufactured in this state, of good colour and of very strong texture.

“*Green seed* cotton, produces a good white wool, adhering much to the seed; and, of course, with difficulty ginned. Its produce is greater, and its maturity is sooner than the black seed; for which reason it is principally cultivated in the middle and upper country; as the seasons of those districts are shorter, by several weeks, than those of the lower country; and the frosts are more severe.

“*Black seed cotton* is that which is grown in the lower country, and on the sea islands; producing a fine white cotton, of silky appearance; very strong, and of good staple. The mode of culture is the same with all these species; and rich high land, is the soil, on which they are generally planted. In the middle country, however, the *high swamp* lands produce the *green seed* in great abundance; and some tide lands and salt water marshes (after being reclaimed) in the lower country, have also made excellent crops of this valuable article.

“This plant is raised from the seed, and is managed in nearly the following manner: About the latter end of March, or beginning of April, commences the season for planting cotton. In strong soils the land is broken up with ploughs, and the cotton is sown in drills, about five feet from each other, and at the rate of nearly a bushel of seed to the acre; after which, when the cotton is a few leaves high, the dirt is thrown up in a ridge to the cotton, on each side, by a plough, with

a mould board adapted to that purpose. Or, in the first instance, beds are made rather low and flat, and the cotton is sown therein. By some they are sown in holes, at about ten inches distance; but the more general practice is to sow the cotton in a drill, along the length of the bed; after which it may be thinned at leisure according to its growth. In rich high land soils, not more than fifteen of these beds are made in a quarter of an acre; but in inferior lands, twenty-one beds are made in the same space of ground. When the plants are about four or six leaves high, they require a thinning; at which time, only a very few plants are left at each distance, where it is intended the cotton is to grow: and from time to time these plants are thinned, until at length two plants, or only one, are left at each distance. Where the land is not rich, the plants remain within ten or twelve inches of each other; but when a luxuriant growth is induced, they are thinned to eighteen inches, and two feet; and in rich swamp lands, to four feet distance in the rows. At the time of thinning also, the first hoeing is generally given; and the rule is, not to draw the earth down, but constantly to draw up a little earth, at each hoeing, to the plant; and to give the fields a hoeing every two or three weeks. With some planters, the practice of topping the main stalk has been used, when the plants are too luxuriant; but the plant throwing out consequently an abundance of suckers, and thereby increasing the toil of the negroes to pull them away, has induced its discontinuance. Towards the middle of September, however, it may be advantageous to top the cotton to the lowest blossoms; as from that time no blossoms will produce cotton. By this treatment, also, the sun has a greater influence on the plant, the pods sooner open, and the strength of the plant is not drawn unnecessarily from those pods, which are likely to come to maturity.

"At the first hoeing, the grass is carefully picked from amongst the plants, and a little earth is drawn around them. The second hoeing is also done in the same manner, and those succeeding; with this addition, that at every hoeing, the beds are drawn up more and more into an angular ridge, for the purpose of better throwing off the autumnal rains from the roots of the cotton. Some cotton-planters plant Indian corn at the intersections of every twenty-four feet, throughout the cotton field; and by this mode nearly make their provisions. But whether both the cotton and the corn would not do better by themselves, is for experience to determine. Towards the middle of June, the plants begin to put forth their beautiful blossoms; and continue blossoming and forming the pods, until the frosts set in; at which time all the pods that are not well grown, are injured and destroyed. Early in August, the harvest of cotton begins on the sea islands; and in September, it is general throughout the state, continuing until December. The cotton wool is contained in the pod in three or four different compartments; which, bursting, when ripe, presents the cotton full blown to the sight, surrounding its seeds. In small bags of oznaburgs, which are slung over the negroes' shoulders for the purpose, the cotton is then picked from the pods, and is carried home to the cotton house. From whence, for one or two days thereafter, it is taken out and spread to dry on a platform adjacent to the house, for that purpose; after which it is ready for ginning. For this purpose, a suitable house is necessary, sufficiently large to receive both the cured cotton and that which has been lately brought in. To the upper part of this house the scaffold is generally connected, for the greater convenience of taking the cotton from the upper part of the house to dry, and of returning it therein. When the cotton is well opened, a negro will gather sixty

or seventy pounds of cotton in the seed in a day. The produce of cotton is various, according to its different situations and kinds. In the lower country, the black seed ranges between one hundred and three hundred pounds weight, of clean cotton, to the acre. In the middle and upper country, green seed does the like. Upon indifferent lands, only from sixty to one hundred weight of clean cotton is made to the acre; on better lands, from one hundred to two hundred pounds weight are produced; and on the best lands, with happy seasons, three hundred weight of clean black seed cotton has been made in Beaufort district to the acre. This, however, is rarely done; and the planter is satisfied with from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of clean black seed cotton to the acre. The green seed planter expects somewhat more.

"The cotton, thus picked and brought in, is next to be ginned; for which purpose a suitable house is necessary. And various kinds of gins are used for extricating this valuable staple from its seed. Those at present in use, are *foot gins*, *Evees's gins*, *barrel gins*, and *saw gins*.

"*Foot gins* are worked with cranks, by a foot board, or treadle, almost resembling a turner's lathe. They are composed of two small rollers, about three-fourths of an inch diameter, which by pullies are made to turn contrary ways. To each of these gins a negro is placed; with cotton for ginning; this he constantly applies to the rollers on the side next to him, which, by their motion, draw the cotton from the seed. It then falls into a bag, and the seed is discharged on the ground. With one of these gins, a negro will gin from twenty to twenty-five pounds of clean black seed cotton in a day; and can clean out about 1000lbs of clean cotton during the season.

"*Evees's gins* work similar rollers with additional mechanism; cou-

sisting of iron teeth and pulleys, by which the mill, with a little assistance, feeds itself. These mills are worked by horses and oxen, or by water. They were some time past introduced into Beaufort district; but not answering the expectations which had been formed of them, they are but little used.

"*Barrel gins* are either worked by oxen or water; and may be said to be nothing more than foot gins, to which greater power is applied by complicated mechanism. This consists of a large driving cog-wheel, working a small trundle wheel. This smaller wheel gives motion to a large *cylinder* or barrel, round which from eight to twenty-four sets of bands are passed, communicating with the pulleys of as many cotton gins; which are fixed in rows on each side of it. A negro is stationed at each of these gins, to feed it with cotton; besides one who superintends the whole; and the larger kind of these mills will gin out from six to eight hundred weight of clean cotton in a day.

"The *saw gins* are used particularly for extracting the cotton from the *green seed*, to which it closely adheres. This mill is worked either by oxen or water, and consists of an horizontal cog-wheel, or a water wheel, working a band which puts the pulleys of the saw-mill in motion. One of these pulleys turns a cylinder, round which is affixed from twenty to forty circular iron plates, about three-fourths of an inch distant from each other, serrated at the edge; which continually revolve between iron straps, into the compartment where the cotton is placed; and thus tear the cotton from the seeds, as the space through which they revolve, is not sufficiently large to let the seeds pass through. Another pulley moves a cylinder with a set of brushes opposite each saw; which takes the clean cotton from the teeth of the saw, and discharge it from the gin. One person besides the packers, and those who drive the oxen is sufficient for attending this gin;

and the cotton cleaned by it daily may be from six to nine hundred weight.

"After the cotton be thus ginned, by these different machines, a number of hands is employed in picking from it any dirt or bits of seed, which may remain in it: it is then packed up in bags, weighing from 250 to 300lbs. and is ready for market. As the nicety of its preparation more than its bulk, is the object with manufacturers, it is well worth the planter's attention to be careful in having it gathered clean from the field, and otherwise cleansed from all trash, broken seeds, and stained wool, which may remain, after its having passed through the gin. Cotton, prepared in this way, will assuredly command a ready and good price; as, in the extensive spinning machines which are established in Europe, the smallest particle of trash or seed breaks the thread, and interrupts the progress of the manufacture.

"Such is the growth of cotton in South Carolina, and the mode of preparing it for market. But it is not all of the same intrinsic value, as that raised on lands adjacent to the sea and salt water, called *island* or *sea shore cotton*, being *black seed*, it is preferred to the *green seed cotton*, which is raised in the interior of the country."

After discussing, very fully, the agriculture of the state, the author proceeds to make some few remarks on negro slavery. On this delicate topic it is but justice to all parties to hear what a shrewd and candid judge has to say in defence of negro servitude.

"In the pursuits of agriculture, slaves were introduced into this state; and importations from Africa soon supplied the planter with as many negroes as he was able to purchase. This gave a rapid increase to the settlement, and riches of the lower country; when, otherwise, its richest lands would not have been worth the cultivating. They, consequently, became a vested property in their respective own-

ers, by the laws of the land; and however paradoxical it may appear, their owners, on obtaining their independence, and a right by the constitution and government of this state, and these United States, thence flowing, *to be protected in their persons and property*, had an indefeasible right in them: without the reach of laws to alter, unless by their own consent, or by suitable compensation. Notwithstanding, however, this barrier, which has been, and will continue to be placed against any innovations respecting this property; many are the efforts which are not only tried individually, but collectively, to weaken this right of property; and, ultimately, to change its very nature. The impropriety appears greater; as these attempts flow, not from our own citizens, *for they know their rights and interests better*; but from those of the Northern States; who are less acquainted with them. With as much propriety might we request them to dismiss their horses from the plough; as for us to dismiss these people from labour. *For in both cases, lands of excellent quality, which are cultivated by them, would revert to a state of nature.* And with the same reason might they be asked to give the money out of their pockets, in order to equalize the situation of every person; as the people of the southern states be requested to make changes in this property, which would materially affect the fortunes they possess. And notwithstanding this impropriety, societies have intruded so far, as to send addresses to the different branches of our legislature; recommending certain modes, which they deem most eligible for us to pursue in this respect; and all this for the good of the whole family of mankind! The reception which these addresses have met with, renders any further comment on them unnecessary. This much, however, may be said; that, if it be an evil, it will sooner, or later, effect its own cure; and if it be a sin, it is the happiness of

those who are not engaged in it, to be safe from any of its future calamities.

“Should we for a moment inquire, what is the situation of negroes in Africa; we shall find them generally in a state of slavery; liable to be sold for the luxury of their princes, or, as following the chances of war. Some few are stolen from their parents, and others are taken by deception and fraud. But the great mass, which have been brought to South Carolina, only exchanged one slavery for another; and that too, *with many advantages in favour of their present situation in this country.* There, they are subject to the uncontroled pleasure of princes; and are sometimes even slaughtered for the ceremonies of their funerals. Neither life nor property is secured to them. But force, oppression, and injustice, are the great engines of their government. *Here, laws are passed for their security and protection.* They are worked by certain tasks, which are not unreasonable; and when they are diligent in performing them, they have some hours of the day to themselves. Hence they are encouraged to plant for their own emolument; raise poultry for their own use, or for sale; and are protected in the property which they thus acquire. With good masters, they are happy and contented; and instances are known, where they have declined an offered freedom. It is prohibited *by law* to work them more than certain hours of the day, during different portions of the year; and their owners are *liable to a penalty*, if they do not feed and clothe them in a suitable manner. Should they treat them cruelly, they are *amenable to a court of justice* for the same. If a slave be killed in the heat of passion, fifty pounds sterling is *forfeited* to the state:*

* What a poor defence is this, if it should appear that these laws are never executed, these penalties never levied, these forfeitures never exacted!

and if wilfully murdered, one hundred pounds sterling is forfeited in like manner by the person offending, and he is rendered forever incapable of holding, exercising, enjoying, or receiving the profits of any office, place, or emolument, civil or military, within this state. And in case such person shall not be able to pay the said penalty, or forfeiture, he is liable to be sent to any frontier garrison of the state; or to be committed to prison, or a work-house, for seven years; and during that time be kept at hard labour. Their importation has been prohibited since the year 1788; not, however, without struggles in our legislature, respecting it. But, nevertheless, numbers of them have been introduced into this state, both by land and water; and that smuggling, which Mr. Edwards, in his history of the West Indies sagaciously predicted would happen in such case, has actually taken place in a great degree.* What the different importations of negroes, into this state, from time to time, may be, is not in my power to relate. But the census, which was taken of the population of this state in 1801, by direction of the federal government, gives us the number of them, about that time, amounting to 146,151; since which period, their numbers have no doubt increased, as well by births, as by smuggling.

Had not this agricultural strength been furnished South Carolina, it is probable, in the scale of commerce and importance, she would have been numbered among the least respectable states of the union. At this moment, the extensive rice fields which are covered with grain, would present nothing but deep swamps, and dreary forests; inhabited by panthers, bears, wolves, and other wild beasts. Hence, the best lands of this state, would have

been rendered useless; while the pine lands, from their barren natures, although they might maintain the farmer, would have done little towards raising the state to its present importance. At its first settlement, the fertile lands in the upper country were not known; or if they were, surrounded by Indian nations, they offered no retreat to the calm exertions of the farmer; where wars interrupted navigation, and unopened roads, would arrest from him the profits of his industry. But, should it be asked, why the swamps and low lands in the lower country, cannot be cultivated by whites, and without the labour of negroes? I would answer, these situations are particularly unhealthy, and unsuitable to the constitutions of white persons; whilst that of a negro, is perfectly adapted to its cultivation. He can, uncovered, stand the sun's meridian heat; and labour his appointed time, exposed to the continual steam, which arises from the rice grounds; whilst a white person could barely support himself under the shade, surrounded by such a relaxing atmosphere. He can work for hours in mud and water, (which he is obliged to do in the rice culture, in ditching and draining,) without injury to himself; whilst to a white this kind of labour would be almost certain death. Should these observations be founded on fact, (which it is believed they are) they sufficiently justify the present condition of this state, in the kind of property to which we immediately refer. And, while we lament the iniquitous passions, which originally introduced slavery into this state; it is with satisfaction we can ascert, that their condition is far ameliorated to what it formerly was. They have their houses, their gardens, their fields, their dances, their holydays, and their feasts. And, as far as is consistent with our government, they enjoy privileges and protections, in some cases, superior to the poor whites of many nations; and in others equal to the mildest slavery

* See Edward's History of the West Indies, 4to. vol. II. pages 115, 116. And also page 503, et seq. of the appendix of the same volume.

in any part of the world. It may be said, this is still slavery. True. But, as was observed, it is preferable to the condition of the peasantry of some countries. How many tracts of land are there on this globe, whose inhabitants cannot boast as much good? How many thousands are there, who labour from morning until night, and from season to season, for at best a beggarly subsistence; whose tenure depends on the will of a prince, at once master of their fortunes, and of their liberties? With them, the father may in vain attempt to raise up his son for his support and comfort; but when the time arrives, and with increasing years, he comes to useful manhood; he is torn from the presence of his parents, and the endearments of his relations; to swell the pageantry of a court...or to confound the liberties of his country.

"This is what may be seen on the theatre of human life; continually chequered with good and evil, happiness and misery. The philanthropist may seek perfection and happiness among the human race; but he will never find it complete. The philosopher may plan new laws, and new systems of government; which practice too often declares but the effervescence of fancy, and unequal to the end proposed. Nature, governed by unerring laws, which command the oak to be stronger than the willow, and the cypress to be taller than the shrub; has at the same time imposed on mankind certain restrictions, which can never be overcome. She has made some to be poor, and others to be rich; some to be happy, and others to be miserable; some to be slaves, and others to be free. The subjects, or people, on which these principles are enforced, may be changed by industry, intrigues, factions, or revolutions; but the principles can never be altered; they will shew themselves again, with the same force on new subjects; unchangeable in their natures, and constant in their effects. So woods may be

cut down, and the lands on which they grew may be made to produce grains, which nature never planted there. But, withhold the hand of cultivation; and nature immediately causes weeds and plants to spring up again: and, in course of time, covers them with her dark retreats, and stately forests."

We have marked in italics the passages in this extract, on which the friend of negro liberty will be inclined to meditate. We should have been much better pleased with our author, if he had admitted the iniquity of the traffic, and urged these considerations rather to account for and excuse, than to justify the practice. Had he insisted on the enormous evils which would accrue even to the blacks themselves, from general or partial emancipation, rather than on the abstract right of the planters, to the persons of the blacks, as to the persons of their hogs and sheep, he would have gained a favourable audience, even with the greatest enemies of slavery, and have taken the *strongest* ground even with its friends.

We have next a very good account of the manufactures, inland navigation, and foreign commerce of the state. For this purpose, he has consulted the public offices, and procured the most ample and authentic documents.

Then follows a political view of the state, its constitution, laws and revenue; and a topographical account of Charleston, and other principal towns; and some particulars of the literature, and manners of the people.

On the whole, this publication is a valuable addition to our slender stock of information, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Drayton's laudable example will be followed by other ingenious men.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

TWO COMPENDS for the use of the Philadelphia Academy...1. Of Eloquence; 2. Of Natural History. By

James Abercrombie, A. M. one of the Assistant Ministers of Christ's Church and St. Peter's, and Director of the Academy.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.

HOR.

Philadelphia, H. Maxwell, p. p. 254.

MR. ABERCROMBIE has for some time past, been engaged as the instructor of youth. The Philadelphia Academy under his care, has, we have no doubt, promoted the interests of religion and literature in this city. The duties of the teacher in science, may be very properly united with those of the preacher from the pulpit; and in both capacities Mr. A. deserves no small approbation. In prosecution of the plan of education which he has adopted, the Compendis now under examination were written. These are two.... The *first* on elocution... the *second* on natural history. In the endeavour to reduce these to a concise and systematic order, the writer has availed himself of what has been written on these subjects by many excellent writers. Mr. A. has not however implicitly followed these authors, but has thought for himself, and in several instances has discovered considerable originality. His style is always neat and perspicuous, and occasionally elegant and elevated. The Compend of Elocution, we think, is more successfully executed, than the one of Natural History. The former is divided into *two parts*. The *first part*, on the art of reading, includes the following subdivisions: On the voice, of reading, of accent, of emphasis, of modulation, of expression, of pauses.... The *second part*, on the art of speaking, includes the following subdivisions: Of tones, of looks, of gesture. In treating these, Mr. A. has succeeded in conveying instruction in an easy and impressive manner to the young. He concludes the Compend with the following sentences...

“CONCLUSION.

“ Thus have we endeavoured to delineate those outlines, which nothing but good sense and taste can fill up.

“ These few hints, however, if duly attended to, may suffice to aid and direct your efforts for improvement. Though, after all, it is impossible to acquire a correct and judicious pronunciation, a command of the various modulations of the voice, and strict propriety of gesture, merely from rules, without practice and an imitation of the best examples: which shews the wisdom of the ancients, in training up their youth to the study and practice of ELOCUTION, by the assistance of the most accomplished teachers, who exemplified the rules which were given to form the speech and action of their pupils.

“ Yet, the more distinctly these outlines are marked and remembered, the easier will be the finishing: and if, instead of leaving so much taste, as is generally done, we were to push, as far as possible, our inquiries into those principles of truth and beauty in delivery, which are immutable and eternal; if we were to mark carefully the seemingly infinite variety of voice and gesture in speaking and reading, and compare this variety with the various senses and passions, of which they are expressive; from the simplicity of Nature, in her other operations, we have reason to hope, that they might be so classed and arranged, as to be of much easier attainment, and productive of much certainty and improvement, in the very difficult acquisition of a just and agreeable delivery; which, when once acquired, gives a polish to the character which irresistibly captivates and arrests the attention of the hearers and beholders. The accomplished speaker at once regales the eye with a view of that most noble object the human form, in all its glory, the ear, with the perfection and original of all music; the understanding, with its proper and nature

ral food, the knowledge of important truth; and the imagination, with all that in nature or in art is beautiful, sublime, and wonderful: for the orator's field is the universe, and his subjects are all that is known of God and his works.

"In a finished speaker, therefore, whatever there is of corporeal dignity or beauty....the majesty of the "human face divine," the grace of action, the piercing glance, the gentle languish, the fiery flash of the eye; whatever of lively passion or striking emotion of mind; whatever of fine imagination, of wise reflection, or irresistible reasoning; whatever of the sublime and beautiful in human nature; all that the hand of the Creator has impressed of his own image, upon the noblest creature we are acquainted with.... all this appears to the highest advantage. And whoever is 'proof against such a display of real excellence and dignity in the human character, must be void of sensibility, of taste, and of understanding."

"Such are th' effects of action, in the fields
 "Of oratorical fame! and such the pow'rs,
 "Which Nature gives her children; while a look,
 "A tone, a gesture, conjures up the host
 "Of passions, to transfix the conscious heart.
 "But, if the force of sentiment, ar-rang'd
 "In beauteous order, and of language, drest
 "In elegant attire, with those combine....
 "The fire-fraught urn of Eloquence devolves
 "Its rapid wave, and nations catch the flame!"

FOLWHELE.

Mr. Abercrombie introduces his Compend of Natural History in the following manner....

"Natural History has been long and very justly ranked by the wise and good of all enlightened nations, among the most useful and interest-

ing branches of science. Its excellence arises from its contributing equally to promote knowledge, cultivate moral habits, and implant sentiments of rational piety. Its chief effect is to introduce man to an acquaintance with himself and the various objects of nature around him. But its influence over him does not terminate here. It irresistibly directs the powers of his mind to contemplate, and the affections of his heart to adore the Creator and Governor of the universe, the inexhaustible source of wisdom, of virtue, and of happiness.

"Natural History, in its most extensive signification, denotes a knowledge and description of the material universe; but in its more limited and familiar sense, extends only to the construction of the earth, its productions, inhabitants, and the atmosphere which surrounds it. It treats of those substances of which the earth is composed, and of those organized bodies, whether vegetable or animal, which adorn its surface, which rise into the air, or live in the bosom of the waters. But as a science so various and comprehensive, could not possibly be discussed within the narrow limits of this manual, it is proposed to give a general view of the subject, and merely to delineate, in a summary manner, whatever curious, worthy to be known, or not obvious to every observer, occurs in the three kingdoms of nature. Or in other words, a brief, though comprehensive view of that all-wise disposition of the Creator, in relation to natural things, by which they are fitted to produce general ends, and reciprocal uses. For though we see the greatness of the Deity in all the seeming worlds which surround us, it is our chief concern to trace him in that which we inhabit; the examination of the earth, and its wonderful productions, being the proper business of the natural historian.

"It is necessary, therefore, here to remark, that this Compend is intended only to awaken curiosity in

the youthful mind, by a display of a few striking objects; not to gratify the fulness of its wishes. From the extensive nature of the subject, and the necessary conciseness of such a summary, we are compelled to generalize, rather than enumerate, and to exhibit only such prominent features as may best serve to stimulate farther examination; at the same time endeavouring to condense as much information as can possibly be contained within so restricted a boundary.

“All the sciences are, in some measure, linked with each other; and before the one is ended, the other begins. In a natural history, therefore, of the earth, we must begin with a short account of its situation and form, as given us by astronomers and geographers; it will be sufficient, however, upon this occasion, just to hint to the imagination what they, by a train of elaborate and abstract reasonings, have forced upon the understanding.

“The earth, which we inhabit, is one of those bodies which circulate in our solar system: it is placed at a middle distance from the Sun, which is the center of that system; not so remote from it as the *Georgium Sidus*, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, and yet less parched by its rays than Venus or Mercury, which are situated so near the violence of its power.

“Besides that motion which the earth has round the Sun, the circuit of which is performed in a year, it has another upon its own axis, which it performs in twenty-four hours. From the first of these arises the grateful vicissitude of the seasons; from the second day and night.

“Human invention has been exercised for several ages, to account for the various irregularities of the earth, and various have been the speculations of philosophers respecting it: but our attention is now to be directed to the earth and its productions, as we find them; not to the reveries and reasonings of opposing theorists, concerning the causes of those productions; that

being the province, not of natural history, but of natural philosophy.”

He then proceeds to treat separately of Meteorology.... of the Elements.... Fire.... Water.... Common Water.... Sea Water..... Mineral Waters.... He considers the Three Kingdoms of Nature.... The Mineral Kingdom, which consists of four classes; 1 Earths and Stones; 2 Salts; 3 Inflammables; 4 Metallic Substances or Ores.... The Vegetable Kingdom.... The Animal Kingdom with its various classes.... He then proceeds to consider the nature of instinct in animals, and in the Conclusion of his work gives rapid portraits of some of the different races of men, and offers some properties which may be considered as forming a criterion to distinguish between animals, vegetables, and minerals.

“The present fashionable mode of blending the vegetable with the animal creation, and the rational with the irrational classes of the latter, by referring every impulse in human nature to a particular instinct as its ultimate cause, is a theory hurtful to science, and dangerous to morals; tending directly to materialism, and consequently to the degradation and extinction of Christianity, the only true source of consolation and of happiness to a virtuous and well disposed mind.

“In contemplating that portion of the great scale of creation which is subjected to our inspection, *Man* is unquestionably the chief or capital link, from whom all the other links descend by almost imperceptible gradations: and as head of the animal kingdom, while all the inferior orders are solely intent on the gratification of the senses, or are conducted to the performance of certain duties by blind instinct, unconscious of the wonders which surround them, it is *his* glory and prerogative to be gifted with an ability of extending his views beyond his own insulated existence, of examining the relations and dependencies of things, and of contemplating the vast universe of being. As a highly

rational animal, improved with science and arts, he is in some measure related to beings of a superior order, having been originally made "but a little lower than the angels."

"Though there cannot be a doubt but that all mankind, however disseminated over the globe, sprang from one parent stock; yet the influence of climate, civilization, and government, has created great and sensible diversities in colour, form, and stature. These broad lines of distinction, it is the business of the naturalist to remark, and of the philosopher to explain.

"In taking an extensive view of our species, there does not appear to be above five or six varieties, sufficiently distinct to constitute families; and in them the distinctions are more trivial than is frequently seen in the lower classes of animals. In all climates, man preserves the erect deportment, and the natural superiority of his form. There is nothing in his shape or faculties that designates a different original; and other causes connected with the climate, soil, habits, customs, laws, &c. sufficiently account for the varieties which exist among them.

"The Polar regions exhibit the *first* distinct race of men. The Laplanders, the Esquimaux Indians, the Sanoied Tartars, the inhabitants of Nova Zembla, the Greenlanders, and the Kamtschadales, may be considered as forming a race of people, all nearly resembling each other in stature, complexion, habits, and acquirements. Born under a rigorous climate, confined to particular aliments, and subjected to numerous hardships, it seems as if their bodies and their minds have not had scope to expand. The extreme cold has produced nearly the same effect on their complexions, as intense heat has on the natives of the tropical regions: they are generally of a deep brown, inclining to black. Diminutive and ill shaped, their aspects are as forbidding, as their manners are barbarous. Their visage is large and broad, the nose flat and

short, the eyes brown suffused with yellow, the eyelids drawn towards the temples, the cheek-bones high, the lips thick, the voice effeminate, the head large, and the hair black and straight. The tallest do not exceed the height of five feet, and many not more than four. Among these nations feminine beauty is almost unknown; and little difference is to be discerned in the external appearance of the sexes. In proportion as we approach the north pole, mankind seems to dwindle in energy and importance of character, till we reach those high latitudes that forbid rational, if not animal life. The gradations, however, vary almost imperceptibly; but on the southern borders we find people of a large stature and more noble form, which, compared with those of the more northern, exhibit a striking contrast, and prove the omnipotent influence of climate on whatever breathes and lives.

"The *second* great existing variety in the human species, seems to be the Tartar race, whence it is probable that the natives of the hyperborean regions sprang. The Tartar country, in its common acceptation, comprehends a very considerable part of Asia, and consequently is peopled by natives of very different forms and complexions; yet there are leading traits of distinction between the whole race, and the people of any other country. They all have the upper part of the visage very broad, and early wrinkled; the lower narrow, and approaching to a point at the chin; their eyes are small and wide apart, their noses short and flat, their cheek-bones high, the eye-brows thick, the hair black, and the complexion olive. In general they are of the middle stature, strong, robust and healthy.

"The Calmucs in particular, are, according to our ideas of beauty, not only ugly, but frightful.

"Different as the Chinese and Japanese are in their manners and customs, they are evidently of Tartar origin. The general contour of

features is the same, and the variations in complexion, stature, and observances, may be satisfactorily explained from the principles of climate, food, and political institutions. To the class of original Tartars may be referred the Cochin Chinese, the Siamese, the Tonquinese, and the natives of Aracan, Laos, and Pegu; which all evince a common origin.

“The southern Asiatics constitute the *third* variety in the human species. In stature and features they bear a strong resemblance to the Europeans; they are slender and elegantly formed, have long straight black hair, and not unfrequently Roman noses. Their colour, however, according to the diversity of the climate, assumes different shades, from pale olive to black. The Persians and Arabians may be referred to this class; which, including the inhabitants of the widely dispersed islands in the oriental ocean, constitutes a very large mass of mankind.

The negroes of Africa form a well defined and striking variety of our species, which may be called the *fourth*. This sable race is extended over all the southern parts of Africa: and though there are various shades of distinction in point of colour and features, all may be grouped with propriety in the same picture. As among Europeans we find some handsomer than others; all, however, have the black colour, the velvet, smooth skin, and the soft frizzled hair. Their eyes are generally of a deep hazle, their noses flat and short, their lips thick and prominent, and their teeth of ivory whiteness.

We shall find the *fifth* variety of the human species among the *Aboriginal Americans*, who are as distinct in colour, as in their place of residence or habitation, from the rest of the world. These people, except towards the north, among the Esquimaux, where they resem-

ble the Laplanders, are of a red or copper colour, with less variation, however, than might be expected in such a diversity of climates. They have all black, straight hair, and thin beards, which they take care to extirpate in whole or in part, flat noses, high cheek-bones, and small eyes. Various deformities are created by art, among different tribes, under the idea of beauty; and for this purpose they paint the body and face, in a manner truly hideous, if scanned according to the standard of European regularity.

“The *sixth* and last grand division of the human race, and the most elevated in the scale of being, comprehends the Europeans and those of European origin. Among whom may be classed the Georgians, Circassians, and Mingrillians, the natives of Asia Minor, and the northern parts of Africa, together with parts of those countries which lie north of the Caspian Sea. The inhabitants of countries so extensive and so widely separated, must be expected to vary a good deal from each other; but in general there is a striking uniformity in the fairness of their complexions, the beauty and proportion of their limbs, and the extent of their capacity.

“To some one of the classes already enumerated, the people of every country may be referred. It is easy to perceive that of all the colours by which mankind is diversified, white is not only the most beautiful, but also the most expressive. The fair complexion becomes like a transparent veil to the soul, through which every shade of passion, every change of health, may be seen without the necessity of oral utterance; whereas, in the African black, and the Arabian olive complexion, the countenance is found a much less distinct index of the mind. With regard to *stature*, it wholly depends on climate, food, and other local causes.

“ The European figure and complexion, may justly be considered as the standards, to which all the other varieties must be referred, or with which they may be compared. In proportion as other nations approach nearer to European beauty, the less they may be said to have degenerated; and in proportion as they recede, the farther they have deviated from that original form impressed on them by their great Creator.”

We conclude this Review, by recommending these Compendis and an excellent Compend of Logic, written by the Reverend Dr. Andrews, Vice Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, to the attention of the schools in the United States.

When the works of our countrymen discover talents and information, the feelings of every scholar and of every patriot should wish to see them meet proportionable encouragement, instead of being ranked below European productions of inferior merit.

For the Literary Magazine.

Narrative Poems, by J. d'Israeli; published by John Conrad & Co. Philadelphia....T. & G. Palmer, printers....ft. 63.

FROM several of the prosaical works of D'Israeli, we have received pleasure and instruction. He is a writer who discovers an uncommon store of anecdote, who riots in the luxuries of literature, and leaves the more profound researches to minds more patient and inquiring. It is probably well known, that to him we are indebted for *Curiosities of Literature*, *Varieties of Literature*, *Literary Amusements*, a volume of *Miscellanies*, a *Sketch of the Times*, an *Essay on the Literary Character*, and the luxuriant and pathetic *Tale of Mejnoun*. The poems under consideration, will not detract from the favourable opinion which we have

formed of the talents of D'Israeli. The *Narrative Poems* are entitled, “ *The Carder and the Carrier*”.... “ *A Tale addressed to a Sybarite*.” All of these poems are exemplifications of the passion of love....their plans are extremely simple, and such as do not afford great interest in narration....they are however told very poetically. The first narrative describes an affection which subsisted between two persons in an humble station in life.... their intercourse and their conversation....and their innocent sport in the garden, by which one of the lovers was deprived of life. The narrative continues to unfold the suspicion which was fixed on the surviving maid, as the destroyer of her lover Pasquil, her accusation, and her condemnation. It closes with the following speech of the maid to her accusers, and the account of her death....

“ Too well we lov'd in separate life
to grieve,
Or live a day when Love has ceased to
live.
Born in Desire and nursed by chaste
Delight,
Our infant Love the stranger eye
would fright;
The child of Solitude and Fear would
fly,
Nor to the world would trust its infancy.
Think not, ye Rich! in Poverty's rude
sphere
We feel no rapture from a heart that's
dear;
Think not, ye Delicate! we take no
part
In all the tender magic of the Heart.
Such happiness not Envy could forgive;
Nor in one house, can Love and Prudence live.
Hid in this copse we blest the gloom
above,
And gave the hour to privacy and love.
Here Pasquil sate the fateful plant beside,
In sport he tasted and in sport he died!
Bowling her head, the plant of poisonous breath
She sucked, and blest the vegetable death.

Quick thro' her veins the flying poi-
son's dart,
And one cold tremor chills her beating
heart.
She kneels, and winds her arms round
Pasquil's breast,
There, as 'twere life to touch, she
creeps to rest ;
On him once more her opening eyes
she raised,
The light died on them as she fondly
gazed ;
With quick short breath, catching at
life, she tried
To kiss his lips, and as she kissed, she
died.

O did the muse but know the learned
name
To blast that fair-deceiving Plant to
Fame !
With mimic tints the vegetable child
Low as the sage-plant crept along,
and smiled.
O never may it drink the golden light
With laughing tints.....the Garden's
Hypocrite !
Ye colder Botanists the Plant describe,
Gaze on the spectre-form* and class
the tribe !
But ye sweet-souled, whose pensive
bosoms glow
With the soft images of amorous woe,
From you the muse one tender tear
would claim ;
One shudder, at *the plant without a
name !*

Loved of the Muse, thou self-
devoted Maid !
(A verse is music to a Lover's shade)
For thee she bids a silver lily wave,
Planting the emblem on a Virgin's
grave ;
On Love's immortal scroll with ten-
derest claim,
Inscribes a *Carder's* with a *Carrier's*
name !

The second tale was to us the
most interesting in the volume. It
bears some resemblance to Gold-
smith's Hermit, and to a tale in the
Spectator, entitled Theodosius and
Constantia. As we intend to give
this tale entire in the poetical de-
partment, we shall pass it over with-
out any further comment.

* In an *Hortus Siccus*....*that sepulchre
of deperic! flowers.*

The third tale, addressed to a Sy-
barite, is a very pleasing improve-
ment upon the well-known story of
Pygmalion and the Statue. It has
also taken a hint from an incident
contained in the "Winter Tale." The
argument of this performance
is as follows....Anasilis is a youth
of the town of Sybaxis, unrivalled in
beauty. He excites the love and ri-
valship of all the females of the place,
but he remained unmoved by their
sighs, and unconquered by their
charms....or in the figurative lan-
guage of the poet....

" This bird on fluttering wings re-
fused the cage,
Nor lost a feather in his sprightly age ;
From the soiled nets of beauty flew
secure,
No touch could lime him, and no
glance secure."

This day of freedom, however,
does not always last. In a solitude
not far from the town, an hoary
lover kept secluded from public
view, a child-like maiden called
Aglaiia, under the care of a woman
named Myseida. This matron had
been the nurse of Anasilis, and
still retained for him maternal
affection. She, in violation of her
trust, permits him, while conceal-
ed, to see Aglaiia. He becomes
instantly passionately enamoured
of her. He prevails on Myseida
to introduce into the apartment
of the maid, a statue exquisitely
executed, exactly resembling
himself. Aglaiia beholds this statue
....admires its surpassing beauty....
calls it by the name of love....and
her imagination dwells in rapturous
fondness on its charms. Anasilis
having thus far succeeded in his de-
sign, withdraws the statue from
Aglaiia's chamber....and unseen be-
holds her warm tears, and hears
her enamoured sighs. In a favour-
able moment, he enters the bower,
throws himself upon the ground,
closes his eyes, and seems to be
locked in insensibility and slumber.
Aglaiia comes, beholds the youth
in the arbour. She supposes him
to be the statue. She runs do-

lighted to embrace him, and he awakens to life and to love..... Here, however, we shall let the author speak for himself, as the close of this poem is one of the finest specimens of his poetry....

" 'Tis love! (she hardly breathes) the God is here!
Stept from his pedestal, a breathing form!
Marble so lov'd relents, and like myself is warm.
Ah, not in vain th' ideal form I loved,
Not vain the silent tears, a picture moved!....

Stilly she trod and all unbreathing gazed,
Then tremulously kissed the hand she raised.
The Virgin Kiss imparts the finest flame,
The sweet sensation trembling thro' her frame;
Nor quits the hand, but half delirious takes
To press it to her heart....and love awakes!

She kneels....Can anger in that softness dwell?
Once having seen thee must I bid farewell?
Is love a crime? then half the guilt be thine,
Blame thy seducing powers, thine eyes divine!
Think ere thou shak'st me from thy gentle arm
How small the triumph o'er a virgin form!

Anasilis in fond entrancement hears,
Bends o'er the Nymph and kissed away her fears.
Then thus....An innocent deceit forgive;
Smile on thy picture and the form shall live.

She then, "Unskill'd how features are abroad,"
First of thy Race, to me thou art a God!
How oft when idle Fancy idly roved

For uncreated shapes, ...'twas thee I loved!
And if I may not mate with thee I die;
Oh, be not twice a Statue to my sigh!

With meek surrender and a timorous glance,
The boy, each soft retiring grace enchants;
While to his bosom all the virgin stole,
Kissed with adoring lips, and gazed his soul.
Then triumphed Love, with Nature for his dower,
And time with silvery feathers winged the hour.

To thee, young Sybarite! the tale we give,
If once thou sigh'st for graces that will live,
To one dear Nymph thy spotless Youth resign,
And Love's Eternity shall all be thine!
To modest Beauty, Fate decrees the power
To raise with fond delay, the amorous hour.
Who knows a soft Aglaia's heart to move,
To her shall be....the tender Power of Love!

It will be observed by the Critical Reader of these Narrative Poems, that the author endeavours to apply words in a singular and original manner, and that though he is sometimes happy in his attempt, yet it sometimes leads into obscurity. We think that he is rather too rapid in his narration, that he leaves too much to be supplied by the imagination of the reader, and that he would interest more, did he introduce more events, and dwell more minutely upon them. We fear that D'Israeli is rather verging too much on the borders of Della Cruscan and Darwinian poetry; but with all his faults, we consider him as a writer who possesses a rich and original fancy.... who discovers an active and well furnished mind.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGINAL.

LINES TO OLINDA.

WHERE roves my sad romantic maid,
Kind shepherds, can you tell?
Say have you seen her in the shade,
The hill, or tangled dell?
Tell me, sweet stream that babblest by,
Hast thou not listen'd to her sigh?

Sad echo, from thy mossy hall,
Didst thou the wanderer see;
And didst thou answer to her call,
And did she speak of me?
Soft gales of evening bath'd in dew,
O! have you seen her as you flew?

I seek her over hill and dale,
O'er stream, thro' whisp'ring grove;
I tell her name to every gale
Breathed from the heart of love;
I call...but still no voice replies,
I call...but still Olinda flies.

The robe she wears, of azure hue,
Floats loosely on the air;
Her eyes are of seraphic blue,
Pale-brown her waving hair.
Her steps are like the bounding roe,
Her cheeks the rose, her forehead snow.

The nightingale would cease to sing
To listen to her lay,
And zephyr spread his silken wing
To bear the notes away:
Her voice, her air, her face impart
A mind, a genius, and a heart.

Behold the sun withdraws his beam,
And darkness shrouds the scene;
The night-bird pours his hollow scream
The night-wind sweeps the green.
No pipe is heard on mead or rock,
The shepherd homeward drives his
flock.

O then return my peerless fair,
Restrain thy eager flight,
The falling dews will drench thine
hair,
Unwholesome is the night...
I'll wind each thicket, beat each shade,
Till I have found thee, wandering maid.

I. O.

SELECTED.

COMINGE.

BY J. D'ISRAELI.

'Twas where La Trappe had raised
his savage seat,
Of grief and piety the last retreat;
And dark the rocks and dark the fo-
rest lay,
And shrill the wind blew o'er the Ab-
bey grey,
House of remorse, of penitence, and
care,
Its inmate grief, its architect despair!*

The shepherd from the stony pas-
ture flies,
No music warbles in those silent skies;
Where in the wilderness the cypress
waves,
The pale-eyed votaries hover round
their graves;
Silence and solitude perpetual reign
Around this hermit-family of pain!

Mark the dread portal!....who with-
out a tear
Forgets the murmuring earth to enter
HERE?
As the deep solitude more sternly
grows,
With social tenderness the pilgrim
glows;
And while he reads the awful lines
above,
Turns to his native vale and native
love.

"Lo death, the pale instructor!
guards this porch,
And truth celestial waves her mighty
torch!

* The founder, or rather reformer,
of the severe order of the Monks of
La Trappe, was the Abbe Rancè,
whose romantic adventure with his
mistress is so well known. As the
last effort of despair he planned this
institution: among the frightful auste-
rities there practised, were those of
perpetual silence, midnight prayers,
manual labours, and digging their own
graves. The story of Cominge may
be found in a little novel, by Madame
T'encin.

Far from the world's deceiving path
we fly,
To find a passage to Eternity?"

All are not sinners here! these walls
detain
Much injured loves....the men of soft-
er vein!
Hope to their breast in fond delirium
springs....
The laughter, while she charmed, con-
cealed her wings;
And from her lap the copious seeds
she threw,
Which never to the eye of promise
grew.

Here bade Cominge the world for ever
close;
Soothing his spirit with the dread re-
pose:
He call'd it Peace! while in the mid-
night prayer,
The bed of ashes and the cloth of hair,
Vainly his soul oblivion's charm would
prove!
Alas! there's no oblivion in his love!
Around the altar's shade the Exile
trod;
The soul that lost its Mistress sought
its God!

Hark! to that solemn sound!....the
passing bell
Tolls, the still Friery catch the awful
knell;
Loud as it bursts the message from the
skies,
Why drops the human tear from ho-
liest eyes?

The dying father bends! they start!
they trace
A fine proportion and a slender grace;
Touched by the magic circle of his
eye
The heart that slept for years now
wakes to sigh;
O sacred form of beauty! sacred here!
Prevailing softness e'en in souls aus-
tere!

As falls his cowl the lengthening
tresses rest,
Twine a white neck, and veil a rising
breast,

* The following inscription was
placed on the gate of the Abbey:
C'est ici que la morte et la verite,
Elevent leur flambeaux terrible,
C'est de cette demeure au monde
inaccessible
Que l'on passe a l'Eternite.

And lo! as the fair-handed Father
kneels,
Pale on the eye a woman-hermit
steals!
All gaze with wonder, but Cominge
with dread;
She dies, whom long his hopeless
heart thought dead!

Fathers, (she cries) my sex profanes
your gown,
I made your silence, not your griefs my
own.
I loved Cominge; my parents frowned,
and power
Long chained my lover in the tyrant's
tower.
Ah, could I live, and think Cominge
for me
Was worn by chains, and lost in mi-
sery?
Those parents doomed me to a loveless
mind,
Not to their daughter but a stranger
kind.
Ruthless ambition! immolating sires
With victim-children crowd thy Mo-
loch fires.
The early rose, by hands ungentle cast,
Feels o'er its youth of sweets the wast-
ing blast;
Such wo the ransom of my lover paid,
And sometimes more than constancy
displayed.

To me Cominge on love's swift pi-
nions flew,
No other use of liberty he knew....
"Be free in all but love!"....and here I
sighed.
"Can there be freedom without love?"
he cried.
"Was it for this I woke, O vision
blest!
Romantic fondness in a woman's
breast,
And thought my painted heaven was
true! to sigh
My ruin'd feelings in thine altered eye.
A woman's magic will but last its hour,
Her heart a wandering wave, her face
a short-lived flower!"

How bitter in my soul his words I
found!
He gave my wounded breast another
wound.
He knew it not!....the fond recital
spare!....
Tormenting memory cease!....my tears
declare

More than my words our fate....silent
he stood,
Looking at once reproach and grati-
tude!

In vain we part....the peril still was
near!
The madness of sweet words had
charmed the ear;
And while the last farewell was told so
sweet,

'Twas but an invitation still to meet.
But sympathy, that softer kind of love,
Would rack the breast it hardly seem-
ed to move.

Was this a crime? ah, piteous fathers,
mourn
From love's soft witcheries the virgin
torn;
Still let me plead, ye hallowed sons of
time!
The daughter's error was the father's
crime.

My lord within an arbour's green
retreat
My unblest lover weeping at my feet
Beheld....to me the fervent steel he
flung;
Come, a living shield around me
clung,
Warm on my breast I felt his welling
blood!

My lover fell...the coward victor stood!
No transient vengeance fills so base
a mind,
His was no stream that trembles with
the wind;
But dark and wild, his soul the Furies
form,
His soul was like a sea, blown by a
storm.

Now frowned the dungeon's vault...
there sunk so drear,
Cold on my grate I pour'd the fruitless
tear;
Each day more sharply felt the iron
bound
Inexorable, close the world around.
The sun my sole companion! and he
cheers
With morning light....the evening sets
in tears.
There the fresh breeze would melan-
choly swell
To pale-eyed beauty fading in a cell.
The vermeil cheek, the golden tress }
decay,
And love's delicious hour in youth's }
brief day,
That drops such sweets and flies so }
swift away!

Yet could the cell the liberal soul de-
tain?

It knows no solitude, it feels no chain;
There its sweet habitudes like nature
bless,
And what it doats on it will still pos-
sess.

My lover's image in my slumbers stole;
'There love and fancy, painters of the
soul!

In no weak tints their airy pencils
steep,
Holding their pictures to the pillowed
sleep.

Again I live to hope, to love again,
The hour my tyrant died, unbound my
chain.

'Twas for Come, my pensive soul
was gay,
And sprung exulting to the life of day.

With love's inventive mind Come, I
trace,
And hope still changes with each
changing place,
Oft tracked yet never found....in stern
despair

No more the softness of my sex I
share;

A restless exile in my native home,
Love wav'd the torch of hope, and
bade me roam.

The verdant groves within whose
shades I grew,
The cherished mates my gayer
childhood knew,
All that a woman loves....from }
these I flew.

A novel sex I take....the ruder air
Yet ill conceals the woman's heart I
bear.

No guide save love, thro' pathless
ways for me,
Earth was my couch, my canopy a tree!
For still the mountain girl, the peasant
rude,

The curious hamlet's cautious neigh-
bourhood,
Frowned on the vagrant loitering at
their door,
Still are the poor suspicious of the poor.

Oft by some river's brink, with wist-
ful eyes,
Leaning I viewed the soft inverted
skies;

How oft, my spirit darkened by des-
pair,
I breathed a sigh to find a passage
there!

Yet then with sweet enchantment to
my mind

On earth's greenbed some curious plant
inclined;
Some tender bird the woodland song
would troll,
And leave the melting music in my
soul;
Gazing on lovely nature while I grieve,
I think on Nature's Author....fear and
live!

I hail the desert which religion chose,
Severe, to build the wanderer's last sad
house;
Grown weary of the world's unpiteous
eye,
Wailing for him who never heard the
sigh,
Fresh tears stood in my eyes, and
sweetly stole,
Melting the fears that shake a wo-
man's soul.

The air was still, the sleepy light
was grey,
When faint and sad I crossed my
hands to pray;
The evening star illum'd her bashful
beam;
The holy Abbey in the twilight gleam
Breathed a celestial calm.....How rap-
turous stole,
The oraison from my delighted soul!
'Twas inspiration all, ecstatic prayer!
I bend, and lo! a vision fills the air!
Heaven opens here, and here its Se-
raphs dwell!
I hear your vesper's sweet responses
swell!
Amid the choral symphonies ye sung,
I hear the warblings of my lover's
tongue!

'Twas like a dream when madness
shakes the brain;
The trembling pleasure fills my soul
with pain.

At length 'twas silence; your lone
gate I found,
Strike the small bell, and tremble with
the sound;
That sound so dear to many a pilgrim
nigh,
Who seeks the desert's hospitality.
There without breath to form a sigh,
I wait,
While my heart bounded to the turn-
ing gate;
And lo! with downcast eyes a Father
meek!

Scarce mounts the life-blood to his
ashy cheek:
Ah, 'twas Cominge! th' imperfect
face inclined,
Marked by the traces of a ruined mind.

'Twas then I vowed, the impious
deed forgive,
A woman vowed beneath your roof
to live!
From silence, and from solitude, I
sought
Stillness of soul, and loneliness of
thought.
But gives the holy spot a holy mind?
A saint is oft a criminal confined.
The lifted torch that gilds the pomp of
night,
The anthem swelling in the gorgeous
rite;
Think ye such forms can wing the sin-
ner's soul,
When passion burns beneath the
saintly stole?

These frightful shades some tran-
sient pleasures move;
How sweet to watch the motions of
my love!
O'er his still griefs in secrecy to melt,
And kneel on the same cushion where
he knelt;
Musing on him, to sit beneath the tree,
Where a few minutes past he mused
on me!

With manual toil my slender frame
is worn,
The faggot gathered, and the water
borne.
Faint where the gushing rock its cur-
rent spread,
The ponderous waters trembled on my
head;
Or toiling breathless in the winding
wood,
Moaning beside the forming pile I
stood;
Silent he viewed me with a pitying
smile,
Bore half my vase, and bound with his
my pile.

Oft hovering near him has my flut-
tering heart
Bade me my life's unfinished tale im-
part;
Once lost in frenzy at the solemn hour
Ye dig your channels to death's silent
shore,

And more than human in th' unnatural glooms
 With hope and fear ye sit beside your tombs,
 I marked his eager hand sublimely mould
 The house sepulchral which himself must hold;
 I hear the sullen spade with iron sound,
 Wild on his grave I shriek and wail around!
 Th' eternal silence broke!....he censures mild
 A holy man with worldly sorrow wild.
 Hast thou not known (I cried) some human woe
 That lives beyond the tears it caused to flow?....
 Deep was the groan the fond inquiry moved;
 Deep was the groan that told how still he loved!
 He flies me, but to the recalling tone
 He turns! he hears a voice so loved, so known!
 But ah, th' uncertain voice but fancy deems,
 Starting like one half-wakeful in his dreams.

Who with religion's pale atonement pleads,
 Leans on a thorn, and tho' supported bleeds;
 She, the stern mother of each stubborn child,
 Scares its desponding eyes with terrors wild;
 Yet a soft balm her seraph-hand can pour
 On hearts that pant not, and can love no more;
 Me all ungracious, prayer nor penance moved,
 My heart rebellious grasped the crime it loved.
 What though I dropt a tear before the shrine?
Tbine was the image, and the tear was *tbine*!
 Ah, let thy voice but speak, thy hand but wave;
 Approach! and hide the horror of the grave!
 Cominge! how chill my blood! how dark my eye!
 Ah, soon perhaps....farewel, Cominge
I die!

She dies to all, but to Cominge!....
 he prest

Once more his mistress to his hermit breast;
 Love's sweet vibration woke his trembling soul;
 Tears dropt his stony eyes, and murmurs stole
 From his mute tongue....ah, poor distraction's child!
 He holds with her who was, a converse wild;
 Distraction's child! still doat upon thy shade!
 Still grasp a corse thou deem'st thy living maid.
 O could thy soul this little moment keep,
 Gaze on cold eyes, and kiss th' un-kissing lip!
 But all has past!.....Despair, and Thought, and Pain
 Rend the fine texture of the working brain.
 Few hours shall part ye, and one tomb receive,
 While Hermit-Lovers there, assembling grieve!

For the Literary Magazine.

CANZONETS FROM CAMOENS.

[An English Viscount has lately translated from the Portuguese, several Canzonets and Sonnets of Camoens, who has been hitherto known to the English reader as the author of the *Lusiad*. These poems discover that their writer was a man of uncommon sensibility, that he was the enthusiast of beauty, and a vivid painter of charms. They cannot fail to interest all whose eyes have melted with the tears, and whose bosoms have beat with the fervour of love. Two specimens will enable our readers to judge of these luxuriant wild flowers of poesy.]

CANZON.

"Quando o sol encuberto vay mo-
 strando
 "Ao mundo a luz quieta," &c.

WHEN day has smil'd a soft farewel,
 And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
 And shadows sail along the green,

And birds are still, and winds serene,
I wander silently;

And while my lone steps print the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my
view,

To memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest
tears,
So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart...and thence be still,
Re-echo'd faithfully:

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses prest,
Ah, me! how fervently.

Such are my hours of dear delight,
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew
I wander'd silently.

For the Literary Magazine.

CANZONET.

"Polo meu apartamento
"Se amazao," &c.

I whisper'd her my last adieu,
I gave a mournful kiss;
Cold showers of sorrow bath'd her
eyes,

And her poor heart was torn with
sighs;

Yet...strange to tell... 'twas then I
knew

Most perfect bliss.

For love, at other times suppress'd,
Was all betray'd at this....

I saw him weeping in her eyes,

I heard him breathe amongst her
sighs,

And every sob which shook her breast,
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sighs which keen affection clears,
How can it judge amiss?

To me it pictur'd hope; and taught

My spirit this consoling thought,

That love's sun, though it rise in tears,
May set in bliss!

For the Literary Magazine.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

THE revival of the war between France and England, which took place at the close of the last year, has not hitherto been productive of any very important events. It is, however, in many respects, the most remarkable that has ever hitherto occurred. France by the continuance of peace between her and her immediate neighbours, is at liberty to bend her whole force against England. England, by her insular situation and by her great maritime force, puts her enemy at bay. France has no option but to aim an expedition against Great Britain, to embarrass the English commerce on the continent, and to seize whatever territories on the continent belong to England.

The first object at present engages the attention of the First Consul and his ministers. Beats

are constructing in all the ports and rivers of the republic: and a mighty army is levying and equipping for the purpose of invading England. The English are busy in preparing for this invasion. A strong apprehension of danger seems to prevail, and the preparations for defence are more formidable, than has ever taken place since the time of the Spanish armada.

The minds of political enquirers are earnestly engaged in speculating on the possible events of the present state of things. The great force of the English at sea, and the extreme vigilance of their commanders: and the heavy encumbered, and defenceless state of the armaments of the invaders: the turbulence of the winds and waves, especially in autumn, are extremely unfavourable to the landing of

the French in England. The zeal, union, and numbers of the English: the universal preparation made for arming and transporting the people to the scene of action: the fortifications and signals on the coast most obnoxious to the attack, are circumstances much insisted on by those who predict the speedy destruction of the French army should its landing be effected.

On the other hand, there are some who insist upon the implacable hostility of the French, which will prompt them to acts of the greatest temerity: on that caprice of fortune which sometimes delights in crowning with success, undertakings which have nothing to distinguish them but their temerity: on the great number of points from which the invading armies will set out, and which, by dividing and distracting the adversary fleets, may insure a landing to some of them. These reasoners draw arguments in favour of the undertaking from the unexampled efforts which the British are making to defeat it, and the vigorous and sanguine efforts of the French, to carry it into execution.

There is probably no person in England or France, who sincerely believes in the ultimate success of the invasion; that is, who believes it possible for France to make a conquest of England. The great powers of Europe, are too nearly balanced to allow to any one of them the hope of *conquering* the other. The great object of their warfare is, not to *subdue*, but merely to *annoy*. How far this end will be accomplished by France, in compelling the English to such vast and expensive preparations of defence by sea and by land; on what side the balance of benefits will fall, at the conclusion of the year, should the French never leave their ports, or should they loose half a dozen battles and fifty thousand of their troops in England, is a difficult question.

The French, while engaged in these preparations, have not been idle in annoying the English on the

continent of Europe. They have hitherto succeeded in persuading their neighbours, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, to preserve their neutrality. They have not succeeded in persuading any of them to join their party: and the diplomatic warfare which is eagerly carrying on at Vienna, Petersburg, Berlin, and Madrid, between France and England, has produced nothing hitherto but an equipoise of favour and interest.

One of the first attempts of France, after the renewal of the war, was to send an army into Germany and to take possession of Hanover. This territory is large, rich, and populous; it is little inferior in extent and military force to Bavaria, Bohemia, or Saxony, and yet by some dreadful defect in its political system, a fine army, a thousand towns and villages, and a million of citizens, surrendered to the first summons of an inconsiderable detachment, with as much precipitation and facility as a petty and dilapidated fortress.

It requires a better acquaintance with the subject than we at this distance possess, to account for this surrender. What circumstances have so far weakened the attachment of the Hanoverians to their prince and to their independence, as to induce them to give such ready entrance to an enemy who, the experience of others might teach them, would not fail to treat their country as a conquered one, and as one of which the possession was to be precarious and brief, can only be explained by those who reside upon the spot.

The intelligence which the present month has brought us, relates chiefly to the preparations, which are made in France and England for attack and defence; to the journey of the first consul through the provinces of his empire; to the capitulation of Hanover, and to the insurrection in Ireland.

On the first head our intelligence does little more than confirm the accounts which had been previous-

ly received. On the second head, the principal circumstance is, an address said to have been made by Buonaparte, on his setting out upon his journey, on the twentieth of June.

It is so very faithful a statement of the probable views of his government, that we are inclined to doubt its authenticity. It is too candid a display of his sentiments to have been safely made in the manner mentioned. It is, however, valuable as an historical picture of the present state of France, and the sentiments of its ruler....He delivers himself in the following terms :

“ Before I commence one of the most important journeys ever undertaken by the Chief of an Empire, I think it necessary to inform my Council of State, that I am perfectly satisfied with their zeal and fidelity.

“ A great enterprize occupies my mind, great meliorations demand my attention. Without detailing to you, at this moment, a vast project, in which I shall require the assistance of your knowledge and your efforts, I shall describe to you the different subjects on which I am desirous the Council should deliberate without delay.

“ We cannot deny, that our internal administration has not that *unity and activity* which distinguish our external relations....We are powerful and respected abroad, and at home we are *timidly irresolute*....*obliged to consult public opinion*, without possessing the means of controuling or directing it.

“ Why our progress is thus embarrassed I have not yet discovered. Perhaps, enterprizes, which require boldness, have been conducted with too much circumspection....perhaps *too much importance has been given to public opinion* in circumstances in which it ought to have been opposed or disregarded, I know not but it appears to me to be necessary instantly to *break all the habits* which great bodies of the people have contracted by the revolution.... Thus conducted to obedience by

firm measures, they will feel less interest in the changes which the return of order requires, and we shall at the same time be more at liberty to attempt these changes.

“ The French are in general, of an *unquiet and discontented* disposition. That levity with which they were reproached, and which some skilful Ministers have turned to their advantage, in establishing absolute authority, no longer exists. It is replaced by suspicion and restlessness. I have received many reports on the manner in which the people view our administration, on what they hope, and on what they require. I have almost always observed a discontent without any pretext, or by which those which existed were exaggerated. We have not yet advanced far enough from the chaos to which we succeeded, and the *pretensions* which contributed not a little to produce it are but too well recollected. Indeed when I see the injustice with which *our* meliorations are received, and the liberty which is taken with *our* conduct, I am compelled to ask myself, whether we have not been *too gentle, too conciliating* and whether it is possible for this nation to accommodate itself to a *temperate authority*?

“ I am pretty well satisfied with the rich proprietors. They have that respect for the government, which we are entitled to require of them. But, perhaps, they have not displayed *sufficient confidence*, perhaps they have shewn little anxiety to involve themselves in its destiny, and finally, they, perhaps, made too few sacrifices for supporting it in its embarrassment : but this is not the moment for investigating all these subjects of dissatisfaction. It is, however, necessary to discover the cause of this uncertainty and coldness in the public opinion, and to remedy it promptly by *strong* measures and *vigorous* institutions.

“ I know, that in general, the new government is *reproached* for its *expenses*. If, however, the

people could reason when their wants are in question, it would be easy to prove, that the expenses which are so disagreeable to them fall in a small proportion on the public treasury; but we well know, that the multitude are incapable of entering into such details. The Revolution has rendered them jealous of every thing connected with rank and splendor; but *to that, it is proper their minds should be habituated.* As to the burden of taxes, I am of opinion that it is not sufficiently disguised, and that it may be augmented without being so sensibly felt. It is the opinion of financiers, that *too much is levied on land.* We must have recourse to indirect taxation; but that requires an extended commerce; and this war, which I could neither prevent nor delay, has deranged all my plans for the restoration of our industry and navigation. I hope, however, that with the aid of some regular *tributes* which we have a right to require *from our neighbours*, either for the benefits which they have received, or which we grant them, it will be possible to diminish the public charges; but this resource is not yet fixed, though it *has already produced much.* But the measure in the execution of which I have experienced real obstacles, and open disaffection, is my attempt to increase the army to that degree of force which is proportionate to our influence in Europe, and the expeditions I am preparing.

“We cannot support our power without a great military establishment. We cannot remain formidable, unless we present to astonished Europe a gigantic army. Military glory has raised us to our present situation, and it is only by a display of military power, that we can maintain ourselves in it.

“I confess, that for constructing this formidable support of our grandeur, I thought I perceived great facilities in the national character, in the warlike talents of the French

people, and their thirst of glory and conquest, which success only serves to stimulate. In this, however, I have been a good deal deceived. The conscription was at first effected with scarce any obstacle, but not without great murmurs; that institution which peculiarly belongs to France, seems about to fail completely. There is no ardour in the youth, much indisposition in the parents....The Government ought, therefore, to direct all its attention to an inquiry into the causes which have produced this apathy, and resistance. *Vigorous* measures are necessary to remedy those evils, particularly, if I do not succeed in the efforts I still intend to make in my journey, for re-animating that warlike spirit which seems about to be extinguished.

“I must next notice those scenes from which I have experienced an almost equal degree of anxiety, which fortunately, however, begin to diminish. I mean the crimes which some months ago still assailed us, ... That phrenzy of vengeance and pillage has long given me great uneasiness, and the special tribunals will never be able to protect us from its attempts. Here I must observe, that our judicial organization is bad; the *Judges* are *too independent* of the *Government.* Their places ought *not to be for life*, and we ought to possess more means of stimulating them, when they are inactive or timid, or of punishing them when they misunderstand their duty. The institution of juries, which I have preserved out of respect to those who founded it, rather than from any regard to the public opinion, is *useless and never can be naturalized among us.* Popular institutions will *never suit France.* Every thing which approximates to the people, soon becomes either the object of their contempt or indifference. We must have severe judicial forms, and inflexible judges. Such a reform would be worthy of our meditations. You ought to pave the way for it by your speeches and

your writings....Without it, there is neither *repose for us*, nor security for the people."

Capitulation of Hanover.

The capitulation of Hanover, was made upon condition that the English government should ratify the terms of it. The French minister appears to have lost no time in transmitting this instrument to the English court, and demanding the confirmation of it. The following reply was made by Lord Hawkesbury, in June 15, 1803.

"I have his majesty's orders to inform you, that as he has always considered the character of Elector of Hanover as distinct from his character of King of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, he cannot consent to acquiesce in any act which might sanction the idea that he is justly susceptible of being attacked in one capacity, for the conduct he may think it his duty to adopt in the other. It is not now that this principle has, for the first time, been advanced. It has been recognized by several powers of Europe, and more particularly by the French government, which, in 1796, in consequence of his majesty's accession to the Treaty of Basle, recognized his neutrality in his capacity of Elector of Hanover, at the moment when it was at war with him in his quality of King of Great Britain. This principle had besides been confirmed by the conduct of his majesty in reference to the Treaty of Luneville, and by the arrangements which have lately taken place relative to the Germanic indemnities, whose object must have been, to provide for the independence of the Empire, and which have been solemnly guaranteed by the principal Powers of Europe, but in which his Majesty took no part as King of Great Britain.

"In these circumstances, his majesty, in his character of Elector of Hanover, is resolved to appeal to the Empire, and the Powers of Europe, who have guaranteed the Germanic Constitution, and

consequently, his rights and possessions in quality of Prince of that Empire.

"In the mean time, until his majesty shall be informed of their sentiments, he has commanded me to state, in his character of Elector of Hanover, he will scrupulously abstain from every act which can be considered as contravening the stipulations contained in the Convention which was concluded on the 3d of June, between the deputies appointed by the Regency of Hanover and the French Government.

"General Mortier was then informed, that in consequence of the refusal of the ratification on the part of the King of England, the Convention of Sublingen was considered as null, as the following letter from Mortier to Walmoden was the consequence of this information.

"I have the honour to inform your Excellency that the First Consul would have approved in its entire contents, the Convention of Sublingen, had the King of England himself consented to ratify it. It is therefore with pain I have to acquaint you that Lord Hawkesbury has informed Citizen Talleyrand that his Britannic Majesty formally refused that ratification.

"Your Excellency will recollect that in 1757, a similar Convention was concluded at Closter Seven, between M. de Richelieu and the Duke of Cumberland, and that the King of England not being disposed to adhere to it, gave orders to his army to recommence hostilities.

"It is to avoid a renewal of the scenes which then took place, that Government charges me to inform your Excellency, that the refusal of his Britannic Majesty annuls the Convention of Sublingen.

"I have empowered general Berthier, chief of the general staff, to communicate to you my proposals. I must insist that your Excellency will have the goodness to give me a categorical answer in the space of twenty-four hours. The army which I have the honour to

command is ready, and waits only for the signal to action."

The subsequent events are thus detailed by the French commander in a letter to his government.

"On the 30th ult. I wrote to Marshal de Walmoden a letter, of which a copy is hereto subjoined. Baron de Bock, colonel in the regiment of guards, waited on me, on his part, the following morning. He told me that the proposal of making his army lay down their arms, for the purpose of being conducted prisoners into France, was of a nature so humiliating, that all of them would rather perish with arms in their hands; that they had made a sufficient sacrifice for their country by the capitulation of Sublingen; that it was now time to do something for their own honour; that their officers and their army were reduced to despair. M. de Bock then represented to me the extreme fidelity with which the Hanoverians had scrupulously executed all the articles of the convention of Sublingen, which concerned them; that their conduct in regard to us was exempt from all reproach, and ought by no means to draw upon them the misfortunes with which I menaced them. I, on my side, recriminated on the perfidy of the King of England, who had refused to ratify the Convention of the 3d of June; that it was the Machiavelian policy of England alone that they had to accuse, and that it was manifest that Government would sacrifice them, as it had always sacrificed its friends on the Continent.

"M. de Bock is a man full of honour and generosity. He said, that if I could make admissible propositions, such as that of sending home a part of the army for six months in rotation, and keeping up a body of 5 or 6000 men in Lunenburg, that he conceived the Marshal might enter into an arrangement with me. My answer was in the negative, and we parted. I had already made every preparation for passing the river. A number of boats collected in the Elbe and the

Esmenan furnished me with abundant means. The enemy occupied a position between Steknitz and Bille.

"The general attack was to have taken place in the night of the 4th. The enemy had got some artillery of a large calibre at Ratzburg, and with this they mounted all the batteries on the Elbe. I had, on my side, erected counter-batteries; my troops were well disposed, and every thing announced a fortunate issue, when M. de Walmoden communicated to me the following propositions.

"Citizen First Consul, the Hanoverian army were reduced to despair, they implored your clemency. I thought that, abandoned by their king, you would treat them with kindness. In the middle of the Elbe I concluded the annexed capitulation with general Walmoden. He signed it with bitterness of heart: you will there see that his army lays down their arms; that his cavalry are to be dismounted, and to put into our hands nearly 4000 excellent horses. The soldiers returning to their homes will devote themselves to the labours of agriculture, and need give us no kind of uneasiness. They will be no longer under the orders of England.

"Health and profound respect,
(Signed) E. MORTIER."

"P. S. It would be difficult to describe to you the situation of the fine regiment of the king of England's guards, at the moment of their dismounting."

"The King of England having refused to ratify the Convention of Sublingen, the First Consul has been obliged to consider that Convention as null. In consequence thereof Lieutenant General Mortier, has agreed to the following capitulation, which shall be executed, without being submitted to the ratification of the two Governments.

Article I. The Hanoverian army shall lay down its arms; they shall be given up with all its artillery, to the French army.

II. All the horses of the Hanoverian cavalry and artillery shall be given up to the French army, by one of the members of the States. A Commissioner, appointed by the commander in chief to that effect, shall be instantly sent to take an account of their state and number.

III. The Hanoverian army shall be disbanded; the troops shall re-pass the Elbe, and withdraw to their respective homes.... They shall previously give their parole not to carry arms against France and her allies until after having been exchanged for those of equal rank by as many French military as may be taken by the English in the course of the present war.

IV. The Hanoverian generals and officers shall retire upon their parole to the places which they may choose for their abode, provided they do not depart from the continent. They shall keep their swords and take away with them their horses, effects, and baggage.

V. There shall be given to the commander in chief of the French army with the least possible delay, a nominal list of all the individuals of whom the Hanoverian army is composed.

VI. The Hanoverian soldiers sent to their respective homes shall not be allowed to wear their uniforms.

VII. They shall be provided with subsistence until their return home, and forage shall also be granted to the horses of the officers.

VIII. The 16th and 17th articles of the Convention of Sublingen shall be applicable to the Hanoverian army.

IX. The French troops shall immediately occupy that part of the Electorate of Hanover situated in the county of Lauenburg.

The Insurrection in Ireland.

The only particulars, of this important event are contained in the following letters from Ireland.

July 24.

“At an early hour yesterday evening, a variety of inflammatory

proclamations were distributed in every part of the town, calling on people to unite as before, in opposition to English oppression, &c. and at so early an hour as eight o'clock, a large party forced into the Lord mayor's, and seized all the arms and pikes, which were in the house, and about ten o'clock a general engagement took place in the neighbourhood of James-street, Thomas-street, and in every part of the liberty. Lord Kilwarden (the chief justice of the king's bench) coming to town about 9 o'clock, was forced out of his carriage in Jame's-street, with his nephew, and were both killed by pikes.

“Col. Brown of the 21st, and a few more officers, and several of the soldiery and yeomen have unfortunately been killed, together with a great number who appear of the very lowest order. But what is the most alarming, is that their plots have been carried on with such secrecy that they are not yet discovered, notwithstanding several persons were taken. Mr. Clark, of Palmerston, cotton manufacturer, was shot on Arran quay, at 8 o'clock in the evening: and it appears there were several parties collecting, in different parts of the town, at a very early hour. The privy council has been sitting at the castle these two hours past, and it is expected martial law will be proclaimed immediately. There are several gallows erected in different parts of the town, and the executions it is supposed will be innumerable, as there are about one hundred prisoners taken. They do not seem to have any leaders of consequence; the only one taken is a man of the name of M'Cabe, a publican, at whose house about one thousand pikes and six hundred rounds of ball cartridge were found. We have not yet heard of any disturbance in the country, and all the coaches have arrived this morning.

“The situation of the city is most awful. The drums beat to arms at ten o'clock at night and continued to twelve, when almost every citi-

was under arms. The engagement continued until four o'clock, and within these two hours two of the 62d regiment have been killed in the neighbourhood of the royal hospital."

July 25.

"On Saturday evening last, government having had intimation that a depot of pikes and other engines of destruction, had been made by a newly organized horde of insurgents in the vicinity of Bridge-foot-street, a detachment of cavalry had been ordered by Gen. Dunn from the barracks, which were joined by a company of yeomen infantry, part of the Liberty Rangers, now under the command of the earl of Meath, arrived at the spot where their instructions directed them, after a skirmish of a few minutes with the populace, in which a few lives were lost, a great number of pikes were found, also several combustibles, parcels of nails, fragments of iron, glass, compost clay, oakum, and other materials.

"With these were discovered a number of deal balk, in pieces of various lengths, from seven to fifteen feet in length, with a circular cavity in each of about three inches diameter, filled with gun-powder, to each aperture was applied a wooden plug, with a handle and vent hole, or receptacle for a fuze appear on the upper surface of the timber about the middle: This machine was supposed to have been intended to aid the projected operations of setting fire to Dublin Barracks.....Several kegs of powder were discovered, with parcels made off our musket balls in each, and a tin tube of about two inches long, through which fire was to have been communicated to whatever vehicle was constructed to discharge them.

A suit of green uniform, with gold epaulets and a splendid embroidery was also found, and several papers, by which the train of operations fixed by these deluded people was discovered and will doubtless be prevented. Among

the melancholy disasters of the night, might be reckoned the murder of Lord Kilwarden, chief justice of the court of king's bench, and the Rev. Arthur Wolfe, his nephew, who accompanied him with the ladies of his lordship's family, in a carriage to town. The wound he received was a large lacerated one in the side, having the appearance of being inflicted by a shot from a blunderbuss.

A privy council have been sitting yesterday at the castle, and did not break up until a late hour last night; a proclamation offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the discovery of the murderers of Lord Kilwarden, and the Rev. Arthur Wolfe, had been issued, upwards of one hundred prisoners had been lodged yesterday, in the new prison, in the barracks. A printed notice from the Lord Mayor and board of magistrates, was yesterday handing about, apprising all the citizens of Dublin, that from the recent disturbances, they feel it incumbent on them to reinforce the insurrection act, pursuant to which it became penal, during the last rebellion, for any citizen not on military duty, to be out later than eight o'clock in the evening."

August 1.

"We understand that the whole of the plan for insurrection, of which the affair of Saturday night was the commencement, has been developed. A general levy of ten men from every parish in Ireland had been agreed upon by the rebels; these were to form a body of thirty-eight thousand men, who were to make their way to Dublin, as privately as possible, in small bodies, where they were to be supplied with arms, and then to rise *en masse*.

"Lord Kilwarden had been sent for from his country-house, and was on his way to the castle to attend a privy council, when he was murdered.

"An Englishman and his wife, by the name of Cater, coming into town from Naas, the former was

dragged out of the carriage, and piked in several places; but the military appearing at a distance, the rebels left him half dead, after taking from him seven hundred pounds he happened to have in his pockets; he is, however, stated to be in a fair way of recovery.

"In one place in the Liberty was found a large quantity of gun-powder and seven hundred pikes.

"On Sunday morning, the dead bodies of the rebels were taken up in the streets, and a great number of cars were employed in carrying them to the castle-yard for the purpose of having them identified. In the number were several women, who were found with pikes and stones in their hands. One corpse particularly attracted attention. It was the body of an old man, upwards of seventy, a shoe-maker, well known in the liberty. He was bare-footed and bare-legged. He had been shot through the body, and lay upon the ground with a large knife in each hand. The dead bodies appeared to be of the lowest orders of society."

CORK, AUGUST 3.

"The disaffected did not openly avow themselves here. It is well known that their determination was to adopt the same rebellious proceedings as their brethren in Dublin. The greatest exertions are making here by the magistracy, yeomanry, &c. to prevent surprise. Many men of good property are become inhabitants of our prisons, which are well guarded....among these are the two Driancs, one of whom is said to be worth two hundred thousand pounds; Simon Donaven, and Todd Jones, of the North, whom I before mentioned; Dr. Callahan and his son, of Glognakecity; no relation whatever to the worthy physician of this city; a Mr. Buck,

from the West, who had been for some time agent to Arthur O'Connor, and a Mr. Finn. It does not follow because these persons are taken up, that they are guilty; but consistently with the conduct of the present mild government, their conduct will be fairly investigated, and none but the guilty will suffer.

"The insurrection in Ireland is stated to be completely quelled. This however is a point that still remains questionable: At best we suspect the flame is only smothered for a season.

"Papers have fallen into the hands of government, from which we learn that the combination has been augmenting for at least eight months, and arranged with the most systematic attention. A provincial government had been projected, which was to resign its functions as soon as a regular system of legislation should be adopted.

"A manifesto has also been discovered, written in a very impressive style, setting forth the oppressions which the people of Ireland had long suffered, explaining their equal rights as men and citizens, the injustice of their being forced into an union with Great Britain, by which they sustained nothing but disadvantage, and the propriety of their rising up like one man, throwing off the yoke by which they were galled, separating from the country to which they were chained, and establishing themselves as an independent nation.

"It is stated, that the plans of the insurgents were so well constructed, the attack on the castle having been arranged by midnight, that had it been concealed till that time, it might have been successful. But the distribution of arms taking place in the evening followed by intoxication, occasioned a premature discovery."

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, MAY 10.

Saturday, between one and two o'clock, a most alarming fire broke out on the roof of the tower on the centre of Westminster Abbey. The accident arose from the scandalous negligence of the journeymen plumbers employed at present on the necessary repairs of the roof, who left their melting pot in an improper state. The catastrophe likely to be the result of such a conflagration occasioned a sensation in the public mind, which every one may readily conceive. The Abbey is the depository of the remains of many of our sovereigns, and of many of our most illustrious and celebrated countrymen and countrywomen, as well as of the *chef d'œuvres* of our national skill in the art of sculpture; endeared to the public mind by so many valuable and exalted considerations, it became the object of universal anxiety. As in too many other cases, so here, water could not be had for nearly two hours after the fire commenced, in any quantity sufficient for the working of the engines. But, when it was procured in abundance, after the utter exhaustion of all the water-tubs and cisterns in the neighbourhood, it was used with great effect, and before six o'clock all entirely disappeared. We were extremely happy, on inspecting the state of the cathedral carefully, after the flames were extinguished, to find so little injury sustained. What damage was done in the interior, was occasioned by the burning of the roof of the tower (which communicates to the grand arches of wood-work which appear to support it from the inside), the fall of which, by its violence, and by the communication of the flames, destroyed a considerable portion of the seats and ornaments of the choir. It has been generally supposed that the whole roofing of the arches of the church was of masonry; but our

readers will recollect that the church was greatly repaired about a century ago, under the direction of the great Sir C. Wren, when a considerable part of the roof was replaced by carpentry, to save the expenses. This tower was then intended as the basement of a magnificent spire, with which that architect had designed to decorate this noble and august temple of British valour and wisdom. The exertions of every description of persons emphatically demand the unqualified praise of a British Journalist. Every one seemed to feel the fire in Westminster Abbey, as a common public concern. The soldiers in the neighbourhood, the Westminster scholars, the clergy, the volunteers, the lowest classes, vied together in the earnestness of their efforts to stop the progress of devastation. The corps of St. Margaret and St. John maintained the most perfect order and regularity, both within and without the Abbey, during the whole of this most serious affair. We were extremely happy to find some of the most distinguished members of parliament taking the lead, and sharing all the dangers and difficulties of the firemen in their endeavours; among them Mr. Windham was very conspicuous. Nothing escaped his activity, which was such that one could hardly distinguish his clothes from those of a common labourer after the bustle was over, in consequence of his exertions. Lord Westmoreland, the lord Chancellor and the dukes of Gloucester and Norfolk, likewise attended.

We must conclude this account by congratulating the public on the speedy termination of a calamity, which, had it happened at night, would not only have consumed the choir and organ, but likewise all the valuable antiquities of a combustible nature in the Abbey; and have defaced the fairest productions of our

science and skill, as well as have inflicted the keenest wounds on the feelings of the relations of all the brave and great who are there commemorated. The damage sustained, may perhaps be estimated at four or five thousand pounds.

A measure, in which the trade and navigation of this country (Great Britain) are incalculably interested, received last night the most willing concurrence of a committee of the House of Commons. On the motion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, in the committee of supply, twenty thousand pounds were granted towards making a navigable canal through the Highlands of Scotland from sea to sea. The extent is fifty-nine miles, twenty of which are occupied by lakes of unfathomable depth. The remaining are to be twenty feet deep, and of a proportionable breadth, so that ships of the line may pass from the Baltic to the British channel.

This would obviate all the difficulties of going round about by the Shetland and Orkney Isles; a passage of fourteen days in the calmest weather, and which in the windy season is rarely effected in less than three months: while, by the proposed canal, the passage in the most unfavourable weather, will not occupy more than twelve days, and frequently little more than half that period. It is calculated, that the whole expense of this canal will not exceed the loss sustained by shipwrecks in the present course of navigation in five years.

School for Deaf and Dumb. At the London tavern, on Thursday, March 30, a respectable and numerous company of gentlemen met to celebrate the anniversary of this institution, Sir Thomas Turton, baronet, one of the vice-presidents in the chair. After dinner, the Stewards, preceded by the Rev. Mr. Mason, as secretary, introduced the children (forty-seven in number) at present under a course of instruction in language, writing, arithmetic, mechanic arts, morals and religion, who produced specimens of their writing, &c. and some

of them recited a few lines prepared for the occasion, with distinctness and emphasis, far surpassing the expectations of those who heard them, demonstrating to the most credulous, that the naturally deaf and dumb are here taught speech, so as to render it an intelligible vehicle of their thoughts.

The *Chairman* announced from the best authority, that the funds are as yet unequal to relieve the numerous candidates for admission into an asylum, where alone there is relief for them. The impression made upon the company by these observations, and the scene they had just witnessed, produced some handsome donations and many annual subscriptions.

The parish of Presteign, in Radnorshire, in Wales, embraces a circle of nineteen miles. The burials, on an average of seven years are only twenty-six persons a year; and births for the same time forty-two. And of the burials, upwards of eighteen of the twenty-six, were of persons from eighty to one hundred years old.

Domestic incidents on board the American frigate New-York.

April 25th, 1803, off Sardinia.... early in the morning the gunner's mate had been returning the signal lanterns into the gunner's store-room, as usual, and also the match which is kept burning during the night. He returned, and the gunner went immediately down into the cock-pit, and it seems took a light into the store-room to see if every thing was properly secured, when from the snuff of the candle or otherwise, fire was communicated to a considerable quantity of powder, upwards of an hundred weight. The explosion took place precisely at three o'clock, those in the cock-pit suffered beyond conception though most of them have survived it. The gunner, Morril, died the following night and also a boy named Hamilton. Mr. Shults died in about thirty-six hours. Burrior, captain's clerk, died since our arrival here (Malta). Dr.

Weems is yet ill, though recovering fast, as are likewise Mr. Alexis, midshipman, Kennedy, purser's steward, and M^cGee, marine. Mr. Lewis, midshipman, and Mr. Israel well. The explosion blew the gun deck and quarter deck hatches up ... started the gun magazine, ward-room, and cabin bed heads. Exertion alone saved us. The fire was extinguished in one hour.

GEORGE-TOWN, AUG. 10, 1803.

The fatal effects of the flux which rages with the utmost violence in this and the neighbouring counties, exhibits a very distressing scene; upwards of five hundred persons, it is thought, within a few weeks, have been swept off; and in some parts more than two-thirds of families have fallen a prey to this depopulating disorder.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 17.

Two Indians were lately killed in Montgomery county by a white man, the particulars as far as has come within our knowledge, are; the white man was hunting and happened to fall in with an Indian camp ... the Indians appeared not very friendly, he left them ... he had not went far on his way, when he saw two of the Indians a-head, and both taking aim at him, their guns flashed, the white man fired and killed one, and ran upon the other and dispatched him with the butt of his gun ... It is said the white man has given himself up.

FORT NIAGARA, AUG. 17.

I have just seen a British officer from Fort George, who informs me that they have discovered a conspiracy that was to have taken place among the soldiers of that garrison this evening ... their intentions were to have murdered the whole of the officers, burnt the garrison, and to have fled to the United States. This is a battalion of the forty-ninth Irish regiment, about one hundred and fifty in number; the principals are sent to York, where an example will be made of them. Had they offered to come within reach of our

cannon they would have met with a warm reception.

Further information states, that there are a number of letters found with them from inhabitants of this state, offering them assistance and protection, should they prove successful. Does this not shew the rascality of Demos?

LOUISVILLE, AUG. 25.

An expedition is expected to leave this place shortly, under the direction of Capt. William Clark and Mr. Lewis, (private secretary to the President) to proceed through the immense wilderness of Louisiana to the Western or Pacific ocean. The particular objects of this undertaking are at present matters of conjecture only; but we have good reason to believe, that our government intend to encourage settlements, and establish sea ports, on the coast of the Pacific ocean, which would not only facilitate our whaling and sealing voyages, but enable our enterprising merchants to carry on a more direct and rapid trade with China and the East Indies.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, AUG. 23.

This day at twelve o'clock a duel was fought by Samuel Howard and Joseph Welcher, Esqrs. The subject of dispute arose in the city council, of which they were both members. Howard was dangerously wounded by being shot through the belly. He fell on the spot, and was supposed to be dead ... He has been brought to town, his wounds examined, and it is expected he will recover. George D. Sweet was Howard's, and George M. Thromp, Welcher's second. The place of action was the Jews burying ground.

ELIZABETH-TOWN, (M.) AUG. 31.

On Wednesday the 24th, *Peter Light*, of Sharpsburgh, was arraigned at the bar of Washington county court, for making counterfeit dollars, and after a fair and impartial trial, was found *guilty*. On Thursday following, he was sentenced to be whipt, pillored and cropt

...which sentence was accordingly put into execution by the sheriff.

PORTSMOUTH, (N. H.) AUG. 27.

Sporting, or hunting the bear.... A grand bear hunt is proposed on the third Wednesday in October next, in the grand forest in Derbyfield and Chester; which will be conducted by surrounding the whole desert, and marching in a regular manner to the centre thereof, in order to enclose all the wild game in the woods. Any gentleman disposed to divert himself with a day's fatigue, is invited to repair to one of the places of rendezvous, on the morning of said day, at eight o'clock, equipt with a good gun, powder and ball, provisions, canteen, &c.

The above forest has been time out of mind, and now is an asylum for and a habitation of a swarm of bears, wolves, and other beasts of prey, which have been hunted by small parties, without success. Bears are almost daily seen, and make frequent depredations on young cattle and sheep, and have become a serious evil to the inhabitants residing near the premises.

In several parts of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New-Hampshire, the dysentery, and other diseases prevail to a very afflicting degree. Many villages experience, in proportion to their relative numbers, a mortality much greater than any of our devoted cities, by the fever.

On the 28th, the barn of Henry P. Moore, of Poughkeepsie, in N. E. town was destroyed by fire, together with the whole of his summer crop of grain and hay. Also a sleigh, fanning-mill, &c. &c. The barn was purposely set on fire by a boy who lived with Mr. Moore, by the name of Peter Canady. He is lodged in gaol and confessed the fact to a number of persons.

Philadelphia.....On Wednesday night, August 30, between ten and eleven o'clock, a fire broke out in the chemical laboratory of Mr. Hunter, in Second, below Walnut street. It consumed a part of the building,

and destroyed materials and apparatus to a considerable amount.

New York....The circumstances which have come to our knowledge, respecting the reported embezzlement of money by a person in the service of the Manhattan company, are these: In consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Hunn (one of the tellers) and the absence of the first book-keeper, the situation of temporary teller, on Saturday the 27th ult. devolved upon Mr. Benjamin Brower, who had been received into the bank with very respectable recommendations, and at that time filled the office of second book-keeper to the entire satisfaction of the Directors, whose opinion of his integrity was highly flattering.

On the day above mentioned, Mr. Brower received, in his capacity of teller, upwards of seventy thousand dollars. The money delivered by him to the cashier, in the evening, at the closing of the accounts, fell ten thousand dollars short of this sum; but as the money and the written statement of receipts had been made to correspond in the sum total, no suspicions of fraud were entertained. Mr. Brower was absent from the bank on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday following; still, from the general tenor of his former conduct, and from the sickly state of the city, no one entertained a sentiment injurious to his reputation, or supposed his absence occasioned by any other circumstance than some derangement in his own health, or the health of his family.

The adjustment of the accounts of the bank, preparatory to its removal to Greenwich, took place on Wednesday evening, the 31st, when a deficiency to the amount above stated, was discovered; "and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack."

An inquiry was immediately instituted respecting Mr. Brower. The result was, that he had left the city on Sunday, with his family; but no person could give information to what part of the country he had absconded. Messengers were dispatched in different directions, in

search of him ; but, we understand, all their vigilance has hitherto been unsuccessful.

The Manhattan Company have offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his apprehension, and ten per cent. upon such part of the embezzled property as may be recovered.

TRENTON, AUGUST 29.

On Monday evening last a daring robbery was committed on the person of a Dutch gentleman from Surinam, in the upper part of this township, by a person of the name of Zebulon Phares. The gentleman had lately come into the country for the benefit of his health, and was on his way to the state of New-York, in the mail stage, where Phares came across him ; who, after introducing himself by familiar conversation, very kindly invited the gentleman to spend a day or two at his house, which, he said, was near Trenton, to which the gentleman, after some hesitation, consented. On crossing the Delaware, they left the stage together, and walked five or six miles into the country, when coming into a piece of woods in a by place, Phares caught the gentleman by the throat, and demanded his money, which he compelled him to give up, together with a number of trifling articles which he had about him, and a few pieces of wearing apparel. With these he immediately left the gentleman, and disappeared in the woods. The gentleman sought an asylum in the first house he could find, which was that of Mr. Israel Moore, where he lodged that night. On the following morning a warrant was issued by Andrew Reeder, Esquire, for the apprehension of the perpetrator, and by the activity of the people of the neighbourhood he was taken in the course of the day, and a number of the articles found upon him alleged to have been stolen ; he was of course committed to Flemington goal to take his trial at the next court of Oyer and Terminer.

BOSTON, AUG. 30.

Fire at Nahant.

On the 27th inst. midnight, the inhabitants of Lynn were alarmed with the cry of fire. On awaking from their slumbers, the awfully distressing spectacle of Johnson's Hotel at Nahant, enveloped in flames, presented itself to their view, which, in a short period was entirely consumed. So rapid was the conflagration, that the family escaped only with their lives, not being able to preserve the smallest article of furniture, or even of raiment.

SEPT. 1.

Came on before the hon. John Sloss Hobart, judge of the court of the United States for this district, the trial of a young man of the name of William H. Burredge, lately employed in the post-office of this city. The charge was published some time since....it was that of purloining a letter, enclosing bank notes to the amount of 800 dollars, the property of Mr. John D. Martin. He pleaded guilty to the indictment.

The punishment was mitigated on account of the youth and contrition of the delinquent ; he was sentenced to thirty stripes, and to suffer six months imprisonment.

It may be of use to observe, that this crime of *letter-stealing* is one which the laws of the United States consider highly atrocious, and treat with great severity. For the first offence the punishment in extent is thirty-nine lashes and ten years imprisonment ; but a second conviction of robbing the mail, is punished with death.

The following is the quantity of flour inspected in Fredericksburg, (Virg.) from the 1st of September, 1802, until the same date 1803, viz.

Superfine.....	41,627
Fine.....	12,944
X Middlings.....	1,461

Total....56,032

NEW-BRUNSWICK, SEPT. 1.

The following unfortunate circumstance happened at Matchipo-

nix, Middlesex county, on Sunday morning last....A well had been dug the week before on a farm belonging to Mr. Cornelius Johnson, fifty-one feet deep. On the morning above-mentioned, Samuel Garrison, a tenant on the place, who dug the well, attempted, with the assistance of his son, to let down his son-in-law, William Brown, in a bucket, who, when he had descended about twenty feet, called to those above to lower away; a few moments after which they discovered that he had fallen out of the bucket to the bottom of the well....upon which Mr. Garrison was let down by his wife and son to the assistance of his son-in-law; when he had got down about the same distance, he also called out to lower away; he also fell out of the bucket when within about six feet of the bottom: a trial was then made with a lighted candle, which went out after it descended ten feet, and no person dare go down to their relief. Garrison continued to groan for more than half an hour, but there was no possibility of getting him out; they were afterwards taken up by grapplings and their remains interred. Thus were two honest, industrious and respectable men, snatched from their families and connexions when least expected.

Philadelphia.....The prosperity and growing wealth of our country, must be evident to the most common observer who will view the surprising increase of our cities and villages within a few years, and the change that has taken place in the whole face of the country, including many new and extensive settlements, in parts that were lately wilderness.

As an evidence of the monied wealth of Philadelphia alone, there have been lately established two new Insurance Companies, and a Bank, which will together embrace a sum of nearly two millions of dollars.

Under these circumstances, and as the welfare of agriculture and commerce mutually depend on each

other, and as there is a competition between the states of New-York and Maryland, for a participation in the trade of Pennsylvania, would it not be good policy in our citizens to endeavour to promote an union of town and country capital, for the improvement of water carriage and roads generally, either by a new establishment for that purpose, or by engrafting an increased capital and plan on some one of those already existing, with the consent of the present stockholders.

This would produce a concert of measures, that might doubtless be highly beneficial to the whole trade.

We are told that a fund and institution of a private nature, somewhat of the kind proposed, is in contemplation by a company of landholders, for the improvement of their back lands. Whatever may be proposed in this way, is no doubt intended to be done with the approbation of the legislature, and will be something more solid, than the wild schemes of the extravagant landjobbers of 1794 and 1795.

NEWBERN, SEPT. 2.

On Wednesday last, this town was visited by the most violent storm of wind and rain, which has been experienced in many years. The day before, the appearance of the weather was extremely threatening; and about three o'clock in the morning of Wednesday it became alarming. Many persons who had property on the wharves, saved it, but notwithstanding every precaution great damage was done. The greatest sufferers on this occasion were Mr. Thomas Turner, and Mr. John Harvey; the former had his warehouses carried off, which were filled with pork, and other articles of value, and the latter, we learn, lost about sixteen hundred bushels of salt, &c. Several vessels which attempted to go up the river, ran ashore, and it will be with great difficulty that some of them will be got off.

The storm began about three o'clock in the morning, with the wind at N. E. and continued with increased fury, till about 4 o'clock in the evening, when the wind shifted to the westward, and checked its havock. It is supposed, that the water rose about nine feet perpendicular. A small negro girl was drowned.

SEPT. 7.

In the late storm there have been five vessels cast away in Edenton Sound, and none of the crews saved. There have been six dead bodies taken up, that floated on the beach, and some casks of wine; the latter belonged to Robert Armistead of this place, and was shipped at Norfolk, but we know nothing more of the vessels, than that the hulls are seen floating about. There are some women's as well as men's clothes found floating. We have not heard from the bar yet, but it is thought there are a great many vessels cast away there."

Frederick County, Sept. 4, 1803.

On Friday, the 2d inst. a most daring murder and robbery were committed on the main road from Strasburg, (Virginia) to Staunton. From the papers found about the body of the person murdered, he is supposed to be from Philadelphia; his name is William C. Simonton, or Simmerton; he rode in a chair which is marked on the back with the letter S. The chair was drawn by a bay horse, on whom no brand was perceivable. The property left by the atrocious murderer, and found about the body of the deceased, is all secured....it consists of one hundred and forty-five dollars in bank notes, four dollars in silver, and four and a half pence; a box of medicines, and some wearing apparel. It appears that he was travelling to the Sweet or Warm Springs. It would, perhaps, be an act of benevolence to have the contents of this letter inserted in the public prints, in order that the relations of the deceased may know his unfortunate fate, and get the property which he has left.

Being in Shenandoah county on Friday evening last, I was informed that a most atrocious murder and robbery had been committed on the body of a travelling gentleman, a little above Stoverstown, on the main road. Impelled by curiosity as well as duty, I rode with several gentlemen to view the body, early on yesterday morning.

Upon examination, we found that he had received a violent blow upon the head, just above the left ear.... the contusion was as large as the palm of a man's hand. There were several other wounds on the head, and a bruise on the breast. The attack was made about nine o'clock, A. M. not more than two hundred and seventy paces from Mr. Jacob Snapp's, and he expired about twelve. He was found weltering in his blood, a few minutes after, by two Germans; when they came up, they inquired "what was the matter?" He replied, "that he had been robbed by a negro or mulatto man," and immediately fainted. One of these strangers ran to Mr. Snapp's, whilst the other remained with him. The alarm was immediately given, and notice sent to P. Spangler, a magistrate, who made use of every exertion to discover the perpetrator of this horrid crime, but without effect. Two persons are suspected, one a mulatto fellow, who, it appears, was travelling towards Rockingham, and lives at Holker's plantation, in this county; the other calls himself James Scott, a free mulatto, who has lived some time near Middletown. Pursuit was made after the first, but, by the information of some travellers, it appears, the fellow had left the road, and was not taken early yesterday morning. Scott was apprehended on suspicion, examined before two magistrates, and committed to jail: I however incline to think he is not guilty, and that it is more probable that the first mentioned fellow committed the murder. He is said to be a tall dark mulatto, stoops much in his walk, blind of an eye, and was

dressed in coarse linen clothes ; carried a budget, and a large club. The stick with which the murder was committed, was a dead hickory. It was found near the deceased, with the hair remaining to the big end from the violence of the blow. I am informed the above described fellow, was noticed to have used such a club as a walking-stick.

I requested to examine the papers in the pocket-book of the deceased, and found one hundred and forty-five dollars in bank notes, and four dollars and six cents in silver. It appears that his name was William C. Simonton ; and that a commission of bankruptcy had issued against him in Philadelphia, in December last ; that he was in a declining state of health, and on his way to the Sweet-Springs. It is highly probable that the assassin missed his object, and that he was routed before he could plunder his victim. He took nothing but a trunk, which was lashed behind the chair in which he travelled, probably containing nothing but clothing.

S. KERBHEVAL.

N. B. An inquest was taken on the body, before Capt. Spangler's, yesterday, and the jury pronounced it a most atrocious, wilful, and malicious murder, perpetrated by the hand of a mulatto man, by the information of the deceased, but by which particular person was not known to the jurors.

SEPT. 8.

The foundation stone of St. John's Church, which is to be erected on the east side of Hudson-square, was laid by the right rev. Bishop Moore, in the presence of the members of the corporation of Trinity Church, the workmen who are to be employed in the building, and many spectators who attended on the occasion. The ceremony of laying the stone was succeeded by a short address by Bishop Moore ; and the whole solemnity was concluded by prayer for the divine benediction on their present undertaking.

NORFOLK, SEPT. 8.

Tuesday came on the trial of negroes George and Charity, before the magistrates of Princess Ann county, under a charge of attempting to poison the whole of the white family of Thomas Lawson, Esq. of said county ; the charge being fully proven, they were condemned to be hanged on the seventh of October next.

The negro fellow advertised in the late papers as a runaway, and committed to the jail of this borough under the name of John (but whose real name is Peter) was yesterday delivered to a guard of citizens from Gates county, North-Carolina, to take his trial for the murder of a young man in the employ of Mr. Daniel Southall at Gates county court-house, about eight weeks since. He was outlawed by the government of that state, and a reward of seven hundred dollars offered for apprehending him and another black man, who is not yet taken.

NEW-YORK, SEPT. 9.

This morning about half past four o'clock a fire broke out in the bake-house of Simon Frazer, in Cliff near John street, which before it was extinguished destroyed eleven front and four back buildings, four of which were brick. In consequence of the deserted state of the city, and particularly in that neighbourhood, the fire had made great progress before a sufficient number of firemen and citizens were collected to arrest its progress. Fortunately it was a perfect calm or its ravages might have spread destruction to a much greater extent. Many families have lost their all...several of the occupants had removed to the country. We have not learnt all the names of the sufferers....The following are among them : Simon Frazer, bake-house ; Mr. M'Kee, brick-house, grocer, corner of John and Cliff-streets ; Mr. Bukee, cooper, dwelling-house, Cliff-street ; Michael Bloomer, pilot, dwelling-house, corner of Cliff-street ; Mr.

Cairnes, chair-maker, Cliff-street; W. Kersheitt, silver-smith, John-street; Mr. M'Cleod, dwelling-house, Cliff-street; Widow Baily, dwelling-house, do. Dr. Fargures, dwelling-house, in John-street; Mr. Hazlet, chair-maker's shop, do.

On Wednesday evening last, as one of the hearse-men was entering the alms-house gate his attention was attracted by a bundle, which on examination he found to contain an infant mulatto child. He took it into the alms-house, and also an old negro woman who was near the spot, and who appeared from her actions to entertain no little concern for its fate. Great pains were taken to induce her to disclose the author of so brutal and unfeeling an act, but to no purpose. The child is about a week old, and was very abundantly supplied with cloathing.

September 13.

About eight o'clock, a smoke was discovered bursting out of the windows of the house lately occupied by Mr. Kelso, No. eighty-four, Fair-street. On entering the house a straw bed was found on fire in the middle of the floor of the lower room, and in a few minutes the house would have been enveloped in the flames. It has been evacuated for three weeks past by Mr. Kelso's family, and there remains no doubt of its being the work of some incendiary.

Frost has been known in Hudson every month in the year excepting July: and a few days past was perceived in the vicinity of this city to have damaged some vegetables.

FISHKILL, SEPT. 12

On Monday evening last, myself and Underhill Budd, of Philipstown, discovered one Nathaniel Searls, who had passed two counterfeit dollars in said Budd's store. We immediately pursued and took the fellow before esqrs. Neilson and Horton, and on interrogating him, he brought out four others, whom we also pursued and took, and on Tuesday evening we committed three of

them to jail at Poughkeepsie, but Nathaniel Searls and his brother Joseph Searls unfortunately made their escape. Nathaniel is about five feet three or four inches high, light complexion and light hair; had on a light blue coat, red and brownish striped vest, and I think wears his hair tied. Joseph is about five feet six inches high. I cannot give a particular description of him, as he made his escape while I was securing the principal coiner in his chamber. After Mr. Budd and myself with a number of respectable citizens descended a cave of about sixty feet, three quarters of a mile east of John Warrens in the high-lands, we had the good luck to discover and take a pair of bellows, and all the implements and contrivances those villains made use of for coining dollars, with a number of dollars. A reward of fifty dollars will be paid with reasonable charges for securing both the said Searls, and confining them in jail or delivering them to the authority in Dutchess county.

N. B. It is supposed they will go to the Neversink, or lurk in the mountainous country, in Smith's Cove.

THOMAS PALMER.

WINCHESTER, SEPT. 13.

Scott, the mulatto fellow, who was committed to Shenandoah county jail, on suspicion of murdering and robbing William C. Simmerton, has partly confessed to be the perpetrator of that crime, by giving information where he had concealed those articles of clothing &c. of which he had robbed Mr. S. and search having been made accordingly, found its statement to be correct.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 23.

This day the sun entered the sign of Libra; at the same time the planets Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and the Georgian planet or Herschel, are also in Libra; Venus and Saturn are both in the twenty-fourth degree of Virgo, but six degrees distant from the sun. Thus all the planets are nearly in conjunction

with the sun, at the same period that the sun crosses the line. Many years must elapse before a similar occurrence can take place. It is worthy of attention whether this singular phenomenon will produce any material effect on the weather.

August 29.

Interments in the different burying grounds of this city, for the week ending this morning at sun rise.

Drowned,	1
Cramp in the stomach,	1
Casualty,	1
Consumption,	2
Croup,	1
Intemperance,	1
Bilious fever,	1
Dropsy,	1
Hooping cough,	1
Worms,	1
Mumps,	1
Teething,	2
Fits,	2
Still-born,	2
Hives,	1
Cholera,	17
Diseases unknown,	2

Adults,	5
Children,	33
	—
	38

September 5.

Consumption,	2
Old age,	2
Hemorrhage,	1
Sudden death,	1
Bilious fever,	1
Worms,	3
Fits,	1
Still-born,	1
Mumps,	1
Disease unknown,	1
Cholera,	15

Adults,	8
Children,	21
	—
	29

September 12.

Old age,	1
Dropsy,	1
Cramp in the stomach,	1
Sudden death,	1
Bilious fever,	2
Fits,	2

Teething,	2
Hooping cough,	1
Diseases unknown,	2

Adults,	8
Children,	12
	—
	20

CARLISLE, PENN. SEPT. 17.

At a court of oyer and terminer, held in this town last week, came on the trial of John and James Carothers, for manslaughter, in taking the life of James Carothers, senr. The trial commenced on Friday morning, and lasted until Saturday evening; the Jury after remaining about an hour, returned a verdict, "Not Guilty."

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 8.

Number of interments in the burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the month of August last, viz.

	Adul.	Chil.
1 Christ church	5	10
2 St. Peter's	3	3
3 St. Paul's	1	3
4 German Lutheran,	8	18
5 German Presbyterian,	3	9
6 Society of Friends,	5	13
7 St. Mary's,	5	12
8 Holy Trinity,	3	7
9 First Presbyterian,	1	3
10 Second do.	1	6
11 Third do.	4	7
12 Fourth do.	1	4
13 Scotch do.	0	5
14 Associate do.	0	1
15 Moravian,	0	1
16 Swedes,	0	8
17 Methodist,	1	2
18 Society of Free Quakers,	6	3
19 Baptists,	1	2
20 Universalists,	0	0
21 ewe,	0	0
22 African Episcopalians,	1	2
23 African Methodists,	1	3
24 Kensington Burial Ground,	2	103
25 Coats's Burial Ground,	0	0
26 Public Burial Ground,	30	50

Totals, 122 182

<i>Of the above died of</i>	
Bilious fever	6
Childbed	2

Consumption	17	is celebrated on this day, as being
Cholic	1	the first of their month of <i>Messidor</i> ,
Decay	5	or the harvest-month. The name
Dropsy	4	of <i>Messidor</i> applied to this month
Fever	5	shews that the usual harvest-month
Fits	15	of France is from the 23d of June
Flux	9	to the 23d of July, which is earlier,
Gout in the stomach	2	I believe, by a full month than the
Hooping cough	4	harvest in England. This fete con-
Killed	4	sisted of municipal officers, adorned
Lunacy	1	with tri-coloured scarfs, marching
Mortification	3	in a procession, in the centre of
Palsy	1	which was a chariot drawn by oxen.
Pleurisy	1	In this chariot, which was covered
Purging and vomiting	65	and decorated with green boughs,
Still-born	2	were seated together to form a shade,
Teeth and worms	10	were seated four old farmers, hav-
Sore throat	2	ing ears of corn in their hats. This
Drowned and other casualties	13	procession was attended by the mili-
Diseases not mentioned	*120	tary of Bordeaux, of which there
	—	are not more than 500 in this large
		city.
	Total	294

* Of this number fifty-three were orders from the Alms House, and three from the Pennsylvania Hospital.

The number of deaths in the present year, contrasted with the deaths which occurred in the same months of 1802.

	1802.			1803.		
	<i>Adults.</i>	<i>Chil.</i>	<i>Tot.</i>	<i>Ads.</i>	<i>Ch.</i>	<i>Tot.</i>
Jan.	142	75	217	68	42	110
Feb.	110	60	170	76	35	111
March	100	47	147	66	41	107
April	90	58	148	75	41	116
May	82	59	141	69	41	110
June	96	67	163	78	64	142
July	129	132	261	78	127	205
August	109	153	262	112	182	294
Totals	858	651	1509	622	573	1195

Extract from the correspondence of an American Traveller in France.
BORDEAUX, JUNE 23, 1798.

IN my last, I gave you an account of some of the melancholy occurrences which took place during the revolution; I have now to describe some of those republican institutions, by which the Directory expect to make amends to the people for all the evils which accompanied this great political event. I this day witnessed one of their public fetes, called the fete of agriculture, which

When the procession stopped in the public gardens, the military paraded round the chariot, and the band played the different republican airs. The lower orders of the people are mightily pleased with these processions and fetes, while the higher orders seem to despise them as mountbank mummery, and the foppery of republicanism. The government, however, considers these institutions in the most serious light; they hope from them to attach the passions and pleasures of the people to the republican cause, and to republican ideas. With this view, they give them many republican holidays, set off with republican pomp and republican music.

These kind of holidays have, I believe, never been introduced before in any country. I remember nothing like them in ancient or modern history; if we except the annual rejoicings of the Egyptians on the retiring of the waters of the Nile, and the annual custom of the Emperor of China holding the plough, as an example to his subjects, and as a mark of respect to the first of arts. It appears to me, that the idea of these national holidays was first suggested to the French philosophers and *litterati* by

Marmontel, in his historical romance called the *Incas of Peru*. The Peruvians are there represented as having annual feasts of the sun; fetes for youth, for marriage, and for old age. The Directory have instituted annual fetes for youth, and fetes for old age; and as for marriages, having seen their republican marriages, I think the subject too important to pass it over without a particular description.

I was in the cathedral last *Decade* (which is the republican sabbath) and saw ten or twelve couple married. A part of the church was inclosed for the purpose, with seats at each side, and an altar at the extremity, to which one must ascend by steps. Upon the altar lay a basket of flowers, most of them the common flowers of the fields; at one side sat the brides and their female friends, all in white, with garlands of white flowers (natural or artificial) on their heads, the same in their bosoms; at the other side sat the bridegrooms and the male friends. The inclosure was taken up exclusively by the parties to be married and their friends; but from the outside of the inclosure, I saw distinctly what passed within. After the company had been some time seated, the noise of the fife and drum at the church door, and the display of military standards, announced the arrival of the municipal officers. The appearance was not much superior to that of constables of the watch in England: they were distinguished by tricoloured scarfs, and wore their hats on during the ceremony, which is considered by the law as a mere civil contract.

Every couple knew the order that they were to go up in to the altar. At the signal, which is given by the roll of a drum, the first couple, with two or three friends on either side, who attended as witnesses, went up to the altar and signed the marriage contract; they then descended, and signed their names in two more books or registers, which lay upon

a table in the centre of the inclosure.

They then salute the municipal officer; and a short republican hymn, appropriate to the occasion, is sung. That couple then retires from the church with their friends, and another roll of the drum gives the signal to the second couple to come forward, and go through the same ceremonies. With such a display of military standards and military music, you would almost suppose, that the government meant to consider marriage as a *military* institution; but the real cause is, that, of all shews, a military shew is the least expensive, and government wishes to have as much shew as possible at a small cost. Before the ceremony had begun, I particularly noticed among the females, who were within the inclosure, one of about nineteen years of age, who peculiarly attracted my attention by the superior fineness of her form and eyes, and the great degree of sensibility and soul which marked her countenance, which was noble and interesting in the extreme.

She was, of all the females within the inclosure, the most carelessly dressed, not having the usual ornaments of flowers in her hair. She was so remarkably unadorned (except by nature), that I rather wondered at her coming to this feast without a wedding-garment. For a considerable time she seemed easy and careless, but a roll of the drum (awful to her as the last trumpet) seemed to harrow up her whole soul; she stood up, burst into tears, and dropped down again upon her seat. It was with the utmost difficulty that she could be supported to the altar, where she stood drowned in tears, and hardly knowing where she was, or what was passing. From the men's side of the inclosure there hobbled out an old *fournisseur*, or contractor of the army of Italy, who was to be her spouse. Then what there was before of mystery in her deep affliction became apparent; then one could trace her sorrow to its secret source, where it lay con-

cealed among the warm wishes and natural desires of a young heart, formed for enjoying and communicating perfect happiness.

She went to the church, and was sacrificed at the altar, in obedience to the advice of friends (which has more weight with the girls here than in England); but, when arrived at the altar, she could no longer govern her affliction, or restrain her tears. I have seen different executions, and have, in different countries, witnessed very barbarous military punishments, but never did I see any thing more affecting than this human sacrifice of a forced marriage.

The old *fournisseur* was so stupid as to appear quite insensible of the great aversion of his young bride, and to consider her tears and agony as the mere common effects of youthful bashfulness and maiden modesty. In France, the unmarried girls have usually not so much liberty as in England, while the married women take more: this makes young girls impatient to be married; and, when marriages are made without much previous acquaintance, and without mutual affection, in a country where gallantry is somewhat the fashion, husbands must be prepared for the consequences. This, I believe, is a principal cause which gives the French woman the reputation of being rather loose in respect to the point of female honour. I am convinced, that when they are united to a man from choice and their own inclination, they are as affectionate and agreeable companions as any in the world, as constant, and as much attached, as ready to share his fortunes, and to make any sacrifices or exertions for his interest. There are many persons here, who are not content with a republican marriage, but get themselves also privately married by a priest, according to the forms of the Catholic religion. This not only satisfies every conscientious scruple, but makes the marriage binding in case of a counter-revolution, which is a case, as

they consider, by no means impossible.

The people here are, at present, very much divided between *Decade* and *Sunday*: government will not allow the shops to be shut on Sundays, as they consider that a direct opposition to the republican calendar, which will not admit of the Christian era. The people, on the other hand, will not shut their shops on *Decades*, or voluntarily acquiesce in the new calendar. The consequence of this opposition is, that the Bordeaux shopkeeper keeps no holiday, or day of rest, and drudges the whole year round.

I have seen the celebrated *Barriere*, who appears very publicly here, and is much respected on account of his private character, notwithstanding the places he held in the Committee of Public Safety. He is a smart well-looking little man; his air and manners easy and genteel, his complexion, hair, and eyes dark, and his countenance expressive of sensibility and imagination. The government must have connived at his escape from prison, or he would not venture to appear so publicly. *Drouet*, the celebrated post-master of *Varennes*, who stopped the royal family, and afterwards was taken prisoner, and lay many years in the Austrian dungeons, was suffered to escape at the same time. When he was taken by the Austrians, his friends, the Jacobins, had the government of France; when he was released, he found his friends proscribed by the re-action which took place after the death of *Robespierre*, and, as an Austrian dungeon was no school of philosophy or politics, it was but reasonable to expect that he would come out of it with the same political principles with which he entered it.

BRITISH POPULATION.

THE act directed that a general enumeration should be made on the 10th March, 1801, in England and Wales, and in Scotland as soon after as possible. The summary

of the enumeration appeared to be as follows:

	Persons.
In England	8,331,434
— Wales	541,546
— Scotland	1,599,068
— Army and Militia . . .	198,351
— Navy and Marines . .	126,279
— Merchant Seamen . .	144,558
— Convicts	1,410
Total	10,942,646

The total population of Great Britain is supposed to exceed the above number, as from some parishes no returns were received.

The number of houses in Ireland has been nearly ascertained, by the collection of the hearth-money tax, from which it has been computed that the population of that part of the United Kingdom somewhat exceeds 4,000,000.

The islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, and Sark, the Scilly islands, and the isle of Man, were not comprised in the enumeration. The total population of these islands has been usually estimated at 80,000 persons.

On these grounds, with a moderate allowance for omissions in the returns, the total population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, appears to be as follows:

	Persons.
England and Wales . . .	8,872,980
Scotland	1,599,068
Ireland	4,000,000
Islands of Guernsey, &c.	80,000
Allowance for omissions	77,354
Total	14,629,402
Soldiers	198,351
Sailors	270,837
Convicts	1,410
Total	15,100,000

The abstracts of the registers of baptisms, burials, and marriages, all concur in shewing that there has been a gradual increase of the population during the last century. It appears from the above accounts, that the enumeration of 1801 a-

mounts to 8,872,980 persons for England and Wales, to which number an appropriate share of the soldiers and marines is to be added. These appear to be about a thirtieth part; the existing population of England and Wales is therefore in the following table taken at 9,168,000, and the population therein attributed to the other years is given in proportion to the average medium of baptisms at the respective periods.

Population of England and Wales throughout the last century.

In the year	Population.
1700	5,475,000
1710	5,240,000
1720	5,565,000
1730	5,796,000
1740	6,064,000
1750	6,467,000
1760	6,736,000
1770	7,428,000
1780	7,953,000
1790	8,675,000
1801	9,168,000

The following table for Scotland, is formed in the same manner, but is of much less authority, as founded on a collection of no more than 99 registers from different parts of the country.

Population of Scotland throughout the last century.

In the year	Population
1700	1,048,000
1710	1,270,000
1720	1,390,000
1730	1,309,000
1740	1,222,000
1750	1,403,000
1760	1,363,000
1770	1,434,000
1780	1,458,000
1790	1,567,000
1801	1,652,370

REMARKS ON FEMALE DRESS.

IT has been a matter of some surprise among the curious, and of still greater concern among the benevolent part of mankind, that the present light, airy, and highly unsuitable dresses should prevail among females at this inclement

season of the year ; more especially in a climate like our's, where we are subject to continual variations of weather, and sudden changes of temperature in the atmosphere.

Whether these fantastic fashions have been adopted from the French, some doubt ; but, if the supposition be admitted, I believe it may be justly asserted, that they have been more pernicious and destructive in their consequences, than even French principles.

It is a well-known fact, that with us, by far the greater proportion of females die of consumption, or complaints in the chest, the foundations of which are commonly laid in colds, caught either by exposure to night-air, or perhaps, more frequently, from the *omission of due cloathing* : these, so often repeated, seem to produce an aptitude to disease : we hear them complain of chilliness, cough, pain in the side, or similar symptoms, which at first are looked upon as slight indispositions, are lightly treated, or perhaps wholly disregarded. Thus the insidious approaches of this direful malady are suffered to pass unnoticed. During the succeeding summer, its ravages are probably suspended, and they are flattered with returning health ; but, no sooner do nipping frosts, or chilling winds, set in, than disease appears in an aggravated form, and, after a tedious confinement and illness, the hapless female is cut off in the bloom of life ; or, should she be preserved by art through the cold months of winter, it serves but to ensure her death on their return. This is not an exaggerated picture, nor designed as a bug-bear to produce fear, but is every day seen verified in numbers of instances. Yet, whilst we see females of strong stamina, and robust constitutions, who, in the natural course of things, might have lived many years, fall victims to their own imprudence ; we also observe others, who, with great delicacy of frame, and even pre-disposition to disease, are, by the use of proper means (and of these warm covering

is a most essential one) safely conducted through the dangerous period of youth.

The wearing of flannel underdresses has of late been strongly recommended by some eminent men of the medical profession, and the obvious advantages accruing from this practice have fully justified their recommendation ; but it unfortunately happens, with many, the name of flannel carries with it an idea of something coarse or uncomfortable, when contrasted with the linen usually worn. This objection, however, exists but in imagination, and it requires only a trial to convince them that the wearing of it (particularly of the soft Welsh kind) is, of all other substances that come in contact with the skin, the most pleasant and genial. Without at all entering into a physical definition of its manner of acting, it need only be observed, that, by a constant transpiration from the surface of the body being kept up, an universal equable action is preserved between the superficial vessels, and those of the heart and large arteries ; the functions of the organs essential to life are less liable to become disordered, and susceptibility to cold is considerably diminished.

If, then, ye aimable part of mankind, on the terms we have stipulated, the attacks of disease can be warded off, or rendered less frequent, your comfort can be secured, or your apprehensions allayed, listen to the dictates of your reason, and suffer not the tyrannical sway of fashion to beguile you out of that most estimable of blessings.....
"Health."

ANECDOTES OF THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, ALEX- ANDER I.

JUSTICE and clemency are in all cases the fairest and firmest pillars of the throne ; and the prince, who, like Alexander the First, acts uniformly upon this principle, may rest securely upon the affections of his people. The short period of

his administration has been distinguished already by the noblest actions; as a proof of which we have only to peruse his excellent edicts, which are so full of humanity, affability, clemency, and justice; and especially his ordinance by which he has granted an unlimited freedom from informers and spies: He wishes his people to be informed and enlightened, and hates, therefore, every species of controul. He is persuaded indeed that a supreme governor is as necessary to an enlightened nation, as it is to a people in ignorance and error; but he knows that the former will venerate its sovereign with a thousand times more affection than the latter. He knows that the best administration of a state, can only advance in a parallel direction with the best progress of sound reason. Let his imperial letter be attentively perused, which he lately wrote to one of his grandees, and which is one of the fairest jewels of his crown. In what humane and paternal language does he there express himself on the degradation and slavish misery under which the Russian peasantry for the most part groan. He detests the idea of human creatures being bought and sold in the manner of cattle; and is engaged seriously in making such arrangements as may set bounds to such abuses for the future. To himself, besides the occupation of government, he allows so few pleasures or amusements, that the Emperor might be taken for a private person. Of the simplest appearance, and generally clad in the strictest style of military uniform, he is seen almost every day on the parade, and receives the petitions of suppliants himself, or gives orders to his adjutant for that purpose. With the greatest affability, and a pleasing smile, he salutes every one that comes in his way, and gives audience to each of them himself. He then takes an airing on horseback, attended only by a single servant; and when he meets with any of those persons whom he formerly knew when Grand Duke, he enters immediately into familiar conversa-

tion, and talks of past circumstances in the most engaging manner. Even those who are entire strangers to him, however disagreeable their subjects of conversation, and at times highly improper and impertinent, are frequently heard by him with the utmost composure, of which the two following are striking examples.

A young woman, of German extraction, waited once for the Emperor on the stairs, by which he was accustomed to go down to the parade. When the monarch appeared, she met him on the steps with these words in her mouth.... "Please your Majesty, I have something to say to you." "What is it?" demanded the Emperor, and remained standing with all his attendants. "I wish to be married; but I have no fortune; if you would graciously give me a dowry....." "Ah, my girl, (answered the monarch) were I to give dowries to all the young women in Petersburg, where do you think I should find money?" The girl, however, by his order, received a present of fifty rubles.

On another occasion, at the very moment when the Emperor had given the word of command, and the guard on the parade was just on the point of paying him the usual military honours, a fellow approached him with ragged garments, with his hair in disorder, and a look of wildness, and gave him a slap on the shoulder. The monarch, who was standing at that time with his face opposite to the military front, turned round immediately, and, beholding the ragamuffin, started at the sight, and then asked him, with a look of astonishment, what he wanted. "I have something to say to you, Alexander Paulowitz," answered the stranger, in the Russian language. "Say on then," said the Emperor, with a smile of encouragement, and laying his hands upon the vagabond's shoulders. A long solemn pause followed; the military guard stood still; and nobody ventured by word or motion to disturb the Emperor in this singular

interview. The Grand Duke Constantine alone, whose attention had been excited by the unusual stoppage, advanced somewhat nearer, to his brother. The stranger now related, that he had been a captain in the Russian service, and had been present at the campaigns both in Italy and Switzerland; but that he had been persecuted by his commanding officer, and so misrepresented to Suwarow, that the latter had him turned out of the army. Without money and without friends, in a foreign country, he had afterwards served as a private soldier in the Russian army; and being wounded and mangled at Zurich (and here he pulled his rags asunder, and showed several gun-shot wounds) he had closed his campaign in a French prison. He had now begged all the way to Petersburg, to apply to the Emperor himself for justice, and to beg him to inquire into the reason of such a shameful degradation from his post. The Emperor heard him to the end with patience; and then asked, in a significant tone, "if there was no exaggeration in the story he had told?" "Let me die under the knout, (said the officer) if I shall be found to have uttered one word of falshood!" The Emperor then beckoned to his brother, and charged him to conduct the stranger to the palace, while he turned about to the expecting crowd. The commanding officer, who had behaved so shamefully, though of a good family, and a prince in rank, was reprimanded very severely; while the brave warrior, whom he had unjustly persecuted, was reinstated in his former post, and had besides a considerable present from the Emperor.

Every thing that savours of harshness or cruelty is abhorrent to the temper of this aimable Monarch: as an evidence of which we need only mention the well-known story of the torture inflicted on a poor Russian, who had fallen under the suspicion of having wilfully set fire to buildings. No sooner was the

good-natured Emperor informed, that this poor wretch had, upon mere suspicion, been put to the rack in the most inhuman manner; that he had given up the ghost in the midst of torments, and asserted his innocence with his last breath, than he sent immediately an officer to Casan, to investigate the matter to the bottom; and published at the same time that remarkable edict, in consequence of which, the term torture is for ever blotted out from the legal language of Russia.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

A new flexible tube for the gazes has been invented: it consists of a brass wire, twisted round a long thin cylinder, and covered with oiled silk, twice wrapped round, and fastened, by means of thread, between the grooves of the wire. It is then again varnished, and covered in a spiral manner with sheep-gut, slit longitudinally, and again secured with thread. Lastly, to protect the whole from external injury, it is to be covered with leather in the same manner as the tubes of inhalers. These flexible tubes answer the same purpose as the very costly hollow bougies made for surgeons.

Mr. E. Walker, in his experiments on the quantity of light afforded by candles, observes, that when a lighted candle is so placed, as neither to require snuffing, or produce smoke, it is reasonable to conclude, that the whole of the combustible matter which is consumed, is converted to the purpose of generating light; and that the intensities of light, generated in a given time by candles of different dimensions, are directly as the quantities of matter consumed; that is to say, when candles are made of the same materials, if one produce twice as much light as another, the former will, in the same time, lose twice as much weight as the latter. The following general law Mr. Walker states as the result of many experiments: Where combustion is com-

plete, the quantities of light produced by tallow candles are in the duplicate ratio of their times of burning and weights of matter consumed. For, by experiment, it is found, that if their quantities of matter be equal, and times of burning be the same, they will give equal quantities of light; and, if the times of burning be equal, the quantities of light will be directly their weights expended: therefore, the light is universally in the compound ratio of the time of burning and weight of matter consumed. Mr. Walker concludes, with observing, that it is the sudden changes produced by snuffing, and not the light itself, that does so much injury to the eye of the student and artist...an injury that may be easily prevented by laying aside the snuffers, and, in the place of one large candle, to make use of two.

It has been ascertained by Mr. W. Wilson, that the shavings of wood, cut under certain circumstances, are strongly electrical. From sundry experiments, it appears, that where very dry wood is scraped with a piece of window-glass, the shavings are always positively electrified; and, if chipped with a knife, the chips are positively electrified, if the wood be hot, and the edge of the knife not very sharp; but negatively electrified, if the wood be quite cold; if, however, the edge of the knife is very keen, the chips will be negatively electrified, whether the wood be hot or cold. If a piece of dry and warm wood is suddenly split asunder, the two surfaces, which were contiguous, are electrified, one side positive, and the other negative.

Mr. John Harriott has invented a new engine for raising and lowering weights, and for other purposes, by the action of a column of water. The principle of this engine consists in combining the power of the syphon with the direct pressure of a column or stream of water, so that they may act together. It works by means of the syphon constantly acting in concert with the

feeding stream of water, so that each alternately act on the upper and lower part of a piston, within a cylinder, as it were, reversing the syphon at each change; and the power is equal to a column of water of the same diameter as that of the cylinder, and equal in length to the height of the head above the tail-water. By this engine, it is said, that a boy can raise or lower goods of any weight, without other exertion than that of merely turning a cock to the stop-mark in the index. It raises and lowers goods with thrice the velocity usually produced by manual labour. The ingenious inventor has pointed out a variety of other purposes to which this discovery may be applied.

It is said, from evidence arising from long experience, that straw or loose twigs, scattered over any plant or bed of plants, preserve from frost better than a solid or close covering; and that nets, three or four thick, hung on a wall before fruit-trees in blossom, preserves them better than any substance that quite excludes the air in any direction.

It has been found, that bags steeped in a solution of nitre will effectually keep off the weevil, and other destructive insects, from corn during the longest voyages.

It is said, that olive-oil, gently boiled for a considerable time, in a copper vessel newly tinned, is an effectual cure for cancers. The oil must be brought to the consistency of ointment, and then constantly rubbed on the part affected for two or three weeks or longer.

A new and cheap polishing substance has been found out. It consists of pieces of old hat (which are dyed with iron) immersed for a few minutes in sulphuric acid: the iron passes to the state of red oxide, and they then become excellent pieces for giving the last polish to the hardest matters.

The following is recommended as a simple and easy method of obtaining water in almost any situation:—The ground is perforated by a borer. In the perforation is

placed a wooden pipe, which is driven down with a mallet, after which the boring is continued, that the pipe may be driven still farther. In proportion as the cavity of the borer becomes loaded, it is drawn up and emptied, and in time, by the addition of new portions of wooden pipe, the boring is carried to any depth, and water is generally obtained.

The following are the antiquities which have been collected in the excavations at Herculaneum, and presented to the French government:—In gold, a bulla, a collar, a pair of bracelets, a pair of ear-pendants, a ring with a stone (diamond), and a simple ring. In silver, a needle to hold the hair. In bronze, a small statue of Hercules, another of Mercury, a Priapus, a Tripod, a Patera, a Frazericula, a gilt cup with two handles, a seal, two craters with feet, six candle-sticks, four lamps, a lamp-supporter, to which four lamps are suspended, a vessel for oil, a patera for perfumes, four currying combs to be used in the baths, an oval vessel to throw water over the back, a casque, two pieces of armour for the defence of the legs, and part of the thighs, two pieces of armour for the defence of the lower part of the legs, an armour for the defence of the shoulders, and a frying pan.

It appears, from some experiments made by Mr. E. Walker, that acoustic instruments may be constructed, for conversing at a distance, without the assistance of tubes to convey the sound. "Ex. 1. I took a deal rod, sixteen feet long, and about an inch square, and, after having fixed one end of it into the small end of a speaking trumpet, I laid it upon two props, in an horizontal position. One of the props was placed under the trumpet, about three inches from its wide end, and the other prop was placed near the other end of the rod: another speaking-trumpet was then laid across the rod, about three inches from the end. The wide part of this trumpet rested upon the rod, but the other end was sus-

pendent by a riband. The apparatus thus adjusted, I introduced a watch into the end of the trumpet, and, applying my ear to the cross-trumpet, I heard beats much louder than if the watch had been at the distance of a few inches only. The sound appeared to come out of the cross-trumpet, although the watch was at the distance of seventeen feet and a half; and, when it was laid into the cross-trumpet, it was heard equally well at the end-trumpet. Ex. 2. My assistant in these experiments being seated at one end of the trumpet, and myself at the other, a conversation took place through this apparatus, but in whispers too low to be heard through the air at that distance. When the ear was placed in a certain position the words were heard as if they had been spoken by an invisible being within the trumpet; and the sound was more distinct, softer, and more musical, than if they had been spoken through the air." Mr. Walker infers from these experiments, that, if a communication was made on this principle between a shop or warehouse, and the dining-room, &c. it might contribute to the dispatch of business; and instruments might be formed on the same principle, and introduced between the parlour and servants-hall, so that directions might be given to a domestic without his entering the room, and in whispers too low to disturb the company.

Captain Wilson, the gentleman who was wrecked at the Pelew Islands, is just returned from China, and reports, that the Keys to the Chinese Language, lately published in London by Dr. Hager, have been presented to the gentlemen of the English factory at Canton, and to some of the Chinese literati, and that the work has met with their complete approbation. Several persons, and among them a son of Captain Wilson, have been induced, by the aid of this introduction, to commence the study of the Chinese Language. Dr. Hager is now at Paris, preparing for publication a Chinese and French Dictionary, un-

der the patronage of the French Government.

It has been found by Dr. Nauche, at Paris, that a person perfectly blind may be made to perceive very lively and numerous flashes of light, by bringing one extremity of the voltaic pile into communication with the hand or foot, and the other with the face, skin of the head, and even the neck. That reiterated applications of Galvanism, when they comprehend the half trunk, produce in the person subjected to them great agitation, many reveries, involuntary tears, increased secretion of the saliva, an acid alkaline taste, a great secretion of the urine, and increase of heat and transpiration, and of perspiration in the Galvanised parts. That the action of the Galvanic fluid may be increased by drawing it off by a sharp point.

Journey to Mont Blanc.....M. Forneret, of Lausanne, and the Baron de Dortheren, have undertaken a new journey to Mont Blanc. After two day's travel, they arrived at the summit, when the tempestuous weather obliged them to sit rolled up together with their guides, for fear of being precipitated. The cold which they felt here was six degrees beneath the freezing point; the variety of the air, and the extreme pungency of the cold, lacerated their lungs in so cruel a manner, that they declared no motive should induce them ever to recommence so painful a journey.

Iffland, Manager of the Berlin theatre, equally distinguished as an actor and a dramatic-writer, has deserved well of the Stage, by publishing a series of tasteful theatrical decorations and costumes. He is the Talma of the Germans. The second number of this work has appeared, and, like the first, contains eight well executed plates in small folio, exhibiting scenes from the most favourite German dramas. No. 2. viz. Orantes, the Parthian Ambassador (in the tragedy of *Rodogune*) is drawn with striking fidelity, according to the antique. Another old work, *Dædalus and his*

Statues, a pantomimic dance, (Berlin-slander) is deserving of honourable mention. This ballet, the music to which was composed by Rhigini, was danced by the Court at Berlin, under the direction of Mr. Hirt, the celebrated antiquarian. Dædalus is here supposed, under the guidance of Minerva, to have animated whole groups of ancient heroes. There are ten of these groups; and the whole is represented by Hummel, an artist of distinguished merit, in twelve excellently-designed and coloured copperplates. In the commentary, which accompanies the prints, Mr. Hirt introduces his fair readers dancing into a knowledge of the fairy-world of antiquity.

A method has been discovered and practised with success, by M. Bertrand, at Metz, of extracting a spirit from potatoes. The process is as follows: Take 600 lbs. of potatoes, and boil them in steam about three-quarters of an hour, till they will fall to pieces on being touched. The vessel in which they are boiled consists of a tub, somewhat inclined. In the lower part of it are two holes, one for the purpose of bringing in the steam produced in another vessel over a coal fire, and the other made to carry off occasionally the condensed water. After the potatoes are boiled, they are crushed and diluted with hot water till they are of a liquid consistence; then add twenty-five pounds of ground malt, and two quarts of wort; the mixture is to be stirred, covered with a cloth, and kept to the temperature of 15° of Reaumur, or of 66° nearly of Fahrenheit. After fermentation, and the exhalation of the carbonic acid, the matter sinks down, and is fit for distillation. By means of two stills, this mass may be rectified in one day, and it will produce about forty-four quarts of spirit, worth a guinea and a half, while the whole cost, including coals and labour, is about twenty-three shillings and sixpence. The residuum is good food for hogs.

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[No. 2.]

CONTENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS.		page.
Student's Diary	81	Dr. Whitman's Account of the Greek Women..... 118
James Cook	82	Dr. Whitman's account of the Turkish procession ib.
Legibility in Writing	83	List of Monthly Publications in London 119
Disputation	84	Account of Algiers ib.
Marriage	85	Specimens of Literary Resem- blance 124
The Peruvian Religion	87	Extracts from Drake's Literary Hours 127
Mehrendorf Marriages	88	Extract on Immortality, from Zollikofer's Sermons 130
The Traveller.....No. 2.	89	Abstract of the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury ... 133
Critical Notices.....No. 2.	91	Letter from William Cowper to Lady Hesketh 137
On the impropriety of looking into futurity	97	Account of Boethius 138
Memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist	100	Story of Cecilia, from Literary Leisure 141
CRITICISM.		On the Arts called Imitative ... 144
Paine's Ruling Passion	104	—
Wilson's History of the British Expedition	106	Remarkable Occurrences 153
POETRY.....ORIGINAL.		—
Philanthropy.....A Prayer	110	Literary Intelligence 158
To Laura offended	ib.	Note from the Editor ib.
Lines addressed to Dr. Jenner	ib.	
Artaban the Robber...An extract from a manuscript poem	111	
SELECTIONS.		
Memoirs of Count de Parades	112	
Extracts from the correspondence of an American in France ...	115	

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENTS DIARY.....LETTER WRITING.

WE are often told that we may read an author's character in his works, and that of all modes of composition, letter writing is the most characteristic and descriptive. Are these assertions true? In what degree and respect are they true? It is plain enough that books and letters are sufficient, and indeed, the only proofs of a capacity for writing books and letters, but this seems to be all that they prove. They seem to let in but little light upon the actual deportment of the writer, upon his temper, his favourite pursuits, and his habits of talking and conversing.

I am led to these remarks by reading over the letters of my deceased friend W..... What a difference between his actual deportment and any notion of that deportment to be collected by a stranger, from his letters. His letters to me are as unreserved and confidential as letters can be, yet they form a picture totally the reverse of his conversation and his

conduct. He had no small portion of wit, and this power was in incessant exercise in company. He could very seldom be prevailed upon to discuss any subject soberly, to reason or to speculate, or to moralize, but his whole social life was one invariable effort to be witty, to excite laughter: some good thing was forever in his mouth, and like all men who are habitually witty, he was nine times out of ten, extremely trite and dull, yet this man, the moment he took up the pen to write a letter or essay, forgot all his mirth and jest, and became pensive, sentimental, and poetical. To hear him talk, one would think he never had a serious moment in his life.... He literally sung himself to sleep and awoke in a burst of laughter. To see the effusions of his pen, one would imagine that he was a stranger to smiles, that he was forever steeped in tears and wrapped in melancholy.

In this, there was nothing that deserved to be called affectation or

hypocrisy, since he corresponded only with those with whom he was occasionally in the habit of conversing; and his tongue regaled them with unceasing jests, with just as much facility as his pen saddened them with its austerity or melted them with its pathos.

His sonnets and letters talk almost altogether of love, and on this topic, no Petrarch was ever more refined, tender and pathetic. The youth was forever in love, and was all impassioned eloquence at the feet of an adored fair one; but his love was merely the exuberance of health and an ardent constitution. Consequently his devotion was always bestowed upon the present object, and never stood in the way of the most licentious indulgences.

After receiving a letter full of the most doleful eulogies of some divine but refractory creature, and hinting at his resolutions to "shake off the yoke of inauspicious stars," I have hastened to his chambers to console him, and found him at a log-table, presiding with marks of infinite satisfaction, and keeping the motly crew that surrounded him in a constant war. Such was my friend, and such were his letters; his tongue and his pen, his actions and his written speculations were as opposite to each other as the poles.

Perhaps, indeed, this case may be deemed an exception to general rules. There is another remarkable instance, however, to the same effect in the letters lately published of the poet Cowper. They are almost all of them, to a certain degree, lively and witty. On one occasion, he appears conscious of this inconsistency and alludes with some surprize to the opposition between the sprightly tenor of his letters, and the dreadful gloom of his thoughts.

A man may counterfeit sentiments and feelings with more success in letters than in discourse, and though it should seem that letters, when written without any motives to deceive, afford a pretty accurate criterion of character, yet we cer-

tainly meet with many instances of men who *write* and *talk* under the dominion of habits and feelings diametrically opposite to each other, and as a man's *discourse* is often at variance with his *actions*, so it oftener happens that his *letters* are at variance with both his *actions* and his *discourse*.

ON OWHYHEE MAN.

I have just been conversing with a captain* who has spent all his life in long voyages. He has been regaling me with a very amusing account of his residence in Otaheite. The novelty and elegance of Cook's, or rather of Hawkesworth's description of this island, has given it the same kind of celebrity, which the same circumstances had previously conferred upon Tinian and Juan Fernandez. Eloquent and circumstantial as Hawkesworth's narration is, I confess myself much better pleased, and much more accurately informed by this talk with my friend the captain; he is very obligingly communicative, his descriptions are connected with the story of his personal adventures, and being at hand to answer all questions, his intelligence exactly meets my curiosity.

After a good deal of talk he told me he would shew me a curiosity, and immediately called "James Cook," into the cabin. A man immediately made his appearance, about thirty years of age, of a middle stature, and remarkably athletic in his make: he had a face full of smiles and good humour, and every air and motion bespoke those feelings that flow from exuberant health and a total exemption from care... His complexion was nearly the same with that of an American Indian, and his hair, face, and figure, led me to suppose when I first glanced my eye at him, that he was one of our own aboriginals.

This man, the captain informed me, was a native of Owhyhee. He

* Ship Commerce, Ray, from Amsterdam.

was present when a child, at the death of Captain Cook, and that extraordinary event had made an indelible impression on his memory; he was one of a group of women and children, who stood aloof, spectators of the fray.

In answer to my inquiries, the Captain told me, that this man and another he had taken on board from another ship at sea: on what terms or with what motives they left their native country was not explained, but this one (he shortly after parted with the other) has been the mirror of good nature, cheerfulness and fidelity ever since. He has never betrayed the slightest uneasiness at his situation, nor expressed the least desire to return. His country and all its concerns are to him like the dream of infancy; they are seldom called back to remembrance, and appear to produce no emotion when they are remembered.

He made his appearance last winter on the New-York Theatre, in a drama, exhibiting the death of Captain Cook, and displayed with great applause, the peculiar dress, weapons, and exercises of his country....Here was an actor, such as falls to the lot of but few Managers to obtain.

If it be a blessing to enjoy perfect health, a cheerful temper, an affectionate heart, and a robust frame, "James Cook" deserves to be envied. His understanding does not appear to be an improvable one. He has more resemblance to Omai than to Prince Leboo, and joins the docility of a child to the vigour of a man.

On board of this ship, two hundred and fifty persons have resided four months, and traversed three thousand miles of ocean; they are of all ages and sexes; many have been born on board: yet they all have enjoyed, within such narrow compass, with the recollections of an home forever abandoned, and with the prospect of years of servitude to unknown masters in a strange land, as much cheerfulness,

and more health than probably has ever fallen to the lot of the same number of men in any situation for the same period.

Such a thing is happiness, which the poet defines to be "health, peace, and competence," but which, if resolvable into any one thing, must be traced to a temper constitutionally cheerful. As to health, it is, at best, only certain degrees of it, that are necessary to tranquillity: as to peace, there is too much ambiguity in this expression if mental peace be meant, it amounts to no more than what had previously been said, "that happiness is happiness." If external circumstances be meant, it still amounts to nothing, for no term can be more vague and indeterminate, as descriptive of personal conditions. As to competence, happiness surely consists in the *pursuit* of competence rather than in the enjoyment, and the happiest faces are those animated by hope, and eager in the pursuit of a distant object.

Among all my acquaintance, the poorest and most dependent, the least qualified for gaining affluence and dignity among a civilized race of men, and, at the same time the man whose hours fly away in most gaiety of heart, is my friend James Cook, the Owhyhee man.

LEGIBILITY IN WRITING.

I have just received an application in writing from a writing-master, which it has cost me some trouble to decypher. He professes to teach many valuable arts, and, among other things, "a free, easy and elegant hand." This letter is, no doubt, designed as a specimen of penmanship, and it cannot be denied to be free, easy and elegant. It is *free*, that is, the strokes are almost horizontal, and the words are very near together, while the lines and letters are very wide apart; it is *easy*, inasmuch as the pen flew like a glance of lightning from one side of the sheet to the other, and what a man performs

with ease, he generally does quick: it is *elegant*, because the ink is very black and brilliant, and the strokes, at the same time, are the most graceful curves, and are "slender by degrees and beautifully less." Unluckily, however, and as the consequence of *this* freedom, ease, and elegance, his words occupy four times more space upon the paper than is necessary, and are scarcely legible.

It is very strange that custom should thus consecrate a manifest defect, and that writing should be generally condemned, in proportion as it accomplishes the very end of writing, which consists in being read. To occupy as small a space as is consistent with distinctness, and to adopt that size and form of letters which is most easily read, is the legitimate excellence of writing, and ought to be exclusively studied by all teachers. Any other elegance than that arising from uniformity is spurious and pernicious. Lines straight, parallel, and equal in width: and letters uniform in size, figure, and relation to each other, constitute the genuine elegance of writing.

I believe it will be found that those who write with most excellence, according to my notions of excellence, have taught themselves, because such are most likely to copy printed books, and typographical characters are far superior, in general, to written ones, in the property of being legible.

I have often been amused in observing the vast difference between writing and printing. A miserable scrawling hand, never to be decyphered but by the study of the context, ragged paper of all textures, colours, and sizes, filled with interlineations and blots, and the nice adjustment of points and capitals totally neglected, is metamorphosed by that magical machine, the press, into the perfection of beauty, regularity, and accuracy. It is like the form of a Dorick temple, rising, at the waving of an omnific wand, from a chaotic heap of spars and brick-bats: and the

contents of a score of huge mishapen and gigantic pages are reduced to the limits of a few *oc:odecimos*, as Milton's infernal giants were reduced to pigmies.

Those who write for the press, have seldom any mercy upon the eyes of the poor devils, the printers. They, who are careless and hasty on other occasions, are doubly so on this, alleging, forsooth, that all pains are thrown away upon a paper which is to be used for a few minutes, and then cast away forever.

Bad writers cannot write well, without more than usual deliberation and delay, and this is the great cause of their continuing to scrawl. I wish it were possible to convince them that, abstractedly considered, it is as easy to form characters correctly as incorrectly, and that the most distinct and legible hand is written, by some persons, who are well instructed, with as much facility and expedition, as they themselves display. Habit is as necessary to make us write zig-zag lines and horizontal strokes with dispatch, as on straight lines and upright letters.

DISPUTATION.

ALL the errors, and all the spirit of disputation, in cases where the parties have been limited to pen and ink, have been exemplified in the controversy which has been carried on for several years in the United States, on the origin and nature of the yellow fever. During the present season the controversy appeared, at first, to have languished, but the example of one of our gazettes gradually inflamed the rest, and the fever was not sufficed wholly to pass without a renewal of the warfare. I have just been amused with the perusal of a newspaper essay on this subject, in which the writer reasons with great force and ingenuity, in favour of foreign origin, but in which he is betrayed, by the strength of his own conviction, into the usual invectives against his adversaries.

For instance.... Reference (says he) to these facts (those which he had just descanted on....) are suffi-

ble to convince *the most incredulous who are desirous that the truth should be established.*

"But," he thus proceeds, "notwithstanding these *undeniable* and *decisive proofs*, there are some who ... still deny their validity, and, with the *obstinacy of fiends*, persevere in their endeavours to establish its domestic origin."

After comparing the present and former condition of Philadelphia, in point of cleanliness, he inquires, "How any man, acquainted with the connection between cause and effect, or accustomed to reason on the nature and causes of events, can *presume* to ascribe such a disease to," &c.

After the considerations enumerated, he proceeds to exclaim.... "No man, *possessed of rational faculties*, can *possibly hesitate* in deciding to which doctrine, *if truth were his object*, he ought to subscribe."

He winds up his dissertation in the following style :.... "If the facts which have been stated are authentic, no man who *examines* them *dispassionately*, or whose mind is not *under the dominion of the most extraordinary delusion*, can *possibly withhold his belief*," &c. &c. How unnatural it is, or rather how perfectly natural it is for a reasoner of this kind to sign himself "A *Dispassionate* Philadelphian."

Such an arguer as this, places his adversary in a very whimsical dilemma. He dares not *deny* any of these *undeniable* positions, without incurring the charge of "being destitute of rational faculties".... "of being under a most extraordinary delusion".... "of wishing to establish falshood."

One would think that a man, desirous of gaining converts, would not begin with awakening the prejudices of his opponents, by questioning their understanding and their honesty. If we cannot hinder the heat of argument from inspiring us with doubts of the reason or integrity of our opponents; prudence

or politeness, or a *desire of convincing* ought to induce us to conceal our doubts. There is nothing clearer than that acrimony and contempt only fortify the mind against conviction, and that the strongest arguments will only be thrown away upon those whom we charge as foolish or criminal for differing from us.

MARRIAGE.

I have retired at a late hour to my lonely and quiet chamber, and taken up the pen as usual, to rescue some of the events of this day from oblivion. This solitude, seclusion and quiet, and the perfect liberty they confer are not without many charms; but, alas! my mind is seldom in a state to relish these charms. This freedom is servitude; this stillness is irksome; this loneliness is dreary. My heart pants after a companion at such hours of retirement: an ear to drink in the effusions of my boundlessly communicative tongue: a tender bosom unlocking all its treasures of thought and feeling in return.

This is happiness. It may not be the only species of felicity, and of all the kinds of terrestrial bliss, it may be the seldomest enjoyed, and the most transitory and precarious in possession, but to *me*, THIS is the highest bliss.

Seldom, indeed, is marriage productive of an harmony and union like this; if the wedded pair have equal understandings, and consequently feel and think in a manner intelligible to each other, ten thousand chances to one, but some humour, some caprice, some fastidious delicacy on one side, or some habitual indecorum on the other, embitters their secluded moments. Without taking into view the external ills of life, incident in some degree to all, and doubled upon each devoted heart by communion and sympathy, there is a plenteous and inexhaustible source of misery in *temper*. All are, in this

respect, in some degree defective, and tempers, harmless by themselves, are frequently pernicious by being unhappily sorted.

This unhappiness, however, though occasionally intense, allows of bright intervals: there are fortunate moments when such minds meet without collision; in which their thoughts and feelings are alike. To such, therefore, happiness, though a rare visitant, and frequently turned out of door by humour and caprice, is not utterly a stranger. Pure and uninterrupted misery belongs only to a couple whose minds are unimpaired: so unequal to each other in capacity and dissimilar in feelings, that they are never permitted to recognize a kindred spirit, and to whom the company of each other is the worst solitude. Nothing is more common than such marriages as this. Whether it be the incurable defect of human nature, which forbids men and women to resemble each other sufficiently for their mutual happiness, or the folly and precipitance of youth in the marriage choice, is a point easily debated, but hard to decide.

My friend I..... endeavours to console himself under his late disappointment, by insisting on the impossibility of any permanent harmony in marriage, or any sufficient coincidence between the tempers and understandings of men and women. He pretends not to set himself up as an immaculate example, but admits with facility, that his own temper and habits would be incompatible with matrimonial felicity. However vague and hollow the pleasures he derives from indulging a fertile imagination on this topic, and creating a wife and a woman to his fancy, he thinks greater happiness is to be expected from this source than from any actual marriage. In his waking dreams, he can model his own person and temper, and those of his wife and children as he pleases; but the real wife, and the

real children, and his own actual temper, and person, and manners, are beyond his power to bend and mould agreeably to any imaginary standard.

I spent this evening at C.....'s, and had two amusing instances of matrimonial character before me. The lady was very unhappy. She could not rid herself for a moment of an air of apprehension and disquiet. On inquiry, I found that all this discomposure arose from the absence of her husband, who was gone ten miles out of town, and contrary to expectation was to stay the night abroad. How necessary, thought I, is the company of her husband to this lady's happiness, since his absence for one night is so intolerable; but I quickly ceased to wonder at this impatience, when she proceeded to inform me that this was the first night which they had passed under separate roofs, during the eleven and an half years of their marriage.

This lady's impatience is no proof of attachment to her husband, nor of the happiness his company affords her. Were there no other proofs of their mutual affection and domestic harmony, I should more readily infer an unhappy, than a happy life, since many must be the occasions of repining to one, whom a day's absence of an husband makes miserable.

I was much amused with the contrast which the lady's sentiments and experience bore to those of captain L....., who happened to be present. After expressing his surprise at her emotion, he shewed us a letter from his wife which breathed the utmost cheerfulness and good humour, though she had not seen him during the last eighteen months. In this time he had crossed the Atlantic several times, but always returning to a port, distant from his wife's residence, he found it most convenient to defer visiting her till his next voyage was accomplished.

Mrs. C. expressed her surprise, that any woman could endure such an absence from a man she loved.

My wife (returned the captain) is a very excellent woman, and loves her husband as well as the common run of women. There is not an happier couple breathing, when we are together.

I suppose, said I, your interviews are too short to allow you to be tired of each other.

By no means. I have been at home above *three weeks* at a time.

And pray, said I, what has been your longest absence from her?

Three years and an half is the very most....The captain proceeded to tell me, that he had had seven children, not one of whom he had ever seen, and explained this seeming paradox by observing, that each of his children had come into the world in his absence, and gone out of it again before his return; one of them, it seems, was two years and an half old at its death.

What conceivable purpose of marriage was answered by an union of persons in these circumstances? It is commonly supposed, that people marry in order to live together; and that marriage is a curse, instead of a blessing, to those who are obliged to be separate.

An ill assorted couple, indeed, can only find their happiness in separation, and to such, absence and forgetfulness are the highest goods. But there are many well disposed men, among sailors, who seem to have much humanity and milkiness of disposition, and who are fortunate in tender and amiable wives, and yet find home insupportable. After being a few weeks on shore, the uniformity and stillness of the scene becomes intolerable, and they pine after storms and billows with as much intensity, as some other people sigh after a quiet fire-side, the caresses of a wife, and the dignity and comforts of home.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PERUVIAN RELIGION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I wish some of your correspondents would inform me where I must look for an accurate acquaintance with the Peruvian religion. The very brief abstract to be found in Dr. Robertson, serves rather to whet curiosity than to gratify it. The books to which the historian alludes, are chiefly Spanish, and some of these, perhaps, are translated, but which of them has been made accessible by an English translation, I am desirous of knowing.

I should be still better pleased, if some ingenious scholar would supply me and the world with an account of this religion, compiled from original writers as fully and circumstantially as these authorities would admit. Should he carry the spirit of Robertson into this subject he would produce a very interesting performance.

The Peruvian religion is the most extraordinary form of worship known in the world. The nation, indeed, in every point of view, is the most singular and most like the creature of a romantic invention, of any to be found in the records of history, and deserves much more attention from philosophical inquirers than it has hitherto obtained. The true circumstance in this religion, most worthy of note, appears to be the selection of the sun....“of this great world both eye and soul”....as the only object of worship, and the use of flowers and fruits, as offerings to this divinity. Unbloody sacrifices, and the adoration of the great luminary, is a species of idolatry the least absurd and pernicious that can be imagined, and the influence of this religion on the manners of Peru, justifies this opinion.

I hope some of your readers will attend to this request.

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For the Literary Magazine.

MEHRENDORF MARRIAGES.

MEHRENDORF is a barony of considerable extent in the Austrian territory, which, however, as to its internal economy, enjoys an entire independence. It has been for some centuries, the property of one family, who stand in a mere feudal relation to the sovereigns of Bohemia. In the travels of Sumlich of Vienna, there is a very curious account of this little state, which deserves a translation into English, as well as any book of the kind I have lately met with. It is not, however, likely to meet with this honour in America, and we must, therefore, wait with patience, till it falls into the hands of some of the fraternity at Paris or London: meanwhile, I cannot resist the inclination of transcribing some passages, which, Mr. Editor, if they prove as interesting to you as to me, you will oblige me by inserting in your work.

As remarkable a circumstance as occurs in this account, is the law of the country respecting marriages. In this respect, the people of Mehrendorf have modes and customs altogether peculiar to themselves, and as nothing has so much influence on human happiness, as the terms of this contract, it becomes a point of great curiosity to know the effects of their laws, on the happiness of the Mehrendorfians.

As they are catholics, the relative duties of husband and wife are pretty much like those of all christian countries. The same restrictions as to consanguinity prevail, and the same obligations to fidelity, but the points in which they bear little or no resemblance to the rest of the civilized world, are the following:

No woman, says Sumlich, is permitted to marry who is under thirty years of age, or above forty-five; and no man can claim this privilege who is under thirty-five, or above fifty.

No man can marry a second time,

No woman can marry a second time, if more than one child of the

former marriage be alive, nor within one year and an half of the death of her former husband. In no case can she marry a third time.

Marriages cannot be so far dissolved, except by death, as to allow the parties to marry again, but parties may be separated for good cause.

Marriages can be solemnized only on two days in the year, the first day of January, and the first day of July. The intentions of the parties must be laid before the elders of the village at least six months before the celebration.

The elders are ten persons selected by the lord for the internal government of each district, with a power of appeal in most cases to the lord himself.

It is in the power of the elders to refuse the privilege, if they shall think proper, even if all the above conditions be fulfilled, but the lord only in his own chancery can dispense with any of these conditions.

All marriages are solemnized in church, in the presence of the whole people, and in the following manner.... The parties, after a brief and solemn descent on the duties of marriage by the first of the elders, stand up, in the presence of the congregation, and pronounce their vows of love and fidelity, with the right hands joined together. The priest then steps forth and executes the formulary of the church.

On examining these rules, (says my author) the most obvious reflection that occurs, is the difficulty and delay which they create in the affair of marriage: this contract is loaded with more restrictions and conditions than in any other known community, and the consequence must be, that a greater proportion of the people remain unmarried here than elsewhere. A great deal of vice and a great deal of misery must likewise be the consequence. The passion of the sexes takes root and expands into maturity, fifteen and twenty years before the laws allow it to be gratified. The dictates of nature are systematically thwarted and

obstructed in this respect; however suddenly the first marriage may terminate, and however ardent the affection may be which a second object may excite, marriage on the man's side is impossible: the lady, indeed, enjoys the privilege of giving her hand to a second lover, but she is subjected to a tedious widowhood of eighteen months, and even then, if she has two or more children living by the former husband, she cannot marry. After all, with all these burdensome conditions realized, having attained the age of thirty herself, and her lover reached the marriagable period of thirty-five, the parties are at the mercy of ten old fellows, who have probably outlived all the feelings incident to youth and love.

It seems, indeed, that the sole object of the legislator was to discourage marriage, and of course to check population, two things, which, on account of their influence on private happiness and public prosperity, are fostered and encouraged with the utmost care by ordinary governors. With restraints like these, it is natural to suppose that great corruption of manners must prevail, since love, if it cannot gain its object by open and lawful means, is in danger of accomplishing it by means illicit and circuitous. In the contest between arbitrary laws and those principles of our nature which are most powerful and universal, the former can scarcely be expected to obtain the victory, or if they succeed in this contest, it must be by such vigilance and such severity as will make the remedy far worse than the disease.

These reflections, which occurred to Sumich, will naturally occur to every reader, and I felt no small part of that curiosity which actuated Sumich, in examining with his own eyes the real effects of such institutions on the manners and condition of the people. He appears to have spent several months in this province, and to have familiarly conversed with all classes of the inhabitants. In your next number I will

give you the result of his inquiries, and meanwhile am, &c.

INQUISITOR.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TRAVELLER...NO. II.

It has been the fate of the traveller to bend over the grave of a friend, to behold the remains of a once amiable, elegant, and high spirited youth deposited in the earth.... This event, while it eloquently declared the instability of life and of worldly pleasure, led him to indulge in the following meditation on that passion which had received so severe a wound.

Friendship springs from the most amiable dispositions of the mind, and betokens the absence of those selfish and discordant passions which disgrace our nature. The ancient writers and some of the moderns, have ranked friendship among the number of the virtues, and if it be not a virtue, it is something so nearly allied to it, that it can scarcely be distinguished from it. It is a source of a large portion of our happiness; it is the tie of congenial souls. Amidst a world ensnaring and deceitful, where so wild and tumultuous are the passions and pursuits of men, where disinterestedness is seldom found, and where justice often holds unequal scales, how necessary to our peace and comfort is that person who will join with us in our councils, who will repose in us his confidence, who will be the solace of our solitude, the partner of our prosperity, and the support of our adversity... Let none say that friendship is forbidden, or not encouraged by the scriptures..... Religion forbids no rational enjoyment... Religion would never preclude us from one of the sweetest consolations that has ever been discovered for the various afflictions of life... Religion excites us to cultivate every generous and amiable principle, and allows us every indulgence not inconsistent with duty... The examples in the

scriptures of the cultivation of this passion by great and good men are numerous. The souls of David and the princely Jonathan were *knit together*. The arm of death could only dissever their cords of love. The instances recorded of their attachment are in the highest degree striking and affecting. When Saul and Jonathan were slain, David seized his harp, and from a soulfull of sorrow poured forth his inimitable elegy, pursued with his sighs the spirit of his departed friend, and blasted the mountain of Gilboa in the language of poetical indignation.... The example of our Saviour, independent of all other instances, gives a sanction to the cultivation of friendship.... From the world and the number of his disciples, he selected John, on him bestowed his warmest affections, and admitted him to his freest communication.

The silence of scriptural precept concerning friendship, permits no inference to be drawn against its lawfulness. To have made it the subject of divine command would have been absurd, for it cannot be called a duty, and similarity of disposition and coincidence of sentiment and affection, on which friendship is founded, do not depend upon our choice, neither are they under the direction of our will. The propensity in our natures toward this passion is sufficiently strong and operative without the force of a command. The object of our Saviour was to inculcate the plain and practical duties of piety and morality, those duties which are indispensable, and impose universal obligation, and which are necessary to our everlasting happiness in the future world.

Let none say that the dictates of friendship are opposed to the duties of universal benevolence, that it lavishes on one object that kindness and affection which ought to be diffused through the whole human race: this objection is certainly un-

founded: we may discharge every tender office which friendship demands, and still be observant of the duties enjoined by revelation.... Various are the gradations of affection corresponding with the different relations of life, and each contributing its share to that harmony which should reign throughout society. Parental tenderness, filial reverence, brotherly affection, are all limited in their operation, and yet are the subjects of command. The design of christianity was not to extinguish these, but to regulate them, and to reduce them to their proper dimensions. As the sun is to the planetary system, so love for God, love for men, is the centre, round which all our other affections founded on the world and mortality, should revolve; these are the only restrictions which christianity imposes upon our impartial attachments, and under these restrictions it excites us to indulge them. It strengthens the ties of Friendship, by holding out to our view immortality. "It revives (says an author) that union which death seems to dissolve, it restores us again to those whom we most dearly loved, in that blessed society of just men made more perfect."

Friendship subsisting between persons of a different sex, is of a nature still more refined than that which prevails between men. A brother feels more tenderness for his sister than he can for his brother. There is in the female, more gentleness, more softened amiableness than men possess: she has more sensibility, more influence upon the heart, more eloquence of persuasion. Man finds in her one who soothes him in desertion, who ennobles his hopes, and impels him to laudable enterprizes... she finds in man a provider, a protector, and one who will for her encounter the roughness and jarrings of the world from which her nature would shrink.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES. .

NO. II.

I have been lately looking into the Æneis of Virgil, and will hazard the declaration, that as a narrative poem it does not stand in the first rank. It has little originality as an epic; it is a copy both of the Iliad and Odyssey....it's failure in portraying characters has been frequently remarked....It's battles are but feebly described....it does not hurry the mind rapidly along with the onset of hosts, and it appears to me that Maro, amidst his scenes of war, sighed for the beachen-shade beneath which Tityrus reclined. Virgil was not a bard which Homer *muung his mighty young*, could train successfully to deeds of blood. I am not always pleased with his attempt to excite terror. I like not the prodigy which Æneas describes at his landing in Thrace. The bleeding myrtles are not equal to Tasso's enchanted forest. Could not the imagination have represented an omen more grand and terrific, which forbade the settlement of the Trojans in that country. I find great fault with the character of Æneas....He is not an hero sufficiently interesting....His conduct on many occasions is base and detestible....He might, however, have answered a heathen's idea of excellence....He falls vastly below Homer's Hector, Sarpedon and Achilles in interest.... Achilles, though more cruel than Æneas....yet still has more imposing qualities.

Dr. Beattie has endeavoured to shew in his essays, that the hero of the Iliad is the most perfect of epic characters: his arguments are grounded upon the following representations of the poet:....Achilles was the bravest, the strongest, the swiftest, the most beautiful of mortals...his friendship was ardent....he had the most vehement love for his father, and so great was his magnanimity, that although told that if he departed from the

siege of Troy, he should in old age fall peacefully into the grave....yet he, notwithstanding he was wronged by Agamemnon, refused to go. I am not, however, satisfied with this reasoning of Dr. Beattie, and think the answer to it is sufficient... that Hector, if not the universal, is the general favourite of the readers of Homer. The celebration of the games in the Æneid, I think a very feeble imitation of those of the Iliad, indeed the copy appears to me to be servile. It may be answered, that notwithstanding these objections, the celebrity of the Æneid is a confirming evidence of its excellence...that it has stood the test of years, and that one might as well deny its superiority to modern poems, as well as the strength of a tower which has warred with the elements during the lapse of several centuries, and still bids defiance to their rage....Such an answer might carry conviction to the minds of many, and overthrow all that I could urge in opposition; but still I will retain my opinion that Virgil, as a narrative poet, is surpassed by more than one of our modern writers.... Paradise Lost....Fenelon's Telemachus....Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, in this respect I place before it;....and were not the rust of years so very venerable, did not distance diminish errors and magnify excellencies, I think that my decision would be acknowledged as just. The sixth book of the Æneid has been supposed by some critics to be the most precious remnant of antiquity. I am not disposed to make any formal dissent from this opinion. It certainly unfolds, in a satisfactory and pleasing manner, the Roman idea of the state of departed men, and leads to inquiries gratifying to the curious mind. The following picture of the Sibyl at the opening of this book is striking, and prepares us for the exposition which is to follow:

All this with wondering eyes Æneas
view'd:
Each varying object his delight re-
new'd.

Eager to read the rest, Achates }
 came, }
 And by his side the mad divining }
 dame; }
 The priestess of the god, Deiphobe }
 her name. }
 Time suffers not, she said, to feed }
 your eyes }
 With empty pleasures: haste the sac- }
 rifice. }
 Sev'n bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœ- }
 bus chuse, }
 And for Diana sev'n unspotted }
 ewes. }
 This said, the servants urge the sac- }
 red rites; }
 While to the temple she the prince }
 invites. }
 A spacious cave, within its farthest }
 part, }
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious }
 art. }
 Thro' the hills hollow sides: before }
 the place, }
 A hundred doors a hundred entries }
 grace: }
 As many voices issue; and the sound }
 Of Sibyl's words as many times re- }
 bound. }
 Now to the mouth they come: aloud }
 she cries, }
 'This is the time, inquire your des- }
 tinies. }
 He comes, behold the god! Thus while }
 she said, }
 (And shiv'ring at the sacred entry }
 staid) }
 Her colour chang'd, her face was not }
 the same, }
 And hollow groans from her deep }
 spirit came. }
 Her hair stood up: convulsive rage }
 possess'd }
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her }
 lab'ring breast. }
 Greater than human kind she seem'd }
 to look: }
 And with an accent, more than mor- }
 tal, spoke. }
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury }
 rowl; }
 When all the god came rushing on }
 her soul. }
 Swiftly she turn'd and foaming as she }
 spoke, }
 Why this delay, she cry'd; the pow'rs }
 invoke. }
 Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode, }
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb }
 the god. }

She said no more: the trembling Tro- }
 jans hear: }
 O'erspread with a damp sweat, and }
 holy fear. }
 The prince himself, with awful dread }
 possess'd, }
 His vows to great Apollo thus ad- }
 dress'd. }
 Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to }
 Troy, }
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy: }
 Directed by whose hand, the Dardan }
 dart }
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mor- }
 tal part: }
 Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy }
 commands, }
 Thro' ambient seas, and thro' devour- }
 ing sands, }
 Our exil'd crew has sought th' Auso- }
 nian ground: }
 And now, at length, the flying coast }
 is found. }
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place }
 to place, }
 With fury has pursu'd her wand'ring }
 race: }
 Here cease ye pow'rs, and let your }
 vengeance end, }
 Troy is no more, and can no more }
 offend. }
 And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to }
 see }
 Th' event of things in dark futurity; }
 Give me, what heav'n has promis'd to }
 my fate, }
 To conquer and command the Latian }
 state: }
 To fix my wand'ring gods; and find a }
 place }
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race. }
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple }
 rear }
 To the twin gods, with vows and so- }
 lemn pray'r; }
 And annual rites, and festivals, and }
 games, }
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious }
 names. }
 Nor shalt thou want thy honours in }
 my land, }
 For there thy faithful oracles shall }
 stand, }
 Preserv'd in shrines: and ev'ry sacred }
 lay, }
 Which by my mouth, Apollo shall }
 convey. }
 And shall be treasur'd, by a chosen }
 train }
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain. }

But, oh! commit not thy prophetic
 mind
 To fitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry
 wind:
 Lest they disperse in air our empty
 fate:
 Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain,
 relate.
 Struggling in vain, impatient of her
 load,
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous
 god,
 The more she strove to shake him
 from her breast,
 With more and far superior force he
 press'd:
 Commands his entrance, and without
 controul,
 Usurps her organs, and inspires her
 soul.
 Now, with a furious blast, the hun-
 dred doors
 Ope of themselves: a rushing
 whirlwind roars
 Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice
 restores.

The second and fourth books are the highest displays of Virgil's genius. They contain the most interesting narrations in the Æneid. The second book is the most magnificent, the fourth generally most tender. Next to these, no part of the work has pleased me more than the Episode of Nisus and Euryalus. Whatever may be the defects of Virgil as an epic poet....he, in the selection of his words, has never been excelled....In judgment he stands before Homer, though he is very far behind him in genius....After these observations which have been adventurously, and perhaps too carlessly thrown out, I shall proceed to suggest to the attention of the reader some extracts from the Æneid, which I have not seen particularly noticed, and which to me were striking and above the common level of Virgil's poetry....For a very sufficient reason I shall take all the passages from Dryden's translation. The portrait of Æneas, when first discovered to the eyes of Dido, has been deservedly admired. In that description, however, there are four lines which are pre-emi-

nent, and on which the finger of criticism has never rested:
 Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud
 gave way,
 The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd
 in day.
 The Trojan chief appear'd in open
 sight,
 August in visage and serenely bright.

In the second book, which is throughout excellent, few passages have pleased me more than the description of the last efforts and the death of Priam....Though it must be familiar to the scholar, yet he will be pleased to see it in this way recalled to his remembrance....The translation of Dryden is full of his peculiarities and strength of phrase.

Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire.

He, when he saw his regal town on fire,

His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,

On ev'ry side inevitable woes;
 In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs
 decay'd

Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.

His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:

Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;

Despairing of success: ambitious to be slain!

Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view

An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew;

Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round

The household gods, and shade the holy ground.

Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train

Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.

Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,

Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.

The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,

And hanging by his side a heavy sword,

What rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my husband's mind;

What arms are these and to what use design'd?

These times want other aids: were
 Hector here,
 Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam
 would appear.
 With us one common shelter thou
 shalt find,
 Or in one common fate with us be
 join'd.
 She said, and with a last salute em-
 brac'd
 The poor old man, and by the laurel
 plac'd.
 Behold Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Pursu'd by Pyrrhus, there for safety
 runs.
 Thro' swords, and foes, amaz'd and
 hurt he flies
 Thro' empty courts, and open galle-
 ries:
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance,
 pursues;
 And often reaches, and his thrusts
 renews.
 The youth transfix'd, with lamenta-
 ble cries
 Expires, before his wretched parent's
 eyes.
 Whom, gasping at his feet, when
 Priam saw,
 The fear of death gave place to na-
 ture's law.
 And shaking more with anger, than
 with age,
 The gods, said he, requite thy brutal
 rage:
 As sure they will, barbarian, sure
 they must,
 If there be gods in heav'n, and gods
 be just:
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent
 delight;
 With a son's death t' infect a father's
 sight.
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame
 conspire
 To call thee his; not he, thy vaunted
 sire,
 Thus us'd my wretched age; the gods
 he fear'd,
 The laws of nature and of nations
 heard.
 He cheer'd my sorrows, and for sums
 of gold
 The bloodless carcase of my Hector
 sold;
 Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
 And sent me back in safety from his
 tent.
 This said, his feeble hand a jav'lin
 threw,
 Which flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as
 it flew:

Just, and but barely, to the mark it
 held,
 And faintly tinckl'd on the brazen
 shield.
 Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from
 me to fate;
 And to my father my foul deeds re-
 late.
 Now die: with that he dragg'd the
 trembling sire,
 Slidd'ring thro' clotted blood and
 holy mire,
 (The mingl'd paste his murder'd son
 had made.)
 Haul'd from beneath the violated
 shade;
 And on the sacred pile, the royal vic-
 tim laid.
 His right hand held his bloody fau-
 chion bare;
 His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
 Then, with a speeding thrust, his
 heart he found:
 The lukewarm blood came rushing
 thro' the wound,
 And sanguine streams disdain'd the
 sacred ground.
 Thus Priam fell: and shar'd one com-
 mon fate
 With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd
 state:
 He, who the sceptre of all Asia
 sway'd,
 Whom monarchs like domestic slaves
 obey'd,
 On the bleak shore now lies th' aban-
 don'd king,
 • A headless carcase and a nameless
 thing.

The following picture from the
 third book is vivid, and must gra-
 tify all who are fond of minuteness
 in description. Dryden, by his bold
 pencil, has strengthened the lines
 which are discoverable in the ori-
 ginal.

In shady woods we pass the tedious
 night,
 Where bellowing sounds and groans
 our souls affright.
 Of which no cause is offer'd to the
 sight.
 For not one star was kindled in the
 sky;
 Now could the moon her borrow'd
 light supply:

• This whole line is taken from
 Sir John Denham.

For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;
 The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
 Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
 Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;
 When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
 Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a spright.
 So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
 So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
 This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore,
 Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
 We look behind; then view his shaggy beard;
 His clothes were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs besmear'd:
 The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
 Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
 He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
 Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew:
 Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began
 To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
 Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
 And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls.
 Now by the pow'rs above, and what we share
 From nature's common gift this vital air,
 O Trojans take me hence: I beg no more,
 But bear me far from this unhappy shore.

The representation of a battle-march, contained in the following lines, is both beautiful and magnificent, and the comparison true and illustrative:

The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
 Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
 Next these the Trojan leaders rode along;
 Last, follows in the rear, th' Arcadian throng.

Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
 Guiled his arms, embroider'd was his vest;
 So, from the seas, exalts his radiant head
 The star, by whom the lights of heaven are led;
 Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews;
 Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
 The trembling wives, the walls and turrets crowd:
 And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud;
 Which winds disperse by fits; and shew from far
 The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war,
 The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
 O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
 Repeated peals of shouts are heard around;
 The neighing coursers answer to the sound.
 And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.

Will the reader excuse me for offering to his attention the subsequent long passage from the Episode of Nisus and Euryalus. I could not curtail it without presenting it in an injured form, and it will reward the minutest examination which can be bestowed upon it. The lines marked in italics appear to me uncommonly excellent.

The speedy horse all passages bely,
 And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood:
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.
 The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear, misled the younger from his way.
 But Nisus hit the turns, with happier haste,
 And thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd;

And Alban plains, from Alba's name
 so call'd,
 Where king Latinus then his oxen
 stall'd.
 Till turning at the length, he stood
 his ground,
 And miss'd his friend, and cast his
 eyes around ;
 Ah wretch, he cry'd where have I left
 behind
 Th' unhappy youth, where shall I
 hope to find ?
 Or what way take ! Again he ventures
 back
 And treads the mazes of his former
 track.
 He winds the wood, and list'ning
 hears the noise
 Of trampling coursers, and the rider's
 voice.
 The sound approach'd, and suddenly
 he view'd
 The foes enclosing, and his friend
 pursu'd ;
 Forlay'd and taken, while he strove
 in vain,
 The shelter of the friendly shades to
 gain.
 What should he next attempt ! what
 arms employ,
 What fruitless force to free the cap-
 tive boy ?
 Or desperate should he rush and lose
 his life,
 With odds oppress'd, in such unequal
 strife ?
 Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear
 he shook ;
 And casting on the moon a mournful
 look,
 Guardian of groves, and goddess of
 the night ;
 Fair queen, he said, direct my dart
 aright ;
 If e'er my pious father for my sake
 Did grateful off'rings on thy altars
 make ;
 Or I increas'd them with my sylvan
 toils,
 And hung thy holy roofs with savage
 spoils ;
 Give me to scatter these. Then from
 his car
 He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd
 the trembling spear.
 The deadly weapon, hissing from the
 grove,
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo
 drove :
 Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his
 vital blood,
 And in his body left the broken wood.
 He staggers round, his eye-balls roll
 in death,
 And with short sobs he gasps away
 his breath.
 All stand amaz'd, a second jav'lin
 flies,
 With equal strength, and quivers thro'
 the skies ;
 This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd
 the way,
 And in the brain-pan warmly bury'd
 lay.
 Fierce Volscens foam with rage, and
 gazing round,
 Descry'd not him who gave the fatal
 wound ;
 Nor knew to fix revenge ; but thou,
 he cries,
 Shalt pay for both, and at the pris'ner
 flies,
 With his drawn sword. Then struck
 with deep despair,
 That cruel sight the lover could not
 bear ;
 But from his covert rush'd in open
 view,
 And sent his voice before him as he
 flew.
 Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your
 swords alone
 On me ; the fact confess'd, the fault
 my own,
 He neither could, nor durst, the guilt-
 less youth ;
 Ye moon and stars bear witness to the
 truth !
 His only crime, (if friendship can
 offend,)
 Is too much love to his unhappy
 friend,
 Too late he speaks ; the sword, which
 fury guides,
 Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his
 tender sides,
 Down fell the beauteous youth ; the
 yawning wound
 Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd
 the ground.
 His snowy neck reclines upon his
 breast,
 Like a fair flow'r by the keen share
 oppress'd ;
 Like a white poppy sinking on the
 plain,
 Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with
 rain.

After I have extracted one more passage from the Æneid, I shall close the present No. of Critical Notices, with a few short sentences on the comparative merits of the versification of Dryden and Pope in their respective epic translations.

The two following extracts describe the inquietudes and tortures of a dreamful sleep. The terrible apparition, commonly called the night-mare, has been variously described by poets, as it assumes different shapes. Darwin's luxuriant pencil has attempted its portrait with considerable success.....but bolder and more original outlines are to be found in the picture which Sotheby has given in his translation of Wieland's Oberon, of this midnight hag.

And as when heavy sleep has clos'd
the sight,

The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of
force,

Our sinking limbs forsake us in the
course:

In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:	}
The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;	
And, on the tongue the falt'ring accents die.	

The critical world is divided in opinion concerning the merits of Dryden's and Pope's translation. I think it must be acknowledged, that the versification of the former is less regular and less magnificent, but more forcible and natural than that of the latter. Pope has less vigour, less variety, but more harmony and more uniform magnificence than Dryden. The first book of the Iliad, translated by Dryden, is not equal to the same book translated by Pope....it has however some parallel passages superior. The excellencies of Pope are more glaring than those of Dryden. The latter must be read and examined with attention before we can become familiar with his beauties. His mind was a rich soil, out of which sprang weeds as well as amaranthine flowers, and oaks of great growth. The mind of Pope

was a soil not so rich, but it was cultivated with more care, it was a luxuriant garden in which were permitted to spring but few or no weeds.

I. O.

For the *Literary Magazine*.

ON THE IMPROPRIETY OF LOOK-
ING INTO FUTURITY.

"In human hearts, what bolder
thought can rise
Than man's presumption on
to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow?.....IN
ANOTHER WORLD!"

ASPIRING MORTAL!.....when wilt thou learn thy duty, and act consistently with the sense of it in thy own breast? When will thy arrogance meet with its just sentence....when wilt *thou* be rendered more dignified in thy nature and thy actions, by the practice of humility, by an acceptance of thy own good, and a proper condemnation of that censurable curiosity, which leads thee to be dissatisfied with the present, and seek to develope that which is not in thy power, the *future* state of events? Leave futurity to Him, who, only, is capable of regulating it,.....who "rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm!" Perform thy duty, and no evil shall befall thee: as the sacred language of Him, from whose lips flow eternal wisdom and truth, pronounces! Why seek to entangle thyself in the labyrinth of metaphysical research! yet if thou *must* be inquisitive.... if thy restless spirit, ever on the wing, despises all controul, seek those things which will be productive of everlasting benefit, before the decree shall be announced, which hides them from thy eager view, and bids the unavailing sigh of remorse to arise in thy bosom, never to be repressed.

It is evident, even to the superficial observer of causes and effects,

that there are numerous mysteries, which are beyond the power of man in his most perfect state, with the full enjoyment of his corporeal and mental faculties, to disclose; and it is likewise manifest, that an inquiry into these things, which are in their elucidation, superior to the efforts of the most energetic reason, must be highly improper: for this rash endeavour only serves to mislead the mind of man, and excite, either doubts to shake his faith, or a belief in the truth of those mistaken precepts which declare him to be equal to the angels of light; and consequently produces the most arrogant and supercilious conduct. He can, nevertheless, by a contrary line; by endeavouring to investigate the nature of objects that are within the narrow sphere around him, gain accurate, as well as enlarged and comprehensive information; such a degree of knowledge at least, as may *render him useful in life*: this, indeed, ought to be the purpose for which he seeks it; vain is every other intention! hence it will be sufficiently extended, if it is commensurate with this noble end. Investigations into the nature of future events, therefore, must be criminal and absurd; for we possess no data which may serve to direct them: and to refrain from them, our reason, limited as it is, informs us is proper: for into His hands, who sways the sceptre of infinite power, are all things to be delivered.....to His mercy, must every thing be confided!.....And whatsoever the great and comprehensive plan may be, by which He rules the natural and moral universe, whatsoever wise purpose His intention serves to fulfil, in secreting from our eyes certain events which it concerns us not to know, let us endeavour to act consistently with it, by consulting those feelings which have been placed within our bosoms: a resistance renders us guilty; and as such, will surely attract the lightnings of eternal majesty, and draw down the vengeance of heaven, to burst

like terrific thunder o'er our heads. Let us, with pious resignation to that will which is guided by LOVE, and uncontrollable by the weak attempts of man, with steadfast confidence in the execution of justice tempered by mercy, and with a rigid fidelity in performing our moral, civil, and religious obligations, refrain from seeking to inquire too deeply into those truths, on the nature of which our reason owns itself incompetent to decide; and which inquiry, it declares to be rash, culpable, presumptuous! The duty of man is known to man: if he performs it, every event will coincide in a good, though incomprehensible design; if a rejection is persevered in, the opposite consequences will likewise be inevitable, nor will that benevolent design be frustrated: "Providence is not counteracted by any means, which Providence puts into our power*;" and it may please Him, in order to preserve the general good, to inflict particular evil.

The present is a changeable state of being, but the future, permanent. Yet on *this* varying scene of existence, depends the ultimate condition, to which we are all hastening with rapid steps. Who, then, can dare to lift the voice of censure to the Omnipotent...to arraign His wisdom, His justice, or His benevolence, while here He affords man, free agency.

Suffer, then, ye sophists of the age, who delight to pervert your faculties to the most base purposes, suffer Reason, your boasted divinity, to evince *her* decision: and though unaided.....unillumined by that light, whose guidance you will not permit her to follow, *she* will declare the truth; and present to your averted eyes the black catalogue of crimes, which in a future day shall, by the power of conscience, be made to glow as a furnace in your breasts: when imagination, distempered and frantic, shall be forced by that inward mo-

* Dr. Johnson,

ator, to conjure up in your view, scenes, the terrors of which she is now unable and unwilling to conceive.

Presume not, then, to scan the intricate and unsearchable designs of Providence; nor impiously dare to trace the dark events of futurity: these are enveloped in a shade, which human reason can never be able to illuminate; their recesses no one can describe with any degree of certainty, notwithstanding those aids which we possess in the sacred writings. The ordainment of the Deity, in secreting them from our narrow conceptions, is, no doubt, in the highest degree, wise and benevolent; and from this consideration, which is verified by daily experience, it is made manifest, that the whole duty of man in the present state of existence, is a performance of that, which the witness within his breast declares to be right, in opposition to the vain wisdom of this world; and to leave to the providence and direction of a superior being, those events, which he neither can prevent, hasten, nor postpone.

When we view objects around us in their proper light, we find that the prospects of a *pleasing* futurity may be blasted, and our expectations be disappointed, long before the time in which the mind supposes they would have been realised.... Were a certain knowledge of circumstances, the occurrence of which is now in the womb of future times, given to us, how miserably would life slide on!....for, on the one hand, if it presented a perspective replete with unutterable horror, what previous pleasure could balance the sad condition, and afford any satisfaction?...on the other, if happiness should dwell in the mental eye, how would impatience to seize it, continually prevent us from the due and rational enjoyment of this life?.... But, if this anticipated state was, nevertheless, liable to be changed through our own misconduct, what multiplied dangers surround, and threaten it with irreparable ruin!

VOL. I....NO. II.

This last is our situation; and reason declares it to be stamped with the seal of divine wisdom: for as we know the consequences resulting from our evil actions, their operation is given into our hands, either to remove the effect by destroying the cause, or let it act, unopposed. In this, as well as in other instances which press with vigour on the mind, the intentions of the Author of Good are elucidated in their purest lustre, to the prejudiced, and the dissatisfied.

To a mind which professes to be actuated by principles deduced from reflection, man appears a candidate for an *office of high calling*; and according with the conduct which he pursues in this life, will his unalterable portion be allotted to him, from the hands of Eternal Justice; which, as governed by an infinitely wise, though inscrutable spirit, must be stretched forth, uncontrouled by any power which dares to act in opposition to it; yet let us also recollect, that the eye of Mercy views, her influence modifies, the decision. Here, therefore, a noble, glorious prospect opens to the mind, in beauty unparalleled!.....in simplicity unequalled!....Adoration of the disposer of this system, will be the inseparable attendant of a just view of its tendency: and a coincidence with the plan of creation, the pleasing result. Will man, with bright realities before him, reject these, to accept others far inferior in their natures and ends? Will he permit that heavenly spark, wisdom...that clear, though limited illumination of the mind, reason, to be reduced to an ignoble subjection to his passions, and his prejudices? Surely, No!....If ever he sinks to so great a depth....if ever he acts so oppositely to the intention of his creator, which is the advancement and promotion of his glory, by the exercise of these agents in conjunction with religion, what hope can remain of his refraining from the frustration of that principle, implanted in human bosoms for the support of civil and moral society, order? That

expectation wears, indeed, but the *semblance* of reality ! it is vain...it is presumptuous !

Can we not, therefore, allow reason and religion, "those heavenly guards that round us wait," to assume their proper dominion over us ? If the former is not perverted, it will invariably act in coincidence with the latter....the bright, unsullied emanation from the Creator.... the delightful communion, *whose nature cannot be described !*

DENVILLE.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILLO-
QUIST.

I WAS the second son of a farmer, whose place of residence was a western district of Pennsylvania. My eldest brother seemed fitted by nature for the employment to which he was destined. His wishes never led him astray from the hay-stack and the furrow. His ideas never ranged beyond the sphere of his vision, or suggested the possibility that to-morrow could differ from to-day. He could read and write, because he had no alternative between learning the lesson prescribed to him, and punishment. He was diligent, as long as fear urged him forward, but his exertions ceased with the cessation of this motive. The limits of his acquirements consisted in signing his name, and spelling out a chapter in the bible.

My character was the reverse of his. My thirst of knowledge was augmented in proportion as it was supplied with gratification. The more I heard or read, the more restless and unconquerable my curiosity became. My senses were perpetually alive to novelty, my fancy teemed with visions of the future, and my attention fastened upon every thing mysterious or unknown.

My father intended that my knowledge should keep pace with that of my brother, but conceived that all beyond the mere capacity

to write and read was useless or pernicious. He took as much pains to keep me within these limits, as to make the acquisitions of my brother come up to them, but his efforts were not equally successful in both cases. The most vigilant and jealous scrutiny was exerted in vain : Reproaches and blows, painful privations and ignominious penances had no power to slacken my zeal and abate my perseverance. He might enjoin upon me the most laborious tasks, set the envy of my brother to watch me during the performance, make the most diligent search after my books, and destroy them without mercy, when they were found ; but he could not out-root my darling propensity. I exerted all my powers to elude his watchfulness. Censures and stripes were sufficiently displeasing to make me strive to avoid them. To affect this desirable end, I was incessantly employed in the invention of stratagems and the execution of expedients.

My passion was surely not deserving of blame, and I have frequently lamented the hardships to which it subjected me ; yet, perhaps, the claims which were made upon my ingenuity and fortitude were not without beneficial effects upon my character.

This contention lasted from the sixth to the fourteenth year of my age. My father's opposition to my schemes was incited by a sincere though unenlightened desire for my happiness. That all his efforts were secretly eluded or obstinately repelled, was a source of the bitterest regret. He has often lamented, with tears, what he called my incorrigible depravity, and encouraged himself to perseverance by the notion of the ruin that would inevitably overtake me if I were allowed to persist in my present career. Perhaps the sufferings which arose to him from the disappointment, were equal to those which he inflicted on me.

In my fourteenth year, events happened which ascertained my

future destiny. One evening I had been sent to bring cows from a meadow, some miles distant from my father's mansion. My time was limited, and I was menaced with severe chastisement if, according to my custom, I should stay beyond the period assigned.

For some time these menaces rung in my ears, and I went on my way with speed. I arrived at the meadow, but the cattle had broken the fence and escaped. It was my duty to carry home the earliest tidings of this accident, but the first suggestion was to examine the cause and manner of this escape. The field was bounded by cedar railing. Five of these rails were laid horizontally from post to post. The upper one had been broken in the middle, but the rest had merely been drawn out of the holes on one side, and rested with their ends on the ground. The means which had been used for this end, the reason why one only was broken, and that one the uppermost, how a pair of horns could be so managed as to effect that which the hands of man would have found difficult, supplied a theme of meditation.

Some accident recalled me from this reverie, and reminded me how much time had thus been consumed. I was terrified at the consequences of my delay, and sought with eagerness how they might be obviated. I asked myself if there were not a way back shorter than that by which I had come. The beaten road was rendered circuitous by a precipice that projected into a neighbouring stream, and closed up a passage by which the length of the way would have been diminished one half: at the foot of the cliff the water was of considerable depth, and agitated by an eddy. I could not estimate the danger which I should incur by plunging into it, but I was resolved to make the attempt. I have reason to think, that this experiment, if it had been tried, would have proved fatal, and my father, while he la-

mented my untimely fate, would have been wholly unconscious that his own unreasonable demands had occasioned it.

I turned my steps towards the spot. To reach the edge of the stream was by no means an easy undertaking, so many abrupt points and gloomy hollows were interposed. I had frequently skirted and penetrated this tract, but had never been so completely entangled in the maze as now: hence I had remained unacquainted with a narrow pass, which, at the distance of an hundred yards from the river, would conduct me, though not without danger and toil, to the opposite side of the ridge.

This glen was now discovered, and this discovery induced me to change my plan. If a passage could be here effected, it would be shorter and safer than that which led through the stream, and its practicability was to be known only by experiment. The path was narrow, steep, and overshadowed by rocks. The sun was nearly set, and the shadow of the cliff above, obscured the passage almost as much as midnight would have done: I was accustomed to despise danger when it presented itself in a sensible form, but, by a defect common in every one's education, goblins and spectres were to me the objects of the most violent apprehensions. These were unavoidably connected with solitude and darkness, and were present to my fears when I entered this gloomy recess.

These errors are always lessened by calling the attention away to some indifferent object. I now made use of this expedient, and began to amuse myself by hallowing as loud as organs of unusual compass and vigour would enable me. I uttered the words which chanced to occur to me, and repeated in the shrill tones of a Mohock savage... "Cow! cow! come home! home!"... These notes were of course reverberated from the rocks which on either side

towered aloft, but the echo was confused and indistinct.

I continued, for some time, thus to beguile the way, till I reached a space more than commonly abrupt, and which required all my attention. My rude ditty was suspended till I had surmounted this impediment. In a few minutes I was at leisure to renew it. After finishing the strain, I paused. In a few seconds a voice as I then imagined, uttered the same cry from the point of a rock some hundred feet behind me; the same words, with equal distinctness and deliberation, and in the same tone, appeared to be spoken. I was startled by this incident, and cast a fearful glance behind, to discover by whom it was uttered. The spot where I stood was buried in dusk, but the eminences were still invested with a luminous and vivid twilight. The speaker, however, was concealed from my view.

I had scarcely begun to wonder at this occurrence, when a new occasion for wonder, was afforded me. A few seconds, in like manner, elapsed, when my ditty was again rehearsed, with a no less perfect imitation, in a different quarter..... To this quarter I eagerly turned my eyes, but no one was visible.... The station, indeed, which this new speaker seemed to occupy, was inaccessible to man or beast.

If I were surprized at this second repetition of my words, judge how much my surprise must have been augmented, when the same calls were a third time repeated, and coming still in a new direction. Five times was this ditty successively resounded, at intervals nearly equal, always from a new quarter, and with little abatement of its original distinctness and force.

A little reflection was sufficient to shew that this was no more than an echo of an extraordinary kind. My terrors were quickly supplanted by delight. The motives to dispatch were forgotten, and I amused myself for an hour, with talking to

these cliffs: I placed myself in new positions, and exhausted my lungs and my invention in new clamours.

The pleasures of this new discovery were an ample compensation for the ill treatment which I expected on my return. By some caprice in my father I escaped merely with a few reproaches. I seized the first opportunity of again visiting this recess, and repeating my amusement; time, and incessant repetition, could scarcely lessen its charms or exhaust the variety produced by new tones and new positions.

The hours in which I was most free from interruption and restraint were those of moonlight. My brother and I occupied a small room above the kitchen, disconnected, in some degree, with the rest of the house. It was the rural custom to retire early to bed and to anticipate the rising of the sun. When the moonlight was strong enough to permit me to read, it was my custom to escape from bed, and hie with my book to some neighbouring eminence, where I would remain stretched on the mossy rock, till the sinking or beclouded moon, forbade me to continue my employment. I was indebted for books to a friendly person in the neighbourhood, whose compliance with my solicitations was prompted partly by benevolence and partly by enmity to my father, whom he could not more egregiously offend than by gratifying my perverse and pernicious curiosity.

In leaving my chamber I was obliged to use the utmost caution to avoid rousing my brother, whose temper disposed him to thwart me in the least of my gratifications. My purpose was surely laudable, and yet on leaving the house and returning to it, I was obliged to use the vigilance and circumspection of a thief.

One night I left my bed with this view. I posted first to my vocal glen, and thence scrambling up a neighbouring steep, which overlook-

ed a wide extent of this romantic country, gave myself up to contemplation, and the perusal of Milton's *Comus*.

My reflections were naturally suggested by the singularity of this echo. To hear my own voice speak at a distance would have been formerly regarded as prodigious. To hear too, that voice, not uttered by another, by whom it might easily be mimicked, but by myself! I cannot now recollect the transition which led me to the notion of sounds, similar to these, but produced by other means than reverberation. Could I not so dispose my organs as to make my voice appear at a distance?

From speculation I proceeded to experiment. The idea of a distant voice, like my own, was intimately present to my fancy. I exerted myself with a most ardent desire, and with something like a persuasion that I should succeed. I started with surprise, for it seemed as if success had crowned my attempts. I repeated the effort, but failed. A certain position of the organs took place on the first attempt, altogether new, unexampled and as it were, by accident, for I could not attain it on the second experiment.

You will not wonder that I exerted myself with indefatigable zeal to regain what had once, though for so short a space, been in my power. Your own ears have witnessed the success of these efforts. By perpetual exertion I gained it a second time, and now was a diligent observer of the circumstances attending it. Gradually I subjected these finer and more subtle motions to the command of my will. What was at first difficult, by exercise and habit, was rendered easy. I learned to accommodate my voice to all the varieties of distance and direction.

It cannot be denied that this faculty is wonderful and rare, but when we consider the possible modifications of muscular motion, how

few of these are usually exerted, how imperfectly they are subjected to the will, and yet that the will is capable of being rendered unlimited and absolute, will not our wonder cease?

We have seen men who could hide their tongues so perfectly that even an Anatomist, after the most accurate inspection that a living subject could admit, has affirmed the organ to be wanting, but this was effected by the exertion of muscles unknown and incredible to the greater part of mankind.

The concurrence of teeth, palate and tongue, in the formation of speech should seem to be indispensable, and yet men have spoken distinctly though wanting a tongue, and to whom, therefore, teeth and palate were superfluous. The tribe of motions requisite to this end, are wholly latent and unknown, to those who possess that organ.

I mean not to be more explicit. I have no reason to suppose a peculiar conformation or activity in my own organs, or that the power which I possess may not, with suitable directions and by steady efforts, be obtained by others, but I will do nothing to facilitate the acquisition. It is by far, too liable to perversion for a good man to desire to possess it, or to teach it to another.

There remained but one thing to render this instrument as powerful in my hands as it was capable of being. From my childhood, I was remarkably skilful at imitation. There were few voices whether of men or birds or beasts which I could not imitate with success. To add my ancient, to my newly acquired skill, to talk from a distance, and at the same time, in the accents of another, was the object of my endeavours, and this object, after a certain number of trials, I finally obtained.

In my present situation every thing that denoted intellectual exertion was a crime, and exposed me to invectives if not to stripes. This

circumstance induced me to be silent to all others, on the subject of my discovery. But, added to this, was a confused belief, that it might be made, in some way instrumental to my relief from the hardships and

restraints of my present condition. For some time I was not aware of the mode in which it might be rendered subservient to this end.

[*To be continued.*]

REVIEW.

The Ruling Passion: an occasional poem. Written by the appointment of the Society of the Φ Β Κ, and spoken, on their Anniversary, in the Chapel of the University, Cambridge, July 20, 1797. By Thomas Paine, A. M. Published according to act of Congress. Boston....Manning and Loring.

THE interest with which we read this poem, was increased by the recent and melancholy termination of the author's life...Mr. Paine was considered and respected by those who knew him, as a scholar and a poet. Several circumstances tended to embitter his life; and over his death, those who have most injured him, will have most cause to lament. It is, however, not our province or desire to dwell on his history, nor are we possessed of sufficient information concerning him, to become his just and satisfactory biographers.

The Poem before us was printed in Boston, 1797. As we do mean to confine our attention entirely in our reviews to recent performances, we shall, from time to time, give some account of selected works which we deem above the common level of American poetry....In this class, we have no hesitation in placing the "Ruling Passion."..... It discovers in its author very considerable talents at satire, and a pupil who has studied in the school of Pope. Notwithstanding the merits of this poem, and its just title to the notice of criticisms, we have never seen it mentioned in the American prints.

Mr. P. in his Ruling Passion, after representing man as a world of wonders in himself, and in some respects inexorable, then endeavours to describe him *as he seems to be*, and draws several pictures of persons actuated by a predominant passion....Some of these discover strong and vivid touches of a keen and harmonious pencil.... Though some of the characters are of the same nature with those painted by Pope in his first moral epistle, yet they bear not the least impression of imitation....we trust that our readers will acknowledge the propriety of our commendation, when they have read and examined the following extracts.....Mr. P. after comparing men to animals, represents life as a Print-shop, where we may trace different outlines in every face...he paints the beau as *fashion's gossamer*, and then in a rapid transition, presents before us a character of a very different description: this is a Pedant *deaf and dull, grave without sense, o'erflowing, yet not full.*

In embodying this character, the poet thus proceeds:

"See, the lank BOOK-WORM, pil'd
with lumbering lore,
Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek
fourscore,
With toil incessant, *thumbs* the ancient page,
Now *blots* a hero, now *turns down* a sage!
O'er learning's field, with leaden eye
he strays,
'Mid busts of fame, and monuments
of praise.
With Gothic foot, he treads on *flowers*
of taste,

Yet stoops to pick the pebbles from the waste.

Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short

Were Æsop's legs....how large was TULLY's wart;

And, scal'd by GUNTER, marks, with joy absurd,

The cut of HOMER's cloak, and EUCLID's beard!

Thus through the weary watch of sleepless night,

This learned ploughman plods in piteous plight;

Till the dim taper takes French leave to doze,

And the fat folio tumbles on his toes."

The following picture of the Miser, we think deserving of high commendation.

"Next comes the MISER....palsied, jealous, lean,

He looks the very SKELETON OF SPLEEN!

'Mid forests drear, he haunts, in spectred gloom,

Some desert abbey, or some Druid's tomb;

Where, hers'd in earth, his occult riches lay,

Fleeced from the world, and buried from the day.

With crutch in hand, he points his mineral rod,

Limps to the spot, and turns the well-known sod;

While there, involv'd in night, he counts his store,

By the soft tinklings of the golden ore,

He shakes with terror, lest the moon should spy,

And the breeze whisper, where his treasures lie.

This wretch, who, *dying*, would not take one pill,

If, *living*, he must pay a doctor's bill,

Still clings to life, of every joy bereft;

His God is gold, and his Religion left!

And, as of yore, when modern vice was strange,

Could *le sterner* money pass on 'Change,

His reptile soul, whose reasoning powers are pent
Within the logic bounds of CENT PER CENT,

Would sooner *coin his ears*, than stocks should fall,
And cheat the pillory, than not cheat at all!"

The last extract which we shall offer from this meritorious poem, is the description of the Savoyard on his native hills; and while we offer it, we assert with confidence, that it is equal to any similar representation contained in the celebrated Pleasures of Memory.

"To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,

The blythe SAVOYARD hails the peep of morn;

And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,

The hoary GLACIERS fling their diamond blaze;

GENEVA's broad lake rushes from its shores,

ARVE gently murmurs, and the rough RHONE roars.

Mid the cleft ALPS, his cabin peers from high,

Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on the sky.

O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,

From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.

While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,

Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies;

While, far above, from battlements of snow,

Loud torrents tumble on the world below;

On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune,

Than the lark warbles on the "*Idee of June*,"

Far off, let Glory's clarion shrilly swell;

He loves the music of his pipe as well.

Let shouting millions crown the heroe's head,

And PRIDE her tessellated pavement tread;

More happy far, this denizen of air
Enjoys what Nature condescends to spare:....

His days are jocund, undisturb'd his nights;

His *spouse* comments him, and his *mul-*
delly his!"

The poem closes with a just tribute to the memory of the greatest character which this country, or this age has produced...to our peerless Washington; who, greater than the Cobham of Pope, deserves the celebration of a bard, as pre-eminent in the walks of poetry, as he was in the military and political life.

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For the Literary Magazine.

History of the British Expedition to Egypt; to which is subjoined, a sketch of the present state of that country and its means of defence. Illustrated with maps, and a portrait of Sir Ralph Abercromby. By Robert Thomas Wilson, lieutenant colonel of cavalry in his Britannic Majesty's service, and knight of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa.

Ingens, Insigne, Recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio. HOR.

Philadelphia: published by Conrad, & Co.—Bonsal & Niles, Printers, Wilmington.—P. P. 317.

This narrative is drawn up by an officer, whose education and pursuits appear to have been chiefly confined to military affairs. His professed object indeed is the British expedition to Egypt, and though a soldier has abundant opportunities of indulging a liberal curiosity in the scene of his exploits, and has sometimes more advantages for literary and scientific researches than other men, Colonel Wilson appears to see little beside the movements of the army and records little beside their movements. He is actuated likewise by the national and professional spirit, and is not slow to assert and vindicate the reputation of the troops to which he belongs.

It is to be expected that our knowledge of Egypt will be greatly enlarged by the reports of British travellers, whom the temporary dominion of their nation in that country, will have enabled to inquire and examine for themselves. Colonel Wilson gives us reason to form expectations of this kind. He mentions several persons who penetrated much farther than any of the French, into Nubia and into the western deserts. By these the world will probably be furnished with the means of corroborating or correcting the accounts of the French, and thus, whatever evils have befallen humanity in the Egyptian war, European curiosity will be greatly indebted to it.

This military narrative is plain and distinct. It is adorned with no flowers of rhetoric, and enlivened by few of those minute circumstances, which give interest and colouring to a picture. On this account, though, perhaps, less amusing to the general reader, it is more instructive to the military one.

Among the articles of general interest, the following account of Rosetta and the Nile, is one of the most striking, as it shows the different lights in which the same object will present itself to different spectators:

“The officers of the English army who went to Rosetta, expected to find Savary's glowing description of its beauties realized, as they had found some justice in his remarks on that Desert, which separates Aboukir and Alexandria. Their mortification was extreme, to discover that the boasted delights of this city only consisted in comparison. The sight of verdure after that barren waste is a gratifying novelty, which pleases and fascinates the eye, in proportion to the previous suffering of the traveller, relieving his despondency, and charming the senses. For two or three miles immediately on the bank of the Nile, towards St. Julien, is certainly a luxuriant vegetation, but

beyond that, and over in the Delta, the scenery is bleak. To the south, hills of sand are only to be seen.

"Rosetta is built of a dingy red brick; a great part of the town is in ruins, many of the houses having been pulled down by the French for fuel: the streets are not more than two yards wide, and full of wretches, which the pride of civilized man revolts at, to acknowledge human. The number of blind is prodigious; nearly every fifth inhabitant has lost, or has some humour in his eyes; the erysipelas, the dropsy, the leprosy, the elephantiasis, all kinds of extraordinary contortions, and *basus naturæ*, constantly offend the sight.

"Filth, musquitos of the most dreadful sort, vermin of every kind, women so ugly, that, fortunately for Europeans, their faces are concealed by a black cloth veil, in which two eye holes are cut, stench intolerable, houses almost uninhabitable, form the charms of Rosetta and Savary's garden of Eden. The quay is alone a handsome object, and this certainly might be made noble. On it General D'Estaing had fitted up a house in the Italian style, in which were the only clean apartments in the city, excepting a house belonging to Mrs. D'Arcy.

"The Nile, the celebrated Nile, afforded, uncombined with its bounties and wonderful properties, no pleasure to the sight; the muddy stream, rotten banks, putrifying with the fatness of the slime, left from the waters; its narrow breadth, not being more than a hundred yards across, impressed with no idea of majesty; but a reflection on the miraculous qualities of this river, an anticipation of the luxuries which the very kennelly waters would afford, rendered it an object of considerable gratification.

"The baths at Rosetta were esteemed very fine, and Savary describes them as such; therefore they must be mentioned. The curious stranger enters first into a large saloon, where many people are laying naked in bed, or getting

up, having performed their ablutions; he then passes through narrow passages, smelling offensively from the abuses allowed in them, whilst each becomes gradually warmer, till the steam heat is almost intolerable; when he arrives in the room where the baths are, he sees a number of naked people, in various attitudes, some in the water, others rubbing down by the attendants, with gloves filled with cotton. Their horrid squalled figures, with their bald heads, excepting a little tuft of hair on the crown, and bristly black beards, made the place resemble a den of satyrs. No scene could be more disgusting; and it is astonishing how any person could remain five minutes, since the air is so tainted and oppressive. Hundreds of English, attracted by the description, attempted to get as far as the baths, but were obliged to turn back when they had advanced a little way. The Mosaic pavement, with which, however, the floors are paved, is really beautiful, and repays some inconvenience."

Among the many accounts we have received of the Egyptian peasants, the following deserves a conspicuous place:

"All language is insufficient to give a just idea of the misery of an Egyptian village; but those who have been in Ireland may best suppose the degree, when an Irish hut is described as a palace, in comparison to an Arab's stye, for it can be called by no other name.

"Each habitation is built of mud, even the roof, and resembles in shape an oven: within is only one apartment, generally of about ten feet square. The door does not admit of a man's entering upright; but as the bottom is dug out about two feet, when in the room, an erect posture is possible. A mat, some large vessels to hold water, which it is the constant occupation of the women to fetch, a pitcher made of fine porous clay, found best in Upper Egypt, near Cunie, and in which the water is kept very cool, a rice pan, and coffee-pot, are all the or-

naments and utensils. Here then a whole family eat and sleep, without any consideration of decency or cleanliness, being in regard to the latter, worse even than the beasts of the field, who naturally respect their own tenements. It was scarcely possible to witness this disgusting scene, to behold men, women, and children so wretched, so hideous, and so abject, without reflections not very conforming to doctrines, which for the happiness of the world should be inculcated; and the beautiful reasoning of the philosopher and poet, was scarce sufficient to check the presumptuous discontent.

"All the villages have high mud walls, flanked with little towers of the same material, to protect them from the Bedouin Arabs. At night a constant guard is mounted, and the faithful dog, who in Egypt is treated with such barbarity, protects the thankless master's property; for the magazines of corn are formed on the outside of the walls, otherwise they would be too extended for the inhabitants to defend. The property of each village is deposited in one place, every individual owner heaping up his own rick, and keeping it distinct from his neighbours, by preserving a path round. Thus the depot resembles a corn field in England, only more compressed, previously to its produce being carried into the barns: but the interior regulations of these little independent states, and general system of government in the country, are beyond the limits of this work; nor could they be so well described as General Reynier has succeeded in doing, who has exemplified these details in a very instructive and able manner, since his knowledge and talents were not, as in his Military History, fettered with prejudice. A perusal of his work is well worth the attention of every man to whom legislation is interesting."

The following picture of Cairo is another instance of the different im-

pressions excited in different minds by the same objects:

"The inspection of Grand Cairo was no less big with disappointment. The French had anticipated on their arrival the sight of magnificent buildings, grand squares, sumptuous decorations, a general appearance of wealth and riches, of commerce, the enjoyment of every luxury in all the profusion of eastern splendor, in short, a capital where their recreations would amply compensate them for the misery they had suffered on their route thither. This city they fondly fancied to have been the emporium, which was the object of the expedition, and the reward of France to them for their services in Europe. Great therefore was their disappointment, when they saw none of these expectations realized, but on the contrary, the desperate certainty that they were involved in a wretchedness, from which they could not escape.

"The English, instructed by their error, expected little, yet did not reduce their ideas low enough.

"The town of Boulac, which is the great suburb of Cairo, was one heap of ruins, having been destroyed by the French during the siege in the insurrection in the year 1799. A few wretched hovels, and two or three barracks, were the only remaining buildings of this once large and populous fauxbourg.

"The city of Cairo itself is also very much shattered at the different entrances; the streets are about two yards wide, the houses very high, and built of brick, like those of Rosetta.

"The palaces of the Beys are large; two or three of them are very fine buildings; particularly Cassan Bey's, where the Institute was held, and the house in Place Bequier, in which Kleber lived, and in the garden of which he was murdered."

* He was stabbed whilst walking on a terrace, and several drops of his blood still mark the railing against which he staggered.

"Place Bequier is a large open square, where most of the Beys resided, but many of their houses have been destroyed by the French; indeed, one whole side is in ruins. This place has, however, been otherwise improved by them, trees being planted on each side of the roads, which cross the square at right angles, and fosses having been dug to retain the water, with the view of checking the dreadful quantity of dust which flies from the sand and ruins always in the evening.

"To conceive the true nature of this insufferable nuisance, the whirlwind of other countries must be imagined as occurring every evening, and filling the whole atmosphere of Egypt with burning dust, and the light particles of rubbish. Thus the only part of the day which is tolerable from the diminution of heat, cannot be taken advantage of as the opportunity for exercise."

"The French had intended to have opened the streets of Cairo, and formed through Place Bequier a magnificent road from the citadel to Giza; but the distraction of the times did not allow of these improvements being attended to, and thus the city bears irretrievable monuments of their ravages, with very few indeed of their benefits. The bairas or exchanges, which the merchants occupy, are large square buildings, divided into little shops, in which the treasures of the caravans were deposited. Since the arrival of the French, none had come from Arabia, and even an unwashed shawl was not to be bought.

"The citadel, in which the Pacha was always kept as a kind of

* Independent of this general state of the atmosphere, large pillars of dust and wind are always visible. Sometimes in the circle of the horizon twenty are to be seen, and scarcely ever fewer than four or five. Their force is very great, and the tents were instantly blown into the air by them.

state prisoner, is a miserable paltry castle and the avenue of houses leading to it is horrible. In the citadel is the celebrated well called Joseph's, being dug in the time of a Vizir bearing that name. It is excavated in the rock, is two hundred and eighty feet deep, and forty-two in circumference. Winding stairs lead gradually to the bottom, and some way down, oxen are employed in turning the wheels to raise the water, which is very brackish.

"The circumference of the city of Cairo, including the suburb of Boulac, is six miles; and yet this place, till lately, was considered in the east, and partially through Europe, as the largest capital in the world.

"The people were excessively dirty, mostly affected in their eyes; and swarms of beggars, distorted, or unnatural formed wretches, crowded the streets. The manners and customs of the inhabitants are so well delineated in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, that every one has been agreeably made acquainted with them."

The sequel of this work contains some valuable particulars respecting the diseases of Egypt. The author maintains that the plague is local, occasioned by a corrupted atmosphere, and never introduced by contagion. This appears to be the creed of the French physicians, and is made at least plausible by the facts enumerated by the author. Indeed the medical science is that branch of knowledge which will be most indebted to the campaigns in Egypt.

The catalogue of major and minor plagues to which Egypt is subject, is a terrible list. They are such as to deter any reasonable being from ever residing in the country, who has the choice of leaving it; but we are not thoroughly apprized of those advantages which belong to the country, and of the influence of custom to inure us to physical and moral evils.

POETRY....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

PHILANTHROPY....A PRAYER.

O for the heart whose spacious arms
Can bear the world along;
Whose ear, no jarring note alarms,
In Nature's general song!

Who hears from all that *BE*, arise
The harmonies of praise,
And Echo bring them from the skies,
As in primæval days:

Like him that made, preserves and
ends

The scene abroad displayed;
O! for the mind, whose eye extends
To all that he has made!

That can the boon divine bestow
Of universal love,
And boundless praise; since *ALL BE-
LOW*
IS GOOD, AND ALL ABOVE.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO LAURA, OFFENDED.

THREE days had passed with linger-
ing steps away,
While I to narrow verge confined,
To body's pain and solitude a prey,
And sad unrest of mind.

The *fourth* serene and painless rose,
I hie me to thy door;
It opens, but thy altered aspect shews
An open heart no more.

A *stranger* I, thou hail'd'st me *Friend*
no more;
Nor welcome sweet bestowed:
No questions that the absent past ex-
plore,
In tender accents flow'd.

A brow, alas! severely bent, was
thine;
Reluctant was thy hand;
Thy eyes, that so serenely us'd to
shine,
Their sternest glance command.

To tedious exile from thy converse, I,
By sickly blasts consigned,
A respite from the long-drawn, lonely
sigh,
At some time hoped to find.

Ah, Laura, wilt thou snatch that hope
away?

And lost must I believe thee?
Not merely take from life its dearest
stay
Of life itself bereave me.

W.

*For the Literary Magazine.*LINES ADDRESSED TO DOCTOR
JENNER.

JENNER, permit a muse unknown
to fame

To twine a scanty wreath around thy
name;

Proceed and prosper in the generous
plan,

Of mitigating woes of suffering man.
While gentler gales exhale their fra-
grant breath

'Tis thine to blunt another dart of
death;

In Pity's service bear a noble part,
Nor check the ardor of thy glowing
heart.

To quench the burning pang, the fe-
verish groan,

Must sure be incense sweet at Mercy's
throne.

Go on, secure that heaven thy views
will bless,

And crown thy efforts with the wish'd
success.

At length the slaughterous rage of
war must cease,

Ah! then go forward in the works of
peace!

In foremost rank with spotless flag
unfur'd,

Publish thy mission to a listening
world.

Behold! our plains luxuriant catch the
sound

And spread with joy the grateful tid-
ings round;

'Midst hardy sons of northern lands
begun,

They reach the climes that own a
burning sun.

O'er the blue mists of Alleghany rise,
Mingling with purest airs of western
skies;

Down the bold stream of fair Ohio
roll,
And fill with pleasing awe the farmer's
soul;

Diffusing balmy comfort far and wide
Float on the waves of Mississippi's tide.
Even 'midst the forest's dark and
gloomy round,

Where yet the woodman's axe must
not resound,

The future mothers, as their babes
they kiss,

Shall breathe a prayer to heaven for
Jenner's bliss.

P. D.

December, 1801.

For the Literary Magazine.

ARTABAN THE ROBBER.

*An Extract from a Manuscript
Poem.*

SKIRTING the north a chain of
mountains spreads,

That with their blue heads pierce the
passing clouds.

No culture tames the fierceness of
their soil;

The larch-tree climbs their steep and
rocky sides,

In which with toil some ruffian-hordes
have delved

Some wild and darksome dens; from
which they come

At night's still hour, in search of
food and spoil

And urged by thirst of blood. These
bands are led

By **ARTABAN** of giant-port, and skilled
in wiles, and all the robber's artifice.
His arm descends like some high-fall-
ing tower

On the sad stranger wandering in the
dark,

And, like a whirlwind, in his wrath,
he sweeps

Unsheltered villages, unguarded flocks.
Grim visaged man! none but the
brave can meet

The terrors of his dark and flashing
eye,

Or mark the bend of his o'ershadow-
ing brows....

His stride is dreadful to the fields of
strife,

And his bright armour fear-strikes
hosts of men.

He like a God by all his clan is feared;
His nod, his look, is by them all
obeyed.

One who had dared to question his
command

Was piece-meal hewn by his indignant
sword,

And thrown to blood-hounds to regale
their thirst.

He has withstood the threats and
power of kings,

And plans to seize him frequently has
braved.

Many strange tales concerning him
are told

Expressive of his fierce and wayward
mind.

A band of men his lonely steps had
traced

Far from his mountains to a hollow
glen.

Within their grasp they thought their
prey secure,

And filled the air with saucy shouts
of joy.

But as they eagerly press'd on to seize
The mighty robber in his hollow nook,

He disappointed all their hopes of
triumph.

Collecting all his strength, he dashed
to earth

The foremost who advanced, and with
a bound

Flew o'er the heads of those who yet
press'd on,

And swift as lightning disappeared
from view;

Nor could their search discover his
retreat.

A pilgrim clambering o'er the rocks
benighted,

Sought shelter from the storm within
his cave,

ARTABAN then was prowling on the
plains.

The stranger wearied threw himself
to rest

On some dry-leaves, and closed his
eyes in sleep.

He had not slumbered long when he
was roused.

By the loud blast of an approaching
horn,

And by the entrance of the scowling
thief.

The pilgrim started from his bed of
leaves.

ARTABAN's dress, his manners and his looks	Rov'd o'er the figure of the trembling man;
Told what he was: and the affrighted man	But when he saw him poor, in tatter- ed cloths
Waited in terror his descending blow.	With age worn down, he gently bade him stay,
The chief of robbers when his eyes first met	Rest on his leaves and fear from him no harm.
The stranger sheltered in his rugged cave	When morning came he led him on his way,
Unsheathed his sword, and with his eyes on fire,	And him in peace and better garb dis- missed. I. O.

SELECTIONS.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE PARADES.

THIS man, being of an ardent spirit and an enterprising soul, by the eccentricity of his character divided the opinion of the world... By some he was supposed equal to the highest enterprises; while others regarded him as a desperate adventurer: but by his wit and the lively display of his talents, he had gained the confidence of M. de Sartine and the Count de Maurepas, who afterwards employed him in the most dangerous attempts.

Towards the close of the year 1774, Parades completed his tour through Swisserland and the lower Valais, where making himself agreeable to several persons of science and distinction, he was employed as an engineer; in which capacity he formed the superb project of opening, by means of a canal from the Rhone, a communication between Geneva and the Vicentin, the object of which was to render France mistress of an immense commerce. This plan was laid before the Marquis de Vergennes, then ambassador to the Swiss Cantons, who judging it of the highest importance, sent the projector, with letters of recommendation, to the Comte de Vergennes at Paris, where he arrived early in the year 1778, and took the title of the Comte de Parades, for the first time.

Unfortunately for the kingdom of France, and the honour and advantage of the engineer, this scheme was

laid aside: but France then being in a state of fermentation, in expectancy of a war with England, Parades entertained hopes of being once more actively employed. Having well weighed the probabilities of his future fortune, he resolved to pass over into England, to acquire an accurate knowledge of the strength of Great-Britain; of her forces by sea and land; of her maritime fortifications; with such other information as might form the basis of his future exaltation.

He put his design into execution, and early in February arrived in England, where he visited all the principal towns; examining every thing worthy of notice, and digesting his remarks into a memorial, with which he arrived at Paris in March. This memorial was presented to M. de Sartine, who praising his zeal expressed his satisfaction, and recommended another journey into England, entirely for the purpose of procuring correct plans of every sea-port; to learn the separate stations of the British navy; the number of ships of war ready for sea, with those refitting and building; the condition of the magazines and dock-yards; and, in short, of every thing connected with the English maritime resources.

Parades accordingly quitted Versailles a second time, and soon after arrived in England, where he most strictly fulfilled his commission: he

then returned to Paris, and was still more warmly received by the ministers of France.

M. de Sartine wishing to establish faithful agents (or rather spies,) at every port of consequence, sent Parades a third time to England, with 25,000 livres, to be properly disposed of. This indefatigable partizan, after several disappointments, at length discovered a person who exactly suited his purpose; and this person agreed to procure him all the information he required, on condition of receiving a stated sum as a deposit, and 100*l.* sterling per month. All being agreed on, this traitor to his country introduced him to two Jews, in whom (he said) Parades might confide, and with whom he set off for London; a journey more interesting, but infinitely more dangerous, than the two he had undertaken before.

By means of these conductors, and the letters of recommendation he was furnished with, (added to a complete knowledge of the English language,) Parades got admittance into every place he wished to visit. He received invitations to dine from persons entrusted with the dock-yards, and other places of importance; where every movement was closely observed by him, and privately noted down.

An adventure he met with in his third tour to Plymouth is so extraordinary, that it deserves recording, and shall be given in his own words:

"We entered Plymouth at midnight, and though I had taken no rest during several days, yet I declined going to bed. My design was to reconnoitre by break of day the citadel, which I had only imperfectly viewed in my last two voyages.

"I took as my conductor, a labourer whom I met in the street, and arrived at the glacis a little after the opening of the gates. The two first centinels suffered us to pass freely, and when we had entered the place, I turned to the left up the slope that leads to the ramparts:

having quickly traversed those parts of the fortification that overlooked the country, I repaired to the salient angle of the bastion on the right of the road, where I took such sketches as were necessary. In about an hour, I wished to change my situation to the left bastion; but in passing along the curtain, (for it is necessary to observe that no centinel is placed on the rampart in the whole circuit of the place,) I was observed by a soldier mounting guard at a short distance; this centinel, astonished to see two strangers on the ramparts at so early an hour, and whom he had not observed to pass, alarmed those at the guard-house: a serjeant and two fusileers approaching directly towards me, nothing remained but to set a good face on the matter. I therefore leisurely descended the slope from the ramparts, as though my walk had been finished, and met them on the plain: the serjeant demanded my business in that place, where I ought to know that entrance is forbidden. I replied, that being a stranger, I was ignorant of the prohibition; and that the man who was my conductor ought to have informed me of it, as he belonged to the town and might be expected to know how far it was proper to go. "Seize the rascal (cries the serjeant,) and convey him to the guard-house." The soldiers seized my conductor by the collar and were dragging him along, when I immediately pulled out six guineas and presented them to the serjeant, saying in a low voice, "Let this poor devil go; he has done wrong to be sure, but it is through ignorance." He pocketed my money, and turning to the soldiers, called aloud, "Drive that rascal out, and take care he comes here no more." Afterwards addressing himself to me in a softened tone, he said, "Perhaps your honour would wish to see the fortress; if so, I will conduct you over it; I will only leave my fusil at the guard-house, and be with you in a moment." Placing no great confidence in his

word, I got rid of my papers by thrusting them into the mouth of a cannon I seemingly examined; but I had no cause for distrust: my friend the serjeant, after escorting me twice round the ramparts, descended with me into the batteries that command the Sound and the entrances of Cutwater and Hamoaze; the most complete works of their kind I ever beheld.

"After remaining nine hours in the citadel, where I took notes of all I saw, I thought it time to retire; the serjeant accompanying me to my inn, I there gratified him with a present of two guineas more for his trouble. He then took leave, after assuring me, that he should be devoted to me as long as he lived. Previously to this I had withdrawn my papers from the cannon, finding that the danger was over. It will be seen in the sequence of what further utility this man was of to me, and with what fidelity he served me.

"I found my two Jews at the inn, greatly alarmed at my long absence; and as the object of our journey was completely accomplished, we immediately set out for London."

So far M. Parades; whose agent, not less active than himself, had made an agreement with a person disaffected to government and overwhelmed with debts, for the use of his vessel, which was to be under the direction and at the disposal of the French ministry, on the conditions of the owner's receiving 800*l.* sterling per month, and the produce of all captures from the French and Americans.

This vessel was occasionally employed by Parades as a contrabandier or smuggler, under which description he got acquainted with the officers of Hurst Castle, and landed two cargoes of spirits at the garrison; by which means he made himself fully acquainted with the strength of that key to the Needles, and conceived the project of destroying the British fleet at Spithead, by sending fire ships through this passage, and also others from the

eastward from St. Helens, so as to attack the fleet at each extremity; this plan was frustrated by the envy of his rivals, who, jealous of his credit with the minister of marine, pretended to demonstrate the impracticability of this scheme, which was in consequence laid aside.

Parades having received advice from his trusty agent, that orders were issued for the equipment of twelve sail of the line at Plymouth, under the command of Admiral Byron, whose destination was America, despatched a courier to inform M. de Sartine: though the destination of this armament was kept secret, Parades found means to inform the French minister of the progress made in its fitting out, and the day that was fixed for its departure.

The English minister having received advice of the sailing of 25 ships of war from Brest, was afraid they had quitted that port with an intention of attacking Byron's squadron; in consequence of which, orders were dispatched to Admiral Keppel to sail immediately, with such ships as were then ready, to reconnoitre the French fleet, but not to engage without urgent necessity; to favour by his manœuvres, the progress of Byron, and not to lose sight of the enemy till he was sure Byron had gained a secure distance in the Atlantic; after which he was to return to Portsmouth, where all the ships at that port were preparing for sea with the utmost dispatch.

Parades had judged of the destination of these two British armaments, though it was kept secret in England, by Byron's squadron being quite complete and victualled for seven months; whereas Keppel's had provisions for only twenty days, and was greatly deficient in its complement of men; and time evinced that he judged right.

His advices and conduct were so satisfactory to M. de Sartine, that he promised him a pension of 6000 livres from the king, to prompt him to further exertion.

Admiral Keppel having sailed from Portsmouth pursuant to his orders, in quest of the French fleet, fell in with it in the channel; but as his orders were not to engage, he kept at a certain distance.

The two fleets remained several days in sight of each other. The Count d'Orvilliers made no preparations for attack, fearing to engage 32 sail of the line, instead of 20, as he had expected; and because he wanted confidence in the accounts with which Parades supplied him: so while those two fleets were watching each others motions, Byron's squadron escaped into the Western ocean. Keppel having fully executed his orders, returned to Portsmouth, carrying with him the two French frigates Pallas and Licorne, which were taken by advancing too near to reconnoitre.

From this distrust of Parades, the time for attacking either of these squadrons singly, and preventing Admiral Byron fulfilling his mission, was irretrievably lost, and its consequences felt during the whole course of the war.

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Extracts from the correspondence of an American in France.

AFTER having made a stay of six weeks in Bourdeaux, I resolved upon visiting Paris. Having applied for and obtained my passport, I proceeded to make inquiries about the different modes of travelling. The distance from Bourdeaux to Paris is about one hundred and fifty leagues, which is only fifty leagues short of the entire length of France. The common Diligence makes the journey in six days, travels very little in the night, and allows its passengers sufficient time for sleep and refreshment. The Courier, which carries the post, goes from Bourdeaux to Paris in little more than four days. This carriage admits but one passenger who is more hurried than a traveller would wish to be in a country so worthy of observation as France.

It is so unusual to travel post here, that their post carriages, or *cabriolets*, are horrid machines, and unsafe conveyances. The inns on the road are so little accustomed to be visited by persons travelling post, that they are not prepared to receive them. Every inn has its *table d'hote*, and its regular hour for dinner and supper: those travellers who come at this regular hour are sure of meeting with entertainment, at a moderate price; but those who do not come at the regular hour can hardly get any thing to eat. So that, all circumstances being considered, it is best to content one's self with the accommodation of the Diligences, which, being almost the universal mode of travelling in France, are put under very good regulations.

While I was looking out for a conveyance to Paris, I was not a little surprised at reading, in an advertisement respecting one of these Diligences,

“On ne met pas des *bœufs* à ce *voiture*.”

Des bœufs! Oxen to a Diligence, gave me a very strange notion of French travelling. But, upon making inquiries respecting that circumstance, I was informed, that parts of the road had been, in winter, in such a wretched condition, that, in those bad spots, they preferred oxen to horses, as having more dead strength, and being consequently better able to pull the carriages through the sloughs; but as soon as the bad spots were passed, the horses were again put to the carriage. Before I attempt describing the country, I shall first give you a description of the French Diligences, which, as I before mentioned, may be considered as the universal mode of travelling in France, and which is the only way by which money is remitted between Paris and the departments, whether for the national treasury, or the use of individuals. Almost all the Diligences in France belong to two or three great establishments in

Paris (the principal of which is the company of *St. Simon*.) They are, therefore, all of them so much alike both in their appearance, and their regulations, that a description of one of them may be considered a description of them all: and whoever has travelled in one French Diligence must have a pretty good idea of the universal mode of travelling in France. Those carriages are, in general, as good as the stage coaches in England, of nearly the same construction, and, like them, accommodate six inside passengers.

Fresh horses and postilions are taken every post (that is, every two or three leagues) and the drivers rewarded with a penny or two pence from each passenger.

As the carriage is driven by postilions belonging to the post-houses, there is no coachman; but, in the place of one, is sent a confidential person to take care of the carriage, be responsible for any incidental expenses, and see that the passengers are properly treated at the inns. This man is called *le conducteur*, or the conductor. Instead of a coach-box, there is in the front of the coach, a cabriolet, where one sits as comfortable as in a phaeton, having, in fine weather, the advantage of air and prospect, and having curtains, by drawing of which one can, in bad weather, shelter one's self from its inclemency. This cabriolet is the station of the *conducteur*, and admits also two passengers.

The Diligences are in general well appointed and well regulated; the horses good, and the travelling as expeditious as the state of the roads will admit of.

The roads have been very much neglected since the revolution; or, to speak perhaps more correctly, the government has been so distressed for want of money to carry on the war, that they have been obliged to seize on those funds that were destined for the repair of the roads. This has been the cause of the present ruinous state of the roads in this country. Although the Dili-

gences are, as before said, very well appointed, yet it is impossible for an Englishman to avoid laughing at the strange appearance of the French postilions, in those absurd and monstrous machines, that they call *boots*.

They come up to the middle of the thigh, are thick enough for Ajax's shield, and are, I verily believe, musket-proof. Sometimes these boots are not made of leather, but of wood, covered with leather; they stand upright in the stable yard, and the postilion steps into them with the greatest ease. I can confidently say, that nothing of the burlesque has been exhibited on the stage, or in the caricature shops, which is more ludicrous than the appearance of a French postilion in his boots.

As there is no circulation of paper money in France, and all remittances must be made in *argent comptant*, or ready cash, which is sent by these carriages every Diligence carries a considerable sum of money. This gives such a temptation to indigent and desperate men to attack these carriages for the sake of plunder, that the case occurs very frequently. The robbers are generally so well armed, and so numerous, that resistance is in vain; but (luckily for the passengers) in order to give respectability to their vocation, they usually make it a point not to plunder or molest the travellers, and often abstain entirely from what is private property. They only demand the money of the Republic, with which they say they are at war, and profess to be royalist soldiers, and not robbers. There is another class of brigands however, who are not so scrupulous, but take whatever they can lay their hands on, without inquiring whether it is public or private property. This evil is grown to such an alarming height, that government has at length occupied itself seriously in directing such measures as will probably soon put an effectual stop to this species of brigandage. The *conducteur*, per-

ceiving me to be a stranger, and consequently unacquainted with the customs of travelling, offered to pay my expenses on the road, for which he would settle with me on our arrival in Paris. I gladly embraced this offer; it saved me a good deal of trouble, and some money, as I should certainly have given more to the postilions and servants than what is customary in this country. On my arrival at Paris, he presented my account, and I found that my whole expense of travelling from Bourdeaux to Paris (which is farther than from London to Edinburgh) amounted to about seven guineas. The journey took up six days, and we had sufficient time for sleeping on the road.

This, I think, may convey to you a tolerable idea of the rate and expense of travelling in France. As to our living on the road, we always had two regular meals, the *diner* and the *souper*. At both those meals, the table was covered with a variety of dishes, and a pint of good wine was placed at each corner. The *diner* was usually at ten or eleven o'clock, the *souper* at five or six. An Englishman would rather call the first a meat-breakfast, and the last the dinner.

The table was regularly covered, both at dinner and supper, and the soup and heavy dishes removed by poultry—*gibier*, or game of some sort, omelets, &c. and vegetables; after which follows the dessert.

When I talk of heavy dishes being removed, you will probably wonder what I mean by heavy dishes in France. In the first place, there is always on the table a large piece of beef, which has been boiled for the soup. As France is as famous for soup and *bouille*, as old England for roast-beef, the French cooks have the art (perhaps more than any other) of making good soup, without spoiling the meat, the best pieces of which are used here for soup.

A leg of mutton roasted, or, as they call it, *un gigot de mouton braisec* (which means dressed with

charcoal, in distinction to baked meat) is a very favourite dish here; there is always a *roiti* either of beef, mutton, or veal; but one does not see large joints roasted as with us.

I believe that they do not know how to roast a large joint of meat in France: their little charcoal fires, and their kitchens (which are quite in Count Rumford's style) were not constructed for dressing very large joints, and I doubt very much whether they have such a contrivance as a jack for roasting meat in the whole country.

I met once, among the side dishes, with a *fricassee of frogs*: as we have heard so much of this French dish, I was determined to taste it: I was helped to some of it, and thought it very nice. The frogs grow here to a much larger size than in England, the hind quarters only are eat. I am convinced, that if English frogs was as large as the French, this dish, instead of being despised in England, would be considered a delicacy. The mention of French frogs and English beef reminds me of a story I heard told at a *table d'hotel*, by a French officer of character. He said, that at a time when he was prisoner in England; he was asked by an English officer, whether there was any *beef* in France? He answered, with much gravity, that there was not; and that, for want of beef, Frenchmen eat frogs. So I have heard, replied the Englishman. But then, Sir, rejoined the French officer, our frogs are of a very different kind from yours. They are almost as large as your oxen!—we plough our fields with them first, and then eat them. Indeed! said John Bull, opening his mouth wide with astonishment, and swallowing the story of the French frogs, that were nearly as large as English oxen. Having now given you a general view of my journey, I shall, in my next, give you a more minute detail of circumstances, and some description of the face of the country.

[To be continued.]

DR. WHITMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE
GREEK WOMEN.

THE Greek women have the face, which is beautiful and of an oval form, uncovered. Their eyes are black, as are also their eyebrows, to which, as well as to their eye-lids, they pay a particular attention, rubbing them over, to bestow on them a deeper hue, with a leaden ore reduced to an impalpable powder, blended with an unctuous matter to give it consistence. Their complexion is generally pale. They wear their hair, which is of a great length, and of a deep shining black, in tresses, and sometimes turned back, in a fanciful way, on the head. In other instances it hangs loosely down the back, extending to the hips. They are commonly dressed in a pelice of silk, satin, or some other material: they are costly in their attire, in the choice of which they are not attached to any particular colour. On the head they wear a small cap.

The Greek women marry at about the age of fifteen; they are short-lived. At twenty-five they wrinkle and decay, bearing the appearance altogether of old women. They have fine children, who, however, partake of the pallid complexion of the mothers. It is unquestionably to the too frequent use of the warm bath, to which the Greek women are so much habituated, that their very relaxed and debilitated state is to be ascribed; and this abuse, added to their natural indolence and their inaction, as certainly tends to shorten their lives.

DR. WHITMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE
TURKISH PROCESSION AT THE
OPENING OF THE BEYCAM CA-
VIBAM.

ABOUT eight o'clock in the morning the procession commenced; but the Grand Seignior did not make his appearance until half past nine. The dresses of all those who com-

posed the procession were splendid and costly. The fine horses on which they were mounted, and more especially those of the eunuchs and principal officers of state, were most gorgeously caparisoned, the housings of many of them being of gold embroidery, studded with precious stones, by which a very brilliant effect was produced. In the turban of the Grand Seignior was a beautiful aigrette of very great value, the diamonds of which it was composed being of uncommon magnitude. Several of his horses, on which his shield and various trophies were carried, were led in the procession; and being very richly caparisoned, and ornamented with a profusion of diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, gave a brilliancy and magnificence to the scene, which far exceeded any idea I could have previously formed of it.

During the procession, a Turkish officer was constantly employed in throwing on the heads of the populace handfuls of new paras (small coins). The contest which ensued, to pick them up, afforded to the Turkish spectators no little amusement.

The Grand Seignior, who was very superbly mounted, was followed by his sword-bearer, carrying his sabre, the hilt of which was profusely studded with diamonds. Next came several officers of his seraglio, richly dressed, bearing on cushions his turbans, ornamented with diamonds and other gems. The streets were lined on each side with janissaries, whose dress-caps appeared to me both ridiculous and unbecoming. As the Sultan passed along, he from time to time bowed with great affability to the people, all of whom prostrated themselves at his approach.

The kisla aga, or chief of the eunuchs, officiated at the mosque, and wore on his return a valuable pelice and a rich caftan, with which the Grand Seignior had presented him. Several other caftans, of qualities suited to the rank of those for

whom they were destined, were distributed by the Sultan on this occasion.,

The procession was conducted with great decorum, and throughout the whole of it, the best order observed. It would be impossible to describe all the striking appearances it exhibited, or to enter into a detail of the great variety and extreme singularity of the magnificent costumes which were displayed. To be brief—it afforded to us strangers a spectacle truly novel and interesting, and fully repaid us for the trouble we had taken to be comprehended among the number of the spectators. By eleven o'clock the streets were cleared.

	s.	d.
Monthly Mirror	1	0
..... Epitome	0	6
..... Visitor	1	0
Medical and Physical Journal	2	0
Military Journal	2	6
Naval Biography	2	0
..... Chronicle	2	6
..... Magazine	1	0
Navy List	0	6
Naturalist's Miscellany	2	0
Nicholson's Journal	2	6
Philosophical Magazine	2	0
Repertory of Arts	1	6
Sowerby's Botany	1	6
Sporting Magazine	1	0
Universal ditto	1	6
Young's Annals of Agriculture	2	0
Zoological Magazine	1	0

LIST OF MONTHLY PUBLICATIONS
IN LONDON (1800.)

	sells at	s.	d.
Army List		1	0
Anderson's Recreations in Agriculture		1	6
Anti-Jacobin Review		2	0
Arminian Magazine		0	6
British Critic Review		2	0
British Magazine		1	6
Britannic ditto		1	0
Botanical ditto		1	0
Critical Review		2	0
Chirurgical ditto		1	6
Commercial Magazine		1	0
Copper-plate ditto		1	0
Donovan's British Insects		1	0
.....'s Shells		2	6
European Magazine		1	6
..... Repertory		2	0
Evangelical Magazine		0	6
Fashions of London and Paris		1	6
Gentleman's Magazine		1	6
German Museum		1	6
Gospel Magazine		1	6
General Baptist's ditto		0	6
Historical ditto		1	6
London Review		1	6
London Medical Magazine		1	6
Lady's Magazine		1	0
Lady's Museum		1	0
Monthly Review		2	0
..... Magazine		1	6
..... Preceptor		1	0

ACCOUNT OF ALGIERS.

THE inhabitants of the Algerine State are partly Turks, partly Moors, and partly Christians and Jews. Each of these four divisions contains different subdivisions. The Turks have established themselves here since the middle of the sixteenth century, and have rendered themselves so formidable, that that they may be considered as the lords of the country. They are the nobility: their privileges are founded on their personal valour; and in their hands are all the offices and employments; the other inhabitants being kept by them in a state of ignorance and subjection. All the Turks settled here, have at different times arrived either as emigrants, or even fugitives, from the dominion of the Grand Signior. According to the established constitution of Algiers, no native of the country can be a Turk: he only is considered as a genuine Turk, and enjoys the privileges annexed to that class, who is descended from Mahomedan parents, or born of a Mahomedan mother, in the dominions of the Grand Signior. Renegadoes, who come from Turkey to Algiers, are indeed in one respect

esteemed Turks, but not so noble as the others; holding a rank as much inferior to the genuine Turks, as the new to the old nobility in Europe. Formerly the number of Turks established at Algiers was from fourteen to sixteen thousand men: but now they at most amount to nine or ten thousand, among whom there are many invalids. The vacancies occasioned by death or otherwise, are filled up by recruiting, chiefly at Smyrna and Alexandria, where young men are, by tempting and fallacious promises, enticed to leave their native land, and enter into the service of the Dey. The recruits who here offer themselves are almost all of the lowest class of the populace, runaway artificers, shepherds, criminals escaped from the hands of justice, among whom there are not seldom murderers and villains guilty of other the most atrocious crimes. Their first reception at Algiers answers not to their high-wrought expectations: they receive a few coarse clothes, free quarters in the barracks, daily two small loaves of bread, and every other month 406 aspers. Twelve or even sixteen years may thus be passed, before a Turk is raised to the class of those who are entitled to the highest pay. Such as have relations, or exercise a trade, subsist tolerably well: the others overrun the country in bands, and live by plundering and robbing. These excesses are indeed sometimes punished by the government: but, as the cause still continues to exist, they cannot be entirely suppressed. No wonder, then, if the Turks are hated by the Moors: but their hatred shews itself in acts of vengeance only against such of them as singly stray too far into the country; for, on the whole, they are more feared than hated by the cowardly natives.

The Turks resident in Algiers are ignorant, proud in the highest degree, lazy, voluptuous, revengeful and jealous: but then they are at the same time faithful, sincere,

courageous, and tolerant. The meanest Turk esteems himself far superior to the Moors, Christians and Jews. These ideas of superiority, which he brings with him from his native country, are nourished and confirmed by the privileges he enjoys at Algiers.

In repose and conveniency the inhabitant of the East places his chief happiness. Stretched in indolent ease on his carpet, the opulent Turk smokes with voluptuous relish his pipe, remains for hours in the same posture, drinks his coffee, slumbers between whiles when he has no company; takes sometimes by way of change a little opium; again smokes his pipe; orders his slaves to perfume him, and in particular his beard, with incense; and in such a round of enjoyments consumes the whole day. Those who are less favoured by fortune enjoy as much as they can, and for this purpose hasten to the coffee-house, to smoke their pipes at ease, to view the passengers, and enjoy the pleasant delirium arising from opium. Even the poor and indigent will live on a scanty portion of the coarsest food, and wander about the streets dirty and covered with rags, rather than submit to work. Nothing is able to rouse the Turk from his inactivity; he seems merely to vegetate, and to prefer this torpid state of existence to every other.

This indolence is accompanied with an unbounded propensity to sensual pleasures. A moderate passion for the sexual intercourse is in this country a rare phenomenon. Not less excessive is the Algerine Turk in his jealousy: no punishment is so cruel, no deed so black, but the offended party will resolve upon, to wreak his vengeance on his rival. As the Turk knows no higher happiness on earth than the gratification of his voluptuous desires, and as his heart is full of it, his lips overflow with it, and it forms the darling subject of his conversation: here his habitually serious countenance brightens up;

and his fancy is sufficiently awakened to furnish him with the necessary images. Those who are strongly built, live upon a generous and nourishing diet, belong to the beautiful races of man, and are justly renowned for herculean powers. But as they enter upon the course of pleasure at too early an age, they preserve the reputation of superior prowess for only a short time.

Avarice, too, is a characteristic of the Turks at Algiers. Their original indigence lays the first foundation of this passion. In the sequel, domestic cares, and the extraordinary expenditure necessary to smooth their way to promotion and to the offices of the state, render parsimony a duty, which at last degenerates into the most sordid avarice. The Turk, however, has likewise his good side. One may almost always rely on his word, and reckon upon his fidelity and promised assistance: he is a stranger to dissimulation and to deceitful evasions. A Turk will seldom secretly purloin any thing, whatever he takes, he takes openly and by force, from pride or revenge. He as much abhors cunning and deceit, as he does pusillanimity and cowardice. It must be observed, however, that among the Turks their natural disposition to these virtues becomes considerably weakened in proportion as they rise to high honours and dignities.

The Turks not only think, but act tolerantly: at the most, they pity those who profess not their religion. Some of them even think too nobly and rationally, to condemn those of a different persuasion merely for following the dictates and conviction of their consciences. Nay, there are not wanting instances of Turks exhorting their Christian slaves to the observance of the external rites of Christian worship. Renegadoes are by the most of them despised. In general the Algerine Turk is equally a stranger to fanaticism and bigotry; he hates both.

The privileges and prerogatives of the Turks here are merely personal. They pay no poll-tax, and have an exclusive title to rise to the first offices of the state: to the dignity of *Dey*, none but a genuine Turk can be exalted. No Turk can be punished except by the express command of the *Dey*: when condemned to death, the mode of putting them to death, according to rule, is by strangling: sometimes, though rarely and for secret reasons of state, the execution is performed by the administration of a dose of poison in a cup of coffee. To their other privileges must likewise be added, that they buy all the necessaries of life at a lower price; that from all gardens and vineyards which are not inclosed with high walls, they may take as much fruit as they can eat; and that their testimony, all other circumstances being equal, is always preferred to and held of more value than that of the Moors, Jews, and Christians... Their male children and descendants inherit only a small part of these privileges; and constitute a peculiar class of men, who are next in rank and dignity to the Turks.

These sons, who spring from the marriages of Turks with women natives of Algiers, are called *Cololis* or *Coloris*. They have the privilege to be in cases of necessity admitted, by permission of the *Dey*, into the military. After their enrolment, they are considered as equal to the genuine Turks, and advance like them in rank and pay. They may likewise be raised to civil offices of the state, but not to the first. The number of these *Coloris* is considerable, especially in the vicinity of the capital. Among them are ancient, rich, and respectable families. The sons even of the *Dey* himself belong to the class of *Coloris*; and consequently cannot succeed to the throne, or to any of the higher offices of state. It may even be asserted, that the richest and most considerable families of this country consist of *Colo-*

ris; as all the Beys, Califs and Caits are always Turks, who leave great wealth to their children. The Coloris form a middle class betwixt the Turks and Moors: they are certainly the most dangerous enemies of the domination of the Turks, and continual envy and mistrust subsists between both parties. The government therefore admits as few as possible of the Coloris into the military corps; nor ever employs them in secret and dangerous expeditions; and, in case of any dispute arising between them, always favours the Turks. With respect to the character of the Coloris, they resemble the Turks in being proud, vain, jealous and courageous; and likewise votaries of sensual pleasure, but more laborious and addicted to business. On the other hand, they partake of the perfidy and dissimulation of the Moors, and of their propensity to superstition. In bodily strength and structure, they are not inferior to the Turks, and cannot in this respect be distinguished from them. Being the descendants of the richest and most considerable men, many of whom have travelled into distant countries, they undoubtedly belong to the most intelligent and cultivated part of the inhabitants of Algiers, from whose conversation a European may derive entertainment and instruction.... They have likewise a genius for the arts; and the most expert artists and artificers of the country are Coloris.

The second grand division of the inhabitants of Algiers is the *Moors*. Under this general name are comprehended the *Moors* properly so called; the *Cabyles*, mixed with *Brebers* (*Berbers*); and several proper *Arabian tribes*. The *Moors* in the Algerine dominions (*Mauri Mauritanii*) must not be confounded with the *Negroes*, the more so, as their natural colour is as white and beautiful as that of the natives of the south of France, of Spain, and Italy. The country people, indeed, who expose themselves half naked

to the burning rays of the sun, have an adust and reddish-yellow appearance: but this is not the natural colour of their bodies.

With respect to their moral character, the Moors of this country are inferior to the Turks. They are malicious, false, cowardly, revengeful, fanatical, ignorant, superstitious, fraudulent, avaricious, and, as far as regards the lower class, likewise thievish and rapacious. But, then, they are more active than the Turks, and especially have a turn for commerce and the mechanic arts. The Moors who live in the cities, do not appear in so odious a light: for, by their frequent intercourse and dealings with other nations, they become more polished. They are likewise for the most part, in easy circumstances, and some of them even rich. The Turks are hated, and even despised, by the rich Moors; who reject and avoid all connection and inter-marriage with them and the Coloris: but they dare not openly shew their hatred and pride; on the contrary, they are obliged to take refuge in dissimulation and flattery, and to purchase with presents, patrons and protectors among the Turks. The less wealthy Moors in the towns are for the most part artificers: many of them likewise follow the sea service. Among the rich, and those of a higher rank, we find some, who even are fond of books, and apply to the study of the sciences; but their knowledge extends not beyond the Koran, and history, as told by the Arabian writers and chronicles. The greatest villians in the cities are found among the lowest class of Moors: these cannot be kept within bounds and restrained from crimes of every kind, but by extreme severity, bordering on cruelty. The *Biscaris* form a small exception. Very few of the country people who are Moors are wealthy: the greater part have hardly a sufficiency to satisfy their most pressing wants. On them rests with all its weight the despotic pressure of the govern-

ment and its tax-gatherers and agents. They are ignorant, rude, and uncultivated, and strangers to all the advantages and comforts of social life. They retain the ancient custom of distinguishing themselves by families and tribes. In the towns this distinction is no longer attended to: which circumstance would seem to corroborate the opinion of those who maintain that the inhabitants of the cities are descendants of the Moors who were expelled from Spain and Portugal. Many Moorish families do not remain constantly at a fixed place of abode, but lead a nomadical life. Some of the poorest settle on the estates of the wealthy Moors, Turks, or Coloris, where they earn their subsistence by cultivating the land under certain conditions. These fare better than their nomadical brethren, are more civilized, nor have so savage and frightful an appearance. Among all the Moorish tribes in the country, polygamy prevails: but in the towns they seldom avail themselves of this privilege. Into the chief military corps, or the infantry, the Moors are never admitted: but the whole cavalry of the Dey of Algiers is composed of them; for the Turks and Coloris seldom serve as horse-soldiers. This body of cavalry are not bad troops; but they are not much esteemed, as the government cannot rely on them so confidently as upon the infantry: besides, from the mountainous state of the country, cavalry cannot be so often and usefully employed.

The Moorish mountaineers are called *Cabyles* or *Cabeys*: they are partly the immediate descendants of the most ancient inhabitants of the country, and are in this respect frequently denominated *Brebers* or *Berbers*; partly the mixed progeny of the aborigines and of the nations who in former times invaded and settled in the country; but all of them have always been, and still are distinguished from the other inhabitants of the country by their language, love of freedom, and rude unpolished manners. The

Cabyles, too, are divided into distinct tribes, many of which are free and independent, and do not acknowledge the superiority of Algiers; especially those who inhabit the inaccessible ridges of mountains. The neighbouring tribes are often united by friendly alliance, without, however, subjecting themselves to a common head. Others live in a continual state of contention and feud with their neighbours: the most potent causes of these quarrels are the infidelity and elopement of their wives. They are in general well grown, robust, meagre, and of a sun-burnt, red, and often blackish yellow complexion, and have black or dark-brown hair. Their external appearance is rendered still more uncouth by dirt and tattered clothes. They generally dwell in straw-huts: however, stone houses here and there occur in their *Daskras*, or villages. Their number decreases; and their love of liberty likewise gradually wears away. Only the inhabitants of the highest parts of the mountains still assert their independence, and defend their liberty with undaunted valour against every hostile attack. Their courage, joined to a perfect knowledge of the country, saves them from the superior force of their enemies: as the Algerines have several times, and even no later than twenty years ago, experienced to their cost. The government therefore endeavours to maintain a good understanding and friendship, where force can produce no effect; and often gives way to even their unreasonable demands. Thus the *Cabyles* of *Couco* are treated with very great lenity; for the situation of their country is favourable, and they can assemble a strong army; and they carry great quantities of oil and soap for sale to Algiers. The same is the case with respect to the *Cabyles* who inhabit the sea coast about Bugia, Bona, and Tabarca. Among the *Cabyles* who acknowledge no common chief, those of the greatest age are particularly honoured: and

only their priests, or *Marabuts*, enjoy the general confidence of the tribes, and have under the cloak of religion acquired great power and authority, which in some instances has become hereditary. These then act in the capacity of heads of the tribes, form treaties of peace, send ambassadors, and are by others, and even by the Turks, considered as the chiefs of the nation. In the vicinity of the sepulchre of a deceased *Marabut*, or saint, generally is the habitation of the *Marabut* of the tribe, who gives, by means of a flag, hoisted on a pole, erected upon the edifice, the usual signal when the time of prayer arrives. From the same place signals are made, on the approach of an enemy, to the Cabyles, to assemble them at the appointed place of rendezvous. The language of the Cabyles, like that of the Moors, is a dialect of the Arabic. It deviates, however, so much from the latter, that in many places Moors and Cabyles are not able to understand one another.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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SPECIMENS OF LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

[THE Editor will occasionally give Extracts from Berdmore's Literary Resemblance, a late performance, full of good sense and acute criticism.]

LETTER I.

MY DEAR P.

THE remarks which I sent you a few days ago, on a passage in Pope's translation of Homer, have engaged me so far in the consideration of LITERARY RESEMBLANCE OR IMITATION, and the subject is so curious and interesting, that perhaps you will indulge me while I pursue it in a page or two further.

In a periodical paper, begun 1752, are cited many passages from Pope, said never to have been taken notice of, as "evidently borrowed, though they are improved."

Superior Beings, when of late they saw

A moral man unfold all nature's law

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,

And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape.

Essay on Man, Ep. ii. V. 31.

Utque movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,

Sic nos cœlicolis, quoties cervica superbâ

Ventosi gradimur.

Again,

Simia cœlicolâm risusque jocuaque Deorum est

Tunc homo, quum temere ingenio confidit, et audet

Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque Divûm.

Palingenius.

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,

Must gravitation cease? when you go by;

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,

For Chartre's head reserve the hanging wall.

Essay on Man, Ep. iv. V. 123.

If a good man be passing by an infirm building just in the article of falling, can it be expected that God should suspend the force of gravitation till he is gone by, in order to his deliverance?

Wollaston, Rel. Nat.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd,

Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;

Created half to rise, and half to fall,

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hur'd;

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Essay on Man, Ep. ii. V. 13.

What a chimera then is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and a feeble worm of the earth; the great depositary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty; the glory and scandal of the universe.

Pascal.

None of these passages can be new to you, but I have taken the liberty of transcribing them, as they furnish occasion for a few remarks: and I have selected the three above from several others; as a LEARNED CRITIC, whom, while on this subject, we cannot fail of having continually in our view, has chosen these very instances to illustrate some observations in his letter to Mr. Mason on the MARKS OF IMITATION.

It will be thought perhaps somewhat strange, that he takes no notice of the Adventurer. But we must suppose that either he had never read those ingenious essays; or, if he had, that he thought them little worthy his attention; though, in general, the sentiments, contained in this paper, seem to bear a very near relation to those, which he himself advances. Engaged, as he at all times was, in pursuits so much more important, he never, it seems, found an hour or two of leisure to read more than one work of the very learned and respectable Dr. Leland; and that one, only with an intention to refute it.

Be this as it may, he certainly stamps a value on these quotations by adopting them. He had too much respect both for himself and for his readers, to obtrude upon their consideration, those vulgar passages, which every body recollects, and sets down for acknowledged imitations."

If you compare the different manner of the two writers, you cannot but admire the superior management and address of the LEARNED CRITIC. In the Adventurer, the passages from Pope are brought forward without preparation, and confronted at once with the authors,

said to be imitated. In the LEARNED CRITIC they are ushered in with all the ceremonies of a regular introduction, and presented in form. In the first cited instance, we observe a very remarkable difference between the one and the other:

Superior Beings, when of late they
^{saw}
 A mortal man unfold all nature's
^{law,}
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly
 shape,
 And shew'd a Newton, as we shew
 an ape.

The Adventurer derives this singular passage from one Palingenius, an obscure monk. Not so the LEARNED CRITIC. He did not wish to have it thought, that he could for a moment so far forget his own character, as to waste any portion of his valuable time in turning over *such trash*; much less that the "*great poet*," so superior to ADDISON in true genius, could ever degrade himself by borrowing a thought from one of so inferior an order. More conformably therefore to that literary dignity, which, he was conscious, belonged not less to himself, than to Pope, he pronounces that the "*great poet had his eye on Plato, who makes Socrates say, in allusion to a remark of Heraclitus;*"

Ὅτι ἀνεβλεπὼν ὁ σοφιστῆς πρὸς
 ΘΕΟΝ πῶς ἄλλος φημίται.

Hipp. Major.

Conspiring with this laudable sense, which the LEARNED CRITIC at all times fondly cherished, of literary dignity, there appears to have been another motive for his conduct in this place. Had he derived the passage, as the Adventurer did before him, from Palingenius, he would have had no opportunity of exhibiting that masterly display of the true critic; and all the refined reasoning which follows, with the nice distinction between the god of the philosopher,

and the Superior Beings of the Poet, had been lost.

Does it not require more than a common share of critical acumen, a perspicacity far beyond that of "those dull minds, by which the shapes and appearances of things are apprehended only in the gross;" to discriminate between a Heathen god and a Superior Being? The real state of the case seems to be, that the LEARNED CRITIC, in order to make the sentence which he has quoted, more accommodable to his purpose, concealed, even from himself, the true meaning of the philosopher's words. The philosopher, he says, refers προς ΘΕΩΝ, i. e. not to God *the* God; but, agreeably to the idiom of the Greek language, as the word stands without the article, *a* god; one amongst many; according to the generally received opinion of the age and country in which Plato lived; as appears more evidently by what follows:

Ὁμολογούμεν, Ἰππία, τὴν καλλίστην παρθεὶν πρὸς ΘΕΩΝ γυνὸς ἀσχεροῦ νυκί.

Again,

Καὶ δὴ πρὸς γὰρ ΘΕΟΥΣ ὅτι καὶ πολλοὶ τὸ ἀνθρώπιον γυνός. κ. τ. λ.

Thus the god of the philosopher is plainly no more than one of the Superior Beings alluded to by the poet; consequently the application is, in both cases, precisely the same; addressed to the same order of beings; and the ape, ὁ πιθηκος, becomes an object either of *derision* or *admiration*, as the one or the other may chance to fall in more aptly with the writer's views.

The *great poet*, it must be said, appears in the hands of the LEARNED CRITIC to advantage; yet I doubt whether an indifferent looker-on would not, after all, be disposed to think with the Adventurer, that more probably Pope at this time *la! his eye* on Paligenius. There are some plausible reasons, which

seem to operate very strongly in favour of this opinion.

In a paper, printed 1743, are pointed out several Expressions, Similes, and Sentiments in Paligenius, 'Translated and Improved by Mr. Pope, in his Essay on Man, amongst which this very simile of the ape is one; whence it appears that the *great poet* condescended now and then to amuse himself with turning over *such trash*; and that he was tempted to turn over the pages of this obscure author more than once. At the same time I suspect that he was very little conversant in the writings of Plato.

If you are not quite wore down, I am tempted to remind you of an apparent imitation in Pope from Ovid, which I sent you some time ago. It has at least one merit, which I find is considered by other collectors of these curious trifles, as a primary recommendation. It has never, so far as I know, been *blown upon* by any of the swarm, which usually buzz about the works of celebrated writers. In the Eloise you have these charming lines.

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls;
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound;
Come, sister, come! it said, or seem'd to say,
Thy place is here; sad sister, come away.

* * * * *

I come, I come.

Now turn to Ovid:

Est mihi marmorea sacratas in æde
Sichæus,
Appositæ frondes, velleraque alba
tegunt,
Hinc ego me sensi moto quater ore citari,
Ipse sono tenui dixit, *Ilissa, veni.*
Nulla mcra est, *venio, venio, &c.*

Dido Æneæ, V. 99.

Here are not only the same thoughts, and expression, but, what the LEARNED CRITIC considers as a more decided mark of imitation, the same disposition of the parts. Yet it occurs to me that you doubted whether we could pronounce with certainty, that our English bard borrowed these thoughts from the Roman.

You will not think that I deal fairly with your favourite, if I do not here add another passage from the same poem, where you think, very justly, that Pope has much improved and embellished the hint which Ovid gave him.

Not Cæsar's *empress* would I deign to prove;

No! make me *mistress to the man I love.*

If there be yet another name more free,

More fond than *mistress, make me that to thee.*

Si pudet uxoris, non nupta, sed hospita dicar;

Dum tua sit Dido, quidlibet esse feret.

Dido *Æneæ*, V. 167.

Every reader of taste will agree in the opinion of Pope's superiority. I am pleased to leave him with you under such favourable circumstances.

ADIEU.

FROM DRAKE'S LITERARY HOURS.

.....Poet Edwin was no vulgar boy:

Song was his favourite and first pursuit;

The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,

And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute,

His infant muse, though artless, was not mute.

BEATTIE.

In the periodical paper entitled *The Mirror*, is an elegant essay on the character and genius of *Michael Bruce*, a young poet of considerable ability, who was de-

scended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives, and who in the twenty-first year of his age perished under that scourge of our isle, pulmonary consumption.

In the year 1787, travelling through the western Highlands of Scotland, and returning to Edinburgh by Loch Leven and North Ferry, I rode by the house, situated about three miles from Kinross, where this ingenious youth was born. "I never look on his dwelling," says the author of the *Mirror*, "a small thatched house distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a sashed window at the end, instead of a lattice, fringed with a honey-suckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it;....I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honey-suckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy."

These natural and pleasing ideas possessed my mind at the time I passed his door, which I did not do without checking my horse to indulge the tribute of a sigh. The concluding lines of his beautifully descriptive poem on Loch Leven, which was finished under the pressure of mortal disease, and at a distance from his native cottage, instantly occurred to my memory.

Thus sang the youth, amid unfertile fields

And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!

Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus

The dear remembrance of his native fields

To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease

Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts

Of dark December shook his humble cot.

Loch Leven, the subject of Mr. Bruce's poem, is a beautiful fresh water Lake near twelve miles in circumference, on the side next Kinross bounded by a plain occupied by open groves, on the other side by mountains. About the centre of the lake are two islands, one of which, called St. Serf's isle, has not less than forty acres of excellent pasturage, and was formerly the seat of the ancient priory of Loch Leven dedicated to St. Servanus. On the other, which contains not above an acre of ground, stand the picturesque ruins of the castle of the Douglas's. Here was confined the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, a circumstance which, from the association of ideas, throws an air of interesting melancholy around, and adds much to the effect of the scene. From this place however, she at length escaped through the assistance of George Douglas, a youth of eighteen, who had been deeply smitten with the charms of Mary, and who contrived, on Sunday night the second of May 1568, as his brother sat down to supper, to sever the keys of the castle. Having liberated his beloved prisoner he locked the gate behind her, threw the keys into the lake, and having previously secured a boat, whilst the oars of all the other boats were thrown adrift, reached the shore in safety. Mr. Gilpin in his Scotch Tour has thus elegantly allegorized this remarkable event: "But neither the walls of Loch Leven castle, nor the lake which surrounded it, were barriers against love. Mary had those bewitching charms, which always raised her friends. She wore a cestus; and might be said to number amongst her constant attendants, the God of Love himself. His ready wit restored her liberty. Time and place were obedient to his will. His contrivance hid the plot. His address secured the keys; and his activity provided the bark, to which he led her; with his own hand carrying the torch, to guide her footsteps through the

darkness of the night.....Confusion ran through the castle. Hasty lights were seen passing and repassing at every window; and traversing the island in all directions. The laughing God, the meanwhile, riding at the poop, with one hand held the helm; and with the other waved his torch in triumph round his head. The boat soon made the shore, and landed the lovely queen in a port of security; where Loyalty and Friendship waited to receive her."*

At the west end of this noble sheet of water stands a very elegant house formerly belonging to the family of Bruce, but now in the possession of a Mr. Graham; it commands a delightful view of the lake, and is well screened by extensive pine plantations; it was built by the celebrated Architect, Sir

* Scotch Tour, vol. i. p. 96.....It has been a doubt with some whether Mary really possessed the fine features so generally attributed to her by historians; her portraits are numerous, and vary much in the representation of her countenance, some of them by no means impressing us with a favourable idea of her charms: the two following anecdotes however, and they may be depended upon, clearly ascertain her extreme beauty, and afford a striking instance of the fascination which usually waited upon her person.

When Mary, in the full bloom of youth, was walking in a procession through Paris, a woman forced her way through the crowd and touched her. Her excuse for this rudeness was extreme curiosity, which prompted her to feel if so angelic a creature were formed of flesh and blood.

GRAINGER.

Chatelard, grandson to the celebrated Bayard, a man of literature, and an elegant poet, who had long adored the beautiful Mary in secret, permitted his love so far to overpower his prudence as to tempt him to hide himself in the queen's bed-chamber. He was discovered and forgiven. The same insult again repeated, proved fatal. He was delivered up to the law, tried and executed.

Vic De Marie Par Brantome.

William Bruce, in 1685, and is generally esteemed a noble specimen of his skill in that department.

A spot abounding in so much lovely scenery, and rendered still more attractive by the associations of childhood and early youth, would necessarily impress on the susceptible heart of our young poet the most lively and endearing sensations, and when far distant from his humble shed and tender parents, when suffering under sickness and sorrow, it was a consolation of no vulgar kind to recollect the pleasures of his native vale, to paint in glowing colours its delicious landscapes, and ere the fairy colours faded from his view to give them local habitation and a name in strains which should perpetuate his memory and his genius.

His poem on Loch Leven displays a fertile imagination, and is rendered interesting to every reader by the vein of pathetic sentiment which pervades the whole. As an appropriate specimen of the elegant versification and superior merits of this production, I shall quote his description of the two islands of the lake. The first delineates that on which the Priory had anciently stood, and then adverts to the present ruins of the famous castle of the Bruces. It is my wish that these lines may recommend to further notice the poetry of this amiable but unfortunate youth.

Here Superstition for her cloister'd
sons
A dwelling rear'd, with many an
arched vault;
Where her pale vot'ries at the mid-
night hour,
In many a mournful strain of melan-
choly,
Chaunted their orisons to the cold
moon.
It now resounds with the wild shriek-
ing gull,
The crested lapwing, and the clam'-
rous mew,
The patient heron, and the bittern
dull

Deep-sounding in the base, with all
the tribe
That by the water seek th' appointed
meal.

From hence the shepherd in the
fenced fold,

'Tis said, has heard strange sounds,
and music wild;

Such as in Selma, by the burning oak
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from
trembling chords

Of untouched harp, self-sounding in
the night.

Perhaps th' afflicted Genius of the lake
That leaves the wat'ry grot, each
night to mourn

The waste of time, his desolated isles
And temples in the dust: his plain-
tive voice

Is heard resounding through the dreary
courts

Of high Loch Leven castle, famous
once,

Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's
line;

Gothic the pile, and high the solid
walls,

With warlike ramparts, and the
strong defence

Of jutting battlements, an age's toil!
No more its arches echo to the noise

Of joy and festive mirth. No more
the glance

Of blazing taper thro' its windows
beams,

And quivers on the undulating wave:
But naked stand the melancholy walls,

Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold
and bleak,

That whistle mournful thro' the em-
pty halls,

And piece-meal crumble down the
towers to dust.

'Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it
stands;

Scarce here and there, upon their
blasted tops,

A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the
year

Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert
tower

That time has spar'd, forth from the
window looks

Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
While from above the owl, musician
dire!

Screams hideous, harsh, and grating
to the ear.

IMMORTALITY.

[I have lately been delighted with some of the works of Zollikofer a German divine. His pulpit-discourses yield not in eloquence to those of Massillon. He every where discovers a pious and prolific mind. Indeed in rhetorical reasoning I know not who should stand before him. From his discourse on the immortality of man the following extract is taken—which (as his Sermons are not generally known here) shall be occasionally succeeded by others from the same pen.]

“To the man who knows nothing of futurity, who has no hope of immortality, all nature is a sealed book, and he is the greatest of all mysteries to himself. The design of his existence is incomprehensible to him; and of the other purposes for which the other creatures that surround him were formed, and which so far exceed mankind in number, magnitude, and beauty, he knows still less. Every thing he sees and hears is to him an ænigma, to the solution whereof he can find no key. Represent to yourself a philosopher, who knows nothing of the gospel, and from whom futurity is concealed, profoundly contemplating the heaven and the earth and himself, and that you hear him discourse on these important objects in his comfortless solitude: what a doubtful, what a desultory, and dismal language he holds! Methinks I hear him exclaim, in a doleful voice, Why is the heaven so beautifully adorned, and to what end is this magnificence which nature so profusely displays wherever I turn my view? What is the purpose of this great, this immense and ingenious structure? How gloomy, how painful to me is this prospect, so charming in itself, since I, perhaps now for the last time, enjoy it, and at all events shall shortly be deprived of all sentiment forever! Were I shut up in some dark and dismal dungeon, had the day never shone upon my dwelling, my misery had then been tolerable: but here like some malefactor,

I sit imprisoned in a gorgeous palace, and can find nothing delightful, nothing agreeable in it, as expecting every moment the summons to death!—And what mean the faculties I feel within me? How am I benefited by the capacities I possess, but which I cannot employ? I behold many beauties, much magnificence, many astonishing effects before me. I am curious to investigate and understand them. But they are all incomprehensible to me: it is too high for me, I cannot attain unto it. My abilities fail me, and the light itself is darkness to me.—It is true, nature is beautiful; she is pleasant and charming; she invites my senses to abundance of pleasure and joy. But why, then, am I so restless and uneasy? Why cannot all those goods and beauties satisfy my mind? Whence proceeds the want I feel amidst this abundance, and the sentiment of which so often disturbs my liveliest pleasure, and always renders it incomplete? Why is my inquisitiveness never to be satisfied? Wherefore can I never cease from wishing! Whence comes the disgust that so quickly succeeds to enjoyment, and deprives all I earnestly longed after, in a moment, of its worth? Has the Creator, then, called me out of nothing for my punishment? Has he given me such capacities, such desires, for the augmentation of my misery? To what purpose such great preparatives for the few and uncertain hours of life?—Thus does the hopeless mortal entangle himself in reflection. He finds himself in the most delightful garden; but it is all a labyrinth to him, to him it loses every charm from his want of a clue to guide him through it.

“Before the christian, on the other hand, who expects immortality and an everlasting life to come, all these difficulties vanish away. He sees that it is a wise and bountiful God, who has placed him on the globe of the earth. He discovers the principal scope of things, and sets his mind at rest. The hope of futurity gives every

thing, beautiful and great, he sees in the world, a heightened colour and a new display. The view of the boundless creation, that utterly perplexed and confounded yonder unhappy being, inspires the christian with admiration, and leads him to adore the Most High in serenity and satisfaction. In a sacred transport he exclaims, with the Psalmist :—" Lord, how glorious are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches!" Here I perceive eternal work: here I find materials for incessant discovery; here I see sources of knowledge and joy, whence rational beings may draw for ever, without any fear of their failing. How gloomy to me would be the contemplation of beautiful nature, how sad the sentiment of my powers, how troublesome my curiosity, how fertile in vexation my infinite desires, if I had to dread, in a few moments, the utter extinction of knowledge and enjoyment! But thou hast ordained me, O God, to life, to a life that shall know no end. At present my capacities are too great to exhibit themselves in all their strength. The body of death surrounds me, and fixes narrow limits to the workings of my mind. But soon shall I be freed from these bonds. My soul will soar aloft, and mount into the realms of light. She will rise at the resurrection of the just, united to a glorious, a spiritual, an incorruptible body. Then, O God, then shall I first behold thy works in all their grandeur, in all their pomp and beauty; then shall I be for ever employed in the investigation of them, and never be weary of admiring thy wisdom and power; then will all my desires be satisfied, and all my wishes accomplished. This is not the place of my final destination. It is but preparatory to a far better and more glorious state. Here it is my business, by generous occupations, to begin to qualify myself for the purer delights that await me in that world, and even what I call troublesome and imperfect in

my present condition must, if I but properly apply it, promote my future perfection. Thus does the christian unravel the design of his being and the tendency of his powers; and thus does he dissipate the darkness that surrounds him on earth, by the light of the gospel, which discloses to his view the fairest prospects in eternity.

" Knowledge and virtue are, indeed, in and for themselves, and without regard to futurity, the strongest supports and the richest sources of our happiness. How, without knowledge, should we satisfy the curiosity of our minds? How, without virtue, should we tranquilize our hearts? How should we tame our turbulent passions, how should we controul them when they contend with each other, and bring to a rational equilibrium, if we were destitute of knowledge and virtue? Let us now compare the mortal without hope with the christian that expects eternity, and see which of them has the greatest means and the greatest encouragements to build his happiness on this foundation, and to render his life pleasant by knowledge and virtue. We will here allow them both to speak their natural sentiments, and thence it will plainly appear which of them has the advantage of the other. It is true, knowledge is ornamental to the mind; thus speaks the man whose hopes are confined to this life. I experience, that what thinks within me is capable of mounting above visible objects, and of piercing into the combination of things. I feel a great pleasure when I increase my perceptions, and can discover the traces of the wise author of nature. But how foolish and unprofitable is this my employment! Wisdom cannot be acquired without much toil. Truth never appears to her votaries till after many successful researches; one may fall into a hundred errors sooner than discover one truth. We must dedicate both day and night to the study of the latent operations of nature, ere we can acquire but a slight

knowledge of her secrets. Mean-
time, the mind grows weary: its
powers diminish; the body is weak-
ened by strenuous exertions of it,
and I become daily less capable of
relishing the pleasures of sense.
And what is, at length, the result
of all my pains? After a few mo-
ments are past I shall be no more,
and my laboriously acquired know-
ledge will likewise be no more.
That which thinks in me, and often
fondly soars above the clouds, will
in a few days be lost to existence.
The great discoveries I am striving
to make, will vanish into thin air,
and my lofty imaginations, and my
exalted conceptions, will be envel-
oped in the shades of everlasting
night. Such is the language of the
man who has no views beyond the
grave. His endeavours after know-
ledge must necessarily appear ridi-
culous to himself; and he has little
or nothing to encourage him in the
prosecution of it.

No less feeble are his motives to
virtue, and his purpose to follow her
precepts will as easily fail. He
wITHERS like a flower that springs
up in a parched soil, or on a stony
ground. Though great the native
beauty of virtue, yet is it not suffi-
cient to render the man who looks
upon death as the period of his be-
ing constant in the love and the
practice of it. Self-interest and
the hope of advantage are the prin-
cipal springs of human actions.
Few men, however, are so enlight-
ened as to perceive the combination
of virtue with self-love and with
real advantage. It costs a man
labour and toil before he can arrive
at a certain aptitude in goodness.
He has many obstacles to surmount,
and many difficulties to encounter,
if he would fulfil his duties with
exactitude, and conduct himself in
all circumstances like a true chris-
tian. Riches and honours and days
of ease, are not always the compa-
nions of integrity. How often, on
the contrary, is it attended by po-
verty and scorn! Nay, is it any
thing uncommon for the brightest
virtue to be attacked with animosi-
ty and persecuted with vengeance?

And yet it is impossible, without
virtue, to acquire tranquility of
mind. Vice, on the other hand,
is often arrayed in charms: she
holds out, to her followers, power
and authority, opulence and re-
spect; she promises them abund-
ance of pleasure. And yet vice
renders us unhappy, and, so long
as we are slaves to it, it is impos-
sible for us to be calm and content-
ed. Therefore, if a man would flee
from vice; if he would love virtue;
if he would thus live contented and
happy: he must have certain im-
pelling motives to do so. But do
you imagine that any one, who has
no punishment to fear in futurity,
and no reward to expect, is in a
capacity to vanquish all tempta-
tions to evil, and devote himself to
the service of insulted virtue with
her mean appearance? Certainly
not. Her beauty might probably
attract him; he might even deter-
mine to follow her precepts: but
how long would his resolution last?
The first violent temptation would
put it to flight. Were he frankly to
explain himself, it is thus he would
speak: What will it profit me if I
earnestly strive to be virtuous?
What avails this unremitting at-
tention to all my thoughts, my de-
sires, and actions? These violent
conflicts with my propensities and
passions? How difficult it is to con-
quer one's self! And what benefit,
what fruit, have I at last to expect
from the victory? My probity will
be taken for affectation, my piety
will be imputed to melancholy; and
I shall sit solitary in the dust, while
others, of laxer principles, are roll-
ing in the seats of honour! What
have I to provide for but my body and
my temporal affairs? Why should
I quarrel with the amusements and
delights that so many others enjoy?
Shall I embitter my life by the re-
strictions of temperance, and for
the sake of an imaginary intel-
lectual pleasure, deny myself the
more sure and substantial pleasures
of sense? I have nothing to fear or
to hope after death! So speaks the
hopeless mortal: thus will his pur-
poses to follow virtue be enfeebled.

Thus he allows himself to be seduced by the wages of sin; and discontent and vexation, perplexity and fear, and every disastrous consequence of vice, at once take possession of his heart. From want of hope, he neglects the principal and purest sources of earthly happiness, and will always be becoming more unhappy than he was.

Quite otherwise is it with the christian, who expects immortality. He daily endeavours to augment his knowledge and to improve in virtue, and thus daily promotes his true felicity. He can never be wanting in encouragement to firmness and zeal in his generous endeavours; and the futurity which is ever in his view, renders all he undertakes, in this design, not only easy but pleasant. How pleasant, he says in the simplicity of his heart, how pleasant to me are the meditations I indulge on the perfections of my God and father, the greatest and best of beings! What a pure delight streams through my soul, when I consider his ways and admire his works! How it exalts my spirit when I perceive the wisdom of the Creator in his creatures, and trace out the marks of his greatness! How reviving my meditations on my divine Redeemer, and his consolatory office! My knowledge indeed, in all respects, is very imperfect and weak; but this shall not dishearten me from constantly labouring, with renovated ardour, at its extension and improvement. In the matters of most importance I have the gospel for my guide, and am safe from all deception. By that I perceive an eternity approaching. The real knowledge I shall here collect, is out of the power of that spoiler death. Hereafter, in the world of spirits, I shall pursue my researches; what is false will evaporate from my attainments, and what is solid and just will form the basis of my higher perfection. Thus does the hope of futurity animate the christian; and the pleasure he procures from the contemplation of

religion and nature will be ever increasing, as he has no need to fear it will ever be lost.

ABSTRACT OF THE REPORT OF
THE SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY.

THE annual net proceeds of the duties on merchandise and tonnage had, in former reports, been estimated at nine millions five hundred thousand dollars. That revenue, estimated on the importations of the years immediately preceding the late war, and on the ratio of increase of the population of the U. S. have been under-rated. The net revenue from that source, which accrued during the year 1802, exceeds ten millions one hundred thousand dollars. The revenue which has accrued during the two first quarters of the present year, appears to have been only fifty thousand dollars less than that of the two corresponding quarters of the year 1802; and the receipts in the Treasury, on account of the same duties, during the year ending on the 30th of Sept. last, have exceeded ten millions six hundred thousand dollars.

These facts prove that the wealth of the U. S. increases in a greater ratio than their population, and that this branch of the public revenue may now be rated at ten millions of dollars.

The same revenue for the two last years of the late war, at the present rate of duties, averaged 11,600,000 dollars a year; but though it might be supposed that the renewal of hostilities will produce a similar increase, no inference from that period is now drawn in relation to the revenue of the ensuing years.

Although the sales of public lands during the year ending on the 30th Sept. last, were lessened by the situation of the western country; two hundred thousand acres have been sold during that period; and

independent of future sales, the sums already paid to the receivers, with those which, exclusive of interest, fall due during the three ensuing years, amount to 1,250,000 dollars, the annual revenue arising from those sales, may be estimated at four hundred thousand dollars.

The extension of post roads, and the acceleration of the mail, while diffusing and increasing the benefits of the institution, have rendered it less productive. The receipts have amounted, during last year, to 27,000 dollars; but as neither these, nor those arising from some other incidental branches, effect any general result, the whole revenue of the U. S. will be only ten millions four hundred thousand dollars.

1. The appropriation of 7,300,000 dollars, for the payment of the principal and interest of the debt; of which about three millions and an half are at present applicable to the discharge of the principal, and the residue in the payment of interest, **Dolls. 7,300,000**

2. The expenses of government, according to the estimates for the year 1804, viz.

For the civil department and all domestic expenses of a civil nature,

791,000

For expenses attending the intercourse with foreign nations, including Algiers, and all expenses relative to the Barbary powers,

134,000

For the military and Indian departments,

875,0

For the navy, supposing two frigates and four smaller vessels be in commission,

650,000

9,800,000

And deducted from the permanent revenue of 10,400,000

Leave

600,000

The extraordinary resources and demands not permanent, to wit:

The specie in the Treasury, on the 30th of Sept. last, **Dollars: 5,860,000**

The arrears of the direct tax, 250,000

The outstanding internal duties, near 400,000

The sum to be repaid to the U. S. on account of advances made in England for the prosecution of claims, 150,300

Total, 6,660,000

This sum, after reserving the sum which it is necessary to keep in the Treasury, will discharge the demands on account of the convention with Great Britain, viz.

Dolls. 2,664,000

Extraordinary expenses in relation to the conventions with France and Great Britain, 100,000

The loan from Maryland, for the city of Washington, 200,000

And also to pay 2,000,000

4,964,000

of dollars on account of the purchase of Louisiana; being the sum reserved by the law of the last session, for extraordinary expenses attending the intercourse with foreign nations.

During the year ending on the 30th Sept. last, the payments on account of the public debt, were

Dolls. 3,096,700

which, with the increase of specie in the Treasury during the same period, 1,920,000

4,416,700

makes a difference in favour of the U. S. of more than four hundred thousand dollars during that year.

The payments on account of the principal of the public debt, from the first day of Sept. 1803, were
 Dolls. 9,924,004

The specie in the Treasury, on the first of April, 1801, 1,794,000
 And on the 30th of Sept. 1898, 5,860,000

Making an increase of 4,066,000

Those amount to 13,990,004
 From which deducting, as arising from the sales of bank shares, 1,287,600

Leaves, 12,702,404
 in favour of the U. S. for that period of two years and an half.

From that view of the present situation of the U. S. the only question is, whether any additional revenues are wanted to provide for the new debt, which will result from the purchase of Louisiana.

The U. S. may have to pay, by virtue of that treaty, fifteen millions of dollars. First, 11,250,000 dolls. in a stock bearing an interest of six per cent. payable in Europe, and the principal of which will be discharged at the Treasury of the U. S. in four instalments, to commence in the year 1818....2dly, A sum which cannot exceed 3,750,000 dollars, payable at the Treasury of the U. S. during the ensuing year, to citizens having certain claims on France.

As two millions of dollars may be paid from the specie now in the Treasury, on account of the last item; and the new debt cannot exceed thirteen millions of dollars, the interest of which is 780,000; but on account of commissions, and variations of exchange, will be eight hundred thousand dollars.

The surplus revenue of the U. S. will discharge six hundred thousand dollars of that sum, and it is expected that the net revenue collected at New-Orleans will be equal to the remaining two hundred thousand dollars.

That opinion rests on the supposition that Congress shall place that port on the same footing as the U. S. so that the same duties shall be collected there, on the importation of foreign merchandise as are now levied in the U. S. and that no duties shall be collected on the exportation of produce or merchandise as are now levied in the U. S. that no duties shall be collected on the exportation of produce or merchandise from N. O. to any other place; nor on any articles imported into the U. S. from the ceded territories or into those territories from the U. S.

The statement (G) shows that the exportation from the Atlantic States to those Colonies, of articles not of the growth or manufacture of the U. S. amounted for the years 1799, 1800, and 1801, to 6,622,189 dollars; making an average of more than two millions two hundred thousand dollars, of foreign articles, liable to pay duty, annually exported to Florida and Louisiana from the U. S. alone.

The exportations from the U. S. to Florida are so trifling that that statement may be considered as applying solely to N. O.; it is also known, that almost the whole of those exportations were consumed within that colony, and that during the war the supplies from the U. S. constituted by far the greater part of its imports.

Thence it results that the annual importations into the ceded territory, of articles destined for the consumption of its own inhabitants, and which will, under the laws of the U. S. pay duty, may be estimated at two millions five hundred thousand dollars: which, at the present rate of duties, will yield a revenue of about 350,000 dollars. From that revenue must be deducted 150,000 dollars, for the following: viz.

1st. The duties on a quantity of sugar and indigo equal to that which shall be imported from N. O. into the U. S.; as those articles being imported free from duty, will diminish by so much revenue now col-

lected in the seaports of the U. S. The whole amount of sugar exported from N. O. is less than 4,000,000 of pounds, and that of indigo is about 30,000 pounds. Supposing that the whole of those articles should hereafter be exported to the U. S. the loss to the revenue will be about 100,000 dollars.

2d. No increase of expense in the military establishment of the U. S. is expected on account of the acquisition of territory; but the expenses of the province and of the intercourse with the Indians; are estimated at 50,000 dollars, leaving for the net revenue derived from the province, and applicable to the payment of the interest of the new debt, 200,000 dolls.

The only provisions necessary, are,

1. In relation to the stock of 11,250,000 dollars to be created in favour of France;

That that debt be made a charge on the sinking fund, directing the commissioners to apply so much of its proceeds as may be necessary for the payment of interest and principal, in the same manner as they are directed to do in relation to the debt now charged on that fund.

That so much of the duties on merchandise and tonnage as will be equal to seven hundred thousand dollars, being the sum wanted to pay the interest of that new stock, be added to the annual permanent appropriation for the sinking fund; making, with the existing appropriation, eight millions of dollars, annually applicable to the payment of the interest and principal of the public debt;

And that the said annual sum of eight millions of dollars remain in trust for the said payments, till the whole of the existing debt of the U. S. and of the new stock, shall have been redeemed.

As a sum equal to the interest of the new stock will thus be added to the sinking fund, the operation of that fund, as it relates to the extinguishment of debt, will remain

on the same footing as has been heretofore provided by Congress. The new debt will neither impede nor retard the payment of the principal of the old debt; and the fund will be sufficient, beside paying the interest on both, to discharge the principal of the old debt, before the year 1818, and that of the new, within one year and an half after that year.

11. In relation to the American claims the payment of which is assumed by the convention with France:

That a sum not exceeding 3,750,000 dollars, inclusive of the two millions appropriated by the last session of Congress, be appropriated for the payment of those claims, to be paid out of any monies in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

That for effecting the whole of that payment, the President of the U. S. be authorised to borrow a sum not exceeding 1,750,000 dollars, at an interest not exceeding six per cent. a year.

And that so much of the proceeds of the duties on merchandise and tonnage as may be necessary, be appropriated for the payment of interest and principal of the loan to be thus effected.

It is not proposed to charge that loan on the sinking fund, because its amount cannot at present be ascertained; and because it may perhaps be found more expedient to pay out of the sinking fund, the whole or part of the two last instalments, payable by virtue of conventions with Great-Britain.

The possibility of thus providing for the payment of the interest of a new debt of thirteen millions of dollars, without recurring to new taxes or interfering with the provisions heretofore made for the payment of the existing debt, depends on the correctness of the estimate of the public revenue which has been submitted. It rests principally on the expectation that the revenue of the ensuing years shall not be less than that of the year

1802. No part of it depends on the probable increase which may result from the neutrality of the U. S. during the present war, nor even on the progressive augmentation, which, from past experience, may naturally be expected to arise from the gradual increase of population and wealth. Nor has that effect been taken into consideration which the uninterrupted navigation of the Mississippi, and the acquisition of New-Orleans may have, either on the sales of the public lands, or on the resources of the inhabitants of the western states.

LETTER FROM WM. COWPER
TO LADY HESKETH.

October 12, 1785.

My dear Cousin,

It is no new thing with you to give pleasure, but I will venture to say that you do not often give more than you gave me this morning. When I came down to breakfast, and found upon the table a letter franked by my uncle, and when opening that frank I found that it contained a letter from you, I said within myself, this is just as it should be; we are all grown young again, and the days that I thought I should see no more, are actually returned. You perceive therefore that you judged well when you conjectured that a line from you would not be disagreeable to me. It could not be otherwise, than as in fact it proved, a most agreeable surprise, for I can truly boast of an affection for you that neither years, nor interrupted intercourse have at all abated. I need only recollect how much I valued you once, and with how much cause, immediately to feel a revival of the same value; if that can be said to revive, which at the most has only been dormant for want of employment. But I slander it when I say that it has slept. A thousand times have I recollected a thousand scenes in which our two

elves have formed the whole of the drama, with the greatest pleasure; at times too when I had no reason to suppose that I should ever hear from you again. I have laughed with you at the Arabian Nights Entertainment, which afforded us as you well know, a fund of merriment that deserves never to be forgot. I have walked with you to Nettley Abbey, and have scrambled with you over hedges in every direction, and many other feats we have performed together, upon the field of my remembrance, and all within these few years, should I say within this twelve month I should not transgress the truth. The hours that I have spent with you were among the pleasantest of my former days, and are therefore chronicled in my mind so deeply as to fear no erasure. Neither do I forget my poor friend Sir Thomas. I should remember him indeed at any rate on account of his personal kindnesses to myself, but the last testimony that he gave of his regard for you, endears him to me still more. With his uncommon understanding (for with many peculiarities he had more sense than any of his acquaintance) and with his generous sensibilities, it was hardly possible that he should not distinguish you as he has done; as it was the last, so it was the best proof, that he could give of a judgment, that never deceived him, when he would allow himself leisure to consult it.

You say that you have often heard of me: that puzzles me. I cannot imagine from what quarter, but it is no matter. I must tell you, however, my cousin, that your information has been a little defective.... That I am happy in my situation is true; I live and have lived these twenty years with Mrs. Unwin, to whose affectionate care of me during the far greater part of that time, it is, under Providence, owing that I live at all. But I do not account myself happy in having been for thirteen of those years in a state of mind that has made all that care

and attention necessary. An attention, and a care, that have injured her health, and which, had she not been uncommonly supported, must have brought her to the grave. But I will pass to another subject; it would be cruel to particularize only to give pain, neither would I by any means give a sable hue to the first letter of a correspondence so unexpectedly renewed.

I am delighted with what you tell me of my uncle's good health; to enjoy any measure of cheerfulness at so late a day is much, but to have that late day enlivened with the vivacity of youth, is much more, and in these postdiluvian times a rarity indeed. Happy for the most part, are the parents who have daughters. Daughters are not apt to outlive their natural affections, which a son has generally survived even before his boyish years are expired. I rejoice particularly in my uncle's felicity, who has three female descendants from his little person, who leave him nothing to wish for upon that head.

My dear cousin, dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. I write therefore generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening I transcribe. I read also, but less than I write, for I must have bodily exercise, and therefore never pass a day without it.

You ask me where I have been this summer. I answer, at Olney. Should you ask me where I spent the last seventeen summers, I should still answer, at Olney. Ay, and the winter also, I have seldom left it, and except when I attended my brother in his last illness, never I believe a fortnight together.

Adieu, my beloved cousin; I shall not always be thus nimble in reply, but shall always have great pleasure in answering you when I can.

Yours, my friend and cousin,

W. COWPER.

ACCOUNT OF BOETHIUS.

THE senator Boethius is the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countryman. As a wealthy orphan, he inherited the patrimony and honours of the Anician family, a name ambitiously assumed by the kings and emperors of the age; and the appellation of Manlius asserted his genuine or fabulous descent from a race of consuls and dictators, who had repulsed the Gauls from the Capitol, and sacrificed their sons to the discipline of the republic. In the youth of Boethius, the studies of Rome were not totally abandoned; a Virgil is now extant, corrected by the hand of a consul; and the professors of grammar, rhetoric, and jurisprudence, were maintained in their privileges and pensions, by the liberality of the Goths. But the erudition of the Latin language was insufficient to satiate his ardent curiosity; and Boethius is said to have employed eighteen laborious years in the schools of Athens, which were supported by the zeal, the learning, and the diligence of Proclus and his disciples. The reason and piety of their Roman pupil were fortunately saved from the contagion of mystery and magic, which polluted the groves of the academy; but he imbibed the spirit, and imitated the method of his dead and living masters, who attempted to reconcile the strong and subtle sense of Aristotle with the devout contemplation and sublime fancy of Plato. After his return to Rome, and his marriage with the daughter of his friend, the patrician Symmachus, Boethius still continued, in

a palace of ivory and marble, to prosecute the same studies. The church was edified by his profound defence of the orthodox creed against the Arian, the Eutychian, and the Nestorian heresies; and the Catholic unity was explained or exposed in a formal treatise by the *indifference* of three distinct though consubstantial persons. For the benefit of his Latin readers, his genius submitted to teach the first elements of the arts and sciences of Greece. The geometry of Euclid, the music of Pythagoras, the arithmetic of Nichomachus, the mechanics of Archimedes, the astronomy of Ptolemy, the theology of Plato, and the logic of Aristotle, with the commentary of Porphyry, were translated and illustrated by the indefatigable pen of the Roman senator. And he alone was esteemed capable of describing the wonders of art, a sun-dial, a water-clock, or a sphere which represented the motions of the planets. From these abstruse speculations, Boethius stooped, or to speak more truly, he rose to the social duties of public and private life: the indigent were relieved by his liberality; and his eloquence, which flattery might compare to the voice of Demosthenes or Cicero, was uniformly exerted in the cause of innocence and humanity. Such conspicuous merit was felt and rewarded by a discerning prince; the dignity of Boethius was adorned with the titles of consul and patrician, and his talents were usefully employed in the important station of master of the offices. Notwithstanding the equal claims of the East and West, his two sons were created, in their tender youth, the consuls of the same year. On the memorable day of their inauguration, they proceeded in solemn pomp from their palace to the forum, amidst the applause of the senate and the people; and their joyful father, the true consul of Rome, after pronouncing an oration in the praise of his royal benefactor, distributed a triumphal largess in the games of the circus.

Prosperous in his fame and fortunes, in his public honours and private alliances, in the cultivation of science and the consciousness of virtue, Boethius might have been styled happy, if that precarious epithet could be safely applied before the last term of the life of man.

A philosopher, liberal of his wealth and parsimonious of his time, might be insensible to the common allurements of ambition, the thirst of gold and employment. And some credit may be due to the asseveration of Boethius, that he had reluctantly obeyed the divine Plato, who enjoins every virtuous citizen to rescue the state from the usurpation of vice and ignorance. For the integrity of his public conduct he appeals to the memory of his country. His authority had restrained the pride and oppression of the royal officers, and his eloquence had delivered Paulianus from the dogs of the palace. He had always pitied, and often relieved, the distress of the provincials, whose fortunes were exhausted by public and private rapine; and Boethius alone had courage to oppose the tyranny of the Barbarians, elated by conquest, excited by avarice, and, as he complains, encouraged by impunity. In these honourable contests, his spirit soared above the consideration of danger, and perhaps of prudence; and we may learn from the example of Cato, that a character of pure and inflexible virtue is the most apt to be misled by prejudice, to be heated by enthusiasm, and to confound private enmities with public justice. The disciple of Plato might exaggerate the infirmities of nature, and the imperfections of society; and to the mildest form of a Gothic kingdom, even the weight of allegiance and gratitude, must be insupportable to the free spirit of a Roman patriot. But the favour and fidelity of Boethius declined in just proportion with the public happiness; and an unworthy colleague was imposed, to divide and controul the power of the master of the offices. In the

last gloomy season of Theodoric, he indignantly felt that he was a slave; but as his master had only power over his life, he stood without arms and without fear against the face of an angry Barbarian, who had been provoked to believe that the safety of the senate was incompatible with his own. The senator Albinus was accused and already convicted on the presumption of *hoping*, as it was said, the liberty of Rome. "If Albinus be criminal," exclaimed the orator, "the senate and myself are all guilty of the same crime. If we are innocent, Albinus is equally entitled to the protection of the laws." These laws might not have punished the simple and barren wish of an unattainable blessing; but they would have shewn less indulgence to the rash confession of Boethius, that, had he known of a conspiracy, the tyrant never should. The Advocate of Albinus was soon involved in the danger and perhaps the guilt of his client; their signature (which they denied as a forgery) was affixed to the original address, inviting the emperor to deliver Italy from the Goths; and three witnesses of honourable rank, perhaps of infamous reputation, attested the treasonable designs of the Roman patrician. Yet his innocence must be presumed, since he was deprived by Theodoric of the means of justification, and rigorously confined in the tower of Pavia, while the senate, at the distance of five hundred miles, pronounced a sentence of confiscation and death against the most illustrious of its members. At the command of the Barbarians, the occult science of a philosopher was stigmatised with the names of sacrilege and magic. A devout and dutiful attachment to the senate was condemned as criminal by the trembling voices of the senators themselves; and their ingratitude deserved the wish or prediction of Boethius, that, after him, none should be found guilty of the same offence.

While Boethius, oppressed with fetters, expected each moment the

sentence or the stroke of death, he composed in the tower of Pavia the *Consolation of Philosophy*; a golden volume not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit from the barbarism of the times and the situation of the author. The celestial guide whom he had so long invoked at Rome and Athens, now condescended to illumine his dungeon, to revive his courage, and to pour into his wounds her salutary balm. She taught him to compare his long prosperity and his recent distress, and to conceive new hopes from the inconstancy of fortune. Reason had informed him of the precarious condition of her gifts; experience had satisfied him of their real value; he had enjoyed them without guilt; he might resign them without a sigh, and calmly disdain the impotent malice of his enemies, who had left him happiness, since they had left him virtue. From the earth, Boethius ascended to heaven in search of the SUPREME GOOD; explored the metaphysical labyrinth of chance and destiny, of prescience and free-will, of time and eternity; and generously attempted to reconcile the perfect attributes of the Deity, with the apparent disorders of his moral and physical government. Such topics of consolation, so obvious, so vague, or so abstruse, are ineffectual to subdue the feelings of human nature. Yet the sense of misfortune may be diverted by the labour of thought; and the sage who could artfully combine in the same work, the various riches of philosophy, poetry, and eloquence, must already have possessed the intrepid calmness, which he affected to seek. Suspense, the worst of evils, was at length determined by the ministers of death, who executed, and perhaps exceeded, the inhuman mandate of Theodoric. A strong cord was fastened round the head of Boethius, and forcibly tightened, till his eyes almost started from their sockets; and some mercy may be discovered in the

milder torture of beating him with clubs till he expired. But his genius survived to diffuse a ray of knowledge over the darkest ages of the Latin world; the writings of the philosopher were translated by the most glorious of the English Kings, and the third emperor of the name of Otho removed to a more honourable tomb the bones of a Catholic saint, who, from his Arian persecutors, had acquired the honours of martyrdom, and the fame of miracles. In the last hours of Boethius, he derived some comfort from the safety of his two sons, of his wife, and of his father-in-law, the venerable Symmachus. But the grief of Symmachus was indiscreet, and perhaps disrespectful: he had presumed to lament, he might dare to revenge, the death of an injured friend. He was dragged in chains from Rome to the palace of Ravenna; and the suspicions of Theodoric could only be appeased by the blood of an innocent and aged senator.

STORY OF CECILIA.

THE passion of love is supposed to exert its sway most despotically over the softer sex, the gentler half of our species; but though I cannot but confess that women, taken in the aggregate, are more delicate animals than men, and less capable of resolute exertion and firmness, yet there are instances among them of a firm endurance of evil, an energy of mind fully equal to the boasted strength of the stern Lords of the Creation. A woman indeed who has a soul at all, (for it is well known to be the Turkish creed that that beautiful machine is not endued with so useless a spring, and there are some instances among our own countrywomen that would almost induce one to believe that a few fair Turks had straggled into Great Britain)... a woman, I say, who has a soul, is much more animated, more alive than man. Her impulses, if less

permanent, are more lively; and though their vigour may quickly relax, yet the first spring is so powerful, that it will carry them further than a more continued impetus will lead a man.... But I am going to set before my readers the character of a female, not more distinguished for her feeling than her resolution; and whose case, as it may be common to all, may contain a general warning and a general example.

Cecilia was, from her infancy, the child of misfortune. She lost her mother in the first month of her life, and experienced through her childhood every disadvantage which can attend a motherless female. It is needless to detail the circumstances which threw Cecilia, without fortune and without friends, into a dependent situation in an elegant family. There, however, we find her, from a very early age, bereft of all the splendid hopes her father's prospects once held out to her, and trusting alone to "Innocence and Heaven."

Cecilia was no beauty;...instead of the Grecian elegance of form, and the unrivalled delicacy of features she might have inherited from her lovely mother, she could boast only an active, though not a slender person, a complexion that glowed with the pure tints of health, a countenance that bespoke good humour, and an eye that beamed intelligence. Her skin had been despoiled of its polish by that foe to loveliness, the small-pox;...and the narrowness of her fortune deprived her of the adventitious advantages of dress. The lowliness of her situation, which she felt most acutely, (perhaps too much so, since circumstances, not incurred by guilt, ought to bring no imputation with them) repressed all the freedom of her manner, and all the graces of her youth. With these exterior disadvantages, Cecilia was living with a woman of fashion, fortune, and beauty, who, satisfied with the charitable deed of affording a home to a fellow-creature, thought she

treated her with sufficient kindness when she did not beat her.

Cecilia, however, possessed a mind far superior to her situation: it had been elegantly and even studiously cultivated. She was no mean proficient in the modern accomplishments, and was more than commonly skilled in the Belles Lettres. She had loved moral philosophy, as the most improving and the most interesting study; and she now sought in its doctrines a relief from the discomforts she experienced. She could not believe but that unwearied assiduity, diligence, and good-humour would procure her the good-will, and even the affection of her patroness; but the course of a few years shewed her that she deceived herself, and that a fine lady is a non-descript in ethics.

Had Cecilia been one of those humble toad-eaters, who can bear to dangle after their ladies into public, clad in their forsaken ornaments, at once the envy and the scorn of the whole tribe of waiting gentlewomen,....had she been an adept at flattery, and echoed with applause the unmeaning witticisms she was condemned to hear, she would probably have been a favourite: but such was not her character. Conscious of some internal merit, Cecilia sought to be chosen, not suffered; and finding, unhappily, that she could not obtain what she sought, she gradually withdrew more and more from observation, and though obliged to frequent all company, she never met with even the common attentions due to her age and sex.

Thus retired in herself, and thrust back by circumstances, it was not possible for her to obtain any attention in the gay and dissipated circle in which she was condemned to move, nor to have the least chance of being lifted to a better situation. The best years of her life were wasted in hopeless despondency, and she could look forward to nothing but passing the evening of her days in the same joyless gloom,

when some events occurred, which seemed to promise a possibility of happiness.

Alcanor, an intimate friend of the family, had for some time distinguished Cecilia with more than a polite....with a kind attention.... Alcanor was a man of sense, a complete gentleman, and bore an unblemished character for probity and honour. Cecilia, who, with a bosom formed to feel the warmest raptures of love, with a judgment keen to perceive, and a heart alive to distinguish excellence, had hitherto preserved herself from any particular attachment only by perpetual reflections on the hopelessness of her situation, felt a fearless gratitude for the friendship of Alcanor. It exalted her in her own eyes above the insignificance into which she was conscious she had sunk in the estimation of those around her; yet considering Alcanor as a being many degrees above her, she indulged her gratitude without the smallest idea that it would ever ripen into a warmer sentiment. Nor could it ever have disturbed her peace, though it might have added to her happiness, but for some occurrences, not necessary to be detailed, which threw her often into confidential talk with Alcanor.

Though wholly a novice in the affairs of love, Cecilia had not reached the age of twenty-eight without having observed the effects of the passions; and the inquietude she now began to be conscious of, alarmed her for the nature of her sentiment towards Alcanor. His increasing kindness increased her inquietude and her alarms. She strictly examined her heart, and learned to distrust, not him, but herself. She had hitherto put no restraint on the natural warmth of her manner when conversing with him: she now assumed a more guarded style. Alcanor saw the difference of her conduct, and strove by the most delicate attentions, to bring her back to her former unreserve. Cecilia could no longer be blind to the meaning of Alcanor....

What had she to fear from a man whose bosom was the seat of honour? What a happiness, what a triumph for her to be selected by so superior a being! She looked timidly at Alcanor. His respectful deference, his affectionate attentions, his graceful gaiety reassured her; by degrees her timidity, her reserve wore off, and without a word on either side, they were on the footing of avowed lovers. To have doubted his honour would have been sacrilege. She became a new being. She looked forward with some apprehension indeed to the situation to which her marriage would raise her; but she endeavoured to render herself worthy of it. She hourly improved in grace, gaiety, and appearance, and Alcanor became hourly more and more attached: yet so delicate were the marks of his attachment, as to be by all unnoticed, save by the conscious Cecilia!

She was now anxiously expecting the moment when his avowal should dissipate all apprehensions, when one day, after a temporary absence, as she advanced to meet him with her accustomed gladness, she was struck with the strangeness of his manner!.....Polite he was indeed; but what was mere politeness from Alcanor to Cecilia? She gazed in his face; she saw in it no answering warmth; she retired to weep, and in solitude, chid herself for her fancifulness. She returned to prove Alcanor faultless, and herself mistaken. She found him to all others cheerful, animated, gay, as usual... to her invincibly cold. Day after day passed on, and no returning kindness beamed in his eye. Hope was extinct, and thus ended forever an attachment singular in its progress, and barbarous in its termination...No opportunity now offered of speaking alone to Alcanor, and if it had, of what service would it have been to the unfortunate Cecilia? Of what was she to complain? Nothing, however, was ever fur-

ther from her wishes than to complain, except to reproach Alcanor! To conceal her griefs, to conquer her feelings, to command her countenance, these were the tasks she imposed upon herself....these were the efforts that exhausted her strength, that embittered her solitary hours, that bathed her pillow with tears!

These salutary efforts, however, succeeded, and Cecilia is a noble example that philosophy and exertion can surmount the greatest trials, and afford comfort under the heaviest misfortunes. She has devoted her time, with exemplary fortitude, to those pursuits which formerly interested her; and she finds from her laudable exertions the truest and most permanent comfort. One only reflection remains to embitter her hours of retirement, and that is, her earnest and not unjustifiable curiosity to learn the reason of Alcanor's sudden change; but this explanation she must assuredly rest without obtaining, since she can never ask, and he seems not at all disposed to volunteer it.

That no future clouds may arise to disturb a serenity so laudably regained, must be the wish of every one who reads this recital; but what words can do justice to the unsuspected perfidy of Alcanor, who first obtained the full confidence of his destined victim, and then amused himself with watching the progress of a passion he coolly resolved to reduce to despair? Cecilia, indeed, with a delicacy of which only the most feeling mind could be capable, sometimes reproaches herself with having too readily yielded to the semblance of affection; but her own heart, and that of the treacherous Alcanor, must fully exculpate her from this blame. The following lines, however, which obtained by an accident not to be related, prove her jealousy of her own conduct, and the acuteness of her feelings.

I caught a bright fantastic cloud,
 And in the glittering moonlight
 dress'd it,
 Then, of the beauteous pageant
 proud,
 Too fondly to my bosom press'd it.

I fancied, by the dubious light,
 I saw my phantom sweetly smiling;
 My bosom throbb'd with wild delight,
 All reason's soberer fears beguiling.

What dreams of joy my soul revolv'd,
 What pleasant visions hover'd o'er
 me!

'Till by th' incautious warmth dis-
 solv'd,
 My treasure faded from before me!

Condemn'd henceforward still to
 grieve,
 My senses rove in wild confusion,
 Nor can I scarcely yet believe
 My bliss was all a vain illusion.

From treacherous hope will I no more
 Deceitful forms of pleasure borrow,
 But silently my loss deplore,
 And sink a prey to secret sorrow.

Such is the tale I wish to impress
 on the minds of my fair country-
 women; since to all the lot of Ceci-
 lia is possible, it would be wise in
 all to arm their minds with similar
 fortitude. The above lines, written
 at a very early period of her dis-
 tress, but very ill convey her pre-
 sent philosophic calmness.

ESSAY ON THE ARTS, COMMONLY CALLED IMITATIVE.

IT is the fate of those maxims,
 which have been thrown out by
 very eminent writers, to be re-
 ceived implicitly by most of their
 followers, and be repeated a thou-
 sand times, for no other reason,
 than because they once dropped
 from the pen of a superior genius:
 one of these is the assertion of Ari-
 stotle, that 'all poetry consists in
 imitation,' which has been so fre-
 quently echoed from author to au-
 thor; that it would seem a kind of
 arrogance to controvert it; for al-

most all the philosophers and cri-
 tics, who have written upon the
 subject of poetry, music, and paint-
 ing, how little soever they may
 agree in some points, seem of one
 mind in considering them as arts
 merely imitative: yet it must be
 clear to any one, who examines
 what passes in his own mind, that
 he is affected by the finest poems,
 pieces of music, and pictures, upon
 a principle, which, whatever it be,
 is entirely distinct from imitation.
 M. le Batteux has attempted to
 prove that all the fine arts have a
 relation to this common principle of
 imitating: but, whatever be said of
 painting, it is probable, that poetry
 and music had a nobler origin; and,
 if the first language of man was not
 both poetical and musical, it is cer-
 tain, at least, that in countries,
 where no kind of imitation seems
 to be much admired, there are
 poets and musicians both by nature
 and by art: as in some Mahometan
 nations; where sculpture and paint-
 ing are forbidden by the laws, where
 dramatic poetry of every sort is
 wholly unknown, yet, where the
 pleasing arts, of expressing the
 passions in verse, and of enforcing
 that expression by melody, are cul-
 tivated to a degree of enthusiasm.
 It shall be my endeavour in this
 paper to prove, that, though poetry
 and music have, certainly, a power
 of imitating the manners of men,
 and several objects in nature, yet,
 that their greatest effect is not pro-
 duced by imitation, but by a very
 different principle; which must be
 sought for in the deepest recesses
 of the human mind.

To state the question properly,
 we must have a clear notion of what
 we mean by poetry and music; but
 we cannot give a precise definition
 of them, till we have made a few
 previous remarks on their origin,
 their relation to each other, and
 their difference.

It seems probable then that poe-
 try was originally no more than a
 strong, and animated expression of
 the human passions, of joy and grief,
 love and hate, admiration and anger,

sometimes pure and unmixed, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the voice and accents of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in them very nearly approaching to cadence and measure; which is remarkably the case in the language of a vehement Orator, whose talent is chiefly conversant about praise or censure; and we may collect from several passages in Tully, that the fine speakers of old Greece and Rome had a sort of rhythm in their sentences, less regular, but not less melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in praising the Deity; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful plain, to view for the first time the serenity of the sky, the splendor of the sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible, that he should refrain from bursting into an ecstasy of joy, and pouring his praises to the creator of those wonders, and the author of his happiness. This kind of poetry is used in all nations; but as it is the sublimest of all, when it is applied to its true object, so it has often been perverted to impious purposes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the dramatic poetry of the Europeans took its rise from the same spring, and was no more at first than a song in praise of Bacchus; so that the only species of poetical composition (if we except the epic) which can in any sense be called imitative, was deduced from a natural emotion of the mind, in which imitation could not be at all concerned.

The next source of poetry was, probably, love, or the mutual inclination, which naturally subsists between the sexes, and is founded upon personal beauty: hence arose the most agreeable odes, and love-

songs, which we admire in the works of the ancient lyric poets, not filled, like our sonnets and madrigals, with the insipid babble of darts, and Cupids, but simple, tender, natural; and consisting of such unaffected endearments, and mild complaints,

* *Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquilli
Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci.*

as we may suppose to have passed between the first lovers in a state of innocence, before the refinements of society, and the restraints, which they introduced, had made the passion of love so fierce, and impetuous, as it is said to have been in Dido, and certainly was in Sappho, if we may take her own word for it †.

The grief, which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends, and relations, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short dirges, and was afterwards lengthened into elegies.

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their detestation of it in the strongest manner, and to show their resentment against the corrupters of mankind: hence moral poetry was derived, which, at first, we find, was severe and passionate; but was gradually melted down into cool precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reasonably conjecture that epic poetry had the same origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the loveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice. Where there is vice, which is detestable in itself, there must be hate, since 'the strongest antipathy in nature,' as Mr. Pope asserted in

* Two lines of *Tasso*.

† See the ode of *Sappho* quoted by *Longinus*, and translated by *Boileau*.

his writings, and proved by his whole life, 'subsists between the good and the bad:' now this passion was the source of that poetry, which we call Satire, very improperly, and corruptly, since the Satire of the Romans was no more than a moral piece, which they entitled *Satura* or *Satira**, intimating, that the poem, like a dish of fruit and corn offered to Ceres, contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true invectives of the ancients were called *Iambi*, of which we have several examples in *Catullus*, and in the *Epodes* of *Horace*, who imitated the very measures and manner of *Archilochus*.

These are the principal sources of poetry; and of music also, as it shall be my endeavour to show: but it is first necessary to say a few words on the nature of sound; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately discussed. Without entering into a discourse on the vibrations of chords, or the undulations of the air, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe that there is a great difference between a common sound, and a musical sound, which consists chiefly in this, that the former is simple and entire in itself like a point, while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be one; like a circle, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal distances, round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are caused by the aliquots of a sonorous body vibrating at once, are called *Harmonics*, and the whole system of modern harmony depends upon them; though it were easy to prove that the system is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we strike the perfect accord on a harpsichord or an organ, the harmonics of the third and fifth have also their own

harmonics, which are dissonant from the principal note: These horrid dissonances are, indeed, almost overpowered by the natural harmonics of the principal chord, but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the additions of art? It is like thinking

.....to paint the lily,
And add a perfume to the violet.

Now let us conceive that some vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced in a common voice, in just cadence, and with proper accents, such an expression of the passion will be genuine poetry; and the famous ode of *Sappho* is allowed to be so in the strictest sense: but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a musical voice (that is, in sounds accompanied with their harmonics), if it were sung in due time and measure, in a single and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without stifling them, it would then be pure and original music; not merely soothing to the ear, but affecting the heart; not an imitation of nature, but the voice of nature herself. But there is another point in which music must resemble poetry, or it will lose a considerable part of its effect: we all must have observed, that a speaker, agitated with passion, or an actor, who is, indeed, strictly an imitator, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of their words varies: it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expressed in music. Every body knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the same order, and above that, other successions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear: now each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when it is heard separately, than a single letter of

* Some Latin words were spelled either with an *u* or a *y*, as *Sulla* or *Sylla*.

the alphabet would have ; and it is only by their succession, and their relation to one principal sound, that they take any rank in the scale ; or differ from each other, except as they are graver, or more acute : but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first or principal one by various proportions. Now a series of sounds relating to one leading note is called a mode, or a tone, and, as there are twelve semitones in the scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes ; and each of them has a peculiar character arising from the position of the modal note, and from some minute difference in the ratios, as of 81 to 80, or a comma ; for there are some intervals, which cannot easily be rendered on our instruments, yet have a surprising effect in modulation, or in the transitions from one mode to another.

The modes of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind ; and Plato, who permits the Dorian in his imaginary republic, on account of its calmness and gravity, excludes the Lydian, because of its languid, tender and effeminate character : not that any series of mere sounds has a power of raising or soothing the passions, but each of these modes was appropriated to a particular kind of poetry, and a particular kind of instrument ; and the chief of them, as the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, Ionian, Eolian, Locrian, belonging originally to the nations, from which they took their names : thus the Phrygian mode, which was ardent and impetuous, was usually accompanied with trumpets, and the Mixolydian, which if we believe Aristoxenus, was invented by Sappho, was probably confined to the pathetic and tragic style : that these modes had a relation to poetry, as well as to music, appears from a fragment of Lasus, in which he says, ' I sing of Ceres, and her daughter Melibœa, the consort of Pluto, in

the Eolian mode, full of gravity ;' and Pindar calls one of his Odes an ' Eolian song.' If the Greeks surpassed us in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our minor scale, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two semitones are removed from the natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth ; this change of the semitones, by giving a minor third to the modal note, softens the general expression of the mode, and adapts it admirably to subjects of grief and affliction : the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetic and mournful to the highest degree, for which reason it was chosen by the excellent Pergolesi in his *Stabat Mater*. Now these twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the sentiment changes, may, it is evident, express all the variations in the voice of a speaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Consistently with the foregoing principles, we may define original and native poetry to be the language of the violent passions, expressed in exact measure, with strong accents and significant words ; and true music to be no more than poetry, delivered in a succession of harmonious sounds, so disposed as to please the ear. It is in this view only that we must consider the music of the ancient Greeks, or attempt to account for its amazing effects, which we find related by the gravest historians, and philosophers ; it was wholly passionate or descriptive, and so closely united to poetry, that it never obstructed, but always increased its influence ; whereas our boasted harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expresses nothing, says nothing to the heart, and consequently can only give more or less pleasure to one of our senses ; and no reasonable man will seriously prefer a transitory pleasure,

which must soon end in satiety, or even in disgust, to a delight of the soul, arising from sympathy, and founded on the natural passions, always lively, always interesting, always transporting. The old divisions of music into celestial and earthly, divine and human, active and contemplative, intellectual and oratorical, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real distinctions in nature; but the want of making a distinction between music of mere sounds, and the music of the passions, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns: nothing can be more opposite in many points than the systems of Rameau and Tartini, one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the first speaks only of that music, which took its rise from the multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the sonorous body, and the second, of that which rose from the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the passions: to decide, as Rousseau says, which of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question, Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice?

In defining what true poetry ought to be, according to our principles, we have described what it really was among the Hebrews, the Greeks and Romans, the Arabs and Persians. The lamentation of David, and his sacred odes, or Psalms, the Song of Solomon, the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the other inspired writers, are truly and strictly poetical; but what did David or Solomon imitate in their divine poems? A man who is really joyful or afflicted, cannot be said to imitate joy or affliction. The lyric verses of Alcæus, Alcman, and Ibycus, the Hymns of Callimachus, the Elegy of Moschus on the death of Bion, are all beautiful pieces of

poetry; yet Alcæus was no imitator of love, Callimachus was no imitator of religious awe and admiration, Moschus was no imitator of grief at the loss of an amiable friend. Aristotle himself wrote a very poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to say what he imitated in it: "O virtue, who proposest many labours to the human race, and art still the alluring object of our life; for thy charms, O beautiful goddess, it was always an envied happiness in Greece even to die, and to suffer the most painful, the most afflicting evils: such are the immortal fruits, which thou raisest in our minds; fruits, more precious than gold, more sweet than the love of parents, and soft repose: for thee Hercules the son of Jove, and the twins of Leda, sustained many labours, and by their illustrious actions sought thy favour; for love of thee, Achilles and Ajax descended to the mansion of Pluto; and, through a zeal for thy charms, the prince of Atarnea was also deprived of the sun's light: therefore shall the muses, daughters of memory, render him immortal for his glorious deeds, whenever they sing the god of hospitality, and the honours due to a lasting friendship."

In the preceding collection of poems, there are some Eastern fables, some odes, a panegyric, and an elegy: yet it does not appear to me, that there is the least imitation in either of them: Petrarch was, certainly, too deeply affected with real grief, and the Persian poet was too sincere a lover, to imitate the passions of others. As to the rest, a fable in verse is no more an imitation than a fable in prose; and if every poetical narrative, which describes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called imitative, every romance, and even every history, must be called so likewise; since many poems are only romances, or parts of history, told in a regular measure.

What has been said of poetry, may with equal force be applied to

music, which is poetry, dressed to advantage ; and even to painting, many sorts of which are poems to the eye, as all poems, merely descriptive, are pictures to the ear : and this way of considering them, will set the refinements of modern artists in their true light ; for the passions which were given by nature, never spoke in an unnatural form, and no man, truly affected with love or grief, ever expressed the one in an acrostic, or the other in a fugue : these remains, therefore, of the false taste, which prevailed in the dark ages, should be banished from this, which is enlightened with a just one.

It is true, that some kinds of painting are strictly imitative, as that which is solely intended to represent the human figure and countenance ; but it will be found that those pictures have always the greatest effect, which represent some passion, as the martyrdom of St. Agnes by Domenichino, and the various representations of the Crucifixion by the finest masters of Italy ; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous sacrifice of Iphigenia by Timanthes was affecting to the highest degree ; which proves not that painting cannot be said to imitate, but that its most powerful influence over the mind arises, like that of the other arts, from sympathy.

It is asserted also that descriptive poetry, and descriptive music, as they are called, are strict imitations ; but, not to insist that mere description is the meanest part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that words and sounds have no kind of resemblance to visible objects : and what is an imitation, but a resemblance of some other thing ? Besides, no unprejudiced hearer will say that he finds the smallest traces of imitation in the numerous fugues, counterfugues, and divisions, which rather disgrace than adorn the modern music : even sounds themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we sometimes hear

the murmuring of a brook, or the chirping of birds in a concert, we are generally apprised before-hand of the passages, where we may expect them. Some eminent musicians, indeed, have been absurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises ; but if they had succeeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taste in attempting it ; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that, as those parts of poetry, music, and painting, which relate to the passions, affect by sympathy, so those, which are merely descriptive, act by a kind of substitution, that is, by raising in our minds, affections, or sentiments, analogous to those, which arise in us, when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses. Let us suppose that a poet, a musician, and a painter, are striving to give their friend, or patron, a pleasure similar to that, which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect. The first will form an agreeable assemblage of lively images, which he will express in smooth and elegant verses of a sprightly measure ; he will describe the most delightful objects, and will add to the graces of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness. The musician, who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaiety, as the Follan, or E flat, which he will change as the sentiment is varied : he will express the words in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disguise, but embellish them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony : he will use the bass, to mark the modulation more strongly, especially in the changes ; and he will place the tenour generally in unison with the bass, to prevent too great a distance between the parts : in the symphony he will, above all things,

avoid a double melody, and will apply his variations only to some accessory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could not easily express: he will not make a number of useless repetitions, because the passions only repeat the same expressions, and dwell upon the same sentiments, while description can only represent a single object by a single sentence. The painter will describe all visible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall short of the other artists in a very material circumstance; namely, that his pencil, which may, indeed, express a simple passion, cannot paint a thought, or draw the shades of sentiment: he will, however, finish his landscape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich and glowing; his perspective striking; and his figures will be disposed with an agreeable variety, but not with confusion: above all, he will diffuse over his whole piece such a spirit of liveliness and festivity, that the beholder shall be seized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, mistake art for nature.

Thus will each artist gain his end, not by imitating the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and causing the same effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the senses: this must be the chief object of a poet, a musician, and a painter, who know that great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general spirit of the whole piece, and that a gaudy composition may strike the mind for a short time, but that the beauties of simplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.

As the passions are differently modified in different men, and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is obvious, that there must be a great diversity in the pleasure, which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleasure arises from sympathy, or substitution; and that it were a wild notion in artists to think of pleasing every reader,

hearer, or beholder; since every man has a particular set of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleasures, and induce him to consider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or less elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or smaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that there is one uniform standard of taste; since the passions, and, consequently, sympathy, are generally the same in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity or other causes.

If the arguments, used in this essay, have any weight, it will appear, that the finest parts of poetry, music, and painting, are expressive of the passions, and operate on our minds by sympathy; that the inferior parts of them are descriptive of natural objects, and affect us chiefly by substitution; that the expressions of love, pity, desire, and the tender passions, as well as the description of objects that delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call the beautiful; but that hate, anger, fear, and the terrible passions, as well as objects, which are unpleasing to the senses, are productive of the sublime, when they are aptly expressed, or described.

These subjects might be pursued to infinity; but, if they were amply discussed, it would be necessary to write a series of dissertations, instead of an essay.

HISTORY OF PHILIP DELLWYN.

WHEN I was in Wales last summer, I was very much struck with the situation of a little village on my road; and as my plan in travelling is always to adopt whatever idea promises amusement, I determined, as I alighted in the yard of the inn, to remain there a few days, if I could find tolerable accommodations. The inn, however,

was extremely wretched, and I wandered forth to see all that could be seen in the shortest possible space of time; for I felt that it would be impracticable to remain there so long as I had first intended. I ascended a rugged hill to the east of the village, and as from its summit I was admiring the prospect, I perceived a Quaker, apparently engaged in the same amusement.—“A very fine view from this hill,” observed I.

“Very fine indeed,” replied the Quaker; “lovest thou fine views?”

“So well,” returned I, “that I would have staid in this village for some days to have indulged the propensity, but that the inn affords no accommodations at all.”

I need not, however pursue the conversation, which lasted during a long walk, at the end of which, my friendly Quaker invited me to remain at his house till I had sufficiently feasted my eyes. I accepted the invitation, and established myself there that very evening. I staid there five or six days, in the course of which time something like a friendship took place between the Quaker and myself, and even his pretty daughter Martha manifested no small partiality for me. However, except an occasional present now and then, to prove my gratitude, no intercourse has ever taken place between us, until the post, the other day, brought me a letter in a hand I was wholly unacquainted with. I opened it hastily, and found it as follows.

“Esteemed Friend,

“Thou wilt perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from me—nay, perhaps, thou wilt have forgotten the existence of Abraham Upright; however, neither I nor my daughter Martha have forgotten thee, but have continued to wish thee all welfare and happiness every day of our lives.

“If thou hast not forgotten us, perhaps thou rememberest the young man named Philip Dellwyn. The young man was sick thou knowest:—he now sleeps with his fathers. I one day surprised my

daughter Martha in the room where he dwelt, in tears over a roll of paper, which I soon saw was in his hand-writing. Had there been a fire at hand, I should have tossed the papers into it in a moment; as there was none, I contented myself with taking them from Martha, and locked them up in my bureau. There they have lain ever since, until the other day, hearing talk made of thy work, my daughter reminded me of these papers, and advised me to send them to thee. I have followed her advice, and this night thou wilt receive by the wagon the whole roll, to do therewith as pleaseth thee. Martha sendeth her best wishes to her old friend, as doth also,

“Esteemed Friend,
thy sincere friend
and well-wisher,

ABRAHAM UPRIGHT.”

I had certainly not forgotten Abraham or his fair daughter; much less had I forgotten Philip Dellwyn, who joined to a look of fragile health, a countenance so pale, a form so slight, and yet eyes so resplendent with sense and sensibility, that it was evident a figure so ethereal, could not be long for this world. I found my worthy friend Abraham Upright, had given him shelter for the sake of his health, for he was trying pure air, and goat's-milk whey; and had never demanded the stipulated rent, because he remarked the unrenewed shabbiness of his lodger's threadbare coat. I had endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of the young man's fate, but could only learn it had not been happy; and I felt myself unequal to relieve any actual distress:—but his demeanour so gentle, so placid, so pensive, interested my heart extremely, and not less the heart of the pretty Martha. Poor Dellwyn would look at her, when the uncontrolled emanations of her countenance almost betrayed her secret, with looks animated by the purest delight: then suddenly, as some remembered trouble shot across his

heart, he would withdraw his eyes from her lovely countenance, and cast them from heaven to earth with a look so mildly resigned, so contentedly pensive, that it was impossible to notice it unmoved.

Poor little Martha confessed to me one day, that she thought Philip Dellwyn the most amiable man she knew—she wished he was but a friend. I could not help hoping that some unforeseen events would at last bring so innocent a love to a happy issue;—but, alas! it was brought very rapidly to a period after I had left Wales. Poor Dellwyn! many a sigh has the recollection of thy dejected countenance cost me—many a tear will the termination of thy blameless life occasion me!

I looked into the packet sent me by my friend Abraham, with a sort of tender melancholy, which its contents served to heighten. The first paper I unfolded was a little history of himself, which interested me the most, and which I therefore first present to my readers, without further ceremony. It has neither regular beginning nor end, and the first and some intermediate leaves appear to be wanting;—perhaps, the pretty Martha may have preserved them as a relique; however, the tale is sufficiently intelligible.

‘And am I never to know the truth?’ said I. ‘What good would the truth do you?’ replied he, with an air but ill calculated to repress my ardent curiosity. ‘While you contentedly remain in ignorance,’ added he after a pause, ‘you will be sheltered and supported; but if you persist in your inquiry, you will be obliged to seek your bread with toil and labour.’

‘For some time longer these answers contented me. I was pursuing with ardour an education which I thought preferable even to independence; and though the manners of my guardian were not much calculated to conciliate esteem, those of his sister had won my warmest affection. Gentle, caressing, and indulgent, a word from her had

more power over my mind than the strictest command from my preceptor; and when I have been stubborn and sullen under punishment from him, a look from Miss Goldney has subdued my proud heart, and melted the obstinacy of my resolution into tears of penitence. To her I was indebted for every indulgence I obtained—her kindness sweetened to me hours rendered intolerable by the harsh severity of Mr. Goldney; a severity, which would have exasperated me to seek my liberty at once, but for the advantage of the knowledge I was acquiring: and Miss Goldney so forcibly pointed out to me the value of this circumstance, and the influence it would have on my future life, that I was contented to abide stripes and ill treatment, rather than forego the completion of an education which was to soften a savage into man. . .

‘That part of it however, which Miss Goldney conducted, was precisely that which was dearest to me, and that which has most influenced me through the short and wretched remainder of my life. Full of the most noble sentiments, and the tenderest sensibility, Miss Goldney, with delight, cultivated in me dispositions which ought to have been repressed, but which are too fascinating not to throw a veil over the dangers they create. Alive to every virtuous feeling—indignant at vice, oppression, and tyranny, she saw with delight the tremulous fibres of my soul vibrate to the slightest touch; she saw the fire, the enthusiasm, that animated my eye—the strong resolution that arose in my bosom, never to submit to oppression. She strengthened these dispositions—she rendered me most sensibly awake to the voice of affection—that harmonious voice I was destined to hear no more! She foresaw not my future situation, or she would have striven to render my heart callous to injustice, my spirit subservient to oppression, my manners servile, and my principles obedient. [To be continued.]

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 27.

On Friday morning last, between the hours of one and two o'clock, Mr. Salter, Treasurer of the State, was alarmed by a noise which he heard in a lower apartment of the house in which he resides, and which is his office and the place of deposit for the public money. Not being under apprehensions of any thing serious, he did not alarm the rest of the family, but proceeded down stairs with a lighted candle, and on perceiving a window raised in a back room, was proceeding to shut it, when immediately on his entering the room, he was surrounded by four men armed with knives, who immediately demanded the keys of the public treasure and threatened him with instant death in case of refusal or noise. Alone and defenceless Mr. Salter was forced to comply, and compelled to accompany them while they plundered the public money. After taking what they conceived the whole of the paper money in the treasury, each one helped himself to a bag of dollars, containing, it is supposed about 5000. A consultation was then held by the villains how they should dispose of Mr. Salter, when the fellow who seemed to act as principal, seized a small rope which was lying near, tied his hands behind him, his knees and feet together, and putting a stick in his mouth for a gag, secured it there by a string at each end which he tied round his head; they then laid him upon the floor, at the back side of the room, went out with their spoil, and locked the door upon him.

All this was transacted with so much silence that no one was awakened in the house. Mr. Salter endeavoured to make a noise with his feet against the floor, but having left his shoes in the chamber where he slept, he was unable to do any thing to that effect. He then endeavoured to move himself by degrees towards the door of the of-

fice, which he supposes he affected in about an hour. By kicking the door violently, he soon awakened Mrs. Salter, who, on coming down, and finding the door of the treasury locked, and hearing the incoherent words attempted to be uttered by her husband, was extremely agitated and overcome by fear. She, however, made out to awaken the family of Mr. Abraham Hunt, the next neighbour, with her cries from the window of her chamber. Mr. Hunt was the first man that got to the house. With a violent exertion he made out to burst open the office door, and release Mr. Salter from his distressing situation. The neighbourhood was soon alarmed, and early in the morning persons were dispatched and hand-bills circulated in every direction. The woods and swamps in the vicinity were scoured by the citizens, and the following night the different roads leading from town were watched by armed persons; but all efforts to take the villains have hitherto proved unavailing. The amount taken off by the robbers is estimated at about 12,000 dollars: a very large sum in Bank Notes escaped their notice. Mr. Salter does not think he ever saw the men before—three of them wore lion-skin great-coats, the other had a coattee and boots on—500 dollars is the reward offered for their apprehension.

The situation of Mr. Salter on this occasion, justly demands the sympathy of all.—He has for some time past experienced a very bad state of health—Weak and enfeebled by disease, the dreadful shock he must have experienced, on being attacked by a body of desperadoes in the dead of night, with instruments of death presented to his breast, could not but greatly add to the force of his malady and increase debility in his feeble state. The agitation of his mind during the transaction—the very distressing situation which the robbers left him

in, and the violent exertions he was prompted to make in order to awaken his family, added to the great weight upon his mind, arising from the high responsibility of his trust, must have formed an aggregate of distress, better conceived than described. His illness has been so much increased that he is now confined to his bed.

[*Trenton Federalist.*]

NEW-YORK, OCT. 28.

At 9 o'clock P. M. fire was discovered bursting out of a stable in Dutch-street, and in a few minutes that and another building were burnt to the ground. Though the evening was still and the fire-men and citizens very active, yet, owing to a scarcity of water, two other adjoining buildings caught fire; one of them is almost entirely destroyed, the upper story of the other, a fine brick building, was consumed. It is said that the fire was communicated to the hay in the stable from a candle which a person had used in taking out a horse.—The stable was owned by Mr. Pearsal, and occupied by the horses of the Albany stage, none of which were in it when the accident happened.—The house is owned by Mr. Cromwell of Long-Island; and the brick house by Mr. Minard, at present out of town. These buildings were occupied by small families; and, we believe, were all insured. The damage is estimated at 3000 dollars.

OCT. 31.

All restrictions on the intercourse between New-York and Philadelphia, either by land or water, were removed by order of the Board of Health of Philadelphia, so far as imposed by them.

PETERSBURG, (VIR.) NOV. 1.

On Thursday night, about 8 o'clock, an altercation took place between James Fleming and Allen Stone, in which the former discharged a loaded pistol at the latter. The ball missed him, and entered the breast of Nicholas Agin,

which put an almost immediate period to his existence.

NEW-YORK, NOV. 1.

Much injury was done by the extreme high tide, which overflowed the wharves and filled the cellars in the lower parts of the city—an instance of the kind has not been known, nor damage done to the amount sustained yesterday since the year 1796, or 1797.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 2.

A fire broke out in the morning, about 2 o'clock, in a frame building situate at the extremity of the Northern Liberties, in Front-street. Three frame buildings were consumed before it was subdued.

Exports from the port of Philadelphia from the 1st of July to the 30th of September; both inclusive:

51,563 barrels Flour,
4,520 half do.
505 barrels Middling,
3,095 barrels Rye Flour,
2,333 hhds. Indian Meal,
7,491 barrels do.
30 half do.

NEW-HAVEN.

For several days past this city has been the resort of a very extraordinary number of quails. These natives of the grove seem desirous of fixing their abode among us; and, divested in a degree of their usual timidity, they visit our gardens and our streets, and in some instances enter our houses. They indeed, abound with such frequency as would furnish no inconsiderable amusement to the lovers of sport, did not our municipal regulations render the use of fire arms (within the city) rather too *expensive*. The boys, however, find much diversion in attacking them with stones and other missile weapons, by which means many are secured.

It is, or may be conjectured, there is something *ominous* in this social disposition of our feathered visitants.....Some very good sort of people, but of temperaments a little prone to hypochondria, are

extremely apprehensive that this phenomenon indicates the triumph of *democracy* in the state.....or at least in the city! Others suppose they may be on their way to Pennsylvania, with a view to obtain certificates of *citizenship*, preparatory to the next presidential election.

CONNECTICUT.

It appears by the report of the Treasurer made to the General Assembly, now in session, that the school funds, the stocks in the funds of the United States, the balances of taxes due, the bonds and notes due the state, cash in the Treasury, and shares in the banks, amount to one million nine hundred and four thousand nine hundred and one dollars, and forty-one cents; and that the great debt formerly due from the state is extinguished.

It appears also, that the state is now able to subscribe to the banks thirty thousand dollars, and leave a sufficiency in the Treasury to meet the current expenses of the government.

MIDDLEBURY, (VIR.) OCT. 19.

The following melancholy accident happened at Shelburn on Thursday last. A Mr. Soper, who had been assisting in digging a well in that place, which they had sunk about 50 feet, and which, on account of the rain, they had determined to discontinue for that day, by request descended into the well for the purpose of bringing up the tools for some other use. When he had descended within about 12 feet of the bottom, he appeared to struggle and breathe with difficulty, and soon fell out of the tub in which he was descending, to the bottom of the well. A lighted candle let down to the depth at which Mr. Soper failed, was extinguished; and a cat at the same depth, seemed to be in great agony, and was drawn up to appearance lifeless, but soon recovered. An alarm was immediately spread. The father of the unfortunate young man soon arrived to witness the affecting scene. Deaf to all per-

suasion, he determined to descend and bring up the body of his son... To prevent his falling from the tub, he was secured by a rope. On descending to the depth where his son first failed, he struggled and breathed with difficulty, but thought, as he afterwards said, he should be able to hold his breath till he should get to the bottom, and return with the body of his son. When there, he found himself unable to reach his son without untying himself, which he effected, and immediately fell apparently lifeless. The people at the top, as soon as possible, let down burning tar, and also rags wet in spirits into the well, in order to cleanse the air; and after continuing their exertions for about an hour and an half, the father of the young man so far recovered as to call for the tub to be let down, which was done immediately, and he ascended bearing the corps of his son to the view of his sympathising neighbours.

RALEIGH, (N. C.) OCT. 12.

About 12 o'clock in the day of the 6th inst. the dwelling house of Hugh Mac Kay, Esq. of Robeson, was burned, while Mr. Mac Kay was in an adjoining field at work.....no persons being at the house except two small children, who had like to have fallen victims to the flames. It was not discovered in time to make any efforts necessary to save the building, so that the house, 1000 dollars, and furniture, were entirely destroyed, except about 11 pounds weight of silver which he gathered out of the ruins.

On the following day about the same hour, as he was in his field he observed an unusual smoke, and running to the place, discovered that a block had been rolled from the other fire to the back of the kitchen...which would have shared the same fate of the house if he had not come at that moment.... And on Saturday morning the 8th instant, while he was at a neighbour's house, his out-houses consisting of two stables and a corn-house,

containing his whole crop, with his farming utensils, were all reduced to ashes. All this mischief which has almost ruined him, he has every reason to believe was perpetrated by a despicable incendiary, a villain who has lurked about the neighbourhood, and who had uttered some threats against him.

CHARLESTON, OCT. 14.

Between the hours of five and six this morning, a fire was discovered in the house of Mr. P. Cohen, in Orange-street. The alarm being promptly given, it was fortunately extinguished with little injury to the house. It evidently appeared to have been the work of design; and a negro wench has been committed upon suspicion.

OCT. 19.

The Board of Health of Philadelphia announced this day, the cessation of the epidemic.

OCT. 20.

The Mayor of Baltimore, by proclamation, removed the restrictions imposed by that city on its intercourse with Philadelphia.

CAWANA (N. LEBANON) COLUMBIA COUNTY, OCT. 22.

About the last of September, a man by the name of Charles Crane, came passenger in the stage to New Lebanon, where he left the stage, went to the house of John N. Pebody, and staid about a week; from thence he went to the house of Thady Abbot, where he staid two or three days; and on Monday the 10th inst. came to the house of Major Ammi Doubleday, inn-keeper, in a very low state of health. Medical aid was soon after called, though somewhat contrary to his desire. He coughed much, and appeared to breathe with the utmost difficulty whilst asleep. When first awaking, he sometimes appeared a little deranged, but would soon become perfectly rational. A day or two previous to his death, he was questioned relative to his place of resi-

ence, his friends and relations... He said he was from Newark in the state of New Jersey, and that he had a brother and sister living there.

On the night of the eighteenth inst. he went to bed at about ten o'clock... about twelve Major Doubleday got up as had been his custom, and went into the bed-room where said Crane had slept (the same being on the lower story) and finding the window up, shut it, and then lighted a candle and returned, and to his great surprise, found that Crane was gone. He thereupon immediately went into the chamber and awoke a traveller who lay there, who went with him in search of said Crane. They found him lying dead out of doors, by the side of the house, about twenty feet from the window of his bed-room. From the position in which he lay when found, it appeared that he lay down deliberately and expired. A coroner's inquest was held and the jury having viewed the body and heard the evidence, found that the deceased, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock at night, left his bed, either in a deranged state of mind, or extreme distress for want of breath, and sought the open air; that having wandered to the place where he was found, his strength was exhausted, and that he then sunk down and died a natural death. The jury on examination, found that he had left sundry articles of clothing, and one hundred and three dollars, eighty-one cents, in money.

His funeral was attended on Thursday last, and a sermon, well adapted to the solemn occasion, was delivered at the meeting house in this town.

OCT. 22.

A melancholy accident happened a few days since at Kinderhook, when Mr. Beverly Bennet, a promising young man of the age of 28, was shot to death in the following manner. With some other young men he was setting off on a fowling party; some of whom were pushing

off a canoe, in which a gun was laid, the lock supposed to be half cocked, when the motion of the canoe shaking the piece, it went off and discharged its contents into Mr. Bennet's head, blowing out his eyes and entering the skull, upon which he fell dead upon the spot.... On repairing to the scene of distress his mother was so shocked by the spectacle, she fell into fits which continued upon her five hours, when she was revived by medical assistance, and is yet living, though in great distress.

On the 23d, a barn belonging to John Peckham, of New Bedford, was entirely consumed by fire, together with its contents, consisting of 15 tons of hay, and a quantity of flax, rye, oats, apples, &c.... It was set on fire by a black boy about ten years old, while most of the family were at meeting.

BOSTON....24.

Benjamin Brower, who lately robbed the Manhattan Bank, in New York, of a very considerable sum of money, was taken up in this town on Friday evening last, and after an examination, and the discovery of between 7 and 8000 dollars which had been concealed about his clothes, confessed the fact. He took passage, a few weeks since, from Newburyport for Passamaquoddy, where he arrived; but from whence he returned to this place in a vessel, commanded by Captain Pulsifer, of Newburyport. It is to the vigilance of this gentleman, with the aid of some others, that he was detected and committed. The reward for taking Brower is 500 dollars, and ten per cent. of all the money recovered.

Interments at Baltimore, for the Week ending

Oct. 17.	11	Ad.	18	Chil.
	24.	10		11
	31.	13		13
Nov. 7.	8			13
	—			—
Total....	41			46

The Number of Deaths in the present year, compared with the Deaths in the same months of 1802.

	Ad. Ch. Tot.			Ad. Ch. Tot.		
	1802.			1803.		
Jan.	142	75	217	68	42	110
Feb.	110	60	170	76	35	111
March	100	47	147	66	41	107
April	90	58	148	75	41	116
May	82	59	141	69	41	110
June	96	67	163	78	64	142
July	129	132	261	78	127	205
Aug.	109	153	262	112	182	294
Sept.	178	106	284	208	84	292
Oct.	211	78	289	182	51	233
Totals	1247	835	2082	1012	708	1720

NEW YORK, OCT. 17.

The whole number of deaths by the epidemic, from its commencement, to Saturday, ending 26th October, including those at Bellevue, and Marine Hospital, amounts to 611....of these there were

In the city,	457
Bellevue,	96
Marine Hospital,	68

—
611

Lord Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, in the true spirit of practical humanity, requested Messrs. Mellish to make trial at the victualling office (in England) of the slaughtering knife for laying oxen. Those gentlemen complied, and with a commendable zeal and perseverance, totally overcame the obstinate prejudices of the persons employed under them, in consequence of which, the method of laying oxen with the knife, instead of the old, cruel, laborious and troublesome method, has met the most complete success. The animal falls senseless in an instant, and not only the head and neck, but the carcase in general, is found to be in a much superior condition to that in which it had used to be after the numerous and uncertain blows, bruises and frights too commonly attendant on the old method.

In the same way we are assured by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, eels and

fish of all kinds may be instantaneously killed, an incision being made with a sharp pointed penknife, or puncture with a bodkin, longitudinally into the brain about half an inch or an inch above the eyes, according to the size of the fish.... a method which will be remembered by those who wish to lessen the unnecessary sufferings of animal nature.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following Works have lately appeared from American Presses:

- Juvenile Magazine, 4 vols.....Johnson, Philadelphia.
 Haley's Life of Cowper....Pellam, Boston.
 Ellicot's Journal....Dobson.
 Pleadors' Guide....Duane.
 Chitty on Bills of Exchange.....Byrne.
 Fifth Volume of Vesey, Junior's Reports....Byrne.
 Linn's and Priestley's Pamphlets.
 Montifeor's Commercial Precedents.
 Hear Both Sides, a Comedy. By Reynolds....Conrad, & Co.
 Marriage Promise. A Comedy....Conrad, & Co.
 Maid of Bristol, do.
 Account of Louisiana, &c. do.
 Wilson's Egypt, do.
 Barton's Botany....For the Author.
 Observations on Trial by Jury....Lancaster.
 John Bull, A Comedy. Butler, Baltimore.
 Priestley's Lectures on History....New Edition....2 vols....Byrne.
 Nineteenth Volume of the British Classics....S. F. Bradford, and Conrad, & Co.
 Friend of Women....Conrad, & Co.
 Graydon's Digest....Wyeth, Harrisburg.
 Denon's Travels, 2 vols.....Campbell and others.
 Roscoe's Lorenzi di Medici, 2 vols. Bronson & Chauncey.

The following Works are preparing for Publication in this City:

- Pinkerton's Geography....Heron's Letters of Junius.....Johnson's and Steeven's Shakspeare.....
 Aiken's Complete Edition of the English Poets....Burke's Works, &c. &c.

The London Prints mention that Godwin's Life of Chaucer is nearly ready for the Press.....That the Reverend Mr. Boyd is engaged in the Translation of the *Auracana* of Eroella....That Miss Seward is writing the Life of Darwin....That Mrs. Radcliffe is writing another Romance.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

THE Editor of this work having engaged in a very arduous undertaking, is conscious that his success will in a great measure depend upon the literary aid which he shall receive from his friends, and the Literati of this country...He, therefore, most earnestly solicits from the man of science, and from the polite scholar, the contributions of their genius and leisure: while the Editor performs all that is in his power, he hopes that they will not permit another attempt to extend abroad useful knowledge, to perish.

All communications addressed to the Editor, should be left at the Book-store of Mr. Conrad.

Authors and Publishers who are at a distance, and who wish their works to be immediately noticed, are requested to forward them to the Editor.

Denville is thanked for his communication, and is informed, that his offers are gratefully accepted.

The pages of this work are always open to the impression of the pen of the author of the lines to Dr. Jenner.

THE
LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

Vol. I.]

DECEMBER, 1803.

[No. 3.]

CONTENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS.		
	page.	
Students Diary	163	Memoirs of Count de Parades (Continued)
Memorandums made on a jour- ney through part of Pennsyl- vania	167	Statement of the debt of the United States
Critical Notices....No. 3.	173	Description of Coal found near Woodstock
Chemical Questions	181	Longevity of the Learned
Memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist (Continued)	ib.	Progress of Population in the United States
Account of Statues, Busts, &c. in the collection of the Acade- my of Arts, New-York	185	Agricultural Report for the state of Rhode-Island....Anno 1803.
REVIEW.		
Boston....A Poem, by Winthrop Sargeant	190	Anecdotes of Count Rumford..
POETRY.		
Peace....A Sonnet	191	Specimens of Literary Resem- blance....(Continued)
Village Maid	ib.	History of Philip Dellwyn.... (Continued)
Alcestes and Azora	192 of Hatfield, the noted Swindler
The four Ages	193	A Theatrical Campaign
The Curate....A Fragment	195	Memoir of James Boswell, Esq.
SELECTIONS.		
English manner of hunting in Bengal	196	Remarkable Occurrences
		Literary Intelligence
		Note from the Editor

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1803.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 354

LECTURE 1

LECTURE 2

LECTURE 3

LECTURE 4

LECTURE 5

LECTURE 6

LECTURE 7

LECTURE 8

LECTURE 9

LECTURE 10

LECTURE 11

LECTURE 12

LECTURE 13

LECTURE 14

LECTURE 15

LECTURE 16

LECTURE 17

LECTURE 18

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

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No. 3.]

DECEMBER, 1803.

[Vol. I.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENTS DIARY.

I HAVE been listening this half hour, to R—— reciting the odes of Anacreon. He is wonderfully delighted with this old songster, and backs his praise with a thousand testimonies of sage critics, and enlightened contemporaries of the poet. Nothing, in the whole universe of poetry, he says, is so sweet, so delicate, so delicious. He utters *such dulcet and harmonious breath* that the rudest savage would be soothed by it into civility, and the gloomiest anchorite *start madly into extacy at the sound.*

There must surely be some magic in the Greek language, incomprehensible by common understandings: some music in its accents unintelligible to vulgar ears: for I have listened to Tom's recitals, with as anxious a desire to be pleased as I could possibly conjure up and yet my rapture was extremely moderate. I heard no sounds that breathed of heaven. Nothing that snatched my soul out of my body and *lapped it in Elysium.* I will not confess, either, a total insensibility to plea-

sure from music. I have listened to a sweet enchantress, and though I felt no inclination to weep, to cast up my eyes, to throw abroad my hands, or utter incoherent exclamations, yet my eye was chained to the singer, and I had almost forgot to breathe. As to verse, it has really some charms for me, and numbers though silently read, has frequently bewitched me nearly as much, as a concert of flutes. Indeed, being tired of listening to a voice not the sweetest and most tunable that ever warbled, I snatched the book from his hand, and by reading the lines according to my own system of rhythm and pronunciation, it was easy to perceive that Greek verse is, indeed, articulated harmony.

It is not, however merely the sound, the *Rythony*, that captivates Tom. It is, it seems, the style, the imagery, the sentiment. Love, according to him, never had so just, so exquisite, so impassioned a eulogist. Mirth had never so divinely eloquent, so irresistibly se-

ductive an advocate since love and mirth came into fashion, and Tom, says, if all this be not worthy of credit on *his* word, he can produce a whole army of critics, of all ages and nations, to second him; whereas, there is not to be found on record a single declaration, doubting or denying the merit of this poet.

This was extremely formidable to one like me who, if I may praise myself when nobody is by, am not noted for conceit or arrogance. So, anxious for something like proof of these assertions, I again seized the book and turned to that side of the page which contained a literal translation into English. I can read, but cannot understand Greek, and a literal translation, I imagined, would exhibit at least the naked thought, the image though unadorned.

Far be it from me, said I, my good friend, as I turned over the leaves, to bring into question the divinity of either Love or Mirth. To reject or displace the first is to rebel against Heaven, who supports by this chain, the felicity and even the existence of all animated nature; and as to mirth, it is the seasoning of life; the companion of love and friendship; benevolence is his father and his mother is wit. Were I born to the honours of poetry, I would build my claim on nothing but the fervency of my devotions to love, and the zeal of my panegyrics upon mirth. If these be the powers invoked by Anacreon, I will not be the last to honour his memory.

But what is here? I see not a syllable about love. I see a great deal about flames, and fervours, and kisses, and I know not what, but I see nothing that relates to *love*. On the contrary, all that I find here is in absolute hostility to that passion.

I do not understand you, said my friend, if *these* be not the tokens and sensations of love, I should be glad to know what are.

I see nothing here, replied I, but those fires that are raised and quenched in a brothel, which

are excited by mere sex, and which nothing but wanton arts, unceasing variety, and glossy youth can keep alive. I see nothing but a gross appetite, distinguished by no humanity, no delicacy, from that which stimulates the goat and the bull. I see propensities kept alive by nothing but the force of habit, and by inflammatory liquors; I see hoary age, glorying in sensations, for which the hey-day of youth scarcely affords an apology.

Nay, the passion which inspires the greatest part of all this *love*, and all this poetry appears not to have even *woman* for its object. Fough! The very thought excites nausea. Between disgust and abhorrence, my stomach sickens. Indignation indeed, ought to get the better of every other emotion. Indignation, at those who dare to name sacred love, in such company. Amid such unhallowed fires, stimulated by ebriety, by novelty, by variety, by youth; terminating in the physical and momentary gratification, and so purely sensual that sex itself is confounded; shall we look for that passion which is built upon esteem, matured by possession, strengthened by time; the very essence of which is individuality, fidelity to one and constancy in one sentiment.

It is not here that we must look for that love, the soul of which is chastity: that is to say, an absolute indifference to all but one: and tenderness, that is to say, a something compounded of desire and esteem: a something which flows partly from personal charms, and chiefly from experience of good offices, kindness, and equanimity: a passion that owes its highest delights to the endearments of offspring, a circumstance that so far from being ever alluded to by Anacreon is utterly incompatible with the subject of his eulogies.

The *mirth* of *this* poet is on a level with his love. I see nothing but the apparatus of a drinking match—I, *was*, alias Bacchus, *was* wine, is the eternal theme of his

praise. Flowing cups, myrtle wreaths and rosy garlands, laughter and song, and the dance, giving occasionally place to nymphs, inspired by the same divinity, not encumbered with modesty, and glowing with fires, worthy of the power that kindles them, are the persons in this drama. As to that hilarity of heart and vivacity of converse, flowing from sound health, the child of temperance, the candour of innocence, the ardour of social affection, and the sparkling of true wit, we find nothing here but *tifoy dance* and jollity, the delirium of intoxication and the goadings of lasciviousness.

How much are mankind misled by names. *Lycæus* and *Aphrodite*, *Bacchus* and *Venus*, the mirth and love of *Anacreon* and *Horace* shall be listened to with reverence, and regarded as something like divinities, and yet reduced into plain English, and stripped of metaphor, they are nothing but drunkenness and lewdness. *Anacreon* is neither more nor less than a hoary debauchee and reveller, whose vicious and beastly habits are only strengthened by age, and whose understanding is so depraved, that he glories in that which should constitute his shame, which at any age, is hostile to true joy and true dignity, but which is peculiarly shameful and detestable in grey hairs.

Tom here interrupted my harangue, with a severe invective against my prudery, my cant and so forth, and I listened without reply: for, Tom, I am sorry to say, is one of those who have no conception of love, but as leading to the brothel, or of joy, but as flowing from the bottle. They study night and day, *Anacreon*, *Horace*, and all those bards ancient and modern, who resolve all human joy into the odour of roses, the fumes of wine, and the instigations of venereal appetite. I pity, even more than I despise, the disciples of such pleasure, and terminated the debate by referring Tom to the fa-

ble of the Sparrow and the Dove by Moore, where my notions of love and joy are exhibited at full length.

POETRY.

This evening the conversation of the company turned upon the ingredients of poetry. Some maintained that verse and even rhyme were indispensable. Others were satisfied with verse alone, but differed among themselves as to the criterion of verse: some restricting it by very rigorous laws, and others extending its bounds so as to comprehend much of what is vulgarly called prose.

Some considered language and measure as things of no importance in the estimate. They confined their views entirely to thought and imagery, and maintained that strength and beauty in these respects, constituted poetical excellence. According to this class of critics, *Tacitus* is by far a better poet than *Virgil*, and some of *Milton's prose* contains far more poetry than any of his *verse*. In short, wherever there is warmth of reasoning, invention or imagery, delivered through the medium of words, there is poetry.

Another set extended the limits of poetry still further, and made it comprehend every effort of the imagination, whether conveyed by means of sounds, or colours, or figures: and whether the pen, the pencil, the chissel, or the tongue, be the instrument.

It is amusing to hear men employing terms, for years together, without any visible diversity in their notions of the meaning of such terms: and yet when it is formally proposed to define them, there are generally as many definitions given as there are persons present.

Some people are very fond of this kind of discussion. Language is the instrument of thought, and to improve this instrument seems to be a most important undertaking. There is infinite room for further

investigation on this subject, for there is not one word in ten in the English language, the meaning of which is settled with absolute precision. Poetry is one of those terms, and the debate of this evening, left the company as far from unanimity as it found them. Even on this subject, the zeal of disputation almost degenerated into asperity, and the combatants were more active and vigorous at twelve o'clock than they had been at eight. At last, a temporary truce was effected by H....., who called the attention of the company to the following lines, as containing all the requisites of poetry, according to every one's hypothesis.

Hark! universal nature shriek and
groan'd!
T'was the last trumpet....See the Judge
enthron'd!
Rouse all your courage, at your utmost
need;
Now rummon every virtue....stand and
plead....
What! silent? Is your boasting heard
no more?
That self-renouncing wisdom, learn'd
before,
Had shed immortal glories on your
brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase
now.

LATINISMS.

We had a very animated conversation to night of a philological nature. The question was whether Latin or French had entered most into the composition of the English language. As French is little else than a dialect of Latin, every thing derived from the former must ultimately be traced to the latter, but the point in view was to ascertain how far the Latin had been incorporated without alteration or dilution into our own tongue.

The languages of most of the sciences is pure Latin, but many words and phrases are taken into the substance of the popular dialect, without changing their ortho-

graphy. Some of these are scientific terms also, but their utility has brought them into ordinary and popular use.

By way of illustration the following fragment was produced in which a very liberal use had been made of these foreigners without encroaching upon custom or upon any law of composition but elegance: *id est: videlicet: exemplo gratia.*

My Lady,

I have long been your slave *incognito*, and intimated my devotion to your charms, by hints and *innuendo's*, which my diffidence would not suffer you to understand. I labour under the *odium* of poverty, though I by no means merit the charge, for though I abound not with gold, and silver, I have virtue which ought always to be a *succedaneum* for riches. In the minds of ordinary women, I know, money is the *ne plus ultra* of their wishes. Among many who is less selfish, though money be not every thing, yet it is the *signa quanon*, without which a lover cannot hope to succeed: and certainly it is to be numbered among the *desiderata* of human life, by those who are most dispassionate and unambitious. Nor should I dare to appear before you in this guise, were I not persuaded, that though I am poor, you have enough for us both.

A woman, to whom a lover's poverty creates no objection to his suit, is indeed a rare *phenomenon*: but I hope, though hitherto a *non descript*, that you, Madam, will furnish an example of disinterestedness. What my merits are, it is for your own observation to inform you. My mere *ipse dixit* is of no weight, nor would there be any *decorum* in enlarging on my own virtues.

I have long been anxious to disburden my heart to you, but I can neither sing *impromptu* nor speak *ex tempore*, where my hopes are so much engaged. I could never get so far as the *exordium* of a declara-

tion, and the *impetus* of terror confounded all my thoughts. My eloquence at best is but a *cafus morosum* and though some weeks have been employed in making *memoranda* for this letter, I am afraid it will do injustice to the sincerity of my passion.

I pretend not to be faultless; in many respects I am a mere *ignoramus*, and to many accusations, truth would oblige me to cry *peccavi*, but I hope my faults are not of such magnitude as to make you enter a *caveat* against my pretensions. If my actions, rather than my words be the *data* on which a judgment be formed, I shall have little fear of an impartial decision.

I shall anxiously look for your *ultimatum*. In the *interim* I hope every thing may be considered as *inter nos*. Meanwhile, I am,

Your most humble,
most obsequious *et cetera*.

Nota bene. I made my *exit* yesterday abruptly, merely because Mr. X..... entered, and I cannot derive any pleasure from your company, unless I enjoy it *solus*.

MEMORANDUMS MADE ON A JOURNEY THROUGH PART OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Aug. 19, 1801..... This day being fixed on for setting out upon our journey up the Susquehannah, brother J.... and myself, mounted our horses at six in the afternoon, and taking to the Ridge road, arrived at the Wissihicken, where we stopped for the night.

Previous to the adoption of the plan, now in operation, for watering the city of Philadelphia, this creek was recommended to the notice of the corporation, as eligible for the purpose; but as there was reason to fear, that in dry seasons the water would prove insufficient, and as it would have been attended with considerable expense to purchase the requisite number of mills

which must have been destroyed to acquire a sufficient head, the project was abandoned. Notwithstanding the periodical scantiness of the supply, this is a valuable stream. From Peter Robinson's, where it discharges itself into the Schuylkill, to Wheeler's, a distance of about twelve miles, in a direct line, there are eighteen merchant and grist-mills, capable of furnishing, at least, one hundred thousand barrels of flour, per annum; but as they are not constantly provided with grain, and the water frequently falls, it is believed that they do not prepare more than sixty thousand. The average Philadelphia price of flour for the last ten years, may be safely taken at eight dollars and a quarter per barrel,* which proves that the millers of Wissihicken receive almost half a million of dollars annually, for the produce of their mills. In the year 1796, when flour was at the highest, and when, from the extraordinary price, it is presumable that they manufactured more than the usual quantity, it is probable

* The following statement extracted from the books of an extensive and correct flour factor, in Philadelphia, will shew the price of flour for a period of ten years. Instead of following the fluctuations minutely into every month, the averages of the two principal seasons; each year have been taken. In 1796 it was as high as fourteen and a half, and even fifteen dollars; but maintained these prices for a very limited time.

AVERAGE PRICE OF FLOUR IN PHILADELPHIA.

	Spring.	Fall.
	DOLLS.	DOLLS.
1791.....	5	5
2.....	4	5 20
3.....	6	6 33
4.....	7	7
5.....	11	13
6.....	14	11
7.....	9	8 50
8.....	8 50	6 50
9.....	9 50	9 25
1800.....	10 50	10

that their receipts fell little short of a million; and that they have not laboured in vain, is fairly deducible from the circumstance of their being rich.

The universal vehicle for conveying the flour to market, is the wagon; and the vicinity to the city gives these millers no inconsiderable advantage over their competitors.

This mode of conveyance is common throughout Pennsylvania. In New-York it is otherwise; water-carriage alone being used there. The consequence of which is, that whenever the navigation of the North and East rivers is interrupted by ice, that city is deprived of her inland commerce; whereas, Philadelphia carries on a brisk trade with the interior country and her back settlements during the severest frosts.

The banks of the Wissihicken are steep and rugged. They are covered with a rich foliage of native trees, interspersed with the wild grape, the woodbine, and other flowering plants, which perfume the air with their odour, and add greatly to the beauty of the scenery.... The wanderer may here immerse himself in the deepest solitude, and contemplate nature in her most hidden recesses: or, if other views be more agreeable to his fancy, he may direct his steps towards the habitations of the millers, and feast his eyes on luxuriant and well cultivated fields, verdant meadows, and variegated gardens. To those who have not lost their relish for the sportive charms of native scenery, contrasted and blended with the useful works of man, Wissihicken will ever be a delightful retreat. In my juvenile days, I have often visited these hills to gaze on the limped stream, and breathe the delicious fragrance of the wild flower. The remembrance is now dear to me.

The clatter of the mills might well recal to our memory, the simple story of the German boor, who, on his first approach to a mill, heard a strange voice loudly and deliberately pronounce "Ich juckt ihr

buckel....Ich juckt ihr buckel.... Ich juckt ihr buckel."* The language was sufficiently intelligible; but, as he had committed no offence, he supposed the threat was uttered against some other person. Curiosity tempted him to enter. He gave umbrage to the surly proprietor, received a drubbing, and was turned out. The miller had occasion to alter the gears, and as the unlucky clown was hastening away, he suffered the additional mortification of being briskly taunted by the flippant mill with, "Gelt Ich habt ihr buckel gejuckt? Gelt Ich habt buckel ihr gejuckt? Gelt Ich habt ihr buckel gejuckt?"†

20....Lodged as comfortably as a sultry night would permit, at our hospitable friend, P. Robinson's, where we likewise breakfasted. My unruly steed chose to put his foot on mine, so that lameness is added to debility. A foggy morning, succeeded by a bright and hot sun. Stopped to bait at Norristown. 'Tis a poor, ill-looking place, consisting of about twenty houses. The courts of justice for Montgomery county are held in this place, in an ill-fashioned stone building.... placed on a naked eminence. The town is situated on a sloping bank, on the margin of the river, which flows here, with a gentle current over a gravelly bottom. It is here that the canal is taken from the Schuylkill, and considerable progress has been made in cutting it through a rocky ridge, below the town. The want of funds has put a total stop to the work. It

* *I'll-tickle your back....I'll tickle, &c.*

† *Hey! didn't I tickle your back.... Hey! didn't I &c.*

I know of no word in the English language that expresses the full meaning of the German Juck or Jucken. I have used tickle....but it has by no means the same humorous signification. It is also observable, that the German articulation more nearly resembles the language of the mill than the English.

is to be hoped, that it will at some period be resumed. Notwithstanding the large sums which have already been expended on this object, it is probable that it will yet require between three and four hundred thousand dollars to complete it. It is satisfactory, however, to observe, that much of what is done is of a permanent nature; but unless the Susquehannah and Schuylkill canal be accomplished, and the navigation of the river above this place be considerably improved, the utility of the Schuylkill and Delaware canal may be questionable. Whenever the waters are sufficiently high to admit of the passage of rafts or loaded boats to Norristown, they can always proceed with safety to the city. This circumstance, no doubt, occurred to the projectors and prosecutors of the work.

In one of the rooms of the tavern, we observed a pedlar, very busy in displaying his scanty wares on the backs of chairs, on tables and trunks, with an air as consequential as if he were surrounded with the riches of Indostan. He had posted an advertisement on the door, enumerating the articles he had for sale, and giving notice that he would sell very cheap, and continue for *some* days, and *longer* if encouraged. It is remarkable, however, notwithstanding the general opprobrium heaped on the poor pedlars, that some of the wealthiest traders in America commenced business in this humble station.

The *Ridge road* is a channel through which immense riches flow into the city. Large quantities of lime, marble, flour, and other produce of the country, being continually conveyed along it, which occasion it to be much cut up, and from the nature of the soil, it is, during winter, nearly impassable; while in summer the deep bed of dust which covers it, renders travelling very unpleasant. A turnpike has become almost indispensable.

We stopped to view the stone bridge over the Perkiomen, a small

but beautiful stream. This is one of the greatest structures of the kind in America, and adds greatly and justly to the fame of Pennsylvania in this respect. It was built by one Lewis, a Welshman, of no education. He has, however, given much satisfaction to his employers in the execution of this work. It is built not without taste, and has a good effect upon the eye, though irregular in its construction. It has one arch of seventy-five feet span, three of sixty, and two of thirty, resting on strong piers and solid abutments. It passes obliquely over the channel, and appears to be, including the abutments, between seven and eight hundred feet in length; but the stream does not usually occupy more than one fourth of that space. The bridge is sufficiently broad to admit two carriages a-breast.

Dined at the *Traf Tavern*, a mile and an half beyond the bridge, and twenty-six miles from Philadelphia. During our stay, there occurred a heavy fall of rain. We were overtaken here by the sheriff of Montgomery county, with a jury in his train. As they appeared to be bent upon a frolic, I inquired of one of them, whom I knew, whither they were going. He replied, "A few miles higher up to hold an inquest on some land, which might be done in a day; but, as the sheriff was just going out of office, and the expense was to fall on others, they intended to *keep it up* three days." All of them were mounted, and if some of the horses lacked *spirit*, it was otherwise with their riders.

Showery all the afternoon. Every little transient cloud was surcharged with water, and seemed in a humour to be merry with us. We stopped to save our jackets, and then it ceased to rain. Invited by a bright sun, we set out again, and it immediately began to pour.... Others were no better off than ourselves. One care-taking man, particularly, was constantly occupied in putting on and pulling off his great coat, and so unlucky was he,

that he was seldom in the right. When it rained, his coat was snugly tied to his saddle...he made haste to get it on his back, and lo! it ceased to rain: while the heat of the sun soon obliged him to alight, and fix it on the saddle again. It served us for an occasional laugh, and if all our miscalculations and misfortunes could be passed off as merrily, we should fare much better than most of us do, in our journey through life.

The farm-houses within sight are generally built of stone, and form, in this respect, a striking contrast to the wooden houses of New-England. Dwellings of stone and of brick are universally condemned by our eastern brethren, as destructive of health; but if this prejudice were not otherwise contradicted, the hardy appearance of the people among whom we now are, is far from warranting the belief. No lack of taverns....there are eleven in a distance of as many miles, between the Bridge and Pottsgrove. So many are not necessary for the accommodation of travellers....they serve as places of drunkenness and debauchery to the idle and profligate in the neighbourhood, and are, in fact, public nuisances. The soil is not generally rich, consisting of a thin redish loam, hilly and gravelly.... We passed through a populous country, and arrived at the pretty little village of Pottsgrove before sun-set. At the entrance of the town, there is an unoccupied large stone-house, which, as we were informed, was erected by one of the Pott's, on a high spot of ground, which never was completed, from water being nowhere to be found upon the hill. Though several hundred pounds were expended on this house, the builder was not more short-sighted than he who built a mill in Dauphin county, intending to make it pump up the water, by which it was to be supplied, and from which it was to derive all its force.

The land about this village is fertile, and well cultivated. The town is situated thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, in a valley, near the Schuylkill, but not within sight of it; and contains one hundred and fifty houses, chiefly stone and brick. The most notable circumstance that occurred here, was the measuring of a radish in the landlord's garden, which proved to be twenty-two and an half inches in circumference.

21....Departed by times. Crossed the Mawnytawny, a small creek, and breakfasted at the White-horse, five miles on our way....fared well. Soon after crossed the Monockass, over a substantial stone-bridge of six arches. Tarried an hour at Reading, which is a considerable, but ill-looking town, sixteen and an half miles from Pottsgrove. One story log-houses, filled in with brick or stone, small, slovenly and inconvenient, with a few modern buildings, clumsily ornamented, is a full description of Reading. We met here a Philadelphian, who told us, he could not, after repeated trials, find a chaise, or any kind of carriage, for hire in the town. This place is noted for its hatters. A great many wool hats, of good fabric, are made here, sold to the Philadelphia hatters, and thence dispersed every where.... They manufacture them so cheap, and their work is in such credit, that no body in Philadelphia attempts the same business. They are much superior to the wool hats usually imported from England.

Schuylkill is on the west side of Reading, out of view. Hills obstruct the prospect on every other side. The town lies, comparatively, low, in a contracted, but fertile valley: the hills are generally cultivated on their sides, though some of them are bleak and barren. The contrast is not unpleasant. Near the town flows the Tulpehocken into the Schuylkill. By means of this stream, and the Quitzipihilla, the sources of each approaching very near to each

other, one of the projected canals was intended to unite the Susquehanna and Schuylkill.

This canal has suffered the same fate as the other...the work has long since been suspended. To render the Delaware and Schuylkill canal extensively useful, it will be necessary to complete this...by means of which a water communication may be opened with an extensive country bordering on the wide spreading branches of the Susquehanna, and on the lakes north-west of the Pennsylvania line.

My countrymen project with more zeal than they execute, and are not backward to undertake more than they can perform. The failure of these canals may be attributed to a variety of causes. It was not to be expected, considering the number and magnitude of the public works commenced at the same period, that a sum, commensurate to their seasonable completion, could be suddenly diverted from the capital employed, by the citizens, in pursuits more pressing in their demands, more generally understood, and more certain in their issue. Many of the subscribers were mere speculators, and became stockholders with no view steadily to prosecute the work; but to embrace the first favourable moment to sell out to a profit. These nominal members were like dead weights on the exertions of the rest. Certain other individuals, whose extensive schemes of aggrandizement have no parallel in this, or perhaps any other country, having purchased largely of the stock, possessed themselves of a considerable portion of the funds of their associated brethren, and then becoming bankrupts, thus effectually paralyzed, if they have not given the death wound to these valuable works.

Still pursuing the course of the river on its eastern side, we halted ten miles from Reading, at Hamburg, or Carter's-town...or, as the Germans in the neighbourhood pro-

nounce it, Kaarker's sthettle.... a small place of forty houses, which seems to carry on a brisk trade in card-playing and horse-racing.

Before we reached Hamburg, we crossed Maiden-creek, a considerable stream, over a wooden bridge, resting on stone piers.... About this creek there is good land, and the redish hue of the soil so conspicuous hitherto, begins to decline.

Every where we find the descendants of Germans. They are the principal settlers of the country, and are a rude uncultivated people, not noted for civility, nor apt to render disinterested services to strangers or each other.

A mile from Hamburg we began to skirt the first ridge of mountains, on a wild, rugged road, cut along its sides, at the foot of which flows the river, sometimes placidly and slowly, and sometimes rapidly and turbulently over rocks and shoals. The road is frequently sixty, and an hundred feet almost vertically above the river, and is too narrow to allow carriages to pass each other. Three miles further we crossed at Ege's Forge the eastern branch called Little Schuylkill, having passed in view of the junction a little below. Both branches head in this immense chain of mountains. The roughness of the road made travelling very tiresome, and occasioned us to be benighted, a circumstance however, which we had little reason to regret. The air of the mountains after a hot day, was very refreshing, and the full moon, rising majestically over the hill-tops, contributed not a little to the grandeur of the scenery. The dark sides of the mountains formed a picturesque contrast to the silvery illumination which invested the rest of the landscape. At length we reached our intended resting place, and were received with significant bows and looks, by a boorish looking German, whom we soon found to be our landlord. Judging from appearances we prepared ourselves for rough fair in this barren region. We enquired what we could have

to eat, and were answered, any thing you please. J..... was for coffee, but I dissuaded him, expecting he would not relish it if made; we called for milk, which was furnished of the best quality and in nice order, with abundance of good butter and cheese. J..... proposed the addition of pye, "well," said our host, "you can have it," and forthwith produced pyes of two kinds, both excellent. Such fare in a wilderness was unexpected, and we did it justice by finishing near a quart of milk each.

Our landlord's name is David Pensinger. His house is nine miles from Hamburg. He seems desirous of pleasing, and amused us much by his aukward nods and singular remarks. As an instance, when we ordered oats for our horses, he stopped to point out to us the remarkable resemblance between the English and German pronunciation of the word, one being "oats," and the other "haaver."

22.....Several of us, having been crowded together in a small, close room, and the weather being exceedingly warm, I slept little on my musty dusty bed of chaff with one scanty sheet: heard the clock strike every hour of the night, and rose between three and four in the morning.

J.....'s horse is lame, and mine much galled, and this is the more unpleasant as we have a rough tiresome day's ride before us. We are now among the mountains, and expect to travel slowly. Pensinger, after examining J.....'s horse, gravely informed him of a cure which he said could not fail of success.... "At the next house you stop at, look for a bag, and steal the string. This, tie round your horses lame leg, but be sure you do it without being seen by any body."

We have been diligently employed three hours in going to Reeve's, a distance of eight or ten miles. J..... will scarcely find it necessary to purloin a string, as his horse moves as usual. No improvements visible except a few low hats, with

small patches of cleared ground about them, mostly planted with buck-wheat. Buck-wheat is the grain chiefly grown in this part of the country, and is employed to feed their poultry, their hogs and themselves. Good rye is likewise cultivated to profit, but the soil is too light for wheat, and we saw none of it.

Every where the women are busy in the fields with the men, and both sexes are principally occupied in destroying the trees. A shirt of coarse linen, wide trowsers of tow cloth, a broad rimmed black wool hat, and leather shoes, composed the dress of the men; most of them had pipes in their mouths. The dress of the women consisted of three articles; a hat similar to that worn by the men, the usual garment of coarse linen, and a linssey petticoat, to which some of them added a neck handkerchief and shoes. The air we breathe is impregnated with the odour of wild flowers, with which the woods abound, and of which we observed a great variety. Reeve's wife appeared to exert herself to entertain us, and among other dainties placed before us a large dish of fried onions swimming in fat. Here we were overtaken by three young men on foot from Philadelphia, bound to Catawessey, who left Reading when we did. An active man on foot, will, on a journey of considerable extent, keep pace with a horseman, so much time is consumed in the care necessarily bestowed on that animal, and who requires longer and more frequent intervals of rest, inasmuch as he carries not only himself, but his rider.

It is amusing to observe the effect of political zeal in this impoverished tract. Every few miles present us with a liberty pole towering near some dismal hovel, and decorated with party coloured flags and liberty caps.

We perceived no pines, nor evergreens of any kind till we entered the mountains, and now saw other

trees of any importance present themselves. It is reasonable to believe that these trees prevailed originally and generally throughout a considerable portion of the United States. Where settlements are newly made, and the pine and hemlock are cut down, they are invariably succeeded by the oak and hickory. It is probable that the dwarf bush or scrub oak differs not in species from those of larger size, for it is always sure to expand to the customary magnitude, when the lofty trees which overshadow, and impede its growth are removed. This is the case in every part of the continent that I have visited.

Between Reeve's and Kepner's (about eight miles) there is but one house, or rather hovel. Kepner is a lively talkative old fellow, and his house is one of the best in its materials and construction in the woods. It is of hewn logs one story high, and twenty feet square, composing a single room in which the landlord tells us he has lodged forty persons at once.

This man left a good plantation in a populous neighbourhood to reside in this lonely and sterile spot. This he does not regret, but laments very much his having abandoned another mode of life, which was that of driving a waggon and team of horses, which he says, he followed for forty-five years, without interruption. We had a repast of some venison, rye bread and butter, radishes and cheese, all very excellent, and whisky, being the only liquor his house afforded. Our horses had a plentiful mess of cut rye and straw: for all which he charged us twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents," exclaimed J.....r with uplifted hands and eyes, affecting to be amazed at the extravagance of the demand. "Why tus you dink es is du much?" Was the query of our good natured host, withdrawing his hand as the money was presented to him. He would willingly have reduced the price. In any of the southern states a less comfortable and plentiful supply

would have cost us two dollars. The old man was well pleased with our liberality in paying the *full quarter of a dollar*, and on parting wished us a pleasant ride.

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For the Literary Magazine.
CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. III.

ANALYSIS OF MILTON'S
"Il Penseroso."

Why the objects either of nature or poetry produce different effects on different minds, is easily explained. Ideas and images are differently linked and associated; and as all are tintured with pain or with pleasure, it is impossible that any two readers should read the same performance with exactly the same emotions; or even that the same person should derive the same impressions from the perusal at different times. Thought is volatile and flexible beyond any other essence: yet, like every other, is bound by certain laws, and particularly influenced and swayed by habit.... Hence it is, that those who begin, in early youth, to read a poem, continue, generally, for the rest of their lives, to read with much the same impression, rude, vague, and superficial as they are. Often as I have recited the following lines, containing the pedigree of the goddess to whom this poem is dedicated....

These bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove....

Often as this passage has been recited by me, it never occurred to me, till very lately, to discuss the meaning or weigh the propriety of this genealogical tree. What train of reflections it was.... what course of education induced the poet to give such a father and mother to his darl-

ing melancholy...Why these creatures of ancient fancy, and a certain mountain in a certain isle of the Mediterranean, should be fixed upon as the parents and birth place of this *personification*; or what legitimate gratification a modern reader can or ought to derive from the tale of such a meeting between father and daughter, in the forests of Crete, "while yet there was no fear of Jove," are questions that never before occurred to me; and now that they do occur, I must own myself unable, at this moment, to give a satisfactory answer to them.

That *habit of reflection* called melancholy, may, like other intellectual existences, be endowed with body, name, vesture and symbols, and may even have a parentage and birth-place assigned to it; but why she should be made to spring from those mythological chimeras, Saturn, and *his daughter* Vesta, in a Cretan cave, some of your readers, more learned than I, may, perhaps, be able to tell me.

In the description given of "divinest melancholy," we are told, that to adapt her visage to our weaker view, it is

O'er laid with black; staid wisdom's hue....

*Black, but such as, in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseeem;
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove*

*To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea Nymphs....*

The poet could not but be aware, that to give his goddess the complexion of an African, was somewhat hazardous: he therefore endeavours to disarm us of our prejudice, by calling it the *hue of wisdom*, and by reminding us of personages who, though black, have laid some claim to reverence. Perhaps my ignorance may be my disgrace, when I confess, that this sister of prince Memnon, and this Ethiopian queen, with the story of her competition with the Naiads, are wholly strange to me; but I sus-

pect most readers are, in this respect, as ignorant as I am.

The phrase "o'erlaid," or coated "with black," evidently means a face of the African hue. That this is the true construction is plain, from the additional assertion...it is, indeed black, but then it was such a blackness as belonged to the Ethiopian queen, &c. Memnon, if I mistake not, is a soldier in the Iliad, a Moorish or Egyptian auxiliary of king Priam. Now, I really think, this conception of the poet is liable to some censure. I cannot imagine why black should be termed the *hue of wisdom*. The owl, the bird of Minerva, is, indeed, generally black; and this, though by a very remote and fantastic association, perhaps suggested this idea to the poet. Milton, as all his poetry shews, was totally and thoroughly imbued with the ancient mythology. Hence it is, that many passages in his works are, to readers less learned than himself, unintelligible.

Black has always been symbolical of death, grief, mourning, and of the evil passions, but is utterly incongruous with those which are merely serious and solemn. Melancholy, it must be owned, is commonly called black; but then the melancholy thus described, is the popular and common acceptation of the term, in which it has a near alliance with grief and madness; and is a very different thing from the poet's melancholy, the lonely, museful, studious disposition: a peculiar susceptibility of solemn and rapturous emotions.

The habiliments and gesture of this being are thus described:

*All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks, commencing with the
skies,*

*Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes.
There held in holy passion still
Forget thyself to marble, till*

With a *sad, leaden*, downward cast
Those fix them on the earth as fast.

Here the images and terms, with some exceptions, are equally beautiful and happy. "Flowing with majestic train" indicates the manners of Milton's age. The epithet *majestic*, does not seem to coalesce easily with the impression which other parts of the picture produce. Neither can we approve of *sad, leaden* cast. *Leaden* is akin to all that is stupid, heavy and dreary. The looks of this raptured contemplatist need not surely be *sad*.

The companions, or attendants of melancholy, are,

Peace and quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth
dier,
And hears the muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these, retired leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first and chiefest with thee, bring
Him that now soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub contemplation
And the mute silence hist along...

This selection of images appears to have been made carelessly, and by chance. The personages are not distinguished with skill or precision. Peace, quiet, fast, retirement, leisure, contemplation are an odd assemblage to walk in the train of "melancholy." The privileges of "fast" to diet with gods, and hear the song of the muses, as they circle Jove's altar, have, at once, the mythological and religious peculiarities of Milton's age. The merit of fasting, and its influence in facilitating intercourse with heaven, are now exploded; but no one but our poet seems to have imagined it favourable to *poetical* inspiration: and the modern votarist will generally prefer some other mode of gaining access to the banquets of Olympus, and the concerts of the muses.... *Trim* gardens are no longer the favourite retirements of leisure. This epithet "trim" forcibly indicates

the old formal style of rural decoration, which it is worth observing, nowhere enters into the subsequent account of the haunts, most dear to the museful wanderer, or into any of Milton's rural descriptions.

Contemplation, the last of the group, is described as a cherub, golden-winged, soaring, and guiding a throne, with wheels of fire. I must confess, that these images do not please me. *Golden wing* is a phrase without peculiar significance; and there seems to be something incompatible in the double office of *soaring*, and guiding a chariot. I am at a loss too, to know what is meant by the fiery-wheeled throne.

From this display of allegorical portraits, the poet now proceeds, by a happy transition, to describe the occupations of the melancholy man.

These naturally divide themselves into such as are pursued during the *nights*, and such as belong to the *day*. His nights are spent, according to the state of the air, either in the *woods and fields*, or *within doors*; and are employed in *listening* to solemn sounds, or *surveying* the face of nature: or, when confined by the atmosphere at home, either first, in *musings* by the fire-side.... or secondly, in the study of the sciences.... or thirdly, in musical performances.... or lastly, in reading poetry.

On the return of day, he resorts to the woods and glades; books and company, and all the social recreations are avoided. He seeks the shadiest and loneliest haunts, and strives to loose himself in reverie. The only substitute for nature's recesses, he allows to be the arcades and recesses of some public edifice, where the subtilities of architecture and the moral greatness of some appendage are adapted to raise the soul above all private and personal affections.

It is thus that the museful man wishes to pass the flower of his days. For his declining years, his imagination looks forward to the

pleasures of seclusion, and the calm pursuits of some ennobling science.

This is the *outline* of Milton's picture. It agrees pretty accurately with the scheme of every mind, habituated to the exercise of its faculties; but no two minds, it is likely, would *fill up* the picture precisely in the same manner. It would be curious and instructive to examine what are the minuter particulars of Milton's scheme. What objects of nature would most attract his contemplation in his wanderings, and what guides he would take through the regions of poetry and science. In these respects, the individual character of the poet, and the fashions of his age and nation, will manifest themselves, and afford us an occasion of comparing the views of others with our own.

In his nightly rambles we may observe, that his darling passion is to listen to the nightingale. He invokes the company of silence....

'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon
yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustomed oak....

This privilege an American contemplatist must dispense with. Our groves are full of the music of nocturnal insects, which can have nothing in common with the notes of Philomela. Why is the nightingale's song so commonly supposed indicative either of *sadness* or love? It is obvious, that the music may be particularly adapted to call up melancholy in the hearer, and to sooth the reveries of one whom love keeps awake; but this supplies no reason for imputing amorous despair, or a rueful temper to the bird itself.... The dragon yoke of Cynthia, applied to the lunar progress, is an antiquated image, which true taste does not incline us to relish, though *learning* may enable us, in some degree, to comprehend. Night, turned into a person, whose rugged brow is smoothed by the music, is a very grand conception.

The nightingale is not always present to regale the ear. In her absence, the eye is fixed

Upon the wand'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon.

The grandeur of the starry firmament is omitted, though, perhaps, that is a more sublime, various and thought-producing spectacle than the other. It is, however, afterwards introduced as one of the amusements of old age.

This image is congenial with every fancy, and is to be seen in every climate. The poet goes on to particularize the only two situations in which the moon is advantageously seen; in a clear, and in a chequered sky.

After the moon and the nightingale, the curfew is introduced....

Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

These lines are very defective in perspicuity. Is it the curfew, or the shore that *swings* on this occasion? If the wide water be meant, which, though not expressed, is highly probable, the term *swinging* conveys no adequate or significant image. The *sullen roar* must belong to a torrent, and the kind of concert which a tolling bell, and a roaring torrent produce, can be known only to those who have witnessed the combination. Either, separately, must have a powerful influence on the imagination.

The "air not permitting" these enjoyments, we are transported to the room, warmed by embers on the hearth, with no sound to engage the attention, but the chirrup of the cricket and the watchman's larum, which, in our country, is a *call*, and not a *bell*.

From these contemplative employments we are now carried to the summit of a tower, where, by the midnight lamp, the melancholy man pores over his books. What

are the subjects, or the masters, which the poet selects? They are either the works of Hermes Trismagistus, or the speculations of Plato on the soul's immortality, guides which a more recent student would not be likely to select, especially the former.

The following are the topics of a visionary, or a necromancer, more than of a rational student.

And of those demons that are found
In air, fire, flood, or under ground ;
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.

The theory which peoples all nature with active and subordinate intelligences is very agreeable. No wonder that a warm imagination has built large inferences on slender premises in relation to this subject. That hints and tokens, noted or imparted in dreams, or in casual coincidences of events, have been eagerly employed to remove, in some degree, the veil which hides the original and primary agencies of nature from our view.

The laws of nature are still, with all strenuous minds, objects of curious research ; but instead of vague and superstitious reveries, we now confide in the power of industrious experiments to decompose, set free, and render sensible the primitive ingredients of the universe..... The same passion which led men to solicit the intercourse and aid of demons, now incites them to investigate the simplest and most evanescent elements of nature. The enthusiast for knowledge has descended from the summit of the tower to the recesses of the laboratory ; and Hermes and Plato are superseded by Boerhaave and Lavoisier.

These lines are remarkably comprehensive. More meaning in fewer words it would be scarcely possible to comprise. The respective mediums of this activity are accurately enumerated.....air, fire, flood, or under ground ; and a poetical use is made of the supposed connexion

between events, and the influence either of the planets or the elements.

Philosophy looks not beyond the elements themselves, which act agreeably to a supreme will ; but poetry discovers beings whose powers harmonize or concur with these elements.

The sciences, however, are sometimes to give place to poetry, and especially to tragic scenes.

Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy,
In sceptre'd pall come sweeping by....

We may remark, that some words have undergone a singular revolution of meaning since the time of Milton. "Gorgeous" and "Demure" are instances of this, being used by the poet in a serious sense, though, at present, they have a burlesque or ludicrous meaning. Could the figure thus displayed be painted? No doubt every epithet here used, contributed to an actual picture in the poet's fancy. The sceptre, the pall, and the sweeping motion will be as differently imagined as there are different readers.

The succeeding lines shew Milton's preference of the ancient drama. Shakspeare, it should seem by his silence here, was held in little repute as a tragic poet. Jonson and Shakspeare are mentioned in the Allegro, merely as administering entertainment to the man of gaiety and good humour.

Mournful music is next mentioned as a darling occupation. It is worth while to remark the mythological images which the idea of music suggests to his fancy.

O sad virgin that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made hell grant what love did
seek.

In his picture of *lively* music in the Allegro, Orpheus again recurs ; but such is the superiority of *mirth-*

ful, over mournful strains, in this poet's representation, that while the Pensive produces only a conditional assent, the "Allegro" would

Have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

Milton's passion for ancient lore; the theme and style of Attic tragedy; one would think hardly compatible with his attachment to the chimeras of modern romance. Yet his favourite books we are informed, were Ovid's Metamorphoses and Spenser's Fairy Queen. Accordingly we find in this place, the pleasures of music succeeded by stories of forests, enchantments, turneys trophies, and all the apparatus of the Italian poetry.

In this manner does the melancholy enthusiast pass the night, the *civil-suited man* has no sooner risen than he hies him to the forests. The morning which the rambler loves, must not

Be trick'd and frown'd as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But, *kerchief'd* in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust hath blown *bis fill*,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

I cannot affix any distinct meaning to the epithet *civil-suited*, the morning here is personified, but the image of a modern female, with a cloud for a kerchief seems wanting in dignity. The allusion to the Attic boys is, I confess, unintelligible to me, and, I much suspect is so to most readers. There is a confusion of images in—*Rocking winds are piping loud*—though each separately is very vivid. A blustering and cloudy dawn, or one calm and still, after the subsiding of a rain-storm, are the favourites of his fancy, "With minute drops from off the eaves—" contains one of those specimens of original observation and selection, so rarely to be found among poets.

The scenes which he selects for his noon-day meditations, are,

Arched walks of twilight groves
And shadows brown, *that Sibon loves*,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax, with heaved
stroke,
Was never heard....*the nymphs to dance*,
Or fright them from their hallow'd
haunt....

Groves and glades could not occur to the poet's fancy, without calling up Silvanus and the nymphs.

These lines are full of images; the scene described, and the moral incidents are calculated deeply to affect the sensibility to rural charms. The grove and its arched walks, the formation of art, was accessible to Milton, but the forests of pine and oak, where the ax was never heard, could not occur within the circuit of his rambles. No more powerful conception of solitude can be formed than what must flow from the covert of such a forest, as many a pilgrim in the American wilderness is capable of judging.

The epithets in this passage are very energetic, though some exception may perhaps be made against *monumental oak*. Why is oak called *monumental*?

The effect of the woodman's presence to fright away the nymphs is, to me, original, and is very beautiful.

Having reached this friendly covert, what attitude does the enthusiast assume? What sounds attract his attention, and what images hover in his fancy. He stretches himself like the melancholy man, in Shakspeare, along some brook, the rippling of whose waters, and the hum of bees constitute his music. This music is propitious to sleep, which is invoked, in company with mystic visions, and which must retire only at the bidding of some unseen Genius.

Hide me from day's *garish* eye
While the Bee *with bonied thigh*,
That at her flowery work doth *sing*
And the waters murmuring.

With such concert as they keep,
 Notice the dewy feathered sleep ;....

The poet was not physiologist enough to know that the working Bee is of no sex, that the honey is extracted by the tongue, and deposited for safe carriage, in the mouth of the insect. It was probably for rhyme-sake that the Bee is made to *sing*, but, in reality, it is ascertained that the Bee has a voice capable of various modulations.

The term *gariah* conveys no meaning to me. I never met with it elsewhere. It is capable, no doubt, of explication, but its etymology is not obvious. Milton's use has consecrated it, and it is often quoted, but the same use would have sanctified any other arbitrarily invented sound.

And let some strange mysterious
 dream,
 Wave at *his* wings, an airy stream,
 Of lively portraiture display'd
 Softly on my eyelids laid.

I cannot clear up the obscurity of this passage. At *whose* wings? those of the dream or those of sleep? in either sense, to wave an airy stream of lively portraiture display'd, is vague and without meaning.

And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good
 Or th' unsexen genius of the wood.

This is a luminous thought. Milton fostered the imagination of this interposition with great delight. *Comus* is entirely built upon it, and a survey of that poem, would afford a pleasing opportunity of investigating the various hints, and sources which contributed to form his notion of the essence and attributes of these aerial beings. In this passage, the ancient and modern, the mythological and christian notions on the subject are briefly and strikingly displayed. Let an aerial musician be heard, a spirit that is guardian

and attendant, either of person or of place; the genius of the sleeper himself, or of the wood in which he loiters.

Devotion is not forgotten among the employments of this enthusiast.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious *cloister's* pale,
 And love the high *embowed* roof
 With antique *pillars* massy roof,
 And storied windows richly light,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full voic'd *choir* below,
 In service high, and anthems clear
 As may with sweetness thro' my ea.,
 Dissolve me into extasies
 And bring all Heaven before my eyes.

Milton was in love with the solemn peculiarities of the gothic temple. To those therefore who never entered such a building, the first six lines communicate no image. Antique pillars, embowed roof, storied windows, cloistered pale, are unmeaning sounds to those on this side the ocean, who have never seen, and never collected from delineations or descriptions any images of Gothic building. In Milton's mind, these terms possessed vivid counter parts. Memory set before him the *studious cloisters* of Cambridge where he passed his youth, and the aisles and arches of St. Paul's or Westminster, with their organs and chorusses, whose devotional influence he had often experienced. How different the conceptions then, which the poet derived from these lines, from those of an American reader. We are not however totally deprived of the solemnities of the organ and the chorusses of public worship.

Having passed the flower of his days in such amusements, what is reserved for the pastime of age. Different minds touched with the same sublime passion, for serious pleasures, would probably form very different visions of the future. We might, in general, aspire after quiet and seclusion, but we should not be ambitious of absolute solitude, and the penury and hardships of the

Anchorite. To be our own nurse and servant, and to seek in a caverned rock, not an occasional retreat, a permanent abode, seems to be a perverse wish. "The hairy gown and mossy cell are not necessary to be united, and though "musing meditation may most affect pensive secrecy," it need not be in the torpid character of a hermit, nor need his cell be "a desert cell." The hairy gown, the maple dish, and a few books, with a bed of leaves and the cheerless shelter of a rock, befit nothing but poverty and superstition.

Wild, mountainous, and lonely scenes, are dear to a museful temper. Rocks and caverns are delightful as occasional retreats, but these enjoyments are compatible with a civilized life, and constitute a kind of Hermit and Hermitage, very different from Milton. We may wish that

At last our weary age
May find the peaceful hermitage,
The peaked rock, and mossy cell,
Where we may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb, that sips the dew.

A wise old age may find delicious recreations for its solitude in astronomy and botany, but there is nothing agreeable to these views, in the poet's Hermit. He merely examines earth and heaven, with the naked eye, and aims at gathering from his contemplations some miraculous power of healing diseases, and foreseeing future events. These are the views of an ignorant and Gothic age, and though somewhat congenial to the mind of one fresh from reading the old chivalrous poetry, are in reality savage and debasing and are not at all necessary to give sublimity or pathos to our conceptions of solitude and rural retreat.

Here the melancholy man, however wishes to sit,

Till old experience do attain,
To something like prophetic strain.

The life just before described, does not seem to befit the term "experience."

In fine, this poem, considers serious pleasure, not as flowing from the performance of our duty, from intercourse with kindred minds, or the contemplation of that happiness, in other beings which we have been instrumental in conferring or preserving. It considers man, not as the recipient of social or moral pleasures, but as reaping his highest happiness from a certain refined indulgence of his senses, the cold abstractions of his intellect and the freaks of a superstitious fancy. The seriousness or melancholy here depicted has something in it unsocial, misanthropic and selfish, and though we may admire the portrait, as a portrait, yet, no man with a true taste for serious pleasures, will fully concur with the poet, when he terminates his soliloquy with saying, and

I with thee will chuse to live.

For the Literary Magazine.

[THE following "Chemical Question" was first proposed in a daily paper of this city, nearly two years ago: I have not seen any answer to it since that time, and from the intended scope of the Literary Magazine, I am induced to request a corner for it. This question must be considered an important one, as it may tend to elucidate some of those causes, which act so powerfully, (because secretly) towards the rapid destruction of the human teeth in all climates and situations. Whether Sugar is one of these agents of decomposition, or not, our present imperfect state of scientific knowledge will not admit us to decide: but it rather appears from concurring circumstances, that its effects are not deleterious in their nature:—as I am told, that the inhabitants of the West Indies preserve their teeth in great perfection and beauty: but for the truth of this, I cannot vouch. It is hoped that some of the great luminaries of science

now in the city, who frequent "hot lecture-rooms" (to the great disadvantage of their helath and spirits, from being *unaccustomed* to such a mode of life) will endeavour to throw light on this subject. In doing so, however, I would recommend them to refrain from adopting the visionary and groundless theories of a certain *septified* Doctor, who resides in a city at no great distance from Philadelphia. While he has fed his own vanity, science has suffered from his attempts to form an hypothesis, not only unsupported by facts, but in direct opposition to them.]

Dec. 2, 1803.

CHEMICAL QUESTION.

THE oxalic acid, it is well known, can be produced by oxygenating common white sugar, powdered, by means of the nitric acid: in this process, part of the oxygen of the nitric acid unites to the carbon and hydrogen (the other constituent parts) of the sugar, and the nitrous acid escapes. This substance, according to Lavoisier, consists of 8 parts of hydrogen, 64 of oxygen, and 28 of carbon. *These* are also the ingredients of the *oxalic acid*, but the proportions in which they exist, yet remain unknown: hence it is evident, that sugar, by the addition of a certain quantity of oxygen, becomes converted into the oxalic acid.

Now sugar is generally supposed to be injurious to the teeth: how far this opinion is supported by truth, will be seen from the following considerations. The teeth are composed of lime united to the phosphoric acid, or are *phosphates of lime*. Oxalic acid possesses a greater affinity with the base of this salt, and wherever it meets with it, unites to it, and separates the other acid. Sugar is, by some, supposed to act in this manner:.... the oxalic acid unites to the lime of the phosphate of lime, and forms an insoluble salt, and thus the teeth *decay*, or become decomposed: but does sugar really contain the *oxalic acid ready formed*? for if this is not the case,

how can it decompose them? A solution of sugar *will not* precipitate lime from lime-water, and hence it is clearly proved that it *cannot* exist in this substance; for lime, either in simple solution, or in combination with other substances, is reckoned the best test of this acid chemists have. How then does sugar act on the teeth? It is proved by experiment, that if a smaller portion of oxygen is added to sugar, than what would be necessary to convert it into the oxalic, the tartarous or some other vegetable acid would be formed: none of which have so great an attraction for lime, as the oxalic possesses. Can, therefore, sugar be prejudicial to the teeth?... if so, in what manner does it act?

The solution of the above question, is requested from some of the scientific readers of his Magazine.

AMICUS SCIENTIÆ.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF
CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

(Continued.)

MY father's sister was an ancient lady, resident in Philadelphia, the relict of a merchant, whose decease left her the enjoyment of a frugal competence. She was without children, and had often expressed her desire that her nephew Frank, whom she always considered as a sprightly and promising lad, should be put under her care. She offered to be at the expense of my education, and to bequeath to me at her death her slender patrimony.

This arrangement was obstinately rejected by my father, because it was merely fostering and giving scope to propensities, which he considered as hurtful, and because his avarice desired that this inheritance should fall to no one but himself. To me, it was a scheme of ravishing felicity, and to be debarred from it was a source of anguish known to few. I had too much experience

of my father's pertinaciousness ever to hope for a change in his views; yet the bliss of living with my aunt, in a new and busy scene, and in the unbounded indulgence of my literary passion, continually occupied my thoughts: for a long time these thoughts were productive only of despondency and tears.

Time only enhanced the desirableness of this scheme; my new faculty would naturally connect itself with these wishes, and the question could not fail to occur whether it might not aid me in the execution of my favourite plan.

A thousand superstitious tales were current in the family. Apparitions had been seen, and voices had been heard on a multitude of occasions. My father was a confident believer in supernatural tokens. The voice of his wife, who had been many years dead, had been twice heard at midnight whispering at his pillow. I frequently asked myself whether a scheme favourable to my views might not be built upon these foundations. Suppose (thought I) my mother should be made to enjoin upon him compliance with my wishes?

This idea bred in me a temporary consternation. To imitate the voice of the dead, to counterfeit a commission from heaven, bore the aspect of presumption and impiety. It seemed an offence which could not fail to draw after it the vengeance of the deity. My wishes for a time yielded to my fears, but this scheme in proportion as I meditated on it, became more plausible; no other occurred to me so easy and so efficacious. I endeavoured to persuade myself that the end proposed, was, in the highest degree praiseworthy, and that the excellence of my purpose would justify the means employed to attain it.

My resolutions were, for a time, attended with fluctuations and misgivings. These gradually disappeared, and my purpose became firm; I was next to devise the means of effecting my views, this did not demand any tedious deliberation. It

was easy to gain access to my father's chamber without notice or detection, cautious footsteps and the suppression of breath would place me, unsuspected and unthought of, by his bed side. The words I should use, and the mode of utterance were not easily settled, but having at length selected these, I made myself by much previous repetition, perfectly familiar with the use of them.

I selected a blustering and inclement night, in which the darkness was augmented by a veil of the blackest clouds. The building we inhabited was slight in its structure, and full of crevices through which the gale found easy way, and whistled in a thousand cadencies. On this night the elemental music was remarkably sonorous, and was mingled not unfrequently with *thunder heard remote*.

I could not divest myself of secret dread. My heart faultered with a consciousness of wrong. Heaven seemed to be present and to disapprove my work; I listened to the thunder and the wind, as to the stern voice of this disapprobation. Big drops stood on my forehead, and my tremors almost incapacitated me from proceeding.

These impediments however I surmounted; I crept up stairs at midnight, and entered my father's chamber. The darkness was intense and I sought with outstretched hands for his bed. The darkness, added to the trepidation of my thoughts, disabled me from making a right estimate of distances: I was conscious of this, and when I advanced within the room, paused.

I endeavoured to compare the progress I had made with my knowledge of the room, and governed by the result of this comparison, proceeded cautiously and with hands still outstretched in search of the foot of the bed. At this moment lightning flashed into the room: the brightness of the gleam was dazzling, yet it afforded me an exact knowledge of my situation. I had mistaken my way, and discovered that my knees nearly touched the

bedstead, and that my hands at the next step, would have touched my father's cheek. His closed eyes and every line in his countenance, were painted, as it were, for an instant on my sight.

The flash was accompanied with a burst of thunder, whose vehemence was stunning. I always entertained a dread of thunder, and now recoiled, overborne with terror. Never had I witnessed so luminous a gleam and so tremendous a shock, yet my father's slumber appeared not to be disturbed by it.

I stood irresolute and trembling; to prosecute my purpose in this state of mind was impossible. I resolved for the present to relinquish it, and turned with a view of exploring my way out of the chamber. Just then a light seen through the window, caught my eye. It was at first weak but speedily increased; no second thought was necessary to inform me that the barn, situated at a small distance from the house, and newly stored with hay, was in flames, in consequence of being struck by the lightning.

My terror at this spectacle made me careless of all consequences relative to myself. I rushed to the bed and throwing myself on my father, awakened him by loud cries. The family were speedily roused, and were compelled to remain impotent spectators of the devastation. Fortunately the wind blew in a contrary direction, so that our habitation was not injured.

The impression that was made upon me by the incidents of that night is indelible. The wind gradually rose into an hurricane; the largest branches were torn from the trees, and whirled aloft into the air; others were uprooted and laid prostrate on the ground. The barn was a spacious edifice, consisting wholly of wood, and filled with a plenteous harvest. Thus supplied with fuel, and fanned by the wind, the fire raged with incredible fury; meanwhile clouds rolled above, whose blackness was rendered more conspicuous by reflection from the

flames; the vast volumes of smoke were dissipated in a moment by the storm, while glowing fragments and cinders were borne to an immense height, and tossed everywhere in wild confusion. Ever and anon the sable canopy that hung around us was streaked with lightning, and the peals, by which it was accompanied, were deafening, and with scarcely any intermission.

It was, doubtless, absurd to imagine any connexion between this portentous scene and the purpose that I had meditated, yet a belief of this connexion, though wavering and obscure, lurked in my mind; something more than a coincidence merely casual, appeared to have subsisted between my situation, at my father's bed side, and the flash that darted through the window, and diverted me from my design. It palsied my courage, and strengthened my conviction, that my scheme was criminal.

After some time had elapsed, and tranquillity was, in some degree, restored in the family, my father reverted to the circumstances in which I had been discovered on the first alarm of this event. The truth was impossible to be told. I felt the utmost reluctance to be guilty of a falsehood, but by falsehood only could I elude detection. That my guilt was the offspring of a fatal necessity, that the injustice of others gave it birth and made it unavoidable, afforded me slight consolation. Nothing can be more injurious than a lie, but its evil tendency chiefly respects our future conduct. Its direct consequences may be transient and few, but it facilitates a repetition, strengthens temptation, and grows into habit. I pretended some necessity had drawn me from my bed, and that discovering the condition of the barn, I hastened to inform my father.

Some time after this, my father summoned me to his presence. I had been previously guilty of disobedience to his commands, in a matter about which he was usually very scrupulous. My brother had

been privy to my offence, and had threatened to be my accuser. On this occasion I expected nothing but arraignment and punishment. Weary of oppression, and hopeless of any change in my father's temper and views, I had formed the resolution of cloping from his house, and of trusting, young as I was, to the caprice of fortune. I was hesitating whether to abscond without the knowledge of the family, or to make my resolutions known to them, and while I avowed my resolution, to adhere to it in spite of opposition and remonstrances, when I received this summons.

I was employed at this time in the field; night was approaching, and I had made no preparation for departure; all the preparation in my power to make, was indeed small; a few clothes made into a bundle, was the sum of my possessions. Time would have little influence in improving my prospects, and I resolved to execute my scheme immediately.

I left my work intending to seek my chamber, and taking what was my own, to disappear forever. I turned a stile that led out of the field into a bye path, when my father appeared before me, advancing in an opposite direction; to avoid him was impossible, and I summoned my fortitude to a conflict with his passion.

As soon as we met, instead of anger and upbraiding, he told me, that he had been reflecting on my aunt's proposal, to take me under her protection, and had concluded that the plan was proper; if I still retained my wishes on that head, he would readily comply with them, and that, if I chose, I might set off for the city next morning, as a neighbours waggon was preparing to go.

I shall not dwell on the rapture with which this proposal was listened to: it was with difficulty that I persuaded myself that he was in earnest in making it, nor could divine the reasons, for so sudden

and unexpected a change in his maxims.... These I afterwards discovered. Some one had instilled into him fears, that my aunt exasperated at his opposition to her request, respecting the unfortunate Frank, would bequeath her property to strangers; to obviate this evil, which his avarice prompted him to regard as much greater than any mischief, that would accrue to me, from the change of my abode, he embraced her proposal.

I entered with exultation and triumph on this new scene; my hopes were by no means disappointed. Detested labour was exchanged for luxurious idleness. I was master of my time, and the chuser of my occupations. My kinswoman on discovering that I entertained no relish for the drudgery of colleges, and was contented with the means of intellectual gratification, which I could obtain under her roof, allowed me to pursue my own choice.

Three tranquil years passed away, during which, each day added to my happiness, by adding to my knowledge. My biloquial faculty was not neglected. I improved it by assiduous exercise; I deeply reflected on the use to which it might be applied. I was not destitute of pure intentions; I delighted not in evil; I was incapable of knowingly contributing to another's misery, but the sole or principal end of my endeavours was not the happiness of others.

I was actuated by ambition. I was delighted to possess superior power; I was prone to manifest that superiority, and was satisfied if this were done, without much solicitude concerning consequences. I sported frequently with the apprehensions of my associates, and threw out a bait for their wonder, and supplied them with occasions for the structure of theories. It may not be amiss to enumerate one or two adventures in which I was engaged.

[To be continued.]

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF STATUES, BUSTS,
 &c. IN THE COLLECTION OF
 THE ACADEMY OF ARTS. NEW-
 YORK.

NO. I.

*The Pythian Apollo: called the
 Apollo Belvedere.*

THE SON of Latona, in his rapid course, has just overtaken the serpent Python. The mortal dart is already discharged from his dreadful bow, which he holds in his left hand, and from which his right is just withdrawn; the motion impressed on all his muscles is still preserved. Indignation sits on his lip, but on his countenance the certainty of victory is imprinted, and his eye sparkles with satisfaction at having delivered Delphos from the monster which ravaged its coasts.

His hair, lightly curled, flows in ringlets down his neck, or rises with grace to the summit of his head, which is encircled with the *strophium*, the distinguishing band of gods and kings. His quiver is suspended by a belt across his left shoulder. His robe (chlamys) attached to the shoulder, turned up on the left arm only, is thrown back, shewing to greater advantage his divine form. The glow of youth enlivens his elegant person, in which nobleness and agility, with vigor and elegance are sublimely blended, preserving a happy medium between the delicate form of Bacchus, and the more firm and masculine lines of Mercury.

Apollo, the vanquisher of the serpent Python, is the subject of an ingenious fable, invented by the ancients to express the genial influence of the sun that renders the air more salubrious, by correcting the infectious exhalations of the coasts of which this reptile is the emblem—every thing in this figure, nay the very trunk of the tree introduced to support it, presents some interesting allusion. This trunk is that of the ancient olive tree, of Delos,

under whose shade the god was born. It is adorned with fruit, and the serpent ascending it is the symbol of life and health, of which Apollo was the god. This statue, the most perfect of all that time has spared, was found about the close of the fifteenth century, on *Capo de Anzo*, twelve leagues from Rome, on the margin of the sea, in the ruins of the ancient *Antium*, a city celebrated for its temple of fortune, and for the rival villas built by the emperors and embellished with the master pieces of art.

Julius the second, while a cardinal, purchased this statue, and placed it, in the first instance, in the palace he occupied near the church of the holy apostles; but shortly after having attained the pontificate, he removed it to the Belvedere of the Vatican, where for three centuries it remained the admiration of the world; when a hero, guided by victory, arrived to transplant and fix it, perhaps forever, on the banks of the Seine.

It is a question for antiquaries and naturalists to determine, from what quarry the marble of this Apollo has been cut. The statuary of Rome, who from their occupation have an extensive knowledge of ancient marbles, have invariably deemed it an *ancient Grecian marble*, although of a quality very different from the most known species. On the contrary, the painter *Mengs*, has asserted that this statue is of the marble of *Luni* or *Carara*, the quarries of which, were known and worked in the time of Julius Cesar. Citizen *Dolomieu* a learned mineralogist, is of the same opinion, and he pretends to have found in one of the ancient quarries of *Luni*, fragments of marble resembling that of the Apollo. Notwithstanding these authorities, this subject may still be considered as very doubtful.

The beauty of the statues of *Antinous*, and the perfection of sculpture at that time evidently demonstrate that until the epoch of *Adrian* at least, the Grecian school furnish-

ed artists worthy to be compared with the most able statuaries of antiquity. Pliny entertained the same opinion of the artists of his age.

The author of this chef d'oeuvre is unknown. The lower part of the right arm and the left hand, which were wanting, have been restored by *Giovanni Angelo de Mentorsoli*, sculptor and pupil of Michael Angelo.

NO. II.

Venus of the Capitol.

VENUS, the queen of love and the goddess of beauty, is here represented as just from the bath; her divinely graceful form is unembarrassed by drapery, her hair collected behind displays the beauties of her polished neck, and her head gently inclines to the left, as smiling affably upon the graces who are about to attire her. At her feet stand a vase of perfumes covered partially with a fringed drapery. The value of this Statue is heightened by its perfect preservation.... it was found in Rome, about the middle of the last century, between the Quirinal and Viminal Mounts, and was placed in the capitol, of Benedict XIV.

NO. III.

Laocoon.

LAOCOON, the son of Priam and Hecuba, and priest of Apollo, inflamed by love for his country, violently opposed the reception of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy. To awaken his countrymen to the impending danger, he dared to hurl his javelin against the fatal machine, consecrated to Minerva.

Enraged at his temerity, those of the gods hostile to Troy, resolved to punish him, and shortly after, as Laocoon, crowned with laurel, was sacrificing to Neptune on the beach, two enormous serpents, emerged from the waves, and instantly sprang upon his two children, who had accompanied him to the altar. The distracted father flies to their aid: in vain he struggles against these monsters, they enclose him with his sons....they roll themselves around their bodies....

they crush them in their coils....they tear them with their venomous teeth....in spite of their efforts to disengage themselves, this unfortunate father with his sons, the victims of an unjust vengeance, fall at the altar of the god....and turning their distracted eyes towards heaven, expire in the most cruel agonies.

Such is the pathetic subject of this admirable group, one of the most perfect works which the chissel has ever produced, the master-piece of composition, design, and sentiment; and the impression of which, can only be enfeebled by commentary.

It was found in the ruins of the palace of Titus, on the Esquiline Mount, during the pontificate of Julius II. Pliny, who speaks of it with admiration, saw it in this place. To this writer we owe the knowledge of the three skilful sculptors who executed it. Their names are Agesander, Polydorus, and Athendorus. Agesander was probably the father of the two others; they flourished in the first age of the vulgar æra. The group is composed of five blocks so artificially united, that Pliny believed them to be but a single piece. The right arm of the father and the two arms of the children are wanting.

NO. IV.

Gladiator of the Borghese Palace.

THIS statue has been improperly denominated the "Gladiator of the Borghese Palace." From the characters of its inscription it appears to be of greater antiquity than any other characterized by the name of the artist. History gives us no particulars relative to Agasius of Ephesus, author of this chef d'oeuvre; but the work which he has left, bears the strongest testimony of his merit.

In the statue of the Apollo of Belvedere we are struck with the sublimity of ideal beauty. The group of the Laocoon offers us a representation of natural beauties unassisted by imagination: the former may be compared to an epic poem, which, from probability, passing

the bounds of truth, leads to the marvellous; the latter to faithful history, which in the exposition of truth, makes choice of the most refined ideas, and most elegant expression.

The head of this figure shews that nothing but the truth of nature has been consulted in its formation; no traces of the ideal beauty of the Apollo are to be found, and his whole air is that of a man in the full vigour of mature age, whose muscles are strengthened by habitual activity, and whose body is hardened by exercise.

Antiquarians are divided in their judgment of this figure; some have supposed it a discobolus, or thrower of the disk; but others with more probability have pronounced it, a statue erected to the honour of some Grecian warrior, who had signalized himself in a dangerous position: this appears perfectly to coincide with the attitude of the figure, which is at the same time actively offensive and defensive; on the left arm the strap of the buckler which he is supposed to carry is seen; the right arm is supposed to hold a javelin: his looks are directed upwards, as if defending himself from a danger threatening from above: this position militates against the idea of its being the statue of a fighting gladiator, as his opponent may be supposed on horseback: besides, it is believed the honour of a statue was never granted to a gladiator of the public arena; and this production is supported anterior to the institution of gladiators in Greece.

This statue as well as the Apollo, was discovered in the city of Antium, the birth place of the emperor Nero, which he embellished at an enormous expense.

NO. V.

Castor and Pollux.

CASTOR and POLLUX, were twin brothers, and sons of Jupiter and Leda. Mercury, immediately after their birth, carried them to Pallena, where they were educated, and as soon as they had arrived at the years of maturity, they embarked

with Jason on the Argonautic expedition. In this adventure, they both behaved with signal courage; the latter conquered and slew Amycus, in the combat of the cestus, and was ever after considered the god and patron of boxing and wrestling....the former distinguished himself in the management of horses. After their return from Colchis they cleared the Hellespont and the neighbouring pass from pirates, from which circumstance they have always been deemed the protectors of navigators.

They made war against the Athenians, to recover their sister Helen whom Theseus had carried away, and from their clemency to the conquered, they acquired the surname of Anaces or Benefactors.

They were invited to the nuptial feasts of Lycas and Idus, where becoming enamoured with the brides, (the daughters of Leucippus)....a battle ensued in which Lycas fell by the hand of Castor, who was killed by Idas. Pollux revenged the death of his brother in the blood of Idus. Pollux tenderly attached to his brother, and inconsolable for his loss, intreated Jupiter either to restore Castor to life, or permit him to resign his own immortality; Jupiter listened benignly to his prayer, and consented that the immortality of Pollux should be shared with his brother, and that it should be alternately enjoyed by them. This act of fraternal love, Jupiter rewarded by making the two brothers constellations in heaven, under the name of Gemini, which never appear together, but when one rises the other sets.

NO. VI.

Germanicus.

THIS fine statue has been supposed to represent Germanicus, son of Drusus and Antonia. The style of the hair indicates indeed a Roman personage; but it cannot be this prince, for the medals and other monuments we have of him represent him very differently. A more attentive examination of

this figure discovers an analogy with that of Mercury; the extended position of the right arm, the *chlamys* thrown over the left, which holds the caduceus, and rests on a tortoise, consecrated to this god as the inventor of the harp, favour this idea. But a more reasonable conjecture may perhaps be admitted, that, under these forms, and with the attributes of the god of eloquence, the ingenious artist has portrayed a Roman orator, celebrated for his success in the rostrum.

NO. VII.

Hermaphrodite.

In the person of Pandora were united all the perfections of her sex, but these were eclipsed by the superior excellencies of Hermaphrodite, the son of Venus and Hermes, (as his Greek name imports) who, to the unrivalled beauty of his mother, united the genius, wit, and elegance of his father. Such is the interesting portrait that poetry has given us of Hermaphrodite, and sculpture has ventured to materialize and exhibit this refined idea in the animated form which here claims our admiration; this noble competition of the poets and artists of antiquity, shews us the elevation to which the arts had then attained. Poetry had exhausted the richness of her imagination in creating Hermaphrodite...in blending the characteristics of masculine grace and beauty, with the soft and swelling contour of the female form. This ideal union warmed the genius of the sculptor, and the stubborn marble, under his animating chissel, started almost into existence.

The masters of antiquity have left us several statues of Hermaphrodite, this, whose original forms the great ornament of the Borghese palace at Rome, is considered of the most perfect beauty, although that of the Florence gallery has the advantage of having the Antique Bed, with the Lion's Skin, on which the figure reposes. The matress in this figure is a ridiculous conceit

of the sculptor Bernini, who restored it. It is unnecessary to remark that this figure can have no analogy with those misshapen objects of the human race, who have passed under the name of Hermaphrodites, they are particularly remarked for an unnatural and heterogeneous mixture of hard and unharmonious parts.

NO. VIII.

Ceres.

THE original of this charming figure is of Parian marble; the correctness of its form, and delicacy of its drapery, entitle it to be called a model of taste. It is clad in a tunic, over which is thrown a mantle, or *peplum*; both are finished in so masterly a manner, that through the mantle are perceived the knots of the cord which ties the tunic round her waist.

The artist who repaired this statue, having placed in its hand some ears of wheat, the name of Ceres has probably from that circumstance been given to it; otherwise, the virginal character of the head, and simplicity of its head-dress, would induce a belief that the muse Clio was intended by it; and that a book should have been placed in the hand, instead of the ears of wheat.

It was taken from the Museum of the Vatican, having been placed there by Clement XIV. It previously ornamented the Villa Mattei on Mount Esquilin.

NO. IX.

Venus of the Bath.

It is not necessary that we should say much to recommend this beautiful little figure to those who can appreciate excellence, and it is rare to see a subject in which it has more charms.

NO. X.

Torso of a Venus.

THIS Torso (or mutilated figure) of a Venus, is of most graceful beauty, and must recommend itself strongly to the amateurs of taste and discernment; we have only to regret, that time has spared us but a fragment of what in its perfect

state must have been a chef d'œuvre of the art.

NO. XI.

Grecian Cupid.

THIS beautiful figure is known by the name of the Grecian Cupid, who was sometimes, as in this instance, represented under the maturer age of Adolescence, and possessed a character much more mild and reasonable than that attributed to the son of Mars and Venus. The supposition that this statue was intended for a Cupid, is perhaps drawn from the evident marks of its having been originally with wings; one of the attributes of his divinity: but however the intention of the artist may be mistaken as to the subject, it will remain a beautiful monument of the art in the age of its excellence.

NO. XII.

Homer.

THIS fine bust represents the immortal Homer, the father of Grecian poetry, and the ornament of human nature; the diadem which encircles his head is the emblem of the divinity which he merited by his exalted genius, and by which he obtained the honour of his apotheosis. The formation of the eyes, (of admirable execution), indicates the privation of sight, a misfortune under which this celebrated poet is generally supposed to have laboured.

Although the portrait of Homer has always been considered doubtful even among the ancients, it is yet well known that busts similar to this have passed under his name.

NO. XIII.

Demosthenes.

THERE is no reason to doubt that this is a faithful portrait of Demosthenes, the prince of oratory; whose name will live while eloquence in the cause of liberty, shall have power to command veneration.

NO. XIV.

The Family of Niobe.

AMONGST the busts which ornament the Museum, this group, with the head of Niobe, ought to

VOL. I....NO. III.

engage particular attention, from the acknowledged purity of style which reigns throughout the heads which compose it. The Abbé Winkelman the most classical judge of the arts, has pronounced the head of Niobe to be a model of the highest style of beauty; and Guido, the painter of the graces, made it his peculiar study. The age of their execution is supposed to be that of the highest glory of the arts, that is, in the time of Phidias, but it is not ascertained whether the statues which now compose this interesting group at Florence, are the originals or not. By the jealousy and hatred of Latona, the children of Niobe fell victims to the darts of Apollo and Diana, and the expression of the head of Niobe, is strongly indicative of such peculiar distress.

NO. XV.

Bacchus.

THIS bust of a Bacchus is strikingly beautiful, and offers to the admirers of the art, a fine study of the *beau ideal*, of the beauty of form divested of any of those affections of the mind which give expression to the countenance, and which, however they may increase its interest with us, tend to remove it from the acknowledged criterion of beauty. The appropriate ornament of the head is in a style peculiarly graceful, and corresponds perfectly with the effeminate softness intended to be expressed.

It is necessary to remark that Bacchus is here represented not as the hero and conqueror of India, but as the voluptuary sunk in the lap of ease and enjoyment; both of which characters are ascribed to him in ancient mythology. Under the first, sculpture has represented him bearded, muscular and active; under the last, as approaching to the luxurious fullness of the female form, and without beard.

NO. XVI.

Roma.

By the emblem on the helmet of this figure, we are enabled to identify the goddess Roma, which in other respects might be mistaken

for Minerva.....It is of great beauty.

The heads of *Seneca and Hippocrates* stand on each side of the door on entering; and together with the head of *Euripides* are interesting as portraits of great men. The Grecian bust of a female is considered as deserving attention.

REVIEW.

For the Literary Magazine.

BOSTON...A POEM,

By Winthrop Sergeant...Boston, Sprague, p. p. 23.

THIS poem seems intended as an imitation of Dr. Johnson's "London." There is, however, very little similarity in its topics. It is a very brief descant on the discouragements which genius meets with in America; on the frailty and inelegance of our architecture, in that mode of building which exposes our towns, and particularly Boston, to the ravages of fire; on the broils and animosities of party, and on the absurdities of fashion and dress, manners, amusements, music and poetry. On each of these topics, the poet expatiates briefly, but with considerable spirit and elegance. He is most copious, and writes with most energy, on the folly of wooden buildings. The lines on this subject, will afford a very advantageous specimen of the performance, and few readers will refuse to join in the justice of the sentence pronounced:

Yet here no splendid monuments
 No dome ascends, no turret strikes
 the skies.
 Where spires should parley with the
 setting sun,
 And shine with lustre when the day
 is done;
 A pyre of shapeless structures crowds
 the spot,
 Where taste, and all but cheapness, is
 forgot.
 One little spark the funeral pile may
 fire,
 And Boston blazing, see itself expire.

Monstrous collection! Where the
 wondering sight,
 Beholds but few in symmetry unite.
 These, carelessly disposed among the
 rest,
 Seem rough-hew'd diamonds meanly
 set at best,
 The walls of these, in some sad future
 day,
 May serve to shew the traveller where
 it lay;
 Awake his pity, and excite a sigh,
 For parsimonious prodigality.
 Each night the tenant, though with
 fasten'd door,
 Awaking starts from slumbers inse-
 cure;
 Views the bright casement of his
 window glare,
 And hears the brazen clamour in
 the air.
 Ascending columns point the fatal
 doom,
 And flashing, rend uncertain mid-
 night's gloom.
 Along the streets tumultuous thunders
 fly,
 While waking watchmen join the
 dismal cry.
 All headlong rush, attracted by the
 blaze,
 And crowd around to moralize and
 gaze.
 Some more benevolence, than judg-
 ment have,
 And, over anxious, ruin what they
 save;
 Too idly active, mischievously kind,
 Throw from the windows every thing
 they find.
 Part 'gainst the rest unconsciously
 conspire,
 And loud confusion mounts on wings
 of fire.
 But half attir'd, and wrapp'd in night-
 ly dress,
 The shivering, houseless victims of
 distress
 A shelter seek; perhaps of all bereft,
 Or stay to guard the worthless little
 left:
 Yet with the blushes of another day,
 They scrape the ashes from the spot
 away;
 And aided by subscription's liberal
 hands,
 On the warm spot another mansion
 stands,
 Larger by far, more comely to the
 view,
 Of better boards and better shingles too.

So those who live near burning
 Etna's base,
 Charm'd by the magic thunders of
 the place,
 Though fiery torrents desolate the
 plain,
 Return enchanted to the spot again.

The following lines on the fashion-
 able style of poetry, reflect much
 credit on the writer:

Sonnets and *riddles* celebrate the
 trees,
 And ballad-mongers charter every
 breeze.
Long odes to monkeys, *squirrel ele-
 gies*,
Lines and *acrostics* on dead butter-
 flies;
 Endless *effusions*, some with Greek
 bedight,
 And hymns harmonious, sweet, as
 infinite,
 So freely flow, that poesy ere long
 Must yield to numbers, and expire by
 song.
Elegiac lays such taste and truth
 combine,
 The lap-dog lives and barks in every
 line.

Each rebus-maker takes the poet's
 name,
 And every rhymmer is the heir of fame.

On the whole, there is much
 strength of imagery, and spirited
 versification in this little perform-
 ance. Should the writer continue
 to pursue the same path, we doubt
 whether his own case would not
 prove an exception to the charge
 so often made against America, of
 being insensible and inattentive to
 genius of its own growth. It is the
 spirit of satire to deal out invectives
 without measure, and to
 heap penalties on the breach of
 laws, the very breach of which
 carries its own punishment along
 with it. Thus the insensibility to
 poetical and literary merit, so far
 as this insensibility is real, ought
 to entitle us to condolence and com-
 passion, rather than to chiding and
 rebuke, since to want this faculty,
 is to want a source of very great
 pleasure; and since no man is ena-
 bled to acquire it by reproach and
 ridicule. O.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.
 ORIGINAL.

PEACE...A SONNET.

As when the furious winds are hush'd
 to rest,
 And the soft zephyr o'er the mead-
 ow blows;
 No wave deforms the river's polish'd
 breast,
 But calm and peaceful through the
 vale it flows;
 But when dark clouds deform the
 azure skies,
 Red lightnings gleam, hoarse thun-
 der shakes the poles,
 And whirlwinds rage; the heaving
 billows rise,
 While ruin sits on ev'ry wave that
 rolls:
 No longer in their wonted bounds
 confin'd,
 The waves o'erwhelming fierce
 destruction spread.....
 So when mild peace dwells in the
 human mind
 A sweet complacency through the
 frame is shed,

But when the storms of fierce conten-
 tion rise,
 Destruction comes, and peace he
 bosom flies.

VALVERDI.

VILLAGE MAID.

Your village maid forever true,
 Will own no passion but for you,
 Your village maid believe.
 She knows no art, she knows no guile,
 No cunning lurks beneath her smile,
 She never will deceive.....

Within these wild romantic dells,
 Far from the treacherous world she
 dwells,

Your village maid so true.
 Say can you love your village maid,
 And live with her amid this shade,
 And bid the world adieu?

The Stock-dove from the slumbering
 grove,
 Shall sweetly swell the note of love,

And chaunt our nuptial song :
 Serene our days shall pass away....
 O stay ye fluttering moments stay,
 Nor glide so swift along !

I. O.

EXTRACT FROM A NARRATIVE POEM
 IN M. S. EXORDIUM.

ALCESTES AND AZORA.

FAR in the east, washed by the rest-
 less wave,
 Montalvia spreads its bold and fruit-
 ful shores ;
 There dwelt a people little known to
 fame,
 But brave and hardy. No historic
 page
 Has held their picture to succeeding
 years,
 Nor told those customs, those heroic
 deeds,
 Those early scenes of love, which
 might instruct
 The children of a distant age and
 clime....
 Through the long waste of time ; O, let
 me look
 Upon those regions, on their waving
 woods,
 On their high rocks beat by unceasing
 storms !
 Rise to my view embodied forms of
 men,
 And airy fancy hither speed thy
 flight ;
 Unroll thy records ; whisper to my
 ear
 Thy burning thoughts ; lend me thy
 wings and bear
 Me, over tracts unvisited by man !
 Thy fairy visions oft have met my
 eyes
 When musing in the dark of soli-
 tude,
 And night ; Oft listening to thy way-
 ward dreams,
 I've followed thee o'er cloud-capt hills,
 o'er streams,
 O'er plains, o'er scorching sands o'er
 unsunn'd snows,
 O'er deserts wild, where tempests
 ever howl :
 Now be my guide once more, and let
 my song
 Prove not unworthy of thy varying
 powers

And not unpleasing for the world to
 hear !

A man revered within Montalvia
 lived,
 Alcestes named, low bow'd with
 weight of years.
 He by his King in love and honour
 held,
 And by the populace esteem'd for
 age
 And manners mild, pretended that he
 could
 Foresee events yet buried in the
 womb
 Of onward time ; he said the Gods
 to him
 Revel'd those secrets to the world
 unknown ;
 That oft at midnight to his listening
 ear,
 Some heavenly angel told in whis-
 pers soft
 The will of those who rule the fates
 of men....
 Far in a glade beneath a mountain's
 brow
 Stood the low mansion of this aged
 sire,
 Some mossy trees bent over his rude
 cot,
 And swinging to the winds their
 giant-arms
 Made music like the dashing of the
 sea.
 Poor was the scanty furniture with-
 in :
 A bed, some rusby seats, an age-worn
 chest,
 Were almost all the best apartment
 held.
 Upon the hearth with some dry fuel
 pil'd
 A watch-dog slumbered, grey with
 many years :
 Attendant on Alcestes his fond mas-
 ter,
 And grateful to the hand which gave
 him food
 He slumber'd only where the old man
 lay,
 And followed him in all his museful
 walks.
 An only child watch'd the declin-
 ing age
 Of this kind man, Azora was she
 call'd ;
 A fairer maid no fancy ever form'd.
 Time had flown by and number'd
 eighteen years,

Since, on her birth her happy father
 smil'd.
 Her form was moulded by the softest
 grace,
 Bow'd o'er her face the fascinating
 smile,
 And o'er her shoulders fell a flood
 of hair.
 No step so lightly as Azora's mov'd
 In the gay gambols to the tabor's
 sound,
 When yellow moonlight slept upon
 the hills.
 Skill'd was her father to draw music
 forth
 From a string'd instrument, which like
 an harp,
 Breath'd sounds most sweet most
 ravishing and sad;
 And he had taught his daughter all
 his art.
 And oft when twilight stole upon the
 plains
 And silence came upon the wings of
 night,
 Azora's harp was heard upon the
 hill,
 In union with a voice of magic
 tones.....

I. O.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

EXTRACTED FROM COWPER'S LIFE.
 ALL who delight to accompany the
 genius of COWPER in animated
 flights of moral contemplation, will
 deeply regret that he was precluded
 by a variety of trouble, from indulg-
 ing his ardent imagination in a
 work that would have afforded him
 such ample scope for all the sweet-
 ness, and all the sublimity of his
 spirit. His felicity of description,
 and his exquisite sensibility; his
 experience of life, and his sanctity
 of character, rendered him singularly
 fit and worthy to delineate the
 progress of nature, in all the differ-
 ent stages of human existence.

A poem of such extent and diver-
 sity, happily completed by such a
 poet, would be a national treasure,
 of infinite value to the country that
 gave it birth; and I had fervently
 hoped, that England might receive
 it from the hand of COWPER.

With a regret, proportioned to
 those hopes, I now impart to my
 readers the minute and imperfect
 fragment of a project so mighty.
 Yet even the few verses which
 COWPER had thrown on paper as a
 commencement of such a work,
 will be read with peculiar interest,
 if there is truth, as I feel there is,
 in the following remark of the elder
 Pliny:....

*"Suprema opera artificum, imper-
 fectaque Tabulas, in majori admira-
 tione esse quam perfecta; Quippe in
 iis lineamenta reliqua ipsaque cogi-
 tationes artificum spectantur, atque in
 lenocinio commendationis dolor est:....
 Manus, cum id agerent extincte, de-
 siderantur."*

HAYLEY.

THE FOUR AGES.

(A brief Fragment of an extensive
 projected poem.)

"I COULD be well content, allow'd
 the use
 Of past experience, and the wisdom
 glean'd
 From worn-out follies, now acknow-
 ledg'd such,
 To recommence life's trial, in the
 hope
 Of fewer errors, on a second proof!"

Thus, while grey evening lull'd the
 wind, and call'd
 Fresh odours from the shrubb'ry at
 my side,
 Taking my lonely winding walk I
 mus'd,
 And held accustom'd conference with
 my heart;
 When, from within it, thus a voice
 replied.

"Could'st thou in truth? and art
 thou taught at length
 This wisdom, and but this from all
 the past?
 Is not the pardon of thy long ar-
 rear,
 Time wasted, violated laws, abuse
 Of talents, judgments, mercies, bet-
 ter far
 Than opportunity vouchsaf'd to err
 With less excuse, and haply, worse
 effect?"

I heard, and acquiesc'd: Then to
and fro
Of pacing, as the mariner his deck,
My grav'llly bounds, from self to hu-
man kind
I pass'd, and next consider'd....What
is Man?
Knows he his origin?...can he ascend
By reminiscence to his earliest date?
Slept he in Adam? and in those
from him
Through num'rous generations, till
he found
At length his destin'd moment to
be born?
Or was he not till fashion'd in the
womb?
Deep myst'ries both! which school-
men much have toil'd
T' unriddle, and have left them
myst'ries still.

It is an evil, incident to man,
And of the worst, that unexplor'd
he leaves,
Truths useful, and attainable with
ease,
To search forbidden deeps, where
myst'ry lies
Not to be solv'd, and useless if it
might.
Myst'ries are food for angels; they
digest
With ease, and find them nutriment;
but man,
While yet he dwells below, must stoop
to glean
His manna from the ground, or
starve, and die.

THOSE who peruse the following
Poem, may perhaps find themselves
sufficiently interested in it, to wish
for some account of the Author.

He was the son of the Rev. Mr.
PENROSE, Rector of Newbury,
Berks; a man of high character and
abilities, descended from an ancient
Cornish family, beloved and re-
spected by all who knew him;
Mr. PENROSE, jun. being intended
for the Church, pursued his studies
with success, at Christ church, Ox-
ford, until the summer of 1762,
when his eager turn to the Naval
and Military line overpowering his
attachment to his real interest, he
left his College, and embarked in
the unfortunate expedition against
Nova Colonia, in South America,

under the command of Captain
Macnamara. The issue was fatal....
The Clive, (the largest vessel) was
burnt....and though the Ambuscade
escaped, (on board of which Mr.
PENROSE, acting as Lieutenant of
Marines, was wounded) yet the
hardships which he afterwards
sustained in a prize sloop, in which
he was stationed, utterly ruined his
constitution. Returning to Eng-
land, with ample testimonials of
his gallantry and good behaviour,
he finished, at Hertford College,
Oxon, his course of studies; and,
having taken Orders, accepted the
curacy of Newbury, the income of
which, by the voluntary subscription
of the inhabitants, was considerably
augmented. After he had continued
in that station about nine years, it
seemed as if the clouds of disap-
pointment, which had hitherto
overshadowed his prospects, and
tinctured his Poetical Essays with
gloom, were clearing away; for he
was then presented by a friend,
who knew his worth, and honoured
his abilities, to a living worth near
500*l.* per annum. It came, how-
ever, too late; for the state of Mr.
PENROSE's health was now such
as left little hope, except in the
assistance of the waters of Bristol.
Thither he went, and there he died
in 1779, aged 36 years. In 1768,
he married Miss Mary Slocock, of
Newbury, by whom he had one child,
Thomas, now on the foundation of
Winton College.

Mr PENROSE was respected for
his extensive erudition, admired for
his eloquence, and equally beloved
and esteemed for his social quali-
ties....By the poor, towards whom
he was liberal to his utmost ability,
he was venerated to the highest
degree. In oratory and composi-
tion his talents were great. His
pencil was ready as his pen, and on
subjects of humour had uncommon
merit. To his poetical abilities,
the Public, by the reception of his
Flights of Fancy, &c. have given a
favourable testimony. To sum up
the whole, his figure and address
were pleasing, as his mind was
ornamented.

Such was Mr. PENROSE; to whose
memory I pay this just and willing

tribute, and to whom I consider it
as an honour to be related.

MULTIS ILLE BONIS FLEBILIS
OCCIDIT.....

NULLI FLEBILIOR QUAM MIHI.

J. P. ANDREWS.

THE CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

O'er the pale embers of a dying
fire,

His little lamp fed with but little
oile,

The Curate sate (for scantie was his
hire)

And ruminated sad the morrowe's
toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to
prepare

The stated lectures of a coming
tyde;

No day of rest to him,....but day of
care,

At manie a Church to preach with
tedious ride.

Before him sprede, his various ser-
mons lay,

Of explanation deepe, and sage
advice;

The harvest gained from many a
thoughtful daye

The fruit of learninge, bought with
heavy price.

On these he cast a fond but tearful
eye,

Awhile he paused, for sorrow stop-
ped his throte,

Aroused at lengthe, he heaved a bit-
ter sighe,

And thus complainede, as well
indeed he mote:

"Hard is the scholar's lot, condemn'd
to sail

"Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestu-
ous wave;

"Clouds blind his sight; nor bows a
friendly gale,

"To waft him to one port....except
the grave.

"Big with presumptive hope, I
launch'd my keele,

"With youthful ardour, and bright
science frauthe;

"Unanxious of the pains, long
doom'd to feel,

"Unthinking that the voyage might
end in noughte.

"Pleased on the summer-sea I daun-
ced a-while,

"With gay companions, and with
views as fair;

"Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to
humble toil,

"My fondest hope abandon'd in
despair....

"Had my ambitious mind been led
to rise

"To highest flights, to Crosier and
to Pall,

"Scarce could I moura the missing of
the prize,

"For soaringe wishes well deserve
their fall.

"No tow'ring thoughts like these
engag'd my breast,

"I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the
lowly plan)

"Some little cove, some parsonage
of rest,

"The scheme of duty suited to the
man;

"Where, in my narrow sphere, secure
at ease,

"From vile dependence free, I
might remain,

"The guide to good, the counsellor
of peace,

"The friend, the shepherd of the
village swain.

"Yet cruel fate deni'd the small re-
quest,

"And bound me fast, in one ill-
omen'd hour,

"Beyond the chance of remedie, to
reste

"The slave of wealthie pride and
priestlie pow'r.

"Oft as in russet weeds I scour
along,

"In distant chappels hastilie to
pray,

"By nod scarce notic'd of the pas-
sing thronge,

"'Tis but the Curate, every childe
will say.

- " Nor circumscrib'd in dignitie alone
 " Do I my rich superior's vassal
 ride ;
 " Sad penurie, as was in cottage
 known,
 " With' all its frowns, does o'er
 my roof preside.
 " Ah! not for me the harvest yields
 its store,
 " The bough-crown'd sheaf i
 vain attracts mine eye ;
 " To labour doom'd, and destin'd 'to
 be poor,
 " I pass the field, I hope not en-
 vious, by.
 " When at the altar, surplice-clad I
 stand,
 " The bride-groom's joy draws
 forth the golden fee ;
 " The gift I take, but dare not close
 my hand ;
 " The splendid present centres not
 in me."

SELECTIONS.

*On the manner of hunting and
 sportng by the English at Ben-
 gal. Communicated by Col. G.
 IRONSIDE*.*

FEW parties of pleasure can be
 more agreeable than those for
 hunting, formed by ladies and gen-
 tlemen in Bengal, particularly at
 some distance from the presidency
 of Fort William, where the country
 is pleasanter, and game of every
 kind in greater plenty. Any time
 between the beginning of Novem-
 ber and end of February is taken
 for these excursions; during which
 season the climate is delightfully
 temperate, the air perfectly serene,
 and the sky often without a cloud.

To transport the tents and other
 requisites, for the accommodation
 of the company, to some verdant
 spot, near to a grove and rivulet,
 previously selected, elephants and
 camels are borrowed; small country
 carts, oxen, and bearers hired, at
 no considerable expense, the price
 of all kinds of grain, and wages of
 course, being exceeding reason-
 able. Nor does the commanding offi-
 cer of the troops within the district,
 often refuse a guard of sepoy's to
 protect the company from the
 danger of wild beasts, (for such
 generally resort to the haunts of

game,) or the depredations of still
 wilder banditti, now and then per-
 vading the country.

The larger tents are pitched in
 a square or circle, while those for
 the guards and servants usually
 occupy the outer space. Every
 marqu6e for a lady is divided into
 two or three apartments, for her
 camp-bed, her closet, and her
 dressing-room; is carpetted or
 matted, and is covered with a
 spreading fly, for defence against
 rain, or exclusion of casual heat,
 the air ventilating powerfully be-
 tween the vacuity (about two feet)
 of the tent and its canopy in unre-
 mitted undulation. The doors or
 curtains of the marqu6e, wattled
 with a sweet-scented grass, are, if
 the weather chance to become
 sultry, continually sprinkled with
 water from the outside; and a
 chintz wall, stained in handsomely-
 figured compartments, encompasses
 the whole.

For the supply of common food,
 if no village be very near, petty
 chandlers shops enow are engaged
 by the family banyans (house stew-
 ards) to accompany them, glad to
 profit of such an opportunity of
 gain. Liquors, and every species
 of European articles, are provided
 by the party themselves.

Horses are employed for the con-
 veyance of the gentlemen, and pal-
 lanquins for the ladies, with their
 female attendants: and, where the

* *From the Asiatic Annual Re-
 gister, for 1801.*

roads will admit of it, close and open English carriages also.

Part of the morning sports of the men, commencing at the dawn of day, consist in rousing and chasing the wild boar, the wolf, and antelope (or gazelle), the roebuck, the musk, the red and other deer, hares, foxes, and jaccals: besides the common red, the spotted and the small moose, there are ten or twelve sorts of hog or short-bristled deer. Boars are usually found amongst the uncultivated tracts, or the more regular plantations of sugar-canes, which give to their flesh the finest flavour imaginable. Wolves and jaccals are seen prowling and lurking, at break of day, about the skirts of towns and villages, or retiring from thence to their dens within woods; or within pits, hollows, or ravines, on the downs. Hares shelter in the same situations as in England. The hog, roebuck, and musk-deer conceal themselves amongst the thickest heath and herbage, and the antelope and large deer rove on the plains. All these animals, however, resort not rarely to the jungles (or very high coarse and implicated grass), with which the levels of Hindostan abound, either to graze, to browse, or in pursuit of prey.

A country of Asia, abounding in such variety of game, is, of course, not destitute of wild beasts; the principal of which are the tiger, leopard, panther, tiger-cats, bear, wolf, jaccal, fox, hyena, and rhinoceros. The leopards are of three or four kinds.

Or the gentlemen divert themselves with shooting the same animals; as also common partridge, rock partridge, hurrial or green pigeons, quail, plover, wild cocks and hens, curlews; black, white, and grey peacocks; florikens, storks of several kinds and colours, together with water hens, Braminy geese, cranes, wild geese and ducks, teal, widgeons, snipes, and other aquatic fowl, in infinite abundance; many of them of extraordinary shape, of glowing variegated plum-

age, and of unknown species; whose numbers almost cover the water when they swim, and, when alarmed and flushed from the lakes, like a cloud, absolutely obscure the light.

The foxes are small, slenderly limbed, delicately furred with a soft brown hair, and by no means rank in smell; feeding principally upon grain, vegetables, and fruit. They are exceedingly fleet and flexible, though not strong or persevering. When running, they wind in successive evolutions to escape their pursuers, and afford excellent sport. Their holes are usually excavated, not in woods, but on hillocks, upon a smooth green-sward or lawn, where, in a morning or evening, they are seen playing and frisking about with their young. They feed generally amongst the corn, and are oftenest found within fields of mustard or linseed, when it has sprouted up high enough to conceal them.

A minor critic, on perusal of Æsop's, or rather Pilpay's Fables, ridiculed the idea of foxes feeding upon grapes; but, had he consulted any Asiatic natural history, he would have learned that they subsist upon grain, pulse, and fruit, particularly grapes and pine-apples, when within their range, much more than upon flesh or fowl. Or, had he turned to the Bible, he would have there found the following passage in confirmation of it:.... "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes"..... *Canticles*, c. ii. ver. 15.

Jaccals are rather larger than English foxes; but of a brown colour, clumsier shape, and more pointed about the nose. In nature, they partake more of the wolf than of the dog or fox. Their real Asiatic name is shugaul, perverted by English seamen trading to the Levant (where they are in plenty on the coasts of Syria and Asia Minor) into jaccals.

Of the partridge there are several kinds, one with a white belly,

and another with something like grouse, only more motley feathered.

Plover too are various; and, when the weather becomes warm, ortolans traverse the heaths and commons in immense flocks.

There are no pheasants in the woods of Bengal or Bahar, nearer than the confines of Assam, Chittagong, and the range of mountains separating Hindostan from Tibet and Napaul. But there, particularly about the Moring and in Betiah, they are large and beautiful, more especially the golden, the burnished, the spotted, and the azure, as well as the brown Argus pheasant.

As for peacocks, they are everywhere in multitudes, and of two or three species. One tract in Orissa is denominated More-bunje, or the Peacock district.

Cranes are of three sorts, and all of a cerulean grey: the very lofty one, with a crimson head, called *sarus*; the smallest called *curcurrah*, the (*demoiselle* of Linnæus and Buffon), uncommonly beautiful and elegant, whose snow-white tuft, behind its scarlet-glowing eyes, is the appropriate ornament for the turban of the emperor alone, and the middle-sized one with a black head, the common *grus*. They return to the northern mountains about the autumnal equinox, after the cessation of the periodical rains, with their young, in myriads of flights, frequent as the wood-pigeon in North-America: and sometimes, when the wind is very violent, flocks of them mount to a vast height in the air, and there wind about in regular circles, seemingly with much delight, and venting all the time a harsh discordant scream, heard at a considerable distance.

In the wilds of Hindostan certainly originated the common domestic fowl, for they are there discovered in almost every forest. They are all bantams, but without feathers on their legs; the cocks are in colour all alike, what sportsmen call ginger red; they

have a fine tufted cluster of white downy feathers upon their rumps, are wonderfully stately in their gait, and fight like furica. The hens are invariably brown. It is extremely pleasant, in travelling through the woods early in a morning, to hear them crowing, and to perceive the hens and chickens skulking and scudding between the bushes. For food, they are neither so palatable nor tender as the tame fowl.

Floreskins are amongst the *non descripta*, I believe, in ornithology. A drawing can alone exhibit an adequate representation of this fine bird; it harbours in natural pastures amongst the long grass, on the extremity of lakes, and the borders of swampy grounds, lying between marshy soils and the uplands. Hence its flesh seems to partake, in colour and relish, of the nature and flavour of both the wild duck and the pheasant; the colour of the flesh on the breast and wings being brown, but on the legs perfectly white, and the whole of the most delicate, juicy, and savoury flavour conceivable.

There are only three claws to its feet: the roots of the feathers of the female are of a fine pink colour.

When the cock rises up, some fine black velvet feathers, which commonly lie smooth upon his head, then stand up erect, and form a tuft upon his crown and his neck.

When set by dogs, it lies close, and scarcely ever rises till the fowler is so near as almost to tread upon it. The nest of it is made amongst the grass.

You read of them in descriptions of ancient knightly festivals of the Nevilles, Percys, Mortimers, Beauchamps, Montacutes, De Courceys, Mohuns, Courteneyes, and Mowbrays, under the name, I believe, of *flanderkins*; but whether they were then natives of England, I am uncertain.

The height of the cock floreskin of Bengal, from the ground when he stands, to the top of his back, is seventeen inches.

The height from the ground to the top of his head, when he holds it upright, is twenty-seven inches.

The length from the tip of his back to the end of his tail, is twenty-seven inches.

In no part of southern Asia did I ever hear of woodcocks; but amongst the breed of snipes there is one called the painted snipe, larger than ordinary, and which well compensates for want of the former.

Fishing, both with lines and diversity of nets, is the employment of other sets of the party; or the hawking of herons, cranes, storks, and hares, with the falcon; and of partridge and lesser birds, with the sparrow and small hawks.

Ladies now and then attend the early field: if it be to view the coursing or hawking, they mount upon small, gentlest (for they are all gentle) female elephants, surmounted with arched-canopied and curtained seats; otherwise they ride on horseback; more frequently however in palanquins, under which, as well as under the elephants and horses, the birds, (particularly the white stork or paddy bird), when pounced at by the hawks, and the little foxes, when hard pressed by the dogs, often fly for shelter and protection. In general, however, the ladies do not rise betimes, nor stir out till the hour of airing.

The weapons in use on these expeditions are, fowling pieces, horse pistols, light lances or pikes, and heavy spears or javelins; and every person has, besides, a servant armed with a scimitar or sabre, and a rifle with a bayonet, carrying a two ounce ball, in the event of meeting with tigers, hyenas, bears, or wild buffaloes. Some of the ladies (like Thalestris or Hypofita, quite in the Diana style), carry light bows and quivers to amuse themselves with the lesser game.

The dogs are, pointers, spaniels, Persian and European greyhounds, and strong ferocious lurchers. Near Calcutta a few gentlemen keep

English hounds; but their scent quickly fades, and they soon degenerate.

But the liveliest sport is exhibited when all the horsemen, elephants, servants, guard, and hired villagers, are assembled and arranged in one even row, with small white flags (as being seen the furthest) hoisted pretty high at certain distances, in order to prevent one part of the rank from advancing before the rest. Proceeding in this manner, in a regular and progressive course, this line sweeps the surface like a net, and impels before it all the game within its compass and extent. When the jungle and coppice chance to open upon a plain, it is a most exhilarating sight to behold the quantity and variety of animals issuing from their coverts: some are driven out reluctantly, others force their way back into the brake. During this scene of developement, rout, and dispersion, prodigious havoc is made by the fowlers, falconers, and huntmen, whilst the country people and children, with sticks and staves, either catch or demolish the fawns, leverets, wild pigs, and other young animals, which have returned into the coppice.

Instances occasionally occur, when the natives of the vicinage petition the gentlemen to destroy a tiger that has infested the district, to the annoyance and devastation of their flocks and shepherds, and perpetual alarm of the poor cottagers themselves. Although an arduous and perilous adventure, and what the gentlemen all profess, in their cooler moments, to reprobate and decline, yet, when in the field, they generally comply with the solicitation, and undertake the exploit. Their instant animation, not unattended with emotions of benevolence and compassion, presently supersedes every dictate of prudence, and, spite of their predetermination, they proceed to the assault, the villagers all the while standing aloof. If conducted deliberately, with circumspection, and

with the aid of the seapoys, they soon accomplish their purpose, and bring in the most dreadful and formidable of all tremendous beasts, amidst the homage and acclamations of the peasantry. But should they lose their presence of mind, prolong or precipitate the conflict, act with incaution, or attack the exasperated and infuriated beast with tumult and confusion, the event is often fatal, by his seizing, lacerating, and crushing, every creature within his reach; not ceasing to rend, tear, claw, and destroy, to the very moment of his destruction, or of his flight.

Sometimes do the natives intreat the gentlemen to rid them of wild buffaloes, (the largest of all known animals, the elephant excepted), that have laid waste their cultivation; and at others, to clear their vast tanks, or small neighbouring lakes, of alligators, which devour their fish, or do mischief on shore. So much hazard is not incurred, however, by achievements of this sort, as from the encounter of a tiger; for though the hides of those creatures resist a ball from a firelock at common musket distance, they are by no means impenetrable to a shot from a rifle, or other pieces with a chamber, or of a wider calibre.

A drum, with a banner displayed from the hall tent, gives signals to the company for their meals.

Breakfast is a most delightful repast: the sportsmen return keen, fresh, ruddy, and voracious; and the appearance of the ladies in simple loose attire, the elegant dish-able of clearest muslin, with plain floating ribbons, and dishevelled tresses, captivate to fascination. Nor is the palate less gratified: English, French, Italian, and Dutch viands, all combine to provoke it, by a profusion of cold victuals, salted and dried meats and fish, hams, tongues, sausages, hung-beef, sallads, chocolate, coffee, tea, fresh milk, preserves, fruit, and eggs, rendered still more grateful by the most sprightly cheerfulness, and Antipodal gaiety,

After breakfast, conveyances of different sorts are prepared for an airing, not merely for the sake of airing only, but to view some natural or artificial curiosity or manufacture; some noted town, distinguished mosque, celebrated pagoda, renowned dirgah, or venerable mausoleum; some consecrated grove, the sequestered residence of fakeers, or some extensive prospect from the summit of rugged cliffs, impending over an expanse of water, bordering perhaps a level lawn, whose verdure is vaulted only, not concealed, by a diffused assemblage of stately columniated palms of four different species, tufted and foliaged only, in graceful inclinations at their capitals, all equally ornamental, the date, the coconut, the beetel, and the palmyra.

Between the airing and an early dinner, the hours are irregularly disposed, as chance may dictate, or caprice suggest. Some play at cricket and quoits, swim, jump, fence, run a match of horses, or shoot at a mark; whilst others direct the mountaineers and woodmen (who rove about in bands for this express purpose) where to inveigle, entangle, or kill beasts, birds, fish, and snakes, for which they are furnished with variety of implements, such as matchlocks, tiger-bows, spears, darts in grooves, balls in tubes, pellet-bows, limed rods, stakes, and bushes; fascinating allurements, such as painted, spotted, and foliaged screens, bells, nets, and torches, bundles of wigs, rushes, and reeds, artificial ducks and decoy birds, with traps, gins, springs, snares, and other stratagems and inventions of wonderful enchantment, ingenuity, mechanism, and contrivance.

It is somewhat extraordinary, but nevertheless a fact, the influence of fascination possessed by the tiger, and all of his, (the feline) species, over many other creatures. Espied by deer particularly, they stop at once, as if struck by a spell, while the tiger lies still, his eyes fixed on them, and quietly waiting their

approach, which they seldom fail to make gradually within his spring; for the large royal tiger cannot run speedily or far. The glow of their eyes is fierce and powerful. I myself once passed a royal tiger in the night near a wood, and could plainly perceive the scintillations from his eyes. He was deterred from approaching us by the light of flambeaux, and the noise of a small drum which we carried, and was beat by a servant for the purpose of scaring him away.

Wherever tigers roam or couch, a number of birds continually collect or hover about them, screaming and crying, as if to create an alarm. But the peacock seems to be particularly allured by him; for the instant a flock of pea-fowl perceive him, they advance towards him directly, and begin strutting round him with wings fluttering, quivering feathers, and bristling and expanded tails. Of this enticement the fowlers also make their advantage; for, by painting a brown cloth screen, with black spots or streaks, about six feet square, and advancing under its cover, fronting the sun, the birds either approach towards them, or suffer them to steal near enough to be sure of their mark, by a hole left in the canvas for them to fire through.

Several other instances of the fascination of animals I have myself been witness to in Bengal. Three or four times, where a line of troops were marching in a long uninterrupted series, passed a herd of deer; I observed that when their attention was taken off from grazing, by the humming murmuring noise proceeding from the troops in passing, they at first and for a while, stood staring and aghast, as if attracted by the successive progression of the files, all clothed in red. At length, however, the leading stag, "*vir gregis ipse*," striking the ground, snorted, and immediately rushed forward across the ranks, followed by the whole collection, to the utter dismay and confusion of the soldiery: thus

running into the very danger one naturally supposes they must have at first been anxious to avoid. The men, who were apprised by the sound of their approach, stopped, and made way for them. Over the heads of the others, who were heedless and inattentive, they bounded with wonderful agility, and fled over the plain.

Driving one evening along the road in a phaeton, and pretty fast, I perceived a young heifer running near the carriage, with her eyes intently fixed upon one of the hind wheels; by the whirling of which, the animal seemed completely struck and affected. Thus pursuing her object for about a quarter of a mile, she, by a sudden impulse, rapidly darted forward towards the wheel, which then striking her nose, the attention of the creature became interrupted by the violence of the friction, and was, of course, withdrawn: she then immediately stood still, and presently after turned about slowly, and made off.

Beyond all other animals, however, serpents possess most eminently this occult power: frequently are they seen revolved on the branches of trees, or on the ground, meditating their prey, either birds, squirrels, rats, mice, bats, frogs, hares, or other animals.

The ladies, as they are inclined, either read, walk, swing, exercise themselves in archery, or at shuttlecock in the groves; or they sing and play in their tents. Others, whilst at work, are read to by their companions; of all amusements, perhaps, the most delectable.

At the end of a convivial dinner, every soul, provided the weather prove sultry, or they find themselves fatigued, retire to repose.

On rising from this siesta, (of all listless indulgences the most soothing, comfortable, and refreshing, and certainly most wholesome, all animals inclining to sleep after nourishment), carriages are again in readiness, or light boats, where a stream or lake is near, to give the company the evening's respira-

tion (which the inhabitants of colder regions taste only in poetical description,) breathing health as well as recreation.

The twilight being short under the tropics; the day, of course, shuts in presently after sun-set, when cards and dice become part of the evening's entertainment. Chess, backgammon, whist, piquet, tredrille, quint, and loo, are the favourite games. These, with domestic sports, antics, gambols, tricks, pranks, and frolics, where the humour prevails; together with the sleights of jugglers, feats of tumblers, (in which performances the Hindoos are expert adepts,) and dances of the natives, wile away the time and beguile it not unpleasantly to the hour of supper, the principal meal; when a repast, enlivened by every elevation of spirit and kindly disposition that can conduce to promote good-humour and festive hilarity, terminates the day.

These parties generally continue, with some variation in the amusements, fifteen or twenty days; and the dissolution of them is as generally lamented, with heart-felt regret, by the individuals who compose them.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF

COUNT DE PARADES.

(Continued from page 115.)

PARADES remained only two days at Versailles, then returned to London, where finding his vessel completely equipped, he took the command of her, sailed from the Thames to Spithead, where he anchored near the English fleet.

The East-India company having received advice, by a swift-sailing cutter dispatched from a large and rich fleet belonging to them, that they might then be in soundings, an express was forwarded to Admiral Keppel, with orders to put to sea with the ships under his command without delay, for the safe-guard of this valuable fleet, and to secure its entrance into the English ports

by every means in his power, but to avoid engaging the enemy, except defensively.

In the meantime cutters were dispatched to this fleet, with orders to its commanders to keep at a distance from the coast till joined by Admiral Keppel, or assured from him that the passage was clear.

Advice of this was immediately sent by Parades to M. de Sartine, and the French fleet under d'Orvilliers put instantly to sea.

Keppel sailed from Portsmouth on the 10th of July, 1778, with 25 sail of the line, and being joined by three more off Plymouth, his fleet consisted of 28 ships of the line of battle.

This fleet was attended and closely watched by Parades in his vessel of 14 guns, under English colours, furnished with suitable signals to apprise d'Orvilliers of every movement of consequence.

The English and French fleets discovered each other in the entrance of the Channel, but the N. E. winds drove them considerably to the westward: the British admiral used every practicable manœuvre to favour the passage of the India ships. On the 27th of July, the two fleets approaching each other, an indecisive engagement ensued: the Count d'Orvilliers then threw out the signal for action, which brought on a general engagement that continued the greatest part of the day; after which both fleets separated, without much damage on either side. On the morning of the 28th, the East-India fleet passed over the scene of action, and entered the Channel in sight of several French vessels, which had been disabled in the combat. This fleet would inevitably have been taken, had the French squadron, or even a division of it, continued on the station twenty-four hours longer.

The campaign being now nearly finished, the Count Parades, unwilling to remain idle, turned his thoughts towards Plymouth: he accordingly set sail for that place and anchored in the Sound, under a

pretence of wanting provisions: he went on shore professedly to procure necessaries, and immediately repairing to the citadel, soon recognized his old friend the sergeant, whom he invited on board his ship, which invitation was next day eagerly excepted. Parades gave the sergeant ten guineas, and half a dozen bottles of brandy; and after some artful circumlocution, made him a direct offer of fifty guineas, if he would assist in *transferring* the citadel of Plymouth into the power of the French King; and if that could be effected by his means, the Count would insure to him the payment of 10,000*l.* sterling.

The sergeant, whose feelings had been artfully wrought upon, by a comparison between the penury and subordination of his present life, and the independent opulence that awaited him, (in addition to the splendid presents he had received,) was prepared for some such like offer, but trembled at the greatness of the danger he had to encounter. Parades did not give him time to reflect; but putting into his hands a solemn promise in writing, in the name of the French King, for the 10,000*l.*, made him completely his own.

The *honest* sergeant then received his instructions; which were, to form a close intimacy with the keeper of the colours, and by acting with caution, to gain him if possible; next, the porter of the gate, which might be easily accomplished he being a particular intimate of the sergeant; but above all, the keeper of the signals, on whom no expense was to be spared: Parades, strongly enjoining prudence and secrecy, saw his friend safely on shore, and two days after quitting Plymouth, arrived in a short time at Brest.

After delivering to the marine minister, details of his proceedings, M. Parades was gratified with a brevet, dated the 31th of August, 1779, appointing him a captain of cavalry, with a pension of 10,000 livres.

The Count then returned to London, where he arrived on the 18th of September; from thence he went in a post-chaise to Plymouth, and found the flag-keeper and porter entirely gained over to his interest; for by means of a lodger and friend of the keeper, a copy of all the friendly signals was procured; to each of those persons was assigned a pension of 25*l.* per month.

The sergeant then undertook, should the enterprise be attempted, that the great gate should be shut, but not locked; the same was to be done at the postern in the angle of the bastion, through which the troops might defile; he likewise engaged to spike the cannon. After which Parades, with a handsome remuneration, once more took leave of his friends.

After making a tour to Bristol and the western seaports, where he exercised his usual adroitness in gaining useful information, Parades again presented his memorials to M. de Sartine, who called a council of the ministry to take into consideration the probable advantage that might result from putting his plans into execution; and whether it would not be for the interest of the state, to take immediate advantage of the negligence of the enemy.

Though the Count's plans were approved of by a part, others thought some of his narrations almost incredible, and his propositions of too romantic a cast. After much debate it was at length resolved, that a person who possessed the confidence of the ministry, should be sent to England, for the purpose of examining into the truth of Parades' reports: M. de Berthois, an officer of genius, was instantly sent for from Calais, where he was then employed. On his arrival at Paris, and being made acquainted with his intended business, he requested twenty-four hours to consider of it: but the Prince of Montbarrey informing him that the cross of St. Lewis, a brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and a pension of 4000

livres awaited his acceptance, he immediately complied; and Parades was also promised, if he brought back M. Berthois in safety from his mission, the cross of St. Lewis, together with a pension.

At the appointed time, they embarked in the vessel belonging to Parades, and set sail for England. M. Berthois wishing to begin his observations with Plymouth, they directed their course to that port, where they arrived on the second day of their leaving Brest. As ill fortune would have it, the crew were drunk at the time of their coming to an anchor, and being hailed from a frigate riding in the Sound, demanding the vessel's name and her destination, the master gave an insolent answer. The captain of this frigate slept at Dock, and the commanding lieutenant being offended at the reply, immediately ordered the barge to be manned, and boarded Parades' vessel with twenty-five marines under arms, demanding to know to whom the vessel belonged, and the name of the fellow who had returned such an insolent answer. The terrified M. de Berthois hid himself among the crowd of sailors on the deck: the master, confounded at the appearance of the marines, imprudently answered, "The vessel belongs to those gentlemen," (pointing to Parades and Berthois, who were both dressed as sailors.) The lieutenant, astonished, addressing himself to Berthois, asked him, if he was the owner. He understanding English very imperfectly, answered *Oui*, (yes in French.) The master was so embarrassed, as to be incapable of replying to the lieutenant, who said, it was his duty to secure them; and they were immediately taken on shore, under a guard, to Dock.

By singular good fortune, the officer whose duty it was to examine them, was a correspondent of Parades, and likewise on terms of intimacy with the captain of the frigate: the consequence was that by means of a draft of 1500*l.* on Para-

des' banker in London, he obtained the release of his people and the discharge of his vessel.

The two adventurers now thinking themselves perfectly secure, took a lodging and changed their dresses. Returning from one of their evening walks, they were surprised to see a soldier mounting guard at the door where they lodged: though this sight was far from being agreeable, Parades with his usual effrontery, entered the house, followed by M. Berthois. Here they found an old acquaintance of the Count, who was an officer of rank quartered at Dock, to whom he had before made himself agreeable: this gentleman reproached Parades for not having called upon him at his quarters, and requested to see him and his friend at the barracks; after which he took his leave.

The fertile genius of Parades immediately saw the use to be made of this; M. Berthois was shewn every part of the citadel, and from the commanding eminence on which it is situated, had a favourable opportunity of viewing the different branches of the sea, as Hamoaze, Catwater, and Sutton Pool; all of which he found to correspond exactly with the descriptions given to M. de Sartine.

In the meantime their vessel was riding in the Sound, and the Union of 90 guns in her passage thither being becalmed, and obliged to anchor too near the citadel, the captain sent to press the boats and crews belonging to four vessels then in the Sound, to assist in towing her off, the crew in Parades' was consequently included, except his secretary, whom they had just time enough to hide in a cask.

Before they quitted Plymouth, Parades, who had frequently purchased stores at the dock-yard sales, and was well known there in the character of an English merchant, bought nine condemned French vessels for 4,600*l.* and having resold them by his agents, cleared by the speculation 7000*l.* sterling, or 166000 livres Tournois.

(To be continued.)

A CONCISE STATEMENT OF THE DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES,

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY 1892.

TAKEN FROM THE REPORT OF ALBERT GALLATIN, ESQ. SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Kind of Stock.	Amount of Capital, in Dollars.	Rate of Interest, &c.	Annual Amount.
Old Six per Cents	28,202,007 41	} 8 per Cent. on Account of Interest and Reimbursement of Principal.	3,350,362 01*
New or deferred Six per Cents	13,677,517 82		82,909,630 86
Three ditto.....	19,079,705 63	3 Ditto.....	572,391 16
Navy Six per Cents.....	711,700	6 Ditto.....	42,702
1796 ditto.....	80,000	6 Ditto.....	4,800
Five and an half ditto.....	1,847,800	5½ Ditto.....	101,612 50
Four and an half ditto.....	176,000	4½ Ditto.....	7,500
Eight ditto.....	6,480,200†	8 Ditto.....	518,416
Bank Six per Cents.....	1,590,000	6 Ditto.....	95,400
Ditto Five per Cents.....	1,150,000	5 Ditto.....	57,500
Dutch Debt principal and premiums in guilders 24,787,500....at 40 cents per guilder	72,994,630 86		4,751,103 67
Nominal amount of principal	82,909,630 86	4 4-5.....	476,931
			\$228,034 67

Reimbursement of Six per Cents at the above date.

Brought forward,	82,909,630 86
On 28,202,007 41 a 16	857,635
	1000000.
On 13,677,517 82 a 2	5,027,740 57
Unredeemed principal 1st Jan. 1802,	77,881,890 29

* This Amenity would, without any other provision, discharge the whole of the old six per cents in the year 1818, and the new or deferred in 1824; besides which, an uncertain amount of this and other stock, is in a course of redemption, by the sale of lands. The Secretary computes "the permanent annual revenues of the United States at ten millions of dollars, of which the sum of 7,300,000 is appropriated by law, for the payment of the interest and principal of the Public Debt, and 2,700,000 applicable to the current expenses of Government." He states further, that the application of the annual sum of 7,300,000 dollars, would discharge the whole of the public debt, within the year 1817.

† Redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after the close of the year 1808.

The interest on the public debt, including the reimbursement of the six per cent. stock, is payable quarterly; either at the seat of Government, or the Commissioner of loans, where the certificates have been issued.

Transfers and dividends of every kind of stock (including that of the U. S. Bank, the capital of which is *Ten Millions of Dollars* divided into 25,000 shares of 400 dollars each, dividends paid in January and July,) can be made and received every day in the week; excepting that the books for transferring funded stock, are closed for fourteen days previous to the end of each quarter, and for Bank stock in like manner half yearly.

The reimbursement of old six per cents. commenced on the 1st of January, 1796, and of the new, on the 1st of January, 1802. On the 1st of January, there is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. paid on the nominal amount, and in every succeeding quarter $1\frac{1}{2}$; making 8 per cent. per annum, on account of interest and principal. On the 1st of January 1804, there will have been redeemed of the old sixes 23 11 and of the new 6 37 per cent.

In the Secretary's report of December 1802, he states, that an impression had been made on the public debt in that year, by the sale of 2,220 U. S. Bank shares, and otherwise, to the amount of 5,440,469: 66 dollars.

The president in his message of the 17th October 1803, informed Congress, that the revenue for the year ending the 30th of September 1803, amounted to between 11 and 12 millions, and exceeded the sum counted on.... That there was discharged of the public debt in the same period, about 3,100,000 dollars, and that by the purchase of Louisiana an addition will be made to the debt, of nearly 13 millions, besides 2 millions which had been appropriated; most of which will be payable after fifteen days

M. McCONNEL, Broker.
Philadelphia, 21st Nov. 1803.

REPORT.... The committee appointed to execute the several acts of Congress to provide more effectually for the settlement of the accounts between the United States and the individual States, report, that there is due including interest to the 31st day of December, 1789, to the states of

New-Hampshire.....	75,055
Massachusetts.....	1,248,801
Rhode Island.....	299,511
Connecticut.....	519,121
New Jersey.....	49,030
South Carolina.....	1,305,978
Georgia.....	19,988

And there is due including interest to the third day of December, 1789, from the state of

New-York.....	2,074,846
Pennsylvania.....	76,739
Delaware.....	612,128
Maryland.....	151,640
Virginia.....	100,870
North Carolina.....	501,082

Which several sums they, by virtue of the authority to them delegated, declare to be the final and conclusive balances due to and from the several states.

A description of a species of Coal found near Woodstock.

THE mountain which contains this coal, is situated about twelve miles north-west from Esopus. By the people, who reside near its base, it is called Blue Mountain: the coal is found in the horizontal fissure of an almost perpendicular rock, upon the S. E. part of it, about half the distance to its summit, which is supposed to be nearly two miles above the level of the Hudson River. The stratum is of various thickness, from seven to ten inches and upwards. It is visible in different parts, at considerable distances from each other. The incumbent mass of rock is not less than twenty feet in depth.... In one place it is of a grey colour, and argillaceous composition, though apparently very hard; in another, it is brown, and composed of horizontal layers, easily split or divided.

The coal appears to form a considerable angle with the strata of the rock, and dips into the mountain. Its colour is brownish. It very much resembles that species of coal, which is found in Great Britain, in the crevices of rocks; and generally known by the name of Ssturbrand. By the Mineralogists it is called brown coal, or carbonated wood; some pieces have a glossy lustre. It is very brittle. It sinks in water. A small bit of it was kept in diluted nitrous acid, for the space of two days, which caused it to separate and crumble by the application of a gentle force. It discovers no impression of leaves, nor any internal indication of vegetable origin. In some specimens the fracture is slaty, in others uneven; exposed to the blow pipe it swells, and burns very slowly, giving out a slightly sulphurous smell.... A small quantity of it was used, some years ago in a forge in this village, and was found to give a strong heat, when mixed with charcoal. The guide who conducted us up the mountain, mentioned, that he lately procured some of it, at the request of a blacksmith, for the purpose of forging an axe.... This side of the mountain is the joint property of Major De Zeng, and Capt. Clark, who intend to blast the rock, in order to discover the extent and quantity of the coal.... It may not be interesting to mention, that in the same rock, at the western extremity or the stratum of coal, we found a luminous earth, consisting of alum, silix and iron.

of all men distinguished by their intellectual improvements, have been noticed, as they have occurred to the writer:

Ancient Writers.

GREEK.

Age. Died before Christ.

Xenophilus.....	169	...
Theophrastus.....	106	... 288
Xenophanes.....	100	... 500
Democritus.....	100	...
Isocrates.....	98	... 338
Thales.....	92	... 548
Carneades.....	90	...
Pyrrho.....	90	... 284
Sophocles.....	91	... 406
Simonides.....	90	... 468
Zeno.....	97	... 264
Pythagoras.....	90	... 510
Hypocrates.....	80	...
Chryssippus.....	83	... 204
Diogenes.....	88	...
Pherycides.....	85	...
Solon.....	82	... 558
Periander.....	80	... 579
Plato.....	81	... 348
Thucydides.....	80	... 391
Xenophon.....	89	... 359
Xenocrates.....	81	... 314
Polybius.....	81	... 124
Socrates.....	70	... 400
Anaxagoras.....	72	... 428
Euripides.....	76	... 407
Æschylus.....	70	... 456
Aristotle.....	63	... 322
Anaximander.....	64	... 547
Pindar.....	69	... 452

Greek Authors Total.....30

Died above a hundred.....	4
Above.....	90
Ditto.....	80
Ditto.....	60
Socrates died prematurely by poison.	7

Ancient Writers.

ROMAN.

Age. Died before Christ.

Varro.....	87	... 28
Lucian.....	80	...
Epicurus.....	73	... 168
Cicero.....	63	... 43
[by a violent death.		
Livy.....	67	A. D. ... 17
Pliny, the elder	56	... 79
[by a violent death.		
Pliny, the younger,	52	... 118

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

It has been a subject of controversy, whether intense application of mind tends to shorten life. Opinions on this point are various, and perhaps we may throw light on it by an appeal to facts.

The following list of names has been made from a promiscuous research, and the names and ages

Ovid.....	59	...	17
Horace.....	57
Virgil.....	51 B. C.	...	19

Modern Authors on the continent of Europe.

	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	
Voltaire.....	1779	...	85
Swedenbourg.....	1772	...	83
Bœrhaave.....	1738	...	70
Galileo.....	1643	...	76
Scaliger, J. Cæsar.....	1558	...	74
Scaliger, J. J.....	1909	...	69
Vossius, J. G.....	1649	...	72
Vossius, Isaac.....	1683	...	70
Copernicus.....	1543	...	71
Grevius.....	1703	...	71
Gronovius.....	1671	...	58
Grotius.....	1645	...	62
Erasmus.....	1536	69
Thuanus.....	1617	...	64
Spinosa.....	1677	...	55
Haller.....	1777	...	69
Kepler.....	1631	...	60
Puffendorf.....	1693	...	62
Leibnitz.....	1715	...	69
Des Cartes.....	1650	...	54
Tycho Brahe.....	1601	...	55

Total...21

Above eighty.....	2
Ditto.... 70.....	7
Ditto.... 50.....	12

English Authors.

	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Age.</i>
Newton.....	1642	1727	...
Whiston....	1667	1762	...
Hoadly.....	1676	1761	...
Burnet.....	1635	1725	...
Hobbes.....	1588	1679	...
Hales.....	1677	1761	...
Halley.....	1656	1742	...
Spelman....	1561	1641	...
Sloane, Hans	1660	1752	...
Sherlock, B..	1678	1762	...
Bacon, R....	1614	1694	...
Swift.....	1667	1745	...
Selden.....	1584	1654	...
Locke.....	1632	1704	...
Camden.....	1551	1623	...
Johnson, S..	1709	1784	...
Robertson...	1721	1793	...
Hale, M.....	1609	1676	...
Bacon, N....	1510	1578	...
Fothergill...	1712	1780	...
Bacon, F....	1560	1616	...
Milton.....	1608	1674	...
Sherlock, W.	1641	1707	...
Sydenham....	1624	1689	...

Tillotson....	1630	1694	...	64
Boyle.....	1627	1691	...	63
Kennicot....	1718	1783	...	65
Pope.....	1688	1744	...	56
Steele.....	1676	1729	...	53
Addison....	1672	1719	...	47
Spenser.....	1553	1599	...	45

Total....31

Above ninety.....	3
Ditto.... 80.....	8
Ditto.... 70.....	6
Ditto.... 45.....	14

That country is esteemed very healthy, in which fifteen persons to a hundred born, arrive to 70 years of age. Among the eminent Greek authors, 17 of 30 arrived to that age. The fact is almost incredible. But the climate and modes of life practised by the old Greek philosophers, will bring the fact within the compass of belief.

The ages of the Roman writers indicate a less salubrious climate, or more luxurious habits of life, or both.

The ages of the modern writers far surpass the due proportion. Of 21 authors on the continent, nine reached the age of 70....or almost half....whereas, the usual proportion is not more than an eighth, or seventh at most.

Of 51 English authors, 17, c more than half, died above 70.

These results do not justify th opinion that intense applicatio abridges human life. It is probabl, however, that the unusal proportion of learned men who live to a great age, may be in part ascribed to their temperate habits of life....and to an original firmness of constitution. Their great intellectual acquirements, and their old age, may not improbably be the effect of a common cause—the original organization of the body.

RUSTICUS.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

PROGRESS OF POPULATION.

THE following table exhibits certain results from the census of

1800, which are interesting to the inquiries into the state and progress of population in the United States, as also into the longevity of the inhabitants in different districts or portions of territory. The first column gives the number of free persons under ten years of age in each state, and each district of the state, which are divided in the of-

ficial report published by congress; the second gives the proportion which that number bears to a hundred of the whole population; the third exhibits the number of persons above forty-five years of age, in each state and district; and the fourth, the proportion of that number to a hundred:

	Under 10.	pro. to hund.	above 45	pro. to hund.
New-Hampshire.....	60,565	33 17-182	23,857	13 6-182
Maine.....	54,896	36 54-150	16,380	10 138-150
Massachusetts.....	124,566	29 381-416	66,688	16 5-416
Connecticut.....	73,682	30 36-244	39,803	16 64-344
Vermont.....	57,692	37 74-253	15,125	9 127-153
Rhode-Island.....	19,469	29 49-065	10,535	16 8-65
New-York.....	195,670	55 139-555	60,506	10 499-555
New-Jersey.....	66,522	34 45-194	24,229	12 91-194
East-Pennsylvania.....	103,943	32 276-316	40,253	13 221-316
West-Pennsylvania.....	98,907	36 166-270	31,827	12 211-279
Delaware.....	15,878	31 42-049	4,603	9 11-49
Maryland.....	71,454	33 40-222	24,305	10 210-222
East-Virginia.....	113,993	33 156-340	38,318	11 84-340
West-Virginia.....	67,327	37 147-177	26,303	14 177-177
North-Carolina.....	122,192	36 59-337	36,202	10 244-337
South-Carolina.....	72,075	36 143-296	19,681	10
Georgia.....	38,248	37 85-101	8,851	8 76-101
Kentucky.....	72,223	40 27-179	16,313	9 12-197
Tennessee.....	27,677	41 7-091	7,616	8 27-91

From the foregoing table, if the figures are correct, result the following observations:

1st. The states, and parts of states which contain new land, and are now settling, contain the greatest proportion of children.... witness Maine, New-York, Vermont, &c. This fact evinces, that the migration to the new lands are chiefly by the young and middle aged....and that such hardy, laborious people are most prolific.

2d. The excess of children in Kentucky and Tennessee, demonstrates, in addition to the foregoing considerations, the mildness and salubrity of the climate, which are favourable to the rearing of children.

3d. The greatest proportion of persons above 45 years of age, are in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode-Island....and in these, the highest fraction is in Connecticut....

this arises from two causes....first, these states have no uncultivated lands, and of course are continually suffering a loss of young persons by emigration....and second, the salubrity of the climate. As these states have the greatest proportion of old people, so they have the smallest proportion of those under ten years of age....and it is observable how nearly this proportion is the same in three states. Of the three, however, Connecticut has not only more old people, but more young....and hence is proved to be either the most healthy, or it is demonstrated that her state society is most favourable to long life, by affording to all conditions of people the best means of subsistence, and by restraining the vices which shorten life.

4th. From the northern to the southern extremity of the union, as there are more children under ten,

so there are fewer persons above 45, as we proceed southward....so that Georgia has but half the proportion of elderly persons as Connecticut. It is observable, however, that the difference is chiefly in the flat country: for in the western, and of course mountainous parts of Virginia, the persons above 45, are to those in the eastern states, as 14 to 16; while the proportion in the eastern district, and in Maryland, is only as 11 and 10 to 16. This shows the salubrity of a hilly country, and its preference over plains and low grounds.

In making further comparisons and deductions on this subject, a philosophical mind may find much amusement and useful information. One striking fact deserves notice. In the six northern and eastern states, which cover the territory north of the 40th degree of latitude, there are somewhat more than half a million of persons under ten years of age....and more than two hundred thousand above 45.... In the six southern and western states, there are nearly the same numbers under ten, but not so many above 45, by a fourth, or more than fifty thousand souls!

It is a remarkable fact, that the proportion of all who are above 45 in the eastern states, is almost exactly the same as the proportion of persons who reach the age of 70 years, viz. 16....The number of persons out of each hundred born, who die at 70 or upwards, is in New-England between 15 and 16.... the number living above 45, is 16, and a fraction to each hundred.

From the Providence Gazette.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT
For the State of Rhode-Island,
Anno 1803.

THIS has been rather a singular season. We had sleighing from the 20th to the 23d of April, and sharp frosts continued, with only two intermissions, till the 8th of

May. On that day the ground was again covered with snow. About 20 miles westward of Providence, the snow covered the ground to the depth of five inches on a level. On the 10th of May there was ice on the water half an inch thick; and the frost made its appearance several times in the course of the month, particularly on the 29th day. We had frost again on the 7th of September, so that we were free from it only three months and eight days. There was not a sufficiency of rain north-west of Bristol before the 23d of July, but from that day till the 11th of August, a great quantity fell everywhere. Since then, rain has been much wanted. The pastures have suffered much through the whole season....in the spring, from the cold and want of rain; and in the fall from the dry weather. The after-seed has been generally cut off, which is much against the farmers; as the crop of hay was short. The products of the year may be stated as follow:

Hay. In some places the crop was promising till the last week in June...but we then had several days of very harsh drying weather, without dew, which was very injurious to the grass. It never recovered the check it received, and in most places there was not more than half a common crop. The very best land suffered considerably. Oats sowed for fodder, suffered more than the grass. These, and a great portion of hay, were much damaged by the rains. Corn fodder is abundant, and never was better.

Rye. Winter rye was tolerably good, but summer rye failed, totally, in many places.

Flax. This article seems to be run out, in this state. The crop never was worse than this year, it being almost destitute of coating. There will be a considerable quantity of good seed.

Peaches. In warm situations none, but they were plenty in very cold places*.

* I presume that this paradoxical circumstance is to be accounted for in

Corn. Before the rain set in, almost every one had given up the corn for lost...the prospect was truly discouraging...but the rain had a most surprising effect on it. On warm rich land it never grew with greater rapidity, and the crop is very great...but on cold land, where the growth was slower, it did not fill out quick enough to escape a check from the frost on the 7th of September...there it is light...but upon the whole the crop is an extraordinary one.

Apples. Many orchards have failed this year, but others have been successful; and it appears that more cider will be made in this, than in either of the three preceding years.

Potatos. We hear many complaints of their having failed... but, on some kinds of land, they have succeeded very well, and doubtless our market will be well supplied with them.

Tobacco. Remarkably good.

Vegetables. They have suffered considerably from the dry weather. Green Peas were scarce, and sold high...but upon the whole, we had a tolerable supply.

A FARMER.

ANECDOTES

OF BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD.

SIR BENJAMIN employed the four first years of his abode at Munich in acquiring the political and statistical knowledge necessary for

this way: we had some warm sultry weather in January, which put the buds into motion on the trees in sheltered places, and warm land; and the cold weather which succeeded, killed them; but in cold places, where the buds did not start in the winter, the peaches were safe. The season operated on apples much in the same way. A great many trees bore fruit on the north side. It is said the fruit to the southward was entirely destroyed by the coldness of the spring.

realizing the plans which his philanthropy suggested to him for improving the condition of the lower orders. He did not neglect in the meantime his favourite studies and it was in the year 1786, in a journey to Manheim, that he made his first experiments on heat. Political and literary honours poured in upon him during that interval. In 1785 he was made Chamberlain of the Elector, and admitted a member of the academies of science of Munich and Manheim. In 1786 he received from the King of Poland the order of St. Stanislaus; in 1787 he made a journey to Prussia, during which he was elected a member of the academy of Berlin. In 1788 he was appointed major-general of cavalry and privy counsellor of state. He was placed at the head of the war department, and particularly charged with the execution of the plans which he had proposed for improving the state of the Bavarian army.

At last, the following year (1789) witnessed the accomplishment of the numerous projects meditated, during those which preceded. The house of industry of Manheim was established; the islands of Mulhan near Manheim, which till that time had been nothing but a pestilential morass, useless for culture and pernicious to the health of the inhabitants of the city, were joined together, surrounded by a mound and ditch, and transformed into a fertile garden, consecrated to the industry of the garrison. The fine establishment of the military academy of Munich was founded; a scheme of military police was founded to deliver the country from the numerous gangs of vagabonds, robbers, and beggars, who infested it: schools of industry, belonging to every regiment, were established, to employ the wives and children of the soldiers; a veterinary school was instituted, and a stud of horses provided for improving the breed of the country.

At the beginning of the year 1790 the house of industry at Munich,

that fine establishment, which the Count himself has described at length in his essays, was formed, for bettering the condition of the poor; and mendicity was completely abolished: nor has it again made its appearance in Bavaria since that memorable epoch. The beautiful English garden of Munich was begun, and military gardens established in all the garrisons. The sovereign expressed his obligation for these numerous services, by conferring on Sir Benjamin the rank of lieutenant-general of his armies, and giving him a regiment of artillery.

In 1791 he was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and honoured with the order of the White Eagle. He employed that year and the following in completing his projects, in removing the obstacles by which attempts were made to interrupt their progress; in a word, since the truth should be spoken, in resisting the attacks of enemies who envied his success. This species of labour, and the anxiety of mind inseparable from it, impaired his health to such a degree, that his physicians declared that his life was in danger, unless he retired for some time from business, and had recourse to a change of climate. He obtained permission from the elector to take a journey into Italy; and before leaving him, communicated, in a detailed account, the principal results of his four years administration, compared with the four years which had preceded his entrance into office.

The journey lasted sixteen months. Count Rumford, after having travelled over all Italy, and a part of Swisserland, returned to Bavaria in the month of August, 1794. He had been attacked with a dangerous illness in Naples, and his slow recovery did not permit him to resume, on his return, the transaction of the business of his department, over which he contented himself with exercising a general superintendance. He laboured in his closet;

and it was at this time that he prepared the first five of the essays which he has published.

In the month of September, 1795, he returned to England, after an absence of more than eleven years. The principal object of his journey was to publish his essays, and to direct the attention of the English nation towards the plans of public and domestic economy which he had conceived, and realized in Germany. One of the most respectable men in England, lord Pelham, now one of the ministers, was then secretary of state in Ireland. The Count complied with his invitation in the spring of 1796, and took that occasion of visiting that interesting country. He introduced, at Dublin, several important improvements into the hospitals and houses of industry, and left there models of a number of useful mechanical inventions. They were the first objects that struck my attention when I visited the Society of Dublin.

Every testimony of honour and gratitude was lavished upon him in this country. The royal academy of Ireland, the society for the encouragement of arts and manufactures, both elected him an honorary member: and after having left the country, he received a letter of thanks from the grand jury of the county of Dublin, an official letter from the lord mayor of the city, and one from the lord lieutenant of Ireland. These pieces, all of which I have seen, are filled with the most flattering expressions of esteem and of gratitude.

On his return to London, he directed the alterations, which had been adopted, on his recommendation, in the foundling-hospital, and he presented to the board of agriculture several machines, as models for imitation.

The philanthropic activity which distinguished this epoch of his life manifests itself in every form. It was at this time he placed in the English and American funds, two sums of 1000*l.* sterling each, to

establish a premium to be given every two years to the author of the most useful discovery, made respectively in Europe or America, on light or heat. The premium is a gold medal worth 1500 francs. It must be adjudged in Europe by the royal society of London, and in America by the academy of sciences of America.

Nothing seemed sufficient to withdraw him from these tranquil and important occupations, when the events of war called upon him to display his military talents for the service of his adopted country. General Moreau having crossed the Rhine, and defeated several bodies of soldiers, who disputed him its passage, advanced by quick marches to Bavaria. Count Rumford, on receiving this intelligence, immediately set out to join the elector. His arrival at Munich was eight days previous to the epoch when the sovereign was called upon to quit his residence, and to take refuge in Saxony. Rumford remained in Munich, with instructions from the elector to wait events, and to act according to the exigency of circumstances; they were not long in requiring his interference. After the battle of Friedberg, the Austrians repulsed by the French, fell back upon Munich; the gates of the city were shut against them. They marched round it, passed the Inn, by the bridge, and posted themselves on the other side of the river, on a height which commanded the bridge and the town. There they erected batteries, and firmly waited for the French. In this situation, some inconsiderate transactions which happened in Munich, were interpreted by the Austrian general as an insult pointed against himself, and he demanded an explanation of them from the council of regency, threatening to order the town to be fired upon, if a single Frenchman entered the city. At this critical moment, the Count made use of the eventual orders of the Elector, to take the command in chief of the

Bavarian forces. His firmness and presence of mind awed both parties; neither the French nor the Austrians entered Munich; and that city escaped all the dangers with which it had been threatened.

On the return of the elector, he was placed at the head of the department of the general police in Bavaria. The services which he rendered in that capacity, though less brilliant than his military exploits, have been neither less valuable, nor less conspicuous. But the excessive labour to which his zeal and activity betrayed him, the opposition which he often experienced in the exercise of his office, again affected his health to such a degree, as threatened his life. The elector impressed with esteem and gratitude towards him, wished not to allow him to sink under a labour too severe for him, and desired to find the means of procuring him the repose which he required, without altogether depriving himself of his services: he appointed him his envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the court of London. But the rules of England not permitting a subject of the king to be accredited as a foreign minister, the Count has not exercised that office, and has lived, since his return to England in 1798, as a private individual.

Meanwhile it was reported in America that he had quitted Bavaria forever, and the government of the United States addressed to him, through the medium of the American ambassador at London, a formal and official invitation to return to his native country, where an honourable establishment was destined for him. The offer was accompanied with the most flattering assurances of consideration and confidence. He replied, declaring at the same time his profound gratitude for such a mark of esteem, "That engagements, rendered sacred and inviolable by great obligations, did not permit him to dispose of himself in such a manner as to be able to

accept of the offer which was made to him." There remains not, surely, in that reciprocal language, the least mark of enmity; and the Historical Society of Massachusetts, on electing Count Rumford a member, communicated to him, by their president, about the same time, their unanimous desire of seeing him return to his own country, and take up his residence among them. His answer, which is to be found in the American papers of that time, was very much admired.

Towards the autumn of 1800, Count Rumford went to Scotland. The magistrates of Edinburgh paid him a visit of ceremony; gave a public dinner on his account, and to these marks of distinction added the freedom of the city, conceived in terms the most flattering. They consulted him on the means of improving the existing charitable institutions, and on the measures proper for abolishing mendicity. The work was undertaken without loss of time, and that great enterprise was finished in a few months with complete success. In Edinburgh, beggars are no longer seen, and all the poor fit for work are become industrious. The royal society of Edinburgh, and the college of physicians, elected him at the same time, respectively, an honorary member, and the university bestowed upon him the degree of doctor of laws. The diploma was inserted in the Edinburgh newspapers; it is written in the most elegant Latin, and recounts shortly and truly the obligations of humanity towards my illustrious friend.

He employed himself during his stay in that city in superintending the execution, in the great establishment of Heriot's hospital, of the improvements which he has invented with regard to the employment of fuel in the preparation of food. I myself have heard the high approbation with which the cook of this hospital speaks of these improvements. I have before me a more respectable testimony and in approbation of which the grounds are

better expressed, on the same subject. It is a letter lately received from Mr. Jackson, one of the chief managers of the hospital, to the author of these improvements. The following is a copy of it:

Edinburgh, July 21, 1801.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"IN order to afford you the most exact information with regard to the result of the preparations made in Heriot's hospital, I have thought it better to let a considerable time elapse, that their utility might be the better confirmed. I have now the satisfaction of informing you, that an experience of six months proves with certainty, that the same operations are executed with a sixth part only of the fuel which was employed before. The saving, however, will be only two-thirds, because the price of charred coal (coak) is nearly double that of the fuel which was used before. I assure you too, with much pleasure, that the victuals are much better dressed than before, and with one half less trouble to the servants. In a word I cannot express to you the convenience, the neatness, and the saving, which distinguish the improvements introduced into the hospital under your direction. The kitchen, the washing-room, and the drying-room, are so admirably contrived, that in my humble opinion, it would be impossible to improve them.

The Lord-Provost and the Magistrates join me in acknowledgments.

"JAMES JACKSON."

SPECIMENS OF LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

[Continued from page 124.]

LETTER II.

MY DEAR P.

THE subject, touched upon in my last, has taken such strong hold of

my imagination, that I cannot forbear recalling your attention to it. I do this with the less scruple, as I do not mean to trouble you with any of those "*vulgar passages*," which the LEARNED CRITIC, with a delicacy highly commendable, "*spared his friend the disgust of considering*." Under this restriction, it may not be unentertaining to see in what manner writers of the first rank, and acknowledged abilities, imitate their predecessors so, as to make what they borrow appear their own. You will not, I apprehend, require any apology from me, for suspending a while the design, with which I seemed to set out. I see no reason why, in our conversation or correspondence with each other, we should confine ourselves within any one certain track. Whatever subject may accidentally be started in our way, we are, I think, at full liberty to follow, whithersoever it may lead; and to continue the pursuit, so long as it affords amusement.

We have often, you will recollect, read together, and been as often charmed with the introductory stanza to the first of Mr. Gray's two Pindaric Odes....the Progress of Poetry: where you have these admirable lines:

Now the rich stream of music winds
along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong;
Through verdant vales, and Ceres'
golden reign:
Now rolling from the steep amain,
Headlong impetuous see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebel-
low to the roar.

The great excellencies of the sublimest poetry are here united, with an ease and elegance which give to the composition so much the air of an original, that none of Mr. Gray's editors, or commentators on his works, seem to have suspected an imitation.

Mr. Mason, who appears to have been sufficiently assiduous in bringing together every sentiment, or expression, from other authors,

bearing resemblance to any part of the writings of his respected friend, has produced no parallel to this exquisitely beautiful passage.

Mr. Wakefield has also given us an edition of Mr. Gray's poems, enriched with many valuable and interesting notes: in which he professes "not to be sparing of quotations from the poets," and conceives "no author to be a more proper vehicle for remarks of this sort, at once useful and entertaining, than Mr. Gray:" yet, in all his extensive range through the fields of classic lore, he notices only one or two slight resemblances.

Having thus taken the liberty of introducing Mr. Wakefield, I cannot suffer so favourable an opportunity to escape me, without returning to that candid and discerning critic my warmest thanks; in which I am persuaded I shall be joined by every friend to genius, and lover of the muses, for his very able and spirited defence of the British Pindar against the illiberal attacks of a prejudiced commentator; whose puerile strictures on these divine poems certainly cast a shade on his literary character.

Even Dr. Johnson himself, willing, as he evidently was, *from whatever cause*, to degrade the high character which Mr. Gray deservedly held, of an original writer, with uncommon powers of fancy and invention, and, therefore, ever on the watch to detect any latent imitation, has been able to discover no instance of similar composition.

Now allow me to submit to your consideration the following lines, which, I am inclined to believe you have already in imagination anticipated, from one of the sublimest Odes in Horace:

..... Quod adest, memento
Componere aquas. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare; nunc lapides adesos
Stirpe-que raptas, et pecus, et domos,
Solventis una; non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.

With this stanza before us, will there not arise in the mind something like *suspicion*, that Mr. Gray, when he wrote the fine lines quoted above, had *his eye* on Horace? Allow me to mark the principal features of resemblance. We have in each poet a stream, applied by the one to the various forms of poetry, by the other to the vicissitudes of human affairs, with especial reference to political revolutions. It is conducted by both, first in a course of placid serenity, then in torrents of rapid impetuosity; and marked at the close, by the same striking and impressive consequence.

"The rocks and sodding groves re-
bellow to the roar."

Very nearly a verbal translation of the Latin text,

".....Non sine montium
"Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ."

Here is certainly in these two passages an extraordinary coincidence of thought and imagery. In addition to which, the varying circumstances, described in both, follow each other exactly in the same order. The attentive reader will however discover, under this general similitude, a considerable difference in the mode of composition between the British and the Roman Pindar. Enough, perhaps you will think, to remove all appearance of direct imitation. It is most probable that Gray, without recurring to the text of Horace, has only copied from the traces, which a frequent perusal had left upon his memory. This hypothesis will appear more credible, when we analyze the different forms of composition. While the stream of Horace glides quietly into the Etruscan ocean, with no other distinction than that of gentleness,

"Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
"In mare;

the stream of Gray winds along with a marked character, appropriate to his subject:

"Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong."

Mr. Gray gives also peculiar grace and beauty to the piece, by his skilful use of the metaphorical style, blending the simile with the subject, so much in the manner of Pindar; and not making, as Horace has done, a formal comparison of the one with the other.

I cannot here resist the temptation of recalling to your recollection an exquisitely fine passage in the book of Psalms; in which similar imagery is applied, under the same form, in a manner most awfully sublime. It is where the divinely inspired poet, magnifying the God of his salvation, describes, in the true spirit of Eastern poetry, his protecting power as follows:

"Who stillest the *raging of the sea*,
and the noise of his waves, and the
madness of the people."

Psalm lxx. v. 7.

Pope has, in many instances, adopted this graceful manner; and in none more successfully than in that celebrated address to his guide, philosopher, and friend, in the *Essay on Man*, Ep. iii.

"Oh! while along the stream of time
thy name,

"Expanded, flies, and gathers all its
fame;

"Say, shall my little bark attendant
sail,

"Pursue the triumph, and partake
the gale?"

It will be rather a matter of curiosity, if I do not appear too trifling, to see how this beautiful passage would read, taken out of metaphor, and delivered in the plain comparative form. I will endeavour to render it in this form, as correctly as may be....Oh! while your name flies abroad along the course of time, and gathers all its fame, like a ship going down the stream, and, with

expanded sails, gathering, as it goes, the wind; say! shall I attend, like a little bark, pursue the triumph, and share in your fame, as the little bark partakes the gale, which swells the canvass of the larger vessel? You will not, I trust, require any further comment to ascertain the respective merits attached to these different forms of composition.

Mr. Gray, it will be seen, has still further improved upon the Roman bard, by the addition of those verdant vales, and golden fields of corn, through which, in the first division of his subject, he conducts the peaceful stream:

Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign.

In the second division he simply describes it, now swollen into an overflowing river, rolling impetuously down the steep descent; which Horace emphatically expresses from Homer, by the effects.

You, who are wont to view all works of taste with so correct and critical an eye, cannot fail to observe, and at the same time to admire, the masterly skill of these great artists in the execution of their separate designs.

In Mr. Gray's Ode, the varying movements of music, or poetry, are very happily illustrated by the inconstant current of a river; assuming in different places, a different character; presenting you by turns, either with rich and beautiful prospects, in soothing composure; or rousing the mind into emotions of wonder and astonishment, by scenes of a bolder feature; rolling, with the roar of thunder, down broken rocks and precipices.

The imagery of Horace is equally well chosen, and suited to his purpose. His object was the course of events, which alternately take place in a popular government, at one time peaceful and orderly, dispensing ease, security, and happiness to all around; at another, irregular, tumultuous, and turbulent,

marking its progress with terror and destruction; like the changeful course of a river, the Tiber for instance, which was daily in his view, flowing at one time quietly and equably within its accustomed banks, at another,

"Cum fera diluvies quietos
"Irritat amnes;"

raising its swollen waves above all bounds, breaking with irresistible fury through all obstacles, and, with wide-spreading desolation, bearing down every thing in its way:

... "lapides adescos,
"Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos."

It is the more remarkable that Dr. Johnson should have overlooked this apparent imitation, when he has chosen, with Algarotti, he says, to consider the Bard as an imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus. This is more than Algarotti anywhere affirms. In his letter to Mr. How, he says that the Bard is very far superior to the Prophecy of Nereus.

"Che quel vaticinio mi sembra di gran lunga superiore al vaticinio di Nereo sopra lo eccidio di Troia."

In which opinion Dr. Johnson does not seem equally disposed to concur with the learned Italian.

This is a question which does not admit of argument. If there be a man who can bear the sudden breaking forth of those terrific sounds in the exordium, at which *stout Gloucester stood aghast*, and *Mortimer cried to arms*, and not thrill with horror: if there be a man, who can behold the awful figure of the bard, in his *suole vestments*, with his *haggard eyes*, his *loose beard*, and *uncary hair*, which

"Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air;"

and hear him

"Strike the deep sorrows of his lyre,"

without emotion : this man, if such a man there be, has no feelings, to which a critic on the works of a great poet can apply. It were as vain and useless to converse with a man of this description on such subjects, as to commune with a deaf man on the enchantments of music, or with one blind on the charms of beauty.

HISTORY OF

• PHILIP DELLWYN,
(Continued from page 152.)

"What had I,....the outcast of society....the poor, rightless dependant on the caprice of others.... what had I to do with high feeling, conscious worth, the sense of exalted generosity, or the haughty indignation of innocence against oppression....Ah, dear and amiable Miss Goldney, when I shed those bitter tears over your untimely grave, when I refused comfort, when I shunned society, and abandoned myself to a despair that was imputed to me as a crime, I doubtless foresaw that I was to hear no more the soothing tones of kindness.... that I was no more to experience the blessing of a friend !

"How can I bear to dwell on the melancholy scene of her illness ; and yet, in my hours of misery, I love to recal her patient and dignified suffering....the resignation with which she awaited the stroke which was to release her from a painful disease, and a world, in which for my sake alone, she wished to continue.

"Philip," said she to me one day, while I sat beside her, "I look forward with anxiety to your fate. Your ardent, impetuous temper, when I am no longer at hand to restrain it...your gloomy firmness, when the voice of kindness shall no longer attempt to soften it, will expose you to serious calamity ! Philip Dellwyn, when injustice

rouses you, when caprice despises you, when meanness injures, or when tyranny oppresses you, think of me :....Oh then be gentle, be patient !....Your situation, my dear boy, will not admit of those high-spirited virtues, which yet, I trust, will, one day or other, when all your difficulties shall be surmounted, render you respectable and happy, the exalted, the dignified being I wish to see you ;....but remember, Dellwyn, through patient suffering lies the road to peace."

"Her words were surely prophetic....I promised to remember her ; alas ! could I ever forget the sweet mistress of my early days, whose smile had cheered me, and whose approbation had exalted me ?

"I besought her to tell me who I was. She refused ; but was it in Miss Goldney's power to preserve a silence which she felt it was injurious to keep ? I entreated, I reasoned :....her steadiness tottered, the secret trembled on her lips, and a few minutes would have put me in possession of a truth, which she would have softened to me, when Mr. Goldney entered. She was worse in the night, and the next day.....

"Mr. Goldney now kept no terms with me ; he ridiculed my sorrow, and scoffed at my feelings : my answers he treated as the wild effusions of enthusiasm, almost to madness ; but the cautions of my lost friend kept down the irritation of my temper. Mine was, however, naturally combustible : I was no longer a child. The knowledge Mr. Goldney had communicated, had enlarged my understanding ;....his mind was not to be enlarged, even by learning : learning burdened his head and memory with much cumbrous pomp, but his heart could not open to wisdom. He continued to treat me with the same intolerable sarcasm ; it seemed as if he strove to provoke the consequences. Long did I bear, without explosion, the irritating taunts of malice, the biting irony of spleen, the mean

affusions to a secret he refused to disclose, the threats of low-minded oppression, and the stings of unjust opprobrium. At length I could bear these no longer; my spirit revolted against such palliating conduct as mean and servile....I retorted when next Goldney taunted me, and retorted with such keenness, that I shook his very soul. We knew no limits; I reproached him with his conduct in terms which took from him all self-command: I acted on principle, and therefore possessed mine. I had argued with myself, that, with a body strong, healthy, and active, with a mind well cultivated, and no rebellious will, I could not fail to support myself. I cared little, therefore, what consequences I provoked, and I forbore no reproach, no expression, that could set before him, in its true light, the abominableness of his conduct. At length he ordered me to quit his house, and to see it no more....“This conduct, young man,” said he, “absolves me from all further care of you, and exonerates me and all concerned from any engagements. Had you deserved it, the munificence of your father would have given you, at twenty-one, one thousand pounds; now go forth, a high-souled, pennyless bastard!”

“I refused to go, till I knew the name of this munificent parent: but Goldney, well aware that his silence on this head would be a far greater punishment than the poverty he had denounced against me, resolutely maintained it, nor could all my exertions obtain the least information.

“Irritated and dejected, I went to weep over the grave of Miss Goldney. I recalled her mild and complacent manners, her conciliatory advice, her patient spirit; yet I reproached not myself. For her sake, I had borne for months, treatment the most injurious; to have submitted longer, had been to deserve it...had been to shew a spirit rather servile than resigned, a spirit even my patient mistress

could never have approved:....but on her grave I wept so long that night found me still there. I had taken with me a small packet of linen, a book, the valued present of Miss Goldney, and two guineas....all in the world I could call my own; for it appeared to have been Goldney's policy or orders to keep me wholly without property! I was, however, rich enough to pay for a supper and a lodging, and walked away to a village a few miles distant.

“The night brought no sleep to my eyes; the world was now before me. “The moment,” said I to myself, “must have arrived, when I must have made choice of some mode of obtaining subsistence; it has advanced rather more rapidly, that is all.”

“At eighteen, with health, strength, and talents, one does not readily despair. “London,” thought I, “is the great mart for talent:”.... and to London I determined to go. The pen offered itself as the readiest means of gaining bread, and I resolved to write. Already had I laid the plan of my future labours, already had I turned some very eloquent periods, when I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by the morning sun. As I prepared for my journey, I felt the spirit of independence rise within me: I took a hasty breakfast, and set forward on foot for London, exulting in the thought of the shame with which I should so soon overwhelm Goldney. I felt invigorated with hope, and enlivened with the thought of depending only on myself. Full of delightful reveries, I forgot that I was a hundred and fifty miles from London, that I was unused to long journies, and unacquainted with the world:....alas! at eighteen, all difficulties fade before the consciousness of health, talents, and liberty.”

(To be continued.)

HATFIELD.

THIS man, who became the victim of an ungovernable propen-

sity to deception, was, when a youth, employed in the capacity of a rider to a linen draper in the north of England. In the course of this service he became acquainted with a young woman, who was nursed and resided at a farmer's house in the neighbourhood of his employer. She had been, in her earlier life, taught to consider the people with whom she lived, as her parents. Remote from the gaieties and follies of what is so idly denominated polished life, she was unacquainted with the allurements of fashion, and considered her domestic duties as the only object of her consideration. When this deserving girl had arrived at a certain age, the honest farmer explained to her the secret of her birth; he told her, that notwithstanding she had always considered him as her parent, he was in fact only her poor guardian, and that she was the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners, who intended to give her one thousand pounds, provided she married with his approbation.

This discovery soon reached the ears of Hatfield: he immediately paid his respects at the farmer's, and, having represented himself as a young man of considerable expectations in the wholesale linen business, his visits were not discontinued. The farmer, however, thought it incumbent to acquaint his lordship with a proposal made to him by Hatfield; that he would marry the young woman if her relations were satisfied with their union, but on no other terms. This had so much the appearance of an honourable and prudent intention, that his Lordship, on being acquainted with the circumstances, desired to see the lover. He accordingly paid his respects to the noble and unsuspecting parent, who, conceiving the young man to be what he represented himself, gave his consent at the first interview, and, the day after the marriage took place, presented the bridegroom with a draft on his banker for 1500l.

This transaction took place about 32 or 33 years ago.

Shortly after the receipt of his Lordship's bounty, Hatfield set off for London, and was perpetually at the coffee-houses in Covent Garden; describing himself to whatever company he chanced to meet, as a near relation of the Rutland family; would frequently purchase a haunch of venison; invite his coffee-house acquaintance to dine with him, and entertain them with a flowing description of his park in Yorkshire, and the flavour of the venison it produced, a specimen of which he passed current for a few weeks; when some of his new acquaintances began to find him out, and frequently jeer him on his being an adept in what they styled "poetical prose, or the beauties of imagination." Hatfield, however, was insensible to all these rebukes, and continued to retail his preposterous fabrication with such an air of confidence, that he became generally known throughout Covent Garden by the name of *Lying Hatfield*.

The marriage portion being nearly exhausted, he retreated from London, and was scarcely heard of until about the year 1782, when he again visited the metropolis, and was shortly afterwards arrested, and committed to the King's Bench prison for a debt, amounting to the sum of 160l. Several unfortunate gentlemen then confined in the same place, had been of his parties when he flourished in Covent Garden, and perceiving him in extreme poverty, frequently invited him to dinner; yet, such was the unaccountable disposition of this man, that, notwithstanding he knew there were people present who were thoroughly acquainted with his character, still he would continue to describe his Yorkshire park, his estate in Rutlandshire, settled upon his wife, and generally wind up the whole with observing how vexatious it was to be confined at the suit of a paltry tradesman for 160

insignificant a sum, at the very moment when he had thirty men employed in cutting a piece of water near the family mansion in Yorkshire.

At the time Hatfield became a prisoner in the King's Bench, the late unfortunate Valentine Morris, formerly Governor of the island of St. Vincent, was confined in the same place. This gentleman was frequently visited by a clergyman of the most benevolent and humane disposition. Hatfield soon directed his attention to this good man, and one day earnestly invited him to his chamber. After some preliminary apologies, he implored the worthy pastor never to disclose what he was going to communicate. The divine assured him the whole should remain in his bosom. "Then," said Hatfield, "you see before you a man nearly allied to the house of Rutland, and possessed of estates: (here followed the old story of the Yorkshire park, the Rutlandshire property, &c. &c.) yet, notwithstanding all this wealth, continued he, I am detained in this wretched place for the insignificant sum of 160l. But the truth is, Sir, I would not have my situation known to any man in the world but my worthy relative his Grace of Rutland (the father of the present Duke was then living)...indeed I would rather remain a captive forever. But, Sir, if you would have the goodness to pay your respects to this worthy nobleman, and frankly describe how matters are, he will at once send me the money by you, and this mighty business will not only be instantly settled, but I shall have the satisfaction of introducing you to a connexion which may be attended with happy consequences."

The honest clergyman readily undertook the commission; paid his respects to the Duke, and pathetically described the unfortunate situation of his amiable relative. His Grace of Rutland, not recollecting at the moment such a name as Hatfield, expressed his astonishment at the application. This re-

duced the worthy divine to an awkward situation, and he faulted in his speech, when he began making an apology, which the Duke perceiving, he very kindly observed, that he believed the whole was some idle tale of an impostor, for that he never knew any person of the name mentioned, although he had some faint recollection of hearing Lord Robert, his relation, say that he had married a natural daughter of his to a tradesman in the north of England, and whose name he believed was Hatfield.

The reverend missionary was so confounded, that he immediately retired and proceeded to the prison, where he gave the unhappy gentleman, in the presence of Mr. Morris, a most severe lecture. But the appearance of this venerable man as his friend, had the effect which Hatfield expected; for the Duke sent to inquire if he were the man that married the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners; and being satisfied as to the fact, dispatched a messenger with 200l. and had him released.

In the year 1784 or 1785, his Grace of Rutland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and, shortly after his arrival in Dublin, Hatfield made his appearance in that city. He immediately on his landing, engaged a suit of apartments at a hotel in College-green, and represented himself as nearly allied to the viceroy, but that he could not appear at the castle until his horses, servants, and carriages were arrived, which he ordered, before his leaving England, to be shipped at Liverpool. The easy and familiar manner in which he addressed the master of the hotel, perfectly satisfied him that he had a man of consequence in his house, and matters were arranged accordingly. This being adjusted, Hatfield soon found his way to Lucas's coffee-house, a place where people of a certain rank generally frequent, and, it being a new scene, the Yorkshire park, the Rutlandshire estate, and the connexion with the

Ratland family, stood their ground very well for about a month.

At the expiration of this time, the bill at the hotel amounted to 60l. and upwards. The landlord became importunate, and, after expressing his astonishment at the non-arrival of Mr. Hatfield's domestics, &c. requested he might be permitted to send his bill. This did not in the least confuse Hatfield; he immediately told the master of the hotel, that very fortunately his agent, who received the rents of his estates in the north of England, was then in Ireland, and held a public employment; he lamented that his agent was not then in Dublin, but he had the pleasure to know his stay in the country would not exceed three days. This satisfied the landlord, and at the expiration of three days he called upon the gentleman whose name Hatfield had given him, and presented the account. Here followed another scene of confusion and surprize. The supposed agent of the Yorkshire estate very frankly told the man who delivered the bill, that he had no other knowledge of the person who sent him, than what common report furnished him with, and that his general character in London was that of a romantic simpleton, whose plausibilities had imposed on several people, and plunged himself into repeated difficulties.

The landlord returned highly thankful for the information, and immediately arrested his guest, who was lodged in the prison of the Marshalsea. Hatfield had scarcely seated himself in his new lodgings, when he visited the jailer's wife in her apartment, and, in a whisper, requested her not to tell any person, that she had in custody a near relation of the then viceroy. The woman, astonished at the discovery, immediately shewed him into the best apartment in the prison, had a table provided, and she, her husband, and Hatfield, constantly dined together for nearly three weeks, in the utmost harmony and good humour.

During this time he had petitioned the Duke for another supply, who, apprehensive that the fellow might continue his impositions in Dublin, released him, on condition of his immediately quitting Ireland; and his Grace sent a servant, who conducted him on board the packet that sailed the next tide for Hollyhead.

A few years after his arrival on the other side of the water, we understand he was arrested for a debt contracted in the north of England, and that he remained in prison for seven years.

Sometime after he was liberated, he had the good fortune to connect himself with some respectable tradesmen in Devonshire, where he might have lived happily, secluded from those who formerly knew him, and acquired an honest independency; but deception was so rooted in his nature, that he could never shake it off. He was soon detected in fraudulent practices, and, as we have heard, declared a bankrupt. His flight succeeded, and unfortunately some evil genius directed his steps to the once happy cottage of poor *Mary of Buttermere*. Her story is well known, and generally lamented; but let us in charity hope that this wretch's crimes will be forgiven "in another and better world,"....and that his punishment in this, will answer the salutary purposes of example!

A THEATRICAL CAMPAIGN.

[The following is so agreeable a specimen of wit, that though it has already appeared in a daily paper, we cannot resist the inclination to insert it in this collection.]

TO MR. ANDREW QUOZ.

Dear Sir,

I concluded my former letter, with an account of our melancholy lack of auditors, on our first evening of performance, in consequence of a miraculous draught of Sturgeon.

Fully convinced, however, that it was not through want of *taste* that the Albanians did not attend, we immediately went to work with renewed spirit, and determined to melt them with tragedy on the next exhibition.

An army was equipped, equal in number and splendor to those who generally tag at the heels of our theatric warriors in New York; our military music consisted of a drum, fife, and two pot lids, by way of cymbals, and for want of a trumpeter, the *entree* of our heroes was announced by a ferryman, with his conk-shell. Our orchestra was in a style equally superb, and consisted of three most inveterate fiddlers. Their music was much admired, being a selection of *veteran symphonies*, from the ancient stock of the New York leader, that had *grown grey* in the service.

For a few evenings we succeeded happily. The novelty of a theatre was attractive; our sceneries were admired; the citizens were pleased to express their approbation of our operas, because "we sung *without warbling*, that defect so common to modern singers!" and as to our *dunder and blixum*, it gave universal satisfaction. Indeed, we found our thunder of most material service, for whenever any of us were out in our parts, or an actor was tardy in making his appearance, we had but to wink to the prompter, and a peal of thunder came happily to our assistance; the audience clapped their hands, encored, and pronounced the gentleman who roiled the thunder ball, a most promising performer.

Ah happy days! Ah prosperous times of hearty dinners and hot suppers, why was your date so short! why were your enjoyments so transient! Poor dogs that we were, no sooner had we begun to get familiar with our new patrons, and to display our talents with confidence, but we had the misfortune to experience a general desertion.

Far be it from me, Mr. Quoz, to question the taste of the good

people of Albany; their love of Sturgeon, and hatred of warbling, place that far beyond the reach of dispute. Unfortunately, however, they were too much engaged in more *solid* and *profitable* pursuits to pay us that attention they doubtless would otherwise have shewn. Of course, the number of citizens who attended our exhibitions, was rather circumscribed, and their curiosity was unluckily diverted into another channel.

An *eminent artist*, arrived from New York, loaded to the muzzle with fire-works; his bills blazed conspicuously at every corner; his rockets soared over the city, and dazzled every eye. The honest folks gaped at them with astonishment, "they swore in faith, 'twas strange! 'twas passing strange!" and then, so cheap...wondrous cheap; at our place they had to pay a dollar admittance, while here, it was but climbing on a fence, and they might see the whole "*free gratis*" for nothing at all!! In vain we essayed every art to draw them back; in vain we reinforced our orchestra with a music-grinder, and advertised an extra storm of *dunder and blixum*.... all would not do....the artist still kept his ground. To be sure, he sometimes got out of gun-powder, but then he always gave them *plenty of brimstone*.

How long fire-works would have been the rage, I cannot say, had not brimstone disagreed as much with their nerves, as it did with those of the honest citizens of New York, on a certain fourth of July exhibition; we should therefore, most probably have experienced a return of their patronage, had not, as ill luck would have it, a company of wooden puppets arrested their attention. To see a number of persons act a play, even though they did it tolerably well, was nothing remarkable; for what could be more natural or easy, than for a man to walk and talk in his own manner and language; but to see several little sticks of wood, strat-

ting about, squeaking through the nose, and hopping a hornpipe like men and women...Lord, it was so strange, so queer, so out of the way, every lady was in raptures.

In a short time, however, their surprise wore off, and they began to look upon us with returning complacency, when who should arrive in town, but another formidable enemy...the *learned Pig!* There was new matter for astonishment and admiration! A pig that understood, one and one made two, and could cast up a sum according to Cocker or Dilworth, was not to be passed over with neglect, by a mercantile people. Every one was for seeing the remarkable animal.... every one was for having some of the breed to stock their counting rooms. For some time we kept the field against the pig, with unequal success, when, fortunately we advertised a play for the benefit of Mr. Hogg. Here then, the match stood, Hogg against Pig, the bets ran high in favour of Pig, when as a desperate resource, we promised in the bills a dissertation between the play and the farce, on the art to grow rich, to be spoken in the character of *Major Surgeon*. The plan succeeded, Hogg beat the Pig all hollow, and the knowing ones were finely taken in.

Thus, Mr. Quoz, were the honest people of the metropolis, distracted with a variety of amusements, and their judgments continually undetermined, on which they should bestow their patronage....good souls! how do I wonder, that possessed of such a flow of spirits, such volatile imaginations, you managed to keep your senses in such a confused medley of plays, puppets, pigs and brimstone!

Satisfied with the meagre success of our expedition, we determined to return once more to our old situation in New York, and henceforth be content with the humble honours of a provincial theatre. We accordingly took our leave of Albany, *sans drum, sans trumpet, a la mode Francaise*, and arrived safely in

this city, where we have always found the inhabitants not too refined to relish our performances, but indulgent in our faults, and sensible of our merits. Happy were we, to meet once more our fellow performers who had not accompanied us in our unfortunate excursion, and infinitely more so were we on our first evening's exhibition, to behold once more the smiling faces of our patrons, and receive their kind and friendly salutations.

We found the theatre in some little derangement on our return, having been converted during the sickly season, into a printing-office..... This change, however, was material in its nature, as the place had still been devoted to the instruction and amusement of the public; things were much in the state we left them, except the robes of Dr. Last, which were considerably worn by the Editor, during his medical lucubrations.

This reminds me of an observation I have somewhere seen, "*sic tempora mutantur et trumpery mutantur etiam.*"

Your humble servant,
DICK BUCKRAM.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

JAMES BOSWELL was born about the year 1740. He was the eldest son of Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, the representative of a very ancient and respectable family, and one of the senators of the College of Justice, the supreme civil court in Scotland.

He received his early education at the schools and in the university of Edinburgh, where his father's professional pursuits necessarily fixed his residence. In his very boyish years, he was distinguished among his young companions for a quickness and precocity of parts, and for a playful vivacity of humour. During his attendance at the university, the powers which he dis-

played in his exercises, and in the societies of his fellow-students, excited an applause which warmed his opening mind with hopes of future literary greatness.

Some eminent Scotsmen, such as Hume, Kaimes, and Robertson, had about this time, distinguished themselves in literature. Those ancient prejudices had been gradually effaced, by which the Scots were too long withheld from the liberal cultivation of every English art. A theatre for the exhibition of the works of the English drama had, in spite of presbyterian prejudices, at length, begun to attract, at Edinburgh, the resort of the leaders in the sphere of fashion. Even the pleaders at the Scottish bar began to become ambitious of discarding from their speech the broad gabble of their native dialect, and anxiously asked the players to tutor them to prattle English. The voice of fashion, loudly echoing the softer suggestions of academical erudition and taste, called all the gay and the young to cultivate and to prize elegant letters.

Passionately desirous to flutter and to shine among the young and fashionable, as well as ambitious to merit the esteem of the learned, Boswell, the farther he entered upon the scenes of life, became still more ardently the votary of wit and of the literary arts. The greater number of the young men of fortune, in many countries, are commonly so idle, and of course so silly, in the first years of opening manhood, that a very small portion of wit and common sense must be easily sufficient to constitute a prodigy of parts among them. Boswell, accordingly, found no difficulty in making himself the dictator of a little circle. He was taught to believe himself a native genius, destined to attain to all that was great in elegant literature, almost without the aid of study. His society was eagerly courted; his sayings were repeated; his little compositions, however light and frivolous, were praised, as flowing from an

unrivalled felicity of humour, wit, and fancy. So much hasty applause would have been enough to spoil any young man. Not pride, but the vanity of literary and colloquial eminence, was thus early rooted in Boswell's bosom, and became his ruling passion. He learned to account it the supreme felicity of life, to sparkle in gay convivial converse over wine, and to mingle with passionate delight in the society of professed wits. He was encouraged to try his fortune, far too rashly, as a youthful author; and to send to the press various levities in poetry and prose, which had been much more wisely condemned to the fire. Of these, several appeared in a small Collection of Poems, by Scottish gentlemen, which was, about this time, published at Edinburgh. Boswell's pieces in this Collection possess scarcely any other merit than that of a giddy vivacity. It was fortunately enriched with some more precious materials, the compositions of Dr. Thomas Blacklock, of Gilbert Gordon, Esq. of Halleathas, and of Jerome Stone, rector of the school of Dunkeld. A series of letters between Boswell and his friend, the late Hon. Andrew Erskine, were, with similar imprudence, published about the same time, but certainly not at all to the honour of either of the young gentlemen. So little fitted is often that which has enlivened the gaiety of convivial conversation, or has, in manuscript, been applauded, to meet, from the press, the examination of an unprejudiced jury, before which none but its genuine independent merits can have weight in its favour.

Thus far, young Boswell's life had been gay and flattering: he was now to launch farther out upon the ocean of the world. In the choice of professional destination, he hesitated between a life of literature and business, and one of idleness and fashion. Had it not been for his father's authority, the latter would have gained his preference. But Lord Auchinleck, believing

that the lively talents of his son could not fail of success at the bar, urged him to become a lawyer, with flatteries, promises, and some threats, which at last subdued James's passion for a red coat, a cockade and a commission in the Guards. A sort of compromise took place between the father and the son; in consequence of which, the latter obtained permission, with a suitable pecuniary allowance, to visit London, to study the civil law at Utrecht, and to make the tour of Europe, before he should, finally, fix himself at home as a practising advocate.

With a breast agitated by a tumult of hopes, wishes, and uncertain fancies, young Boswell repaired to that great mart of business, knowledge, and pleasure, London. He was impatient to mingle in its scenes of amusement, to drink of all that was elegant in its letters and its arts at the very fountain-head, to gratify an ingenuous curiosity, which he long continued to feel, of approaching the presence, and obtaining the personal acquaintance, of all those who were, on any account, the most illustrious among his contemporaries. A young man of manners so lively and agreeable, talents so promising, and a family and fortune so respectable, could not but meet with an easy introduction, by means of his father's friends and his own, into the highest and the most fashionable circles of polite company which the metropolis afforded. The charm of his sprightly conversation and good natured manners was universally felt. He became a general favourite; and quickly led to diffuse himself, if we may so speak, very widely in the society of London. He plunged eagerly into the stream of convivial festivity and of gay amusement. No young man ever enjoyed, with a keener and more exquisite gust, the flatteries of partial friends, the success of a brilliant repartee, the attentions of that fascinating politeness which aims to win your heart by making you in love with yourself, or that happy

play of convivial conversation for which wisdom, wit, elegance, and good breeding, temper sensual and social enjoyment with the generous flow of liberal intelligence. For the sake of knowledge, of social converse, of commendation, of celebrity, he was still ready to forsake his study to mingle with company; and he might perhaps gain in the one way more than he lost in the other. But, in the meantime, the dissipation of perpetual company-keeping, and the use of the sensualities with which it was accompanied, made themselves still more and more necessary to the young man, who thought only of enjoying them without making himself their slave.

His passion for the acquaintance of men of great intellectual eminence had, however, in the first instance, the merit of saving him from the emptiness of mere foppery, as from brutal and profligate debauchery. Even in the society of a Wilkes and a Foote, in their loosest and most convivial hours, it was not possible, that there should not be more of the feast of reason, and the flow of soul, than of sensual grossness. Men of well-earned celebrity for any sort of intellectual excellence, although they may have their hours of relaxation, can never be acceptable associates to the sottish debauchee. He who loves to converse with them, even in these hours, must possess a mind somewhat congenial with theirs: nor will he long seek their company with fondness, unless his heart and understanding become impregnated with their sentiments. Attaching himself to Dr. Samuel Johnson, Boswell thus acquired a protection from frivolity and vice, and the advantage of the lessons of an instructor in wisdom, scarcely less beneficial than when the Athenian youth, with sudden emotion, dashed his crown of roses on the ground, and, abjuring the false joys of love and wine, devoted all his future life to the study of philosophy, and the practice of austere virtue.

The eloquence of the *Ramblers*, being of that gorgeous and strongly discriminated character which the most easily engages the attention of youth, had powerfully impressed the imagination of Boswell during his studies at Edinburgh. Johnson's *Dictionary*, presenting its author in the character of the great censor and dictator of the English language, aided and confirmed the impression. When, in addition to this, he learned, that Johnson's conversation was not less rich and original than his books, there needed nothing more to make him earnestly ambitious of the great lexicographer's acquaintance. He found in Johnson, when the desired introduction was at last obtained, not precisely what he had imagined, but of a different sort even more than his hopes and wishes had taught him to expect. He courted with every winning assiduity a man of whom he was proud to profess himself the follower. Almost from the very first days of their acquaintance, he gladly haunted the presence of the illustrious moralist, and watched and preserved the treasures which fell from his lips, as if he had already determined to become his biographer. Attentions so respectfully flattering are not easily resisted by either philosophers or heroes; Johnson could not but become partial to an admirer who professed to court his company almost with the humble devotion of a mortal attending the footsteps of a divinity; who was himself a youth of genius, fortune and fashion; and who ardently professed to be ambitious of nothing so much as of making eminent improvement in piety, virtue, and liberal intelligence.

Satiated, at length, with the enjoyments of London, Boswell departed, with a new flutter of hopes and wishes, to pursue knowledge and pleasure in those new varieties of form, in which they might present themselves on the continent. At Utrecht he studied law for some time, under an eminent civilian; but, as I should suspect, without

such enlarged and successful apprehension of the noble collection of *Tribonian*, as might have enabled him to see in it a wonderfully perfect system of moral wisdom, applied, upon the principles of right and expediency, to a very extensive variety of cases in the practice of social and political life; or to trace it, with a curious and philosophical eye, as one of the most faithful, minute, and interesting, of all records of the detail of manners. He failed not, however, to make a few slight inquiries into the laws and the language of the country, which served to fill with erudition his letters to Johnson, and, it may be, also, to his Scottish friends, Lord Kaimes and Lord Hailes. From Utrecht, he, after a while, continued his travels through Germany into Switzerland. The ambition of becoming known to eminent men, was still one of his predominant foibles; and, to the unspeakable gratification of that passion of his, he had the felicity of being, in his tour through Germany, the travelling companion of the Right Honourable George Keith, the last Earl Marischal of Scotland. In Switzerland, Lord Marischal introduced his young countryman to Rousseau; who then, an exile from France and from Geneva, resided at Motiers, in the principality of Neuchâtel, under the protection of the great King of Prussia. Boswell in due time, found occasion to tell the world how fondly he had visited Jean-Jaques Rousseau; how kindly he had been received by the solitary philosopher; with what flattering and confidential commendations a man so discerning and so suspicious had deigned to honour his merits! But, when Rousseau's Confessions were, long after, published, it did not appear from them, that he preserved the recollection of having ever seen such a man as James Boswell. To have seen only Citizen Rousseau, would have been little. Boswell had the pleasure of visiting also the patriarch of Ferney, and the delight of hearing

Voltaire deal out sarcasms and malicious fictions, the inspirations of fear and envy, against a rival wit and philosopher, who was as vain and as famous as himself.

From Rousseau, Boswell obtained an indirect recommendation, which procured him one of the most splendid and lasting friendships of his subsequent life. But it is probable that he was more charmed with the conversation and manners of Voltaire, than with those of the ex-citizen of Geneva.

Having thus seen the *lions* in Germany and Switzerland, Boswell hastened away over the Alps to Italy. It was not enough for this youth's ambition, to make nothing more than the common tour which was ordinarily made by every one else. Addison had pervaded and celebrated the republic of San Marino; Boswell resolved to visit that of Corsica. The Corsicans, after struggling with various success, for a long course of years, to throw off the yoke of the Genoese, were at last about to be transferred to masters against whose power their efforts would be vain. At this moment they enjoyed, in the interior parts of the isle, a miserable independence, purchased at the expense of almost all besides that was precious in life. Their last generous exertions to secure the prize of liberty had, more than all the former, drawn upon them the admiration and the eager sympathy of Europe. Courts and cabinets might see their fortunes with indifference, or might even cabal against them; but the people, true philosophers, the benevolent and humane in every condition, and particularly all the enthusiastic admirers of manly fortitude and gallant enterprise, were ardent in their wishes for the final success of the Corsicans. Paoli, their leader, was celebrated as a hero and a lawgiver, worthy of the most illustrious times of Grecian or of Roman liberty. Rousseau, the warm friend of Corsican freedom, had received Paoli's invitation to become the historian and the assist-

ant-legislator of the rising republic. The fame of Paoli and the Corsicans had greatly interested the curiosity of Boswell, as a young Scottish Whig, even before he saw Rousseau. Rousseau's conversation completed the charm. The Geneva philosopher was too cautious, however, to give Boswell more than an indirect letter of introduction to the Corsican general. With this, and such other recommendations as he could procure, our traveller made his way to Paoli's head-quarters. Pleased with the visit of an admirer who was a man of fashion, a Briton, a young enthusiast for liberty, the Corsicans received Boswell with kindness and respect, and entertained him with liberal hospitality. He was too polite and good-natured, too much an enthusiast for freedom, not to express himself to be more than pleased with all that he experienced and all he saw. General Paoli, who was truly a man of keen and comprehensive understanding, with a heart pregnant with heroic and patriotic sentiments, seems to have been not less sensible to admiration and praise, than almost all other great men whose hearts have been frankly unfolded to the world, are known to have commonly been. Boswell flattered the General, and the General flattered him in return. The legislature, the administration of justice, the arms, the vigilance for defence, the modes of industry, the familiar manners of the Corsicans, every thing in truth that could be perceived by a few lively superficial glances; but, above all, the conversation, the figure, the looks, the gestures of Paoli, were observed by the young Scotsman with the enthusiasm of an admirer, and with the care of one that meant to treasure up his present observations for future use. Paoli, and his Corsicans, could not help expressing, in Boswell's hearing, their wishes, that they might obtain the protection and aid of Britain: and Boswell, in the Don Quixote-like fervour of his imagination, was al-

most moved, when these wishes met his ear, and when he saw himself lodged, feasted, and attended in ceremonious state, to believe himself a British ambassador, deputed to declare Britain the tutelary divinity of Corsican freedom. To flatter him in a manner the most intoxicating, it was supposed by some wise headed politicians on the Continent, that it was not for nothing such a man as Boswell could have gone among the Corsican savages; and all the newspapers of Europe soon told, that he had adventured thither as the secret agent of the British court. After he retired from the court of Paoli, he was politely received, and entertained with courteous hospitality, by the French officers on the isle: he returned at last to the Italian continent, vain of his expedition, and gratefully boasting of all the favours and honours which it had procured him.

He did not now prolong the time of his absence from his native country. Taking his way through France, he had soon the pleasure of presenting himself to his old friends in London. His temper and manners were still as conciliating as formerly; his briskness of talk was now somewhat softened; his politeness was improved by a graceful polish, which the converse of elegant strangers had naturally communicated: and, as it is not so much from study as from the observation of nature, and from mingling in society, that the traveller's proper improvements are to be obtained; Boswell had profited in the acquisition of knowledge, much more than nine-tenths of the young men of fortune from Britain are commonly wont to profit in the same course of fashionable travel; he could boast, too, of having kept, in his absence, some of the best company in Europe; and, whenever any of the wits or the heroes of the Continent were mentioned, might speak of them almost as familiar acquaintance. None of all his friends in London welcomed his return with more cordial kindness

than Johnson. From the Continent he had held an epistolary correspondence with this Coryphæus of English philology; and from Johnson had received several letters filled with such benignity and wisdom, as but few of the wits or philosophers of the Continent had hearts and understandings to supply.

He soon hastened down to Scotland. His father and his Scottish friends were sufficiently charmed with his new acquirements, and still partial to his genius and merits. A while he was busied in paying his compliments, in displaying his improvements, and in receiving flatteries and congratulations. In compliance with the wishes of his literary friends, he then prepared to give to the public, through the press, those observations which he had made in the Corsican part of his travels. From his books, and from the information of his learned friends, he sought a knowledge of all those facts concerning the ancient and modern state of that isle, with which his personal observation and inquiries in the isle had not already furnished him. His book at length appeared: and as Corsica was, just at that time, a very popular subject of conversation and inquiry; a work upon it, from a young man of whom the fashionable dictators in literature were inclined to speak favourably, could not be otherwise than well received. Its genuine merits deserved no less. It is written in a pure, lively, correct, and easy style and flow of composition. With the anecdotal sprightliness of Boswell himself, it mingles in no sparing proportion a seasoning of the erudition of his friend Lord Hailes, and of the light philosophical speculation of Lord Kaimes. The history, natural, civil, and military, which it exhibits, of the isle of Corsica, is, as propriety required, on a small scale, but in all its parts wonderfully complete. It marks the character of the Corsican people with a picturesque felicity which few historians have excelled. Above all, he paints the

character of Paoli, it may be, with a very flattering pencil, but certainly with exquisite skill and effect, and with many nice and delicate touches which bespeak the hand of the artist of genius; but, after all, this book is not the work of a powerful mind. It displays neither piercing discernment, nor any extraordinary vigour of imagination. It is, plainly, the composition of a man who possessed no rich stores of learning, so familiar to his mind as to intermingle itself imperceptibly with the ordinary current of his thoughts. Even the learning which it shews, comes in such a shape, as to evince the author to have possessed very little erudition at all, save what he sought from books or friends for this express occasion. An ill-natured critic might say, that the PAOLIANA which fill a part of this volume, are at least not superior to the jests of Joe Miller, or Swift's well known Critical Essay. But the author's friends praised the book; the world, in general, were amused with it; and Boswell was made superlatively happy. Compared with his more juvenile performances, his account of Corsica undeniably proves his mind to have made very great advances in knowledge and good sense, in the time which intervened between the publication of the former works and that of the latter.

About the same period, he submitted to the usual course of trials which the candidates for admission into the Scottish faculty of advocates are, by the regulations of this incorporated body, required to undergo, before they can be received in to it as members. He passed through these trials with honour. Called to the bar he distinguished himself in his first appearances by an ingenious invention of arguments, a brilliancy of eloquence, and a quickness of wit, such as sufficiently confirmed that favourable opinion of his talents, which his friends had long entertained. The famous legal contest for the succes-

sion to the estates of the House of Douglas, being, about this time, in its progress, engaged the attention, and divided the wishes, of the Scottish public, almost as if it had been a matter of great national concern. Young Boswell's passions were for a time, interested to a pitch of extraordinary enthusiasm in favour of the heir, whom it was attempted to exclude from his inheritance upon the pretence that he was *supposititious*. Lady Margaret Macdonald gave a masquerade, a species of amusement very unusual at Edinburgh; and James Boswell, almost alone of all the masqued characters, was admired as having acted the part he had assumed with charming felicity. To fix his son the more effectually to a sober, habitual application to business, it was the earnest desire of Lord Auchinleck to see him settled in marriage with some amiable and deserving woman. James obeyed, and gave his hand to his cousin Miss Montgomery. He was extensively acquainted in the country, and was beloved among his acquaintance: he was an ingenious and winning pleader, if not yet a profound lawyer: In the papers, manuscript or printed, which he had occasion to prepare for the information of the Judges in those causes in which he was employed, there appeared commonly a grace, an eloquence, a correctness of composition, which were as little to be expected from most of his brother advocates, as an air of Haydin's from a dying sow. The Court, too, were not disposed to frown on his merits; and the partiality of the Court towards any advocate never fails to recommend him to increasing employment at the bar. All things concurring, therefore, to encourage this young lawyer with the hopes of acquiring, in due time, whatever honours and emoluments his profession had to bestow. In the meanwhile, that he might not be ill at ease in his domestic circumstances, his father was sufficiently liberal.

Alas! poor Boswell's colloquial and convivial talents were too fascinating to permit that he should be left by his companions and admirers, to the sober pursuits of business, or to quiet domestic bias: nor could he himself resist, with effectual steadiness, those allurements which too often called him away to join in elegant and witty conversation, and to enliven social festivity. Even during the terms of the business of the Court of Session, Boswell's afternoons and evenings were so frequently passed in company, that those who could have wished to employ him, durst not always confide in his attention to their affairs. The heir to a considerable estate, and enjoying already an ample allowance from his father, he did not feel the strong necessity of pleading causes that he might live. Hence, content with the praise of colloquial talents and of captivating social qualities, he suffered men of far inferior powers, without other merit save that of plodding assiduity, to outstrip him in his juridical career, and to engross that business at the bar which their clients would much rather have committed to him. Though perhaps never a deeply learned and acutely discriminating counsellor, he might undoubtedly have soon attained, if he himself had so chosen, to almost unrivalled eminence as a pleader. He was a man of the kindest affections towards all his domestic relations; yet, carried away by his irresistible passion for that gay and enlightened society in which he was qualified to shine, he still hastened impatiently away to London, as soon as the vernal or autumnal vacation of the Court of Session commenced, leaving a lovely and excellent wife to languish for his return, consuming in his own personal expense too large a portion out of an income which it had been better to appropriate almost entirely to family uses. His father might from time to time murmur against this plan of life, his wife might with tears see him depart: but the kind-

ness of his nature, the honesty of his heart, the sweet undesigning vivacity and insinuation of his manners, were ever sufficient to conciliate the wonted fondness of both at his return. Another evil than infelicity in domestic connexions arose to make the quiet of his home unpleasant to him: Gay social converse and convivial enjoyment had been so long and so habitually courted by him, that their excitement became at last absolutely necessary to maintain his mind in a tone at all above dejection and melancholy. He had been wont at one time perhaps to affect occasional fits of low spirits, accounting them, I suppose, a proof of high refinement of soul, and of the ebblings and flowings of genius; but such affectations soon ceased to be necessary.

Yet, sure, if foibles like these could be pardoned to any man, Boswell well deserved that he should not be scorned for them. It was ever "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" which he sought in those scenes of conviviality which he delighted to frequent. His friends and companions were all men of the first rank in intellectual powers and social virtues.... Who is there that would not have sacrificed as much as Boswell did for the sake of enjoying the familiar converse of such men as Johnson, Beauclerk, Reynolds, Burke, Fox, Garrick, to whom it was impossible to listen without receiving equal improvement and delight? Who would not have been willing to forego almost every other advantage, in order to merit the praise of having made his presence acceptable to these men in their hours of unrestrained social joy? Not sullen selfish Pride, neither courting a brother's praise, nor greatly concerned for his scorn, but gentle, caressing, entreating Vanity, was the nightmare which still bestrode honest Boswell's fancy. He never assumed such arrogance as to throw off his veneration for talents which he had once accustomed himself to respect. While mingling with

wits, philosophers, and men of fashion, he never suffered his religious belief to be shaken, nor the impressions of piety to be effaced from his mind. Rough manners could not drive him away from the friendship of Johnson, whose wit, ethical sagacity, and stern virtue, he had the discernment to regard with a continually growing esteem. Scarcely any other man in these kingdoms enjoyed a more extensive acquaintance than Boswell had by this time acquired; and there was hardly another man whose presence was so generally agreeable to all who were of his acquaintance.

It was, I think, in the year 1773, that he at last prevailed with Dr. Johnson to accompany him in an autumnal journey through the Highlands and the Western Isles of Scotland. Johnson joined him at Edinburgh, nearly at the commencement of the vacation of the Court of Session for that season. Boswell, with pride, introduced his great literary friend to all the best company in the Scottish metropolis, and carried him to view every object whether of modern elegance or venerable for its antiquity, which he supposed likely to give him clear and not unfavourable notions of the state of the arts, manners, and wealth of Scotland. Leaving Edinburgh, they crossed the frith of Forth, passed through Fife to St. Andrew's, and, after sighing over the ruins of its cathedral and dilapidated colleges, proceeded across the Tay to Aberbrothwick. The ruined priory and conventual church of Arberbrothwick again awakened their solemn indignation and regret. They were made burgesses of Aberdeen; were lulled to sleep in Slains castle by the winds breaking on its battlements and the billows dashing against its base; looked in vain for the *weird-sisters*, on the heath on which Macbeth heard those doubtful prophecies which urged him to his fate; talked of savages and shopkeepers with Lord Monboddo; and, "*per varios casus, per multa discrimina rerum,*"

arrived at length at Inverness. From Inverness they travelled across the isthmus of the Highlands to Glenelg. Ferried over from the Scottish continent to the Isle of Skye, the greatest of the Hebrides, they then wandered about for a while among these isles, charmed with the kind and luxurious hospitality of the insular chieftains, interested by the simplicity and peculiarity of the manners of the Highland rustics; now astonished, now amused, by the wild scenery of sea and land which they beheld around them; having their devotional feelings occasionally elevated to the height of pious rapture, by the contemplation of ruined convents and the recollection of the monks by whom these had once been tenanted; and wondering what all the world was in the meanwhile saying of them and of their adventurous voyages! At last they returned within the bourne of lowland life. Johnson, having talked down the Edinburgh-men, departed for London; and Boswell betook himself for the winter to the ungrateful business of the Scottish bar.

But while the analogy of nature remains the same, it will ever be the final cause of all the actions of a true man of letters to produce a book. The world expected a book or two to be the results of the Hebridean travels of Boswell and Johnson; nor were they disappointed. Within a reasonable length of time after Johnson's return to London, appeared his account of his "Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland." It is perhaps the best work of its author. In it nature is displayed, and life and manners are pictured out with the happiest skill. There are a noble pathos and sublimity in those indignantly plaintive reflections which burst from Johnson's bosom at sight of the august ruins of those sacred edifices which the Scottish Reformation demolished.... That ethical wisdom in which he the most eminently excelled, continually breaks forth amid those observations which are

suggested by the passing series of objects of different characters. In oeconomic science, Johnson has in this small work displayed the elements of a skill more just and profound than that of Adam Smith and the philosophers of France. Even in the physical sciences and the mechanical arts, which he could be the least expected to understand, Johnson has, in this book, evinced no common intelligence. A double portion of that sagacity which we call common sense, pervades the whole....In nothing is this more remarkably exhibited than in the logical discrimination with which he asserts the possibility, while he allows the improbability, of those supernatural appearances which superstition has ever too credulously believed, and scepticism perhaps too pertly and unthinkingly denied. Johnson's remarks on the incredibility of the tale which had been given out to the public concerning Ossian's Poems, happily served to check the evil arts of a race of pretended men of taste and erudition, who were degrading the literature of their country by going about to exalt its glory upon the tricks of imposture. All the genuine partialities of an old-fashioned Englishman, were interwoven into the very stamina of Johnson's soul: yet it must be confessed, that no man who was resolutely determined not to sacrifice truth to courtesy, could have spoken with greater kindness and favour of the Scots and of their country. This journey of Johnson's may be regarded as the most useful memorial of the state of Scotland, that has even hitherto been published: it is certain, that no other publication has ever contributed half so much toward the improvement of the general condition of things among the Scots. It is extremely painful to reflect, that very few of the Scots are so candid as to acknowledge this! Boswell's *little bark*, although not quite so soon launched as the great *first rate* of his friend, was, however, to sail attendant on its triumph. His "Tour

to the Hebrides" did not appear in print till a number of years after. It was then received by the public with an avidity which even exceeded that with which Johnson's book had been bought and read. It was filled chiefly with the detail of Johnson's conversation and minutest acts during the journey. It added also lights, shades, drapery, and colouring, to that great portrait of the Scottish Highlands, which Johnson had drawn with a pencil, careless of all but the primary and essential proportions and the grandest effects: it had in it too much of gossiping colloquial tattle, and betrayed in the mind of its writer a silly proneness to gawky admiration of trifles, which none but a weak mind can admire. It shewed Boswell to have acquired new acuteness of discernment, and new stores of knowledge, since he wrote his account of Corsica; but it at the same time proved him to have busied himself about trifles, till trifling was almost all the business of which he was capable. It evinced the truth of Johnson's observation of him, "that he wanted bottom!"

From the era of this famed Hebridean excursion till the time of his father's death, Boswell's life ran on in its usual tenor, undistinguished by any remarkable change in its circumstances or habits....He continued to make frequent visits to London, to linger as long as possible upon every visit, amidst the fascinating society to which his presence was there acceptable, to leave it upon every occasion of his return to Scotland, with the reluctance and depression of one driven into exile from a scene of pure unmingled joy. To the business of the Scottish bar, to that career for ambition which was open before him in Scotland, to the company, the scenery, the amusements of his native country, he became continually more indifferent....Seeing men of less shewy talents, but more diligent application to business, outstrip him in success as counsellors and pleaders he could not regard without an im-

dignation which moved him to quit the competition, that tasteless and undiscerning stupidity which could prefer them to him. Finding his allowance from his father, to which the addition from the profits of his business was not considerable, to be scarcely sufficient for both the suitable support of his family and his own personal expenses, he became in vain solicitous to obtain a farther supply from the emoluments of some place under government. Naturally ambitious to obtain admission into that convivial Literary Society, in which Johnson and Reynolds united some of their select friends, for the good purposes of dining and talking occasionally together, he succeeded in this object of his wishes through the powerful recommendation of Johnson. Ready to swear after Johnson in almost every thing else, he ventured, however, to differ in opinion, from his great friend, on the subject of the American war; and in this instance scrupled not to prefer to the stern tory-logic of Johnson, the more generous whiggish declamation of Burke. But in truth, Boswell's political principles seem to have been a medley of toryism and whiggism, not very harmoniously intermingled. He had been educated among staunch Whigs; he had conversed not a little with Jacobites and Tories; he always adopted his principles of belief and action, not from deep philosophical investigation, but from the authorities of the most eminent persons with whom he was wont to converse; from every one somewhat: and in regard to many things, therefore, he was still as heartily a Tory as even Johnson could possibly desire. During all this while, Boswell, if sometimes a little negligent as a son, a husband, or a father, was, however, blamelessly kind-hearted in all these relations, and anxious to fulfil aright their respective duties. His religious sensibility became continually more delicate and just; and the impressions of piety upon his heart became still deeper

and more habitually vivid. His moral wisdom, and his knowledge of life and manners, were at the same time considerably enlarged. But still he studied little; he taught the world to regard him as incapable of the sedate habits of business; he acquired the character of a giddy flutterer on the stage of life; while he became the acquaintance and the convivial companion of almost every one, he lost the power of commanding the substantial friendship of all but a very few. His predilection for London determined him, at length, entirely to relinquish the Scottish bar for the English bar, and he entered himself as a student at the Temple.

Lord Auchinleck soon after died, James, as his eldest son, succeeded to the possession of the family estates. He might perhaps expect to find himself now affluent, independent, and happy. But the rents of the estate exceeded not fifteen hundred pounds a year: a jointure to his mother-in-law was to be paid out of this income: James himself was but a life renter, enjoying the produce, but bound up by a strict entail, from impairing the capital: for a little he found the change in his condition not unpleasant; but his revenue was soon experienced to be inadequate to his wishes. Mrs. Boswell's health began to decline: the affairs of his estate for a time detained him from revisiting London: his wonted fits of low-spirits occasionally returned; and his ordinary happiness quickly settled rather under than above the same mediate level as before. He however pleased himself with the prospect of going to settle permanently in London, and probably hoped that then indeed would his felicity be complete!

Being ambitious of that celebrity which was to be gained by dabbling in politics, his keenest attention was attracted by those ministerial contests and revolutions amidst which the late war with America was brought to its close. Whether from partiality to the name of the great

earl of Chatham, or because he himself was personally acquainted with the present Mr. Pitt, Boswell became a zealous partizan of the young minister; whose popularity, alas! though then in its full and seemingly amaranthine bloom, has long since gone perhaps in quest of the maidenhead of Orlando Furioso's mistress. He even at one time wrote some few short political letters, by which he expected to stir up a mighty ferment among the good people of Scotland; but is it not said, that maggots will sometimes burrow in the snout of a sow, without exciting in the poor animal any sense of their presence? He had hopes that Mr. Pitt, with the generous gratitude of a youthful heart, would reward his services with a place or pension; but Mr. Pitt found it easier to put him off with a simple complimentary letter. Upon a subsequent occasion he ventured to offer himself a candidate for the representation of the county of Ayr in the house of commons: but other interests quickly threw him at a distance in the competition. I own I think it is to be regretted that he did not succeed; for he would perhaps have proved a tolerably honest member of parliament; and his flights and his witticisms might have served to enliven many a dull debate.

He at length fixed his residence in London, and offered himself as a candidate for business at the English bar. His beginnings were here also not unpromising. By the favour of Lord Lonsdale he obtained the respectable appointment of Recorder of Carlisle. He attended the Judges, in pursuit of business, upon several of their circuits. He was sometimes retained to plead in a Scottish Appeal. But his habits of conviviality, his character for flighty gaiety, incompatible with eminence in business, the lateness of the time in his life at which he made the attempt, and perhaps, also, his want of perseverance, soon stopped him short in his career of juridical practice in England as before in

Scotland. The levities and the flowers of literature were forever tempting him to stray with truant steps from the thorny paths of law. The publication of his *Hebudean Tour* too, as I have been taught to believe, exhibiting him as the minute recorder and retailer of whatever careless conversations might have passed between persons of any eminence in his presence, excited among his acquaintance a general alarm, that tended at once to hurt, in some small degree, his practice at the bar, and to exclude him from some of those social circles in which he had been before a familiar and welcome guest. His first ardour was gradually extinguished: he relinquished the hope of becoming more eminent in Westminster-hall, than he had been in the Parliament house, at Edinburgh. He saw, when it was too late, that the man who consumes in conviviality, and in the pursuit of witty and splendid society, those prime years of youth, in which our permanent habits are usually formed, must be content to forego those successes of avarice and ambition, which incessant and nerve-strung industry in the toils of study or business, is alone destined by Nature to command. He even resigned the office of Recorder of the city of Carlisle, and resolved henceforth to court only the praise of literature, of song-singing, and of colloquial sprightliness.

It was extremely fortunate for the lovers of literary anecdote, and of the memory of Johnson, that he was driven to adopt this resolution. Much more had his feelings been gratified by the eager curiosity with which all the world bought and read his *Hebudean Tour*; than offended by the puetical raillery of Dr. Walcot, by the complaints of a violation of the ordinary mutual confidence of men in convivial intercourse, or by that ridicule which men, far weaker than himself, delighted to throw out against the vanity and the love of trifles, which that book betrayed. Having treasured up, with wonderful diligence,

the better part of what had fallen from his late friend Johnson, in many of the conversations in which he had excited or listened to Johnson's wisdom and colloquial eloquence, from the commencement of their acquaintance to the period of his friend's death, he now undertook to compose a biographical account of that wise and good man, in which those treasured gleanings from his colloquial dictates should be carefully interwoven.

This book was, with much care and pains, conducted through the press, presented to the public. Its composition delightfully soothed the author's mind, by calling up to him, in retrospective view, the associates, the amusements, the conversations of the prime years of his past life. By the public it was, at first sight, received with some measure of prejudice against it; for who could suppose that he who could not make up a moderate octavo, without introducing into it, a number of trifles unworthy to be written or read, should have furnished out two copious quartos of the biography of a single man of letters, otherwise than by filling them with trifles to sense, in the proportion of a bag of chaff to a few grains of wheat? But every reader was soon pleasingly disappointed. This work was quickly found to exhibit an inimitably faithful picture of the mingled genius and weakness, of the virtues and the vices, the sound sense and the pedantry, the benignity and the passionate harshness, of the great and excellent, although not consummately perfect man, the train of whose life it endeavoured to unfold. It appeared to be filled with a rich store of his genuine dictates, so eloquent and wise, that they need hardly shun comparison with the most elaborate of those works which he himself published. Johnson was seen in it, not as a solitary figure, but associated with those groupings of his distinguished contemporaries with which it was his good fortune, in the latter and more illustrious years of his life, often to meet and

to converse. It displayed many fine specimens of that proportion, in which, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, literature and philosophical wisdom were liable to be carelessly intermingled in the ordinary conversation of the best company in Britain. It preserved a thousand precious anecdotal memorials of the state of arts, manners, and policy among us during this period, such as must be invaluable to the philosophers and antiquarians of a future age. It gave in the most pleasing mode of institution, and in many different points of view, almost all the elementary practical principles both of taste and of moral science. It showed the colloquial tattle of Boswell, duly chastened by the grave and rounded eloquence of Johnson. It presented a collection of a number of the most elaborate of Johnson's smaller occasional compositions, which might otherwise, perhaps, have been entirely lost to future times. Shewing Boswell's skill in literary composition, his general acquaintance with learning and science, his knowledge of the manners, the fortunes, and the actuating principles of mankind, to have been greatly extended and improved, since the time when he wrote his Account of Corsica, it exalted the character of his talents in the estimation of the world; and was reckoned to be such a master-piece in its particular species, as perhaps the literature of no other nation, ancient or modern, could boast. It did not indeed present its author to the world in another light than as a genius of the second class; yet it seemed to rank him nearer to the first than to the third. This estimation of the character of Boswell's Life of Johnson, formed by the best critics soon after its publication, seems to have been since fully confirmed. I am well persuaded that not one, even of the most successful of his contemporaries at the Scottish bar, could have produced a work equally replete with charmingly amusive elegance and wisdom.

The publication of this capital work was the last eminently-conspicuous event in Boswell's life. Mrs. Boswell, an amiable, accomplished, and prudent woman, had died about the time when he went to settle permanently in London. Some of his children had been cut off in early infancy; but two sons and three daughters still remained to him. Over their education he watched with a solicitude worthy of the tenderest and the most prudent of parents. Elegant accomplishments, virtuous principles, a taste for moderate, simple, and innocent pleasures, and for these only, were earnestly, and not unsuccessfully, endeavoured to be impressed, as lasting endowments and ornaments of their minds. To the necessary expense of his children's education, he is indeed said to have appropriated a very large proportion of his income, in the latter years of his life. With the principles of piety, his own mind was too habitually and deeply impressed, not to make him anxiously careful to instruct persons who were so dear to him, in the Christian faith, the consolations of which afford ever our best resource amidst all the sorrows of human life. I have been informed, that, with a tacit condemnation of his own plan of life, he was exceedingly desirous that his eldest son, a young man of very promising dispositions and talents, should, after studying the civil law at the Saxon University of Leipsic, qualify himself at Edinburgh for admission into the Scottish Faculty of Advocates, and after that, be content to spend his time quietly in his native country, without adventuring rashly into the perils of gay or ambitious life in England.

In the last years of his life, Boswell still continued to frequent the societies in which he had been wont to delight. But death carried away, one after another, many of his dearest companions. The dividing paths of life parted him from others. The fickle multitude of

unattached acquaintance deserted him from time to time, for newer faces, and less familiar names. His jokes, his song, his sprightly effusions of wit and wisdom, were ready; but did not appear to possess upon all occasions, their wonted power of enlivening convivial joy. He found that fortune, professional connections, great expense, and the power of promoting or thwarting people's personal interests, are necessary to give, even to the most polished and lively conversational talents, the power of pleasing always. His fits of dejection became more frequent, and of longer duration. Convivial society became continually more necessary to him, while his power of enchantment over it, continued to decline. Even the excitement of deep drinking in an evening, became often desirable, to raise his spirits above melancholy depression. Disease, the consequence of long habits of convivial indulgence, prematurely broke the strength of his constitution. He died before he had yet advanced to the brink of old age, and left assuredly few men of worthier hearts, or more obliging manners, behind him.

In an attempt to exhibit a summary of the qualities of Boswell's character, I should mark him as a genius of the second class. He had vivacity, but wanted vigour of imagination; his judgment was more quick than just; an unlucky passion for celebrity, made him run continually in quest of it, as the peasant-boy runs to find the treasure at the end of the rainbow, instead of earning it by that energetic diligence in business, or that toil of solitary study, which are necessarily to be paid as the prices of great and lasting reputation. He courted the acquaintance of eminence, as if genius, or the praise of it, were to be caught by a sort of contagion. He seems likewise to have thought genius to consist in some innate peculiarity of mind, and not rather to be formed by the happy natural and artificial cultivation of any intellect

originally found, but not cast in any mysteriously peculiar mould. These two vulgar errors seem to have led him astray from his earliest youth. The fascination of a society, in which sensuality was enlivened and refined by wit, elegance, and literature, did the rest. He possessed, for a man of a liberal education and literary ardour, little knowledge, save what he picked up in conversation. His principles were derived from the authority

of others, not from discerning investigation by himself. Hence he was subject to whim, affectation, and caprice; but all of an amiable character. He was too fond of general society, to be the very best of domestic men. He was, in the sincerity of his belief, and the warmth, but perhaps inconstant piety of his sentiments, a true Christian. He might have been more useful in the world; more amusing he could scarcely have been.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

CALAMITY AT MADEIRA.

THIS extraordinary event, which we briefly noticed in our paper of yesterday, happened on Sunday the 7th of October, at eight in the evening. The day had been previously very cloudy, and a continual rain had fallen, accompanied with squalls, which were not violent, until the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, when the sea appeared to be unusually agitated, and such darkness prevailed, that an object was not discernible at a yard distance. During this progress, every person remained within their houses, in seeming security, and wholly unconscious of that approaching horror which was destined so shortly to sweep them from off the earth!

The clock of the cathedral was striking eight, when an instantaneous storm of terrible lightning and thunder began; and the rain fell in such torrents, that all the cross streets of the eastern part of the city of Funchall, were suddenly filled with mud and water above the first floors of the houses, which was occasioned by its being impeded, in some measure, from its furious descent from the ravines of the mountains into the sea. At this shocking period, the stoutest heart felt appalled; nothing was to be heard but the din of ruin working in every direction: hundreds of huge stones, that had been torn from their quarries on the

hills three miles above the town, were tumbling over each other in stupendous concussion, carrying with them, in conjunction with the deluge, churches, convents, streets, trees, bridges, battlements, and eight hundred human beings into the bottom of the deep. Whenever a flash of lightning penetrated the gloom, were seen mothers wading through the streets, up to their chins in water, holding their infants on their heads with one hand, and endeavouring to catch security with the other; while those who attempted to assist them, were frequently maimed or killed, by beams of timber or wine pipes, which floated around them; and the sea presented a scene not less awful, though less ruinous: most of the vessels lost their cables, anchors, and boats; and many of the seamen were washed overboard. The ships rolled, in some part or another, several feet beneath the water continually, and all the sailors who were there on that dismal night, whether Americans, English, or Portuguese, gave themselves up as lost men.

Thus, in so short a space of time as a few minutes, were many hundred individuals carried to their eternal home, in the very plenitude of an apparent security; and several thousands reduced from affluence to poverty: and many of them, it is probable, in the indub-

gence of those imperfections which constitute our criminality or our folly, and sent to their account, "unblanched, unanointed, unannounced." Ten thousand pipes of wine and brandy were destroyed, and the sea-shore was skirted on the ensuing morning with millions of fragments, among which the mourning survivors of the calamity were eagerly seeking for the dead remains of their relations or friends. Several days after, the air of Funchall became so putrescent, from the rotting bodies that were buried beneath the congregated mud and filth, that a pestilence was apprehended: but in consequence of burning tar and pitch, and other neutralizing combustibles, that scourge was providentially avoided.

It was remarkable that this deluge, in its course, swept away twenty-nine vine-yards that were situated on the south-west side of the city; and so decisive was the ruin, that it tore up all the trees by the roots, and bore away not only them, but all the cottages with their inhabitants, the ground, cattle and appurtenances, and left the rocky basis as bare of vegetation as the cliffs of Norway. All this assemblage of objects were whirled into the Ribeira Brava, or Mad river, and ingulphed nearly the whole of the small town which bears the name.

In this wreck of matter there was but one human creature saved, and that was an infant in a wooden cradle, which was lodged among some reeds on the side of the declivity, and when discovered, on the ensuing day, was in a profound sleep: this unconscious infant was saved, from its ignorance of fear, as it is in the nature of fear, to counteract its own desires.

The small town of Machico, was likewise ruined by this singular tempest, and many lives were lost there also; which leads to a supposition, that the lamented event was occasioned by a water spout, that had burst against the side of the mountain, and discharged itself

down the gullies, produced those afflictive and sudden disasters, that all feeling persons must deplore; and which, whenever recollected, should operate to remind us of our frailty and our responsibility, and make us live well, that we may die happily.

This is admitted to have been the greatest civic evil that has happened since the earthquake of Lisbon, in 1754, and was the most tragical of its nature, that ever happened. Had the younger Pliny been on the spot, it would have been adequately detailed.

The property destroyed, has been estimated at upwards of a million of pounds sterling.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE can promise the public another evidence of the rapid improvement in elegant typography in this country, from Mr. Bradford's edition of "the Letters of Junius, with Notes and Illustrations, Historical, Political, Biographical, and Critical, by Robert Heron, Esq." He purposes making it equal in all respects to the London edition, and promises to publish it in January.

Mr. Samuel Lewis has drafted a Map of Louisiana from Spanish and French Maps, and compared with the account of that country, laid before congress by the President: it is now in the hands of the engraver, and will be published by Conrad, & Co. in February.

Messrs. Birch and Small have published the fourth volume of the Domestic Encyclopædia, with additions by Dr. Mease. The same gentlemen have issued proposals for an edition of Gibbon's History of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, which, if they print with the same neatness and accuracy as they have Russell's Ancient and Modern History, and Willich's Encyclopædia, will doubtless meet with the encouragement that the

magnitude of the undertaking deserves.

Mr. Woodward has published, *Burden's Village Sermons*, or fifty-two plain and short discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel; and *William's* new translation and commentaries on the *Songs of Solomon*.

Conrad & Co. have printed and published, an elegant edition of *Don Quixote*, Smollett's translation, with plates, by Lawson, Tanner, and Seymour, from drawings by Stohart.

Pinkerton's Geography will be published in March next.

Mr. Cary has announced the accomplishment of his attempt to keep the Quarto Bible standing, and offers for sale eighteen different priced Quarto Bibles. He says, "he trusts it will be borne in mind, and operate in his favour, that his is the first attempt that has ever been made to keep the Quarto Bible complete standing. The paper, type, printing, engravings, and binding, are all American, and afford a comfortable support to a large number of artists, in the different branches connected with this business. Without any vain boast of his own manufacture, he invites a fair comparison with the productions of European competitors, and no longer hopes for patronage than he shall be found to merit a continuance of what has been so liberally afforded him."

Dr. Barton is preparing for the press, a second part of his collections for an essay towards a *Materia Medica of the United States*.

The first volume of the *Life of General Washington*, is in the press.

Conrad, & Co. will complete their edition of "*Select British Classics*," in all the month of January; we are informed it is their intention to publish the *Prefaces*, *Historical and Biographical*, by *Alexander Chalmers, A. M.* in two or three supplementary volumes.

Arrangements are making for the publishing an elegant edition of

Poems, by *Peter Bayley, jun. Esq.* These poems have been read by the editor, who ranks them at least as high, in poetical merit, as the *Pleasures of Memory*, or the *Pleasures of Hope*, by *Rogers and Campbell*.

We are informed that a *Narrative Poem*, built upon the early sufferings of the Christians, and intended to illustrate the influence of Christianity on the manners of nations, may shortly be expected from a pen, with which the public are already acquainted.

The Rev. Mr. Miller, one of the Ministers of the Presbyterian Church, in the city of New York, has been for some time past engaged in writing a *Review of the Progress of Literature, of Art and Science, &c.* during the last century. We are happy to hear that he has nearly brought his labours to a close, and that in the course of two months we may expect to receive from his hand, two large octavo volumes, full of the most useful and interesting information.

The London prints mention, that *Hayley* is adding to his *Biography of Cowper*, a third volume, containing *Letters* of that great and amiable Poet, which have not, hitherto, been published.

Hoiccroft's Travels in France, are published in the most splendid style.

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.

THE Editor thanks his chemical friend for his communication.

Valverdi's favours will be acceptable.

The Editor highly estimates the memorandums of his friend the Traveller, thinks no tracts of this work will be read with more pleasure than those written by him.

Some of the lines in *Cassander's verses on Solitude*, are rather too luxuriant to be published in this Magazine.—His lines on the *New Year*, are not sufficiently correct—*Cassander* may, however, furnish something acceptable.

THE
LITERARY MAGAZINE;

AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

Vol. I.]

JANUARY, 1804.

[No. 4.]

CONTENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

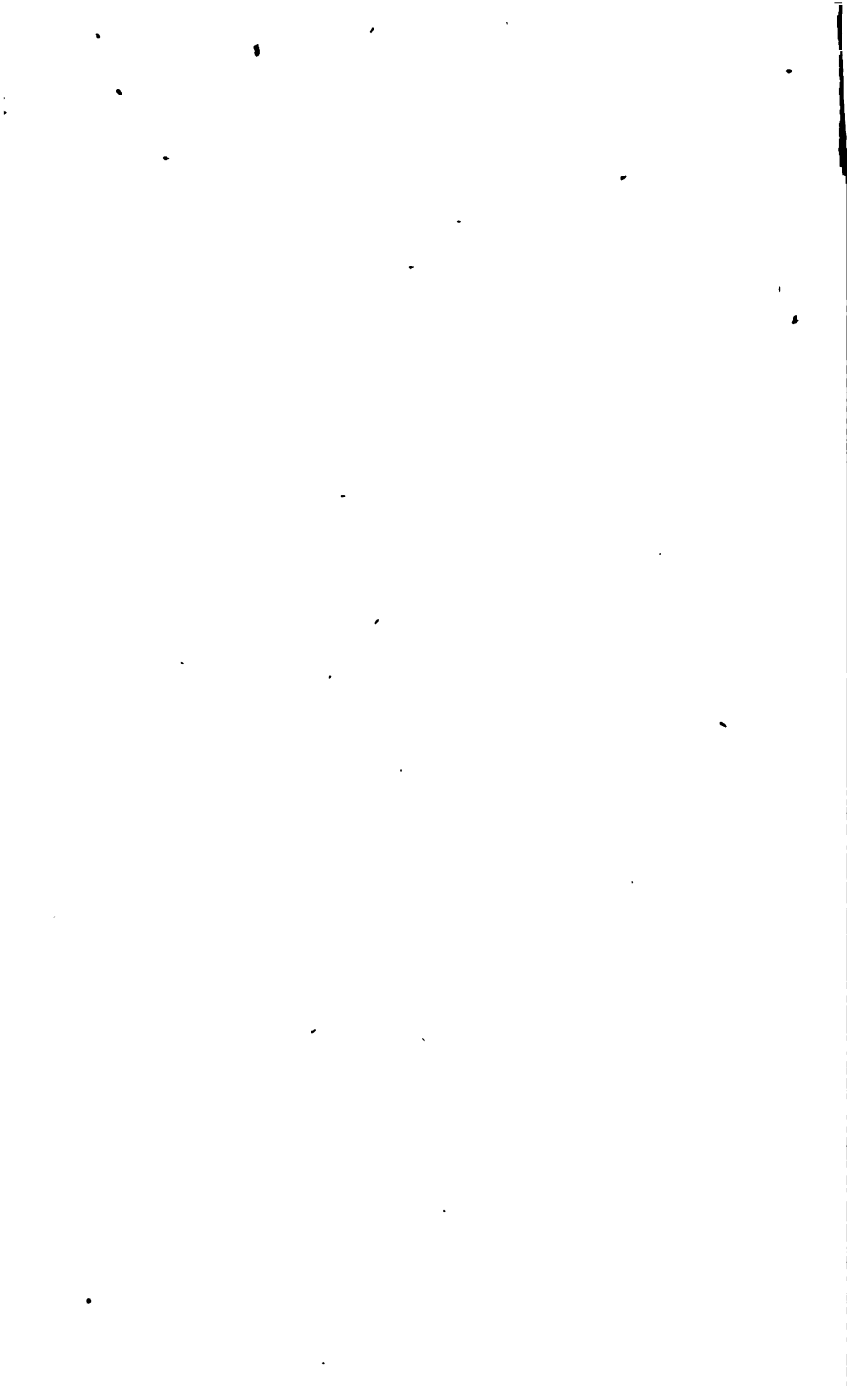
	page.		page.
What is a Gentleman	243	Memoirs on the Wax Tree, &c.	271
Lindley Murray	244	Extracts from the correspondence	
Female Learning	245	of an American in France ...	277
Antiquities	246	Memoirs of Count de Parades	280
The Traveller....No. 4	247	Account of Buenos-Ayres, in S.	
Quakerism....a Dialogue	248	America ...	283
Memorandums made on a journey		Specimen of Literary Resemblance	288
through part of Pennsylvania	250	Account of the Mammoth	292
Memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist	255	Account of the Inhabitants of	
		Algiers	297
REVIEW.		Count Koningmark	301
Letters of the British Spy	261	De Saxe's Ghost	303
The Town and Country Friend		Observations on Dairies, Self-	
and Physician	265	Biography, and Self-Characters	305
		History of Philip Delwynn	308
POETRY....ORIGINAL.		Account of the venerable Labre	312
The Boar Hunt	268		
		Remarkable Occurrences	317
SELECTIONS.			
Brandy	270	Marriages and Deaths	319

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THE
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No. 4.]

JANUARY, 1804.

[Vol. I.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENTS DIARY.....WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

AN amusing controversy took place this evening, at my fire-side, on this important question. One was busy in examining the matter etymologically, and historically. Another attempted to settle the point of prevailing custom, and the general result was, that nothing was more vague and equivocal than this term.

"*Gentlemen*," says an innkeeper to a mixed company of sailors and taylor, whites and blacks, whom a stage coach had brought to dine at his house, "the stage is ready, and you have to pay me half a dollar a piece."

The curtain falls at the theatre, and a performer steps forth, and addresses his motley audience thus: "*Ladies and Gentlemen*, to-morrow night will be presented," &c. &c.

A man at an inn, who, in a mixed company, carves a pig or goose with dexterity and ease, who carries the glass to his mouth, without hurry or confusion; who is careful to supply the wants of all present,

from the dish before him; who speaks mildly and complaisantly to the waiter; who finds no fault with any thing produced; who is dressed in a satten waistcoat; a black cloth coat, without rent or patch; clean linen and shining boots, that man is applauded by his companions as a true *gentleman*.

If you listen to the conversation of a well dressed woman, you will probably catch such sentences as these.... "The *gentlemen* are so apt to flatter us poor girls".... "We move, dress, and talk, for no other purpose than to please the *gentlemen*".... "You *gentlemen* have such advantages over us; *gentlemen* can get rich by their own exertions; can pursue any trade, and aspire to any office in society that pleases them."

What kind of a man is that, whom you overhear in a coffee-house, claiming from another "the treatment (or satisfaction) due to a *gentleman*?"

A man justifies his avenging an imagined wrong, with a pistol rather

than a cudgel, by acknowledging his adversary to be a *gentleman*.

"Pray," says a black girl, ushering a couple of gallants of her own colour, into the kitchen, "take seats, *gentlemen*."

Now, in all these cases, there is doubtless the propriety that flows from custom and usage; and yet, the persons that are thus denominated *gentlemen*, have no circumstance of age, rank, education, or profession in common with each other. They are alike, in short, only in two circumstances: that of sex, and that of the respectful intention of those who use it. A gentleman, is a title which merely implies a desire to please and flatter those to whom it is applied.

In some parts of Europe, there are permanent distinctions, originating in birth, between gentlemen and others. The son of a butcher, whatever be his actual situation, or personal accomplishments, will frequently have his claim to this title disputed by those who know his pedigree: and yet, the two professions of clergyman and soldier, however incompatible in other respects, give, it seems, to those who embrace them, the rank of gentleman.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

It is certainly remarkable that the natives of America, who have arrived at eminence in arts and literature, have chiefly done so in a foreign country. The adage, "that a prophet has no honour in his own country," is not strictly applicable to these cases, because America is justly proud of these her sons, and affords them every sort of patronage and countenance consistent with her situation; but, to obtain this credit with their countrymen, it seems previously necessary to have commenced their career, and to have established their fame in Europe. This is a kind of test and recommendation which our punctilio demands.

It would be worth while to form a list of those who have done honour

to their country in foreign climes; among those the names of Benjamin Thompson and Lindley Murray deserve a conspicuous place. The latter has had the honour of contributing more essentially to the education of Englishmen, and to the settlement and elucidation of the English language, than any person living. His grammatical treatises bid fair to gain an unrivalled and permanent pre-eminence; and his collections for the use of scholars, have already excluded most others from seminaries of instruction.

I was shewed to-night a letter from him, dated May, 1799, in which he gives the following account of the success which has crowned his efforts as an author:

"My literary labours," says he, "were the offspring of a sense of duty, and have amused many an hour that might otherwise have been languid, and perhaps wearisome. It affords me great satisfaction to find that the public approbation of these works has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. In four years there have been printed of the Abridgment, the Grammar, the Exercises, and Key, forty-six thousand copies; eight thousand of 'The English Reader,' and eleven thousand of 'The Power of Religion.' The Grammar and exercises have been so well approved, and are in such extensive use, that an eminent house in London, in the book trade, offered me 700l. for the copy-right, and afterwards 350l. for that of the English Reader. These offers I have accepted. I had before sold the Abridgement for 100l. Thou wilt agree that the copy-rights are well sold, especially as thereby my wish for a still more extensive and permanent use, will probably be accomplished.

"As this, *prima facie*, carries with it an interested appearance, it seems incumbent on me to inform thee, that, as I wrote from disinterested motives, I have appropriated the whole 1350l. (about 6000

dollars) for the benefit of others, without applying any of it to my private use.

FEMALE LEARNING.

I have been listening, to-night, to a very ingenious defence of *unlearned women*, by Miss *****. I had ventured to insinuate against her, as a fault, an indifference to books; a want of curiosity; and had chiefly insisted on this defect, not as disparaging her character in the eyes of others, but as depriving her of a source of occupation and amusement the most rational, commodious, and efficacious of all others.

To this censure she replied by appealing to everyone's experience, whether a passion for reading does not necessarily encroach upon, and impair that attention to domestic duties, and regard for personal decorum, without which, no woman can be either useful, happy, or respectable. It is infinitely better, she thinks, to have no taste but for domestic affairs, than to have no taste but for literature. It is impossible for human creatures to hit the true medium: to combine and compound various tastes and inclinations in such due proportions, that each shall be indulged to the exact extent, and at the very time which propriety allows. Books must either please us too much, and, of consequence, absorb our attention unseasonably and excessively, or they must fail to please at all.

To say truth, this conversation arose from my observing my friend's indifference to a book which I had lent her. I expected to find her deeply engaged in it this evening, whereas she was quietly employed with her needle. It seems she had taken up the book, and after reading a few pages with little interest, had laid it aside for the needle, which pleased her much better. She maintains very strenuously, that if she had a stronger inclination to reading than to sewing, the latter employment, however enjoined by

duty and necessity, would be neglected, and congratulates herself on finding pleasure in that to which propriety enjoins her to attend.

There is surely a great deal of truth in these remarks of my friend. It is not, strictly speaking, impossible to combine business and study in just proportions; and some examples, no doubt there are, in either sex, of persons whom a passion for study never seduces a moment from the rigid line of their domestic and social duty. Though the possibility of such characters cannot be denied, I must aver that I never met with any such. I never saw man or woman, smitten with a passion for books, whose happiness and usefulness were not somewhat injured by it; but the injury is much greater, and more palpable in women than in men. The domestic sphere being appropriated to the female, her inattention and unskilfulness produces the most injury; whereas *her* prudence and economy may obviate many inconvenient and disgusting effects of a studious disposition in the master of a family.

A woman who hates reading, is not necessarily a wise and prudent economist; and this estimable character is sometimes, though rarely found in a woman of sound judgment, and liberal curiosity. This curiosity is not, however, in any case that I know of, just so ardent as to make books acceptable whenever there is leisure to attend to them. There are many hours in the life of such women, which drag on heavily or mournfully, for want of literary curiosity.

I beseech you my friend, for it is probable you will sometime see this, not to consider this verdict as limited to you, or to your sex. It extends to all human beings, and I am half inclined to revoke the concession I just now made, that such a curiosity, as will fill up, and *no more* than fill up every truly leisure moment, can possibly exist.

One of the most accomplished women of the last age (intellectually

considered) was Lady M. W. Montague, but the stories of her personal indelicacies are well known.

Women, like men, are known to the world at large, chiefly by their writings. Such, therefore, being obliged to handle the pen frequently, have some apology for inattention to other objects. Of that numerous class of females, who have cultivated their minds with science and literature, without publishing their labours, and who consequently are unknown to general inquirers; how many have preserved the balance immovable between the opposite demands of the kitchen, the drawing room, the nursery, and the library? We may safely answer from our own experience, not one.

ANTIQUES.

I was shewn, to-night, a fragment of a coverlet, which once belonged to William Penn. The old lady who produced it, gave me a very circumstantial history of this relique. It seems, the coverlet, very old, and very ragged, was taken by a curious person from the very bed in which the patriarch of Pennsylvania lay, and was distributed in small strips among her particular friends.

American antiquities, if any such things there be, chiefly relate to monuments of those nations who occupied America before the European discoveries. The most permanent, conspicuous, and remarkable of these, are undoubtedly the mounds or ramparts scattered over the western country. These have two qualities to recommend them, in the highest degree, to curiosity, and that is the remoteness of their origin, and the mysteriousness of their design. Other monuments consist of the weapons and domestic utensils, which are made of durable materials, and will probably continue to be found, or to be preserved, some thousands of years hence.

The spirit of curiosity is exactly in proportion to the remoteness and

the mysteriousness (and the latter is one of the consequences of the former) of the object: so that the reliques of Indian manners will go on acquiring value from age to age: a greater number will be busy in collecting and describing them: and a stone, tobacco-pipe, or arrow-head, will, in time, become of much more value than its weight in gold.

Time will produce another species of antiques, in the reliques of those generations which have passed away since the colonization of America. Two centuries have almost elapsed, since our ancestors began to migrate hither, and this period will admit of a succession of ten generations at least. There are a great number of books, and of domestic utensils, which were manufactured in Europe, and were brought hither for their immediate accommodation, by the early colonists. These are greatly prized by their descendants. This city (Philadelphia) which was the earliest settlement of the English in this state, contains a great number of these reliques, and the antiquarian spirit glows very strongly in some bosoms.

Besides the coverlet, Mrs. ***** shewed me a sampler worked by her great grandmother, in the year 1669, in Holburn; a silver spoon, with which all the children of the family have been fed, since the one that was born in the year 1687, on the passage from the Thames to the Delaware; and a Beza's Testament, which was one of the few of his moveables rescued by an ancestor of hers from the great fire of London, in 1665.

Some people may smile at the spirit which affixes value to objects of this nature; and those in whom the sight of these monuments of times past, awaken no solemn or agreeable emotions, will naturally throw the sampler into the fire, the spoon into the crucible, and the Bible to the cook; but to me, and such as me, who cannot handle or view such articles as I have just

described, without a thousand pleasing and elevating thoughts, they will always be precious and sacred. To become an antiquary, I only want the leisure and the opportunity required.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TRAVELLER....NO. IV.

Attachment between persons of the same sex.

TO THE TRAVELLER.

IN reading your remarks in your last number, upon friendship, I could not forbear sending you a few thoughts of my own upon the same subject.

The attachment between persons of the same sex, is called friendship; and perhaps can, strictly speaking, be said only to exist in relation to persons of the same sex. Friendship between man and woman, according to the above definition, must be love. Esteem for one of the opposite sex may influence to numberless friendly offices; but this is not what is meant by friendship. The affection which subsists between some brothers and sisters, is nearer to friendship; still it is distinct, and must be designated by the appellation of fraternal love.

In the course of his life, a man generally feels the attachment of friendship, at different periods, towards several individuals of various characters, and dissimilar merit. If he is of a generous and ardent temper, he is, at no period, without some one favoured and favouring being, to whom he feels united, by the passion of friendship; yet it is often found that the objects of a man's early attachments, prove, after absence, or the lapse of time, to be such as the heart can no longer cleave to.

I can remember no period of my life, at which, among many whom I loved, there was not one,

of my own sex, to whom I was passionately attached. While yet an infant, I was attached to a good-natured servant lad, who told me stories, taught me to find birds nests, and took me with him to hunt rabbits. At the age of eight, I was passionately attached to a boy of ten. We shouldered our wooden muskets together, and would have died in defence of each other, if there had been any knight or giant who wished the death of either. These bonds were broken by absence: I felt a pang, but immediately found another friend. During the time between the ages of nine and fifteen, I remember a succession of boys to whom I was sincerely attached, and with whom I had quarrels and reconciliations innumerable. With one I was engaged in reading the achievements of knights-errant; with another, in enacting plays; and with a third, in making pictures. From fifteen to eighteen, I had another attachment; though during this period I had at the same time a succession of love affairs, unknown to the objects, and only imparted to my friend, who I recollect was as cold to the charms of the other sex, as he was warm in his attachment to me. This union was broken by my departure for Europe. It was there the same; I immediately found a friend, from whom I was inseparable, and who sincerely loved me.

On my return to America, after an absence of some years, I found some of the persons whom I had formerly loved, but *they* were no longer the same, and certainly *I* was no longer the same. I was pleased to see them, but my heart had again to seek a friend. Is this the picture of friendship, as others feel it, or am I singular in my temper or my fate? Be that as it may, such is the view of friendship, which my experience of life presents, but there is yet another trait.

I married, and the passion of friendship was swallowed up in the passion of love. A husband and a

father, my heart seeks not away from my own fire-side, a bosom to share its transports, or quiet its tumults. Is my mind less capable of friendship than at an earlier period of life? I think not. Though undoubtedly my eye is much quicker in discerning blemishes than at that time: yet my heart bounds towards every object which appears to wish its sympathy. I have now a number of persons whose friend I am, and whom I am proud to call my friends; but the sentiment which binds me to them, is not passion. I esteem A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, and I love H, I and K; but still the *passion* of friendship is swallowed up in the passion of love.

W. D.

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For the Literary Magazine.

QUAKERISM....A DIALOGUE.

R. How does thee do, my dear. I have been looking out for thee several days, but thee has disappointed me as usual. Thee is careless, I fear, of thy engagements.

L. Forgive me, madam. The weather has detained me; very much, I assure you, to my own disappointment; but, (taking up a book) I see you know how to beguile lassitude, and supply yourself with company. What have you got? "Men and Manners." What! a novel! I thought this kind of reading was prohibited by the canons of your faith.

R. And so it is; that is to say, these rules, interpreted most strictly, and as they are usually interpreted by those who are deemed most conscientious and apostolical among us, absolutely forbid the reading of fictitious books. Time thus spent, is thought to be spent frivolously or perniciously.

L. What then am I to infer?

R. I understand thee. I am far from being so good a quaker as I ought to be. In many things I fall

behind my own principles, but not on the present occasion. I am not scrupulous about reading either plays or novels. My duty requires that I should not bestow too much time upon them, and that I should carefully distinguish between the good and the bad.

L. And does this novel justify your choice?

R. I read it merely on the recommendation of a friend, who told me the story was well contrived, and that the hero was a quaker.

L. Will you, on the same account, recommend it to me.

R. Why, the story is not ill contrived, and the characters, in general, appear to be well enough supported, except the principal one, the quaker. In him I discover not a single feature that resembles my neighbours and relations, unless indeed, it be his benevolence. That, however, though characteristic of the true quaker, as it is of the true christian of any sect, is, I must reluctantly acknowledge, by no means characteristic of us as a sect; in that respect, we are neither better nor worse than other societies.

L. Has the author failed, madam, in ascribing this property to his hero?

R. Far from it, my dear. In this respect, he has given to Jonathan Parkinson no more than is due to many quakers. What I condemn, is, the dialect and manners which Jonathan adopts.

L. My dear madam, I have read the work, and was so ignorant as to think Jonathan a very good portrait of a quaker.

R. Thy ignorance, my dear, is very excusable, nay, unavoidable, since thee has told me, till thy introduction to me, thee never conversed with a *friend*. This was probably the case with our author. He must have somewhere heard, that the quakers use thou and thee, or, as we term it, the *plain language*, to single persons. This he has believed, and has inferred that the formal style of *hath* and *doth*;

and *loveth* and *lovedst*, and a phraseology, approaching, in all respects, to the scriptural, were adhered to, with equal scrupulosity. Now the truth is, that thee may converse all thy life with *friends*, and never hear the pronoun *thou* uttered. The various forms of *thou*, *thee* and *thy*, have long ago degenerated among us, into the single *thee*, and experience proves that no obscurity arises from this circumstance. The termination, *eth*, and the expletives *do* and *did*, of which Jonathan Parkinson is so liberal, is just as seldom heard from us as from others. The use of *thou* in any familiar instance, would be deemed an intolerable affectation.

L. My dear madam, is not this a little odd? I have heard that *you* has been objected to by the friends, as being, among other accounts, ungrammatical.

R. I know, my dear, what thee would say, and certainly such objections are inconsistent. I, for my part, condemn it, not on that account, and I vindicate the disuse of *thou*, merely because it is the custom. It is plain enough how this custom arose. *Thou* appears to require the harsh correspondent endings of *th* and *st*, and we drop the first to get rid of the last. Instead of saying, "thou mistakest," or "thou dost mistake," we content ourselves with "thee mistakes."

L. Pray madam, inform me wherein lie the peculiarities of a quaker's manners or speech.

R. I will do it cheerfully, my dear. In the first place, a friend, either by principle or habit, and nine out of ten of those who are members of society, belong to the latter class, are to be known by having none of those airs and motions that are given by the dancing-master. In saluting, they incline the head, perhaps, but never the back. They take not off their hat to their neighbours, and even, in entering an house, seldom think of this ceremony. Their dialect is

utterly a stranger to *Sir*, *Mister*, and *Madam*. They use the christian name much more frequently than others, but they shew their respect, especially to elders, by putting *friend*, in place of Mr. and Mrs.

L. Pray, madam, what language would you use on an occasion where I should employ such words as these: "Gentlemen and ladies, will you favour me with your company on Tuesday evening, and you, Mr. Blank, may I see you in June?"

R. These would be my words: "Will you give me your company, *friends*, on *third-day* evening, and thee, friend Blank, shall I see thee in the sixth month?" Thee is probably aware that we always name the days of the week, and the months, numerically. I do not recollect any other peculiarities than those I have mentioned. In all other respects, my dear, "friends" are like others, and their language and deportment square with their temper, and is proportioned to their knowledge.

L. According to this representation, madam, Parkinson talks in a very unnatural style indeed: how is it with his conduct? Has the author as much mistaken *that* as his speech?

R. Why, my dear, the author, thee knows, tells us that Jonathan, though born a *friend*, had early laid aside the profession. That the sect was visible in nothing but his dialect. This is an ample apology, of course, for every thing un-quaker-like in his conduct. As I said before, the conduct of quakers is like that of the rest of the world, neither worse nor better, unless, indeed, he be a sincere and conscientious quaker, and then his system of action, has, indeed, no parallel in any other sect, I do not mean in the degree, but only in the modes of his benevolence.

L. Have you ever met with the quaker truly described in books?

R. Never in any books but their own, my dear, and especially never

in fictitious writings. In no play or novel that I have read, was the quaker ever justly conceived or faithfully portrayed. He that is made to pass by that name in such books, is usually a very respectable and meritorious character, but has no resemblance to the true quakers, the quaker either of habit or of principle. The reason is plain. No one but a man educated a quaker can truly describe the sect, and no one hitherto, with such an education, has turned fabulist, or, at least, attempted to portray in his fable, one of this sect.

L. I think, madam, it would be an excellent scheme to exhibit the true character of your *friends*. The theme is certainly not wanting in importance and dignity, and, to a large part of the reading world, would be full of novelty and interest: as you do not object to reading, perhaps you would be persuaded to write a story of this sort.

R. There is another thing, my dear, which I deem of far more importance, and that is a candid and accurate view of their "discipline," that is, of their system of moral and ecclesiastical government. I have often been astonished at the ignorance on this head, of men otherwise enlightened and inquisitive. There are, indeed, some difficulties in the way of acquiring this knowledge, but none which a rational curiosity might not overcome. This system differs from most other religious systems, as it is intended to supply a rule of universal action, and to supersede all other law and government. A community entirely of *friends* would need no other laws and institutions than the society has at present.

is no cultivation of any kind between the two places. The large trees have at different periods been blown down, and the ground is thickly covered with low timber, chiefly oak bushes, producing vast quantities of acorns, nuts and berries, and inhabited by panthers and deer, together with immense multitudes of pheasants, and other wild fowl, among which the turkey is frequently seen.

It is probable that many years will elapse before this tract will become the home of man, as there are yet so many millions of acres of better land unsettled in the United States. The temptation to cultivate any portion of this spot must therefore be feeble and remote. The period may never arrive....but it is evident, sterile and bleak as it is, that it might be forced to contribute to human support. One great art in cultivation consists in adapting the product to the nature of the climate and soil, and where berries and nuts grow spontaneously, the genius and industry of man, goaded by necessity, may surely contrive the means of subsistence. The surface is gravel, sand, and rock, with a small mixture of loam.

We overtook two young men on foot, who had killed a rattle-snake having twelve rattles. This is undoubtedly one of the most formidable reptiles of North-America; and it is a fortunate circumstance that he seldom if ever commences an attack without previous notice. He is naturally sluggish, but, conscious of his power, is little disposed to yield his path to an intruder. His maxim seems to be, "Let me alone, and I'll let you alone." When irritated he rarely misses his object, if within his reach, and it is a remarkable fact, that, after the head is severed from the body, if you touch the tail with a stick, the part nearest the head will strike the offending stick with great force, and so instantly and certainly, that it requires uncommon dexterity to avoid the blow.

MEMORANDUMS MADE ON A JOURNEY THROUGH PART OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(Continued from page 167.)

THE next stage was Lavenberg's, nine miles from Kepner's. There

Notwithstanding vulgar prejudice, there are few of our snakes whose bite is not as harmless as the bite of a mouse. This is certainly the case with the black snake, garter snake, water snake, and some others.

Lavenberg finds it necessary to house his sheep at night. Not many years since the wolves were so bold that they frequently advanced into his barn yard in the day time and carried off his flock.

To keep the wolf at a distance, it is sufficient occasionally to scour his haunts with a pack of the larger species of hounds: they are his natural enemies, and he never fails to desert the country which echoes to their music.

When at Lavenberg's, we imagined we had passed the worst of our day's ride, having crossed no less than five stupendous ridges of mountains: the Blue, the Tuscaroro, the Locust, the Broad, and the Mahanoy. The passage over them is better adapted to the taste of a poet, than to that of a farmer. Here are also a few handsome lover's leaps, where the heart-sick melting swain might find a ready cure for all his earthly afflictions. The road skirts some of these ridges at the height of one thousand or more feet, nearly vertically above the contracted vallies which border their rude bases. Instances sometimes occur of loaded waggons meeting in these dangerous passes, in which case there is no alternative but to ungear one of the teams, to conduct the horses one by one to the rear of the waggon, and then to draw it back until a spot can be found sufficiently level and spacious to turn aside, which in some parts requires the patient toil of hours, and the retrograde motion of miles. To prevent these disagreeable consequences, the waggoners crack their whips, and whoop to give notice of their approach. They had need to be careful, for a trifling mistake would be attended with inevitable destruction. It is not a little surprising that waggons, car-

rying from twelve to fourteen barrels of flour, are continually travelling these roads, which, we thought, were almost impassable on horseback, and frequently led our horses, and walked for hours successively in preference to riding.

It had been threatening rain all day, and while at Lavenberg's, a smart shower fell; it ceased between four and five in the afternoon, when we again mounted and proceeded on our way. Presently we began to ascend what is called the Little Mountain, but which is in reality a very lofty and rugged ridge. As we approached its summit, a scene suddenly opened to our view, which, for a time, rivetted our whole attention, and engrossed all our thoughts. We were struck with admiration and surprise, mixed with pleasure and awe. Towards the south-west our view extended to an immense distance over an unimproved and woody country, where mountains rise back of mountains as far as the eye can reach, seeming to vie with each other in the wild aspect of their fronts, and in the bold elevation of their peaks. Around them clouds were seen to rush in every direction, and dark storms were fast gathering on their craggy sides. Neither of us had ever witnessed similar appearances, and we involuntarily halted to indulge in the transports of the moment. We saw the rain descending in copious streams beneath the mountains' tops; witnessed the vivid flash of the tremulous lightning apparently below us; and listened to the awful peal of distant thunder re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and answering to the hollow blast of the driving wind. We were not long permitted to remain idle spectators of this conflict of the elements, nor to enjoy unmolested the novelty and sublimity of this scene. Presently a tumultuous assemblage of clouds arriving from various points, presented themselves against the side of the mountain nearest to us, and distant about three miles. We saw the storm hastily advance, and dash

itself against the opposing eminence. It grew darker and darker, as if enraged at the interruption, and determined to surmount it. We were in full view of the contest. It was of short duration. The storm moved slowly to the summit in an oblique direction from us, and having surmounted it, came with headlong speed down the opposite side. The mountain on which we were was the next highest point of attraction, and the gloomy mass advanced with great velocity towards us. The wind began to whistle keenly around us, and the wild driving of the coming tempest soon awakened us to a sense of our exposed situation. To avoid it was impossible, and our inhospitable region afforded us not the slightest shelter. We prepared to defend ourselves in the best manner we could, by covering our huts with oil cloths, and buttoning our great coats tight about us. It was in vain; for, in a few minutes we were wet to the skin and completely drenched; the water appeared to fall, not in drops, but in sheets, and the effects of its violence on our faces was very disagreeable and even painful. Our horses were not better pleased than ourselves. They could snort and prance, but, like their masters, were compelled to bear the wind and rain without a hope of protection or escape. On our right there was an insurmountable barrier of rocks, and on our left a most dangerous precipice. The road was too rough and steep to admit of their being urged out of a slow walk, in addition to which the rain that fell so covered the passage, that, in a short time, they were constantly wading through torrents, which must have effectually precluded our march, had not the floods found frequent openings, down which they rushed to the lower grounds: in this situation we dragged on, the storm beating on us with great violence....our horses moved forward with reluctance, and we became apprehensive, that, when we should descend to the op-

posite foot of the mountain, we should have to encounter some current rendered impassable by the rain, and thus be compelled to return to Lavenberg's after night. In this apprehension we were partly mistaken, for we afterwards discovered that our course lay over high grounds, the western descent of the mountain being inconsiderable. We continued in a wilderness, nor saw improvement of any kind, until we were seven miles from our last stage, when we were gratified with the appearance of a house. The storm had greatly abated, but it continued to rain very fast, and we pleased ourselves with the hope of procuring a comfortable retreat for the night. A nearer inspection of the miserable hovel decided the matter, and we determined to proceed rather than enter it. It was a one story building, but whether of wood or stone we did not sufficiently examine to remember. It was evidently too much open to the weather to protect its inhabitants, who, young and old, flocked together to gape at us as we passed. Their complexions were ruddy, and the children were in rags about the door sporting in the rain and mud. Two miles further on our way we passed another sorry dwelling, after which we saw several newly improved farms and cottages, in a tolerable soil. Night came on as we crossed the Catawessy Mountain, which was nigh occasioning us a disagreeable if not a fatal accident. We were utter strangers to the road, and it became so dark that we could scarce see a yard before us. When arrived at the Catawessy creek, my horse refused to move forward; I urged him but he became unruly. J. who had been behind me, came up, and thought he could perceive that we were about to enter on the ruins of a bridge totally impassable on horseback. This we found to be the case when we had an opportunity of viewing the same place in open day, and had we proceeded many steps further, it is quite probable

that both horses and riders would have been lost. The skeleton of an old wooden bridge, with a single plank extended length-wise over the stream, and barely sufficient to admit a footman, was all that remained. From the roaring of the water it was evidently not inconsiderable either in quantity or force; but whether the noise was the effect of natural falls, or proceeded from a mill-dam, we were unable to determine. We could not, in our wet disagreeable trim, think of turning back, especially as there was no house near us, nor any that we knew of, in which we could count on being comfortably lodged on this side of Lavenberg's. The prospect on either hand was not very consoling; we could not have reached Lavenberg's before morning, and we knew not the width, depth, or rapidity of the creek. There was no person at hand to consult, and who by a single friendly word, might have relieved us from our perplexity. At length we determined to proceed, encouraged by the appearance of a light on the opposite shore, which convinced us that a human habitation was at hand. Directed by the roaring of the falls, we moved cautiously below them, and boldly took the stream: we were exceedingly elated on finding it less formidable than we feared, and soon landed safely on the western banks. We now inquired our way, and being directed into the right road, reached the town of Catawessy in a short time, it being but about half a mile from the creek.

Our first care was to change our clothing, but on opening our saddle-bags, we perceived that the rain had penetrated them and wet every garment. However, by an interchange of civilities, we contrived to muster as many pieces between us as enabled each to have a tolerably dry suit. A silk coat in which I rode, was changed into a dozen colours and shades, and might have suited Joseph of old, though it was

rendered useless to me. Even our hats, notwithstanding their coverings of oil cloth, were thoroughly wet. After a little furbishing and recruiting, we could not but give vent to some merriment, on looking round our chamber, which had more of the appearance of a washer-woman's kitchen than of a lodging room, so handsomely had we decorated it with our dripping apparel.

23d. A good dish of coffee in the evening, and a comfortable night's lodging, make us feel little the worse for the exposure and drenching of yesterday. It rained most of the night. This morning the sky is fair and serene.

It seems an odd humour in our landlady to make choice of a case of walnut drawers placed in our chamber, for the storage of her Dutch cheese. The odour is generally not much more agreeable to the nose of an Englishman than the smell of rotten eggs. This cheese, or, as the Germans call it, *käse*, is made of the curd of milk suffered to grow sour; it is salted, pressed in cloths, and afterwards dried and hardened in the sun, and not unusually ripened in hay. In this state, when made of rich milk, it is very palatable, and little inferior to the cheese of the English dairy, but the Germans prefer it when rancid or putrid, in which state it emits a stench to which nothing but habit and prejudice can reconcile us.

An agreeable sauce called *sachmeerkäse*, is also made by the Germans, from the curd of sour milk. The whey being entirely pressed out, the curd is moistened with fresh cream, brought to a suitable consistency for spreading, and then eaten on bread, but more frequently on bread and butter. This is a delicate preparation, and is rarely rejected by the most dainty palate. The Germans of Pennsylvania are greatly attached to these simple relishes for bread, and it is not uncommon, among the better class of the farmers, to see the master of the house regale himself with butter,

honey, apple-butter*, and schmeer-kaese, spread in successive layers on the same slice of bread, and in this manner eaten with milk, and sometimes with wasser-suppe. The latter is an universal dish among the German-Americans, and is composed of fried flour and butter, on which boiling water is poured, after the addition of thin slices of bread, and the common culinary spices.

My boots being too wet to wear, I have been obliged to borrow a pair of shoes from the landlord, which being much too large, I make rather an awkward appearance, and J. is very merry at my hobbling gait. We nevertheless attended divine service at friends' meeting-house; about one hundred persons of both sexes, and mostly from the adjacent settlement, were present. It is the only house of worship in the town.

There are about forty-five dwellings in Catawessy; only one of them is built of stone, the rest are either log or frame. It is a place of little or no trade, and most probably ever will be. It was planned and settled about fifteen years ago, when every speculator, who owned a level tract of land on the Susquehanna, seemed infected with the town-making mania. Poor people were induced, by specious and illusory representations, to purchase lots, and having spent all their money, and perhaps run in debt, in the erection of small tenements, they could not, after finding themselves deceived and disappointed, sell out, and have therefore been compelled to remain for want of the means to remove.

Catawessy is on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. The mountains on the east, south, and north of the town, form an irregular semi-circle, with the points terminating in the river, and are dis-

tant about three-fourths of a mile. The highest ridge lies to the eastward, and is said from actual measurement, to be twelve hundred feet above the adjacent plain.

Here are still some vestiges of an Indian burying ground, and some peach trees of their planting in tolerable preservation. Having in the afternoon visited J. S. who lives on the western bank of the Catawessy creek, he pointed out to us what he takes to be the traces of an Indian fortification: it consists of a number of square holes, dug at equal distances on the eastern shore, describing a line of several hundred feet: whether these apertures served as intrenchments from which an assaulting enemy might be annoyed, or were subservient to some more complex scheme of warlike operations, or whether they were at all used for hostile purposes, may be left for the sage determination of some future dealer in antiquities.

Some years back a few of the inhabitants, from motives of curiosity, dug up a corpse from the grave-yard. It proved to be a female; she had been interred without a coffin, and was, according to the custom of the Indians, placed in a sitting posture. Care had been taken to provide her with a small iron kettle, some trinkets, and a tobacco-pipe, ready charged in each hand. These equipments were doubtless intended to contribute to the comfort and convenience of the deceased on her journey to the land of spirits, and would probably be as efficacious as the tolling of bells, and the firing of guns, over the body of a white man. If this custom of our tawney brethren be repugnant to our notions of good sense, we should not forget that our own must appear to them equally irreconcilable to reason and philosophy. We were shewn one of the pipes. It is the common clay of European manufacture. The skeleton was preserved for sometime by the physician of the town, but the superstitious Germans in the neighbourhood, fearful perhaps that this out-

* The substance is made by boiling apples in sweet cyder, to which some simple spice, most generally pimento, is added. The Germans call it lud-werg.

rage on the bones of the unoffending squaw might be followed by some tremendous act of vengeance on her part, compelled the doctor to re-enter them.

The inhabitants still preserve a large elm on the bank of the river, under which the sachems formerly held their councils. I could not contemplate this object with indifference. Who that has the feelings of a man, and whose bosom glows with the smallest sense of honour and justice, can view this elm with apathy? Where are now those venerable and veteran chieftains and warriors, who were accustomed to assemble beneath its friendly shade....and who received here with open arms the first white man who came helpless and forlorn among them? Surely they were unconscious that, in a few very few revolving moons, the stranger whom they here cherished and warmed by the council fire; to whom they here presented the wampum of consecrated friendship, and with whom they here smoked the sacred calumet of peace, had come to supplant them in their native possessions, to root out their posterity from the country, and to trample down the graves of their fathers.

These ancient inheritors of the soil reluctantly submit to the discipline and shackles of civilized life, and in general have shewn contempt for our customs and manners; but as their hunting grounds become destroyed, necessity may force them to resort to other means of subsistence.

An Indian being asked by two white men, how he, who gave himself no concern about religion, expected to reach heaven, answered, "Suppose we three in Philadelphia, and we hear of some good rum at Fort-Pitt...we set off to get some, but one of you has business at Baltimore, and he go that way.... the other wants to make some money too on the road, and he go by Reading....Indian got no business, no money to get....he set off and go

strait up to Fort-Pitt, and get there before either of you."

The Indians of North-America are well skilled in this species of sarcastic humour. I remember to have been present at an interview between some of their chiefs and a select number of citizens who had benevolently devoted both time and property to the introduction of useful and civilized arts among the savages. The Little Turtle, among other improvements which he enumerated to have taken place among his people, mentioned that they manufactured considerable quantities of sugar from the juice of the maple. He was asked how they contrived to procure suitable vessels to contain the syrup when boiling. He affected a very grave countenance, as he answered "that the *unfortunate* affair of St. Clair had furnished them with a considerable number of camp kettles which answered the purpose very well." It was known that this chief had headed the united Indian forces in their intrepid attack on the American army, commanded by General St. Clair, and in which the latter were defeated with immense slaughter, and suffered the loss of their camp equipage.

(To be continued.)

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF
CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

(Continued.)

I HAD taken much pains to improve the sagacity of a favourite Spaniel. It was my purpose, indeed, to ascertain to what degree of improvement the principles of reasoning and imitation could be carried in a dog. There is no doubt that the animal affixes distinct ideas to sounds. What are the possible limits of his vocabulary no one can tell. In conversing with my dog

I did not use English words, but selected simple monosyllables. Habit likewise enabled him to comprehend my gestures. If I crossed my hands on my breast he understood the signal and laid down behind me. If I joined my hands and lifted them to my breast, he returned home. If I grasped one arm above the elbow he ran before me. If I lifted my hand to my forehead he trotted composedly behind. By one motion I could make him bark; by another I could reduce him to silence. He would howl in twenty different strains of mournfulness, at my bidding. He would fetch and carry with undeviating faithfulness.

His actions being thus chiefly regulated by gestures, that to a stranger would appear indifferent or casual, it was easy to produce a belief that the animal's knowledge was much greater than in truth, it was.

One day, in a mixed company, the discourse turned upon the unrivaled abilities of *Damon*. Damon had, indeed, acquired in all the circles which I frequented, an extraordinary reputation. Numerous instances of his sagacity were quoted and some of them exhibited on the spot. Much surprise was excited by the readiness with which he appeared to comprehend sentences of considerable abstraction and complexity, though, he in reality, attended to nothing but the movements of hand or fingers with which I accompanied my words. I enhanced the astonishment of some and excited the ridicule of others, by observing that my dog not only understood English when spoken by others, but actually spoke the language himself, with no small degree of precision.

This assertion could not be admitted without proof; proof, therefore, was readily produced. At a known signal, Damon began a low interrupted noise, in which the astonished hearers clearly distinguished English words. A dialogue began between the animal and his master, which was maintained, on the part

of the former, with great vivacity and spirit. In this dialogue the dog asserted the dignity of his species and capacity of intellectual improvement. The company separated, lost in wonder, but perfectly convinced by the evidence that had been produced.

On a subsequent occasion a select company was assembled at a garden, at a small distance from the city. Discourse glided through a variety of topics, till it lighted at length on the subject of invisible beings. From the speculations of philosophers we proceeded to the creations of the poet. Some maintained the justness of Shakspear's delineations of aerial beings, while others denied it. By no violent transition, Ariel and his songs were introduced, and a lady, celebrated for her musical skill, was solicited to accompany her pedal harp with the song of "Five fathom deep thy father lies"...She was known to have set, for her favourite instrument, all the songs of Shakspeare.

My youth made me little more than an auditor on this occasion. I sat apart from the rest of the company, and carefully noted every thing. The track which the conversation had taken, suggested a scheme which was not thoroughly digested when the lady began her enchanting strain.

She ended and the audience were mute with rapture. The pause continued, when a strain was wafted to our ears from another quarter. The spot where we sat was embowered by a vine. The verdant arch was lofty and the area beneath was spacious.

The sound proceeded from above. At first it was faint and scarcely audible; presently it reached a louder key, and every eye was cast up in expectation of beholding a face among the pendant clusters. The strain was easily recognized, for it was no other than that which Ariel is made to sing when finally absolved from the service of the wizard.

In the Cowslips bell I lie,
On the Bat's back I do fly...
After summer merrily, &c.

Their hearts palpitated as they listened: they gazed at each other for a solution of the mystery. At length the strain died away at distance, and an interval of silence was succeeded by an earnest discussion of the cause of this prodigy. One supposition only could be adopted, which was, that the strain was uttered by human organs. That the songster was stationed on the roof of the arbour, and having finished his melody had risen into the viewless fields of air.

I had been invited to spend a week at this house: this period was nearly expired when I received information that my aunt was suddenly taken sick, and that her life was in imminent danger. I immediately set out on my return to the city, but before my arrival she was dead.

This lady was entitled to my gratitude and esteem; I had received the most essential benefits at her hand. I was not destitute of sensibility, and was deeply affected by this event: I will own, however, that my grief was lessened by reflecting on the consequences of her death, with regard to my own condition. I had been ever taught to consider myself as her heir, and her death, therefore, would free me from certain restraints.

My aunt had a female servant, who had lived with her for twenty years: she was married, but her husband, who as an artizan, lived apart from her: I had no reason to suspect the woman's sincerity and disinterestedness; but my aunt was no sooner consigned to the grave than a will was produced, in which Dorothy was named her sole and universal heir.

It was in vain to urge my expectations and my claims....the instrument was legibly and legally drawn up....Dorothy was exasperated by my opposition and surmises, and vigorously enforced her title. In a

week after the decease of my kinswoman, I was obliged to seek a new dwelling. As all my property consisted in my cloths and my papers, this was easily done.

My condition was now calamitous and forlorn. Confiding in the acquisition of my aunts' patrimony, I had made no other provision for the future; I hated manual labour, or any task of which the object was gain. To be guided in my choice of occupations by any motive but the pleasure which the occupation was qualified to produce, was intolerable to my proud, indolent, and restive temper.

This resource was now cut off; the means of immediate subsistence were denied me: If I had determined to acquire the knowledge of some lucrative art, the acquisition would demand time, and, meanwhile, I was absolutely destitute of support. My father's house was, indeed, open to me, but I preferred to stifle myself with the filth of the kennel, rather than to return to it.

Some plan it was immediately necessary to adopt. The exigence of my affairs, and this reverse of fortune, continually occupied my thoughts; I estranged myself from society and from books, and devoted myself to lonely walks and mournful meditation.

One morning as I ranged along the bank of Schuylkill, I encountered a person, by name Ludloe, of whom I had some previous knowledge. He was from Ireland; was a man of some rank and apparently rich: I had met with him before, but in mixed companies, where little direct intercourse had taken place between us. Our last meeting was in the arbour where Ariel was so unexpectedly introduced.

Our acquaintance merely justified a transient salutation; but he did not content himself with noticing me as I passed, but joined me in my walk and entered into conversation. It was easy to advert to the occasion on which we had last met, and to the mysterious incident which then occurred. I was solicitous to dive

into his thoughts upon this head and put some questions which tended to the point that I wished.

I was somewhat startled when he expressed his belief, that the performer of this mystic strain was one of the company then present, who exerted, for this end, a faculty not commonly possessed. Who this person was he did not venture to guess, and could not discover, by the tokens which he suffered to appear, that his suspicions glanced at me. He expatiated with great profoundness and fertility of ideas, on the uses to which a faculty like this might be employed. No more powerful engine, he said, could be conceived, by which the ignorant and treacherous might be moulded to our purposes; managed by a man of ordinary talents, it would open for him the straightest and surest avenues to wealth and power.

His remarks excited in my mind a new strain of thoughts. I had not hitherto considered the subject in this light, though vague ideas of the importance of this art could not fail to be occasionally suggested: I ventured to inquire into his ideas of the mode, in which an art like this could be employed, so as to effect the purposes he mentioned.

He dealt chiefly in general representations. Men, he said, believed in the existence and energy of invisible powers, and in the duty of discovering and conforming to their will. This will was supposed to be sometimes made known to them through the medium of their senses. A voice coming from a quarter where no attendant form could be seen would, in most cases, be ascribed to supernal agency, and a command imposed on them, in this manner, would be obeyed with religious scrupulousness. Thus men might be imperiously directed in the disposal of their industry, their property, and even of their lives. Men, actuated by a mistaken sense of duty, might, under this influence, be led to the commission of the most flagitious, as well as the most heroic acts: If it were his desire to accu-

mulate wealth, or institute a new sect, he should need no other instrument.

I listened to this kind of discourse with great avidity, and regretted when he thought proper, to introduce new topics. He ended by requesting me to visit him, which I eagerly consented to do. When left alone, my imagination was filled with the images suggested by this conversation. The hopelessness of better fortune, which I had lately harboured, now gave place to cheering confidence. Those motives of rectitude which should deter me from this species of imposture, had never been vivid or stable, and were still more weakened by the artifices of which I had already been guilty. The utility or harmlessness of the end, justified, in my eyes, the means.

No event had been more unexpected, by me, than the bequest of my aunt to her servant. The will, under which the latter claimed, was dated prior to my coming to the city. I was not surprised, therefore, that it had once been made, but merely that it had never been cancelled or superseded by a later instrument. My wishes inclined me to suspect the existence of a later will, but I had conceived that, to ascertain its existence, was beyond my power.

Now, however, a different opinion began to be entertained. This woman like those of her sex and class was unlettered and superstitious. Her faith in spells and apparitions, was of the most lively kind. Could not her conscience be awakened by a voice from the grave! Lonely and at midnight; my aunt might be introduced, upbraiding her for her injustice, and commanding her to atone for it by acknowledging the claim of the rightful proprietor.

True it was, that no subsequent will might exist, but this was the fruit of mistake, or of negligence. She probably intended to cancel the old one, but this act might, by her own weakness, or by the artifices of her servant, be delayed till death

had put it out of her power. In either case a mandate from the dead could scarcely fail of being obeyed.

I considered this woman as the usurper of my property. Her husband as well as herself, were laborious and covetous; their good fortune had made no change in their mode of living, but they were as frugal and as eager to accumulate as ever. In their hands, money was inert and sterile, or it served to foster their vices. To take it from them would, therefore, be a benefit both to them and to myself; not even an imaginary injury would be inflicted. Restitution, if legally compelled to it, would be reluctant and painful, but if enjoined by Heaven would be voluntary, and the performance of a seeming duty would carry with it, its own reward.

These reasonings, aided by inclination, were sufficient to determine me. I have no doubt but their fallacy would have been detected in the sequel, and my scheme have been productive of nothing but confusion and remorse. From these consequences, however, my fate in-

terposed, as in the former instance, to save me.

Having formed my resolution, many preliminaries to its execution were necessary to be settled. These demanded deliberation and delay; meanwhile I recollected my promise to Ludlow, and paid him a visit. I met a frank and affectionate reception. It would not be easy to paint the delight which I experienced in this man's society. I was at first oppressed with the sense of my own inferiority in age, knowledge and rank. Hence arose numberless reserves and incapacitating diffidences; but these were speedily dissipated by the fascinations of this man's address. His superiority was only rendered, by time, more conspicuous, but this superiority, by appearing never to be present to his own mind, ceased to be uneasy to me. My questions required to be frequently answered, and my mistakes to be rectified; but my keenest scrutiny, could detect in his manner, neither arrogance nor contempt. He seemed to talk merely from the overflow of his ideas, or a benevolent desire of imparting information.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

THE following tabular view of the manufactures of Great Britain, is chiefly formed upon the calculations and researches of Mr. Grellier, and were published in 1802. A distinct view of so important a branch of the wealth, industry, and ingenuity of that opulent nation, as accurate as the nature of the subject will admit, and with the perspicuity peculiar to a table will probably be acceptable to many of your readers. r
A. B.

Articles.	Value of raw materials. l. Sterling.	Value of wrought materials.	Profit to manuf-turers.	No. of manuf-cturers.	Average profit to each	Average No. of workmen to each.	Total No. of workmen.	Average wages per man.	Total wages.
Wool,	5,000,000	75,000,000	1,500,000	3000	L. 500	141½	425,000	L. 20	8,500,000
Leather,	3,500,000	10,000,000	1,000,000	2000	do.	137½	275,000	do.	5,500,000
Cotton,	5,000,000	10,000,000	1,000,000	2000	do.	150	300,000	do.	6,000,000
Silk,	1,200,000	2,400,000	240,000	480	do.	100	48,000	do.	960,000
Flax,	800,000	2,000,000	200,000	400	do.	120	50,000	do.	1,100,000
Hemp,	650,000	1,500,000	150,000	300	do.	116½	35,000	do.	700,000
Paper,	10,000	900,000	90,000	180	do.	166½	30,000	do.	600,000
Glass,	650	1,500,000	150,000	300	do.	116½	35,000	do.	700,000
Pottery,	800,000	2,000,000	200,000	400	do.	120	50,000	do.	1,000,000
Tin and lead,	5,000,000	5,000,000	500,000	2000	do.	100	200,000	do.	4,000,000
Cop. & Brass,	1,950,000	1,950,000	195,000	600	do.	100	60,000	do.	1,200,000
Steel Plate, &c.	2,200,000	2,200,000	220,000	800	do.	87½	70,000	do.	1,400,000
Totals,	26,110,650	64,450,000	6,445,000	12,460			1,548,000		30,960,000

REVIEW.

The Letters of the British Spy. Originally published in the Virginia Argus, in August and September, 1803.

Richmond: Pleasants....pp. 43.

THE fiction on which the title of these letters would lead us to suppose them built, is very favourable to curiosity and invention: If we mistake not, it took its origin, as most schemes of the kind have done, in the prolific imagination of the French. The first example was set in the voluminous, and once popular work of "The Turkish Spy;" and has been followed by a numerous train of Chinese, Jewish, &c. This, before us, is the second instance of the kind in America; for a well known writer published, formerly, what he called "The Algerine Spy."

The mystery and danger encircling the character of a Spy, give his adventures a peculiar and uncommon interest; and the business of his life being to inquire and observe, and his foreign prejudices leading him to view every object in a new light, there cannot be a part more favourable to original and striking speculations. Most of the *Spies*, however, with whom we are acquainted, seem to have forgotten their true character; and turn out, upon examination, to be nothing more than men travelling for their own amusement.

The letters before us, are written, in the character of an English traveller, to Mr. S*****, alias Mr. Sheridan. They are few and brief, and exhibit but very few points in that immense picture which the United States constitute in the eye of a stranger. The traveller arrives at Richmond, and there he chiefly continues. He begins his correspondence with some remarks upon American, that is Virginian reverence for rank and wealth, and some

account of the local situation of Richmond. He then digresses into some geological speculations on the origin and age of our continent, which, after some time, provokes a reply, that is also published in this collection. He next discusses the eloquence of America; states its defects and their causes, and draws the portraits of several eminent pleaders at the bar. We likewise meet with various thoughts on the subject of style and eloquence in general.

There is some liveliness of fancy, and a sparkling style in the effusions of this writer: there are many marks of a juvenile and undisciplined pen, and in most of his recitals we have found that degree of interest and amusement which it was probably the whole intention of the writer to afford. The following portrait of a pulpit orator will serve as a specimen of this performance.

"I have been my dear S*****, on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure which I met with, in the course of the tour.

"It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden-house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On

entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man....his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice were all shaking under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! Sacred God! How soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our saviour.... his trial before Pilate....his ascent up Calvary....his crucifixion.... and his death. I new the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstance so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews....the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet....my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched. But

when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour....when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes, streaming in tears to heaven....his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"....the voice of the preacher, which had, all along, faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs and shrieks of the congregation. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But....no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!!!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crises in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher....his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses....you are to imagine you hear his slow, solemn, well accented

annunciation and his voice of affecting, trembling melody....you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised....and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house....the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence....“Socrates died like a philosopher”....then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his “sightless balls” to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice....“but Jesus Christ... like a God!....If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon or the force of Bourdaloue had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood which, just before, had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense; now ran back into my heart with a sensation which I cannot describe; a kind of shuddering, delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self abasement, humility and adoration! I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our saviour as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as.... “a God!”

“If this description gives you the impression that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such an union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent to which he does not

seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is, not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him, as if “his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;” and called him in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, “a pure intelligence.... the link between men and angels!”

“This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which Nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recal, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray’s introductory picture of his bard.

On a rock, whose haughty brow,
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming
flood,
Rob’d in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Streamed, like a meteor, to the trou-
bled air)
And with a poet’s hand and prophet’s
fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

“Guess my surprise when, on my arrival at Richmond and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of James Walbell! Is it not strange that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia! To me it is a conclusive argument, either that the Virginians have no taste for the highest strains of the most sublime oratory, or that they are destitute of a much more important quality, the love of genuine and exalted religion. Indeed it is too clear, my friend, that this soil abounds more in weeds of foreign birth, than in good and salubrious fruits. Among others the noxious weed of infidelity has struck a deep, a fatal root, and spread its pestilential branches far around. I fear that our excentric and fanciful countryman, Godwin, has contributed not a little to water and cherish this pernicious exotic. There is a novelty, a splendor, a boldness in his scheme of morals peculiarly fitted to captivate a youthful and an ardent mind. A young man feels his delicacy flattered, in the idea of being emancipated from the old, obsolete and vulgar motives of moral conduct; and acting correctly from motives quite new, refined and sublimated in the crucible of pure, abstracted reason. Unfortunately, however, in this attempt to change the motives of his conduct, he loses the old ones, while the new, either from being too ethereal and sublime, or from some other want of congeniality, refuse to mix and lay hold of the gross materials of his nature. Thus he becomes emancipated, indeed; discharged not only from ancient and vulgar shackles, but also, from modern fine-spun, tinsel restraints of his divine Godwin. Having imbibed the high spirit of literary adventure, he disdains the limits of the moral world; and advancing boldly to the throne of God, he questions him on his dispensations, and demands the reasons of

his laws. But the counsels of heaven are *above* the ken, *not contrary* to the voice of human reason; and the unfortunate youth, unable to reach and measure them, recoils from the attempt, with melancholy rashness, into infidelity and deism. Godwin's glittering theories are on his lips. Utopia or Mezoraniaboast not of a purer moralist *in words*, than the young Godwinian. But the unbridled licentiousness of *his conduct* makes it manifest, that if Godwin's principles are true in the abstract, they are not fit for this system of things, whatever they might be in the republic of Plato.

“From a life of inglorious indolence, by far too prevalent among the young men of this country, the transition is easy and natural to immorality and dissipation. It is at this giddy period of life, when a series of dissolute courses have debauched the purity and innocence of the heart, shaken the pillars of the understanding, and converted her sound and wholesome operations, into little more than a set of feverish starts, and incoherent and delirious dreams, it is in such a situation that a new-fangled theory is welcomed as an amusing guest, and deism is embraced as a balmy comforter against the pangs of an offended conscience. This coalition once formed and habitually consolidated, “*farwel, a long farwel*” to honour, genius and glory! From such a gulf of complicated ruin, few have the energy ever to attempt an escape. The moment of cool reflection, which should save them, is too big with horror to be endured. Every plunge is deeper and deeper, until the tragedy is finally wound up by a pistol or a halter. Do not believe that I am drawing from fancy; the picture is unfortunately true. Few dramas, indeed, have yet reached their catastrophe; but, too many are in a rapid progress towards it. These thoughts are affecting and oppressive. I am glad to retreat from them by bidding you adieu; and offering my prayers to heaven that you may never lose the pure,

the genial consolations of unshaken faith and an approving conscience. Once more, my dear S*****, adieu !”

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The town and country friend and physician:....Or an affectionate address on the preservation of health, and the removal of disease on its first appearance:.... Supposed to be delivered by a country physician to the circle of his friends and patients on his retiring from business:.... With cursory observations on the treatment of children, &c.... Intended for the promotion of domestic happiness....In two parts.

Philadelphia: Humphreys, pp. 103.

THIS little book, written in the true spirit of moderation and benevolence, has afforded us no inconsiderable pleasure. This is, exactly, the subject on which the humble and laborious classes of society, stand in most need of information, and in which, credulity, ignorance, and negligence, lead their victims into the most pernicious errors. We cannot do better than to extract the preface entire.

“To those who peruse the following pages, it is scarcely necessary for the editor to say what were his motives in handing them in this plain and compact form to the public. The promotion of domestic comfort and happiness, he flatters himself, will be found so evidently written in every line of them, as will be sufficient to evince his object....a general circulation and perusal of them, which would not so likely be the case, if they were swelled out, as they might be, and the price proportionably advanced.

“The first part, independent of a few observations, and some alterations, arising from locality of expression, is nearly a copy of a late celebrated publication, intitled, “The Villager’s Friend and Phy-

sician,” and is from the pen of that worthy philanthropist, Mr. James Parkinson, of London.

The second part will be found, chiefly, to consist of a selection of short extracts from some other late celebrated publications, on the means of *preserving health and prolonging life*; also of some observations and remarks calculated to enforce the precepts and advice contained in the first part; and to which, it is presumed, it will prove an acceptable and useful addition.

“It will be acknowledged by all who peruse the work, that a general circulation of it must be accompanied with beneficial effects; such as must tend to the promotion of, not only domestic, but of general happiness. Perhaps no little book extant, is better calculated for it; or to answer the purposes of those who are desirous of sowing the germ of health, comfort, and prosperity, among the miserable, by the distribution of cheap and useful books. Perhaps also, there is not a means in the hands of the affluent, by which solid comfort can be more permanently, or more easily administered, to the infirm and wretched, than in the proper disposal of such books among them; nor is, in general, the gratitude of such for comfort administered, more expressive and permanent, than that which arises out of this source.”

The precepts contained in the first part, relating to the symptoms and cure of various diseases, are perhaps of less practical utility, than mere directions for *preserving health*. They are infinitely more liable to be mistaken and misapplied. Every uneasy sensation, transient obstruction, or momentary excrescence, is converted, by a fearful fancy, into the symptom of some dangerous disease. There are innumerable instances, sometimes deplorable, and sometimes ludicrous, of mistakes, arising from partial information. How many months and years have been embittered by a chimera of this sort, in the lives of many persons. There

are very few who have dipped into medical works, or into books intended to supply the place of scientific treatises, whose little knowledge has not cost them a thousand terrors, and anxieties. These evils, though great, are far inferior to such as arise from total ignorance and negligence. While the former inevitably terminates in ease and security, the latter are real, permanent, and perhaps incurable.

The second part is not liable to any objection, and it is impossible, we think, for any to peruse it attentively, without benefit. We shall close with the following remarks on cleanliness, which, though trite, can never be too frequently repeated, or widely diffused:

“Cleanliness is a principal duty of man, and an unclean or filthy person, is never completely healthy. It is better to wash ourselves ten times a day, than to allow one dirty spot to remain on the skin. On a place where impurities are suffered to clog the pores, not only insensible perspiration, but likewise the absorption by the skin is entirely suppressed; and, if the whole body be, as it were, covered with a varnish, formed of perspirable matter, it is impossible that a person in such a state can possess sound blood, or enjoy good health.

“Believe me, the lady, the man of fortune, and the ill-fated man of letters, all require *more active* exercise than they actually take, which alone can promote a free perspiration, and enliven the surface of the body; but, by their indolent habits, the whole machine is in a languid state, and the *skin* becomes contracted and debilitated.

“The husbandman, it is true, labours diligently: and though, by perspiration, *his skin* preserves more life and activity, it is neither kept sufficiently clean, nor prevented from being obstructed by perspirable matter. The artist and manufacturer carry on their pursuits in a sedentary manner, and in a confined impure air: the

voluptuary and the glutton do not suffer less than the former, as they impair the *energy of the skin* by excesses of every kind, and take no precautions to preserve its elastic texture. Our usual articles of dress, flannel excepted, are not calculated to promote a free perspiration; and the free use of liquors contribute greatly to *relax the skin*. If we add to this list of predisposing causes, our inconstant climate, which at one hour of the day braces, and at another relaxes the *surface* of the body, alternately heats and cools it, and, consequently, disturbs its uniform action; it will be easily understood, that the *skin* must, for these reasons, be almost generally vitiated; and that it really is a leading source of many of our indispositions.

When the sensibility of the *surface* is impaired; when the myriads of *orifices*, that are designed for the continual purification and renovation of our fluids, are obstructed, if not closed: when the subtle nervous texture is nearly deprived of its energy, so that it becomes an *impenetrable coat of mail*, is there any reason to wonder, that we are so often harassed by a sense of constraint and anxiety: and, that this uneasiness, in many cases, terminates in a desponding gloom, and, at length, in complete melancholy? Ask the hypochondriac, whether a certain degree of cold, paleness, and a spasmodic sensation in the *skin*, do not always precede his most violent fits of imbecility? and, whether his feelings are not most comfortable when the *surface* of his body is vigorous, warm, and perspires freely? In short, the degrees of insensible perspiration are to him the surest barometer of his state of mind. If our *skin* be disorganized, the free inlets and outlets of the electric, magnetic, and other matters, which affect us at the change of the weather, are inactive. Thus, the origin of extreme sensibility towards the various atmospheric revolutions, is no longer a mystery; for, in a *healthy sur-*

face of the body, no inconvenience will follow from such changes. If we farther advert to those acrimonious fluids, which, in consequence of an *imperfect state of perspiration*, are retained in the body, and which affect the most sensible nerves and membranes, we shall the better comprehend how cramps and spasms, the torturing pains of the gout and rheumatism, and the great variety of cataneous diseases, have of late become so obstinate and general.

“The just proportion of the fluids, and the circulation of the blood, are also determined, in no small degree, by the *skin*; so that if these fluids become thick and languid, the whole momentum of the blood is repelled towards the interior parts. Thus a continual plethora, or fulness of the blood, is occasioned; the head and breast are greatly oppressed; and the external parts, especially the lower extremities, feel chilly and languid.

“May we not infer, from what I have thus advanced, that the use of baths is too much neglected, and ought to be universally introduced? It is not sufficient, for the great purposes here alluded to, that a few of the more wealthy families repair every season to watering-places, or that they even make use of other modes of bathing, either for their health or amusement. A very different method must be pursued, if we seriously wish to restore the vigour of a degenerating race. I mean here to inculcate the indispensable necessity of

domestic baths, so well known among the ancients.

“Bathing may be considered as an excellent specific for alleviating both mental and bodily affections. It is not *merely a cleanser of the skin*, enlivening and rendering it more fit for performing its offices; but it also refreshes the mind, and spreads over the whole system a *sensation of ease, activity and pleasantry*. It likewise removes stagnation in the larger, as well as in the capillary vessels; gives an uniform, free circulation to the blood; and preserves that wonderful harmony in our interior organs, on the disposition of which our health and comfort so much depend. A person fatigued, or distressed in body and mind, will derive more refreshment from the luxury of a lukewarm bath, and may drown his disquietude in it more effectually, than by indulging in copious libations to Bacchus.

The wish to enjoy perpetual youth, is one of the most predominant and pardonable. Though it cannot be rationally asserted, that bathing will confer continual youth; yet I will hazard an opinion, that it has a very uncommon and superior tendency to prolong that happy state; it preserves all the solid parts soft and pliable, and renders the joints flexible.

“It is no less certain, that bathing is one of the best preservatives of beauty; and that those nations, among whom it is a prevailing practice, are usually the most distinguished for elegance of form, and freshness of complexion.”

POETRY....ORIGINAL.

THE BOAR HUNT.

From a Manuscript Poem.

Gondalbc's trumpet, at the dawn of day,

Had summon'd to the chase his sportful friends ;

With these came forth a troop of martial dames,

Led by Rolinda, first of all in charms.

Valerian, curious to explore the wood,
Where the Magician kept his Mystic School ;

Accoutred in the armour of the land,
Mounted a steed and followed in the train.

His stately form, the grace with which he mov'd

And check'd the fury of his headlong horse,

Struck his beholders with surprise :
but most

Rolinda's eye, him follow'd o'er the plains,

And most her tongue was lavish in his praise.

His courser bounded to the winding horn,

And to the clamours of the noisy hounds,

That echoed from the hills ; he proudly pranc'd ;

He snuff'd the gale and wav'd his floating mane.

When they had reach'd the borders of the wood,

Valerian saw with wonder its thick shades ;

The towering height of its deep-rooted oaks ;

And felt the chill of their o'ershadowing gloom.

Far in the woods the hunters had not plung'd,

Before the hounds, from his rude covert, rous'd

A huge and furious boar ; his glaring eyes

Shone like two stars amidst the depths of night :

Like to the murmur of seditious winds

His breath was heard from far ; he champ'd the foam

Which drop'd down roping from his crooked tusks.

He heard the tumult of the coming war,

And high upridging his hard bristly back

Prepared to meet the onset of his foes.

The dogs that first advanc'd were gash'd and torn,

Their fellows fled, the stoutest hunter paus'd.

Swift as the winds Rolinda onward flies,

Nor heeds the counsel of her female train.

At the fierce Beast she boldly hurls her spear,

True to her aim, it strikes him in the side,

The blood pours down in torrents from the wound ;

The monster rages with excess of pain,

And turns his wrath on her who gave the blow,

Loud roaring like the storm...Rolinda's steed

Starts back and trembles, while the ponderous boar

Against him rushes, throws him to the earth,

And with him, the fair burden which he held.

Helpless, Rolinda lies, expecting death....

Valerian sees ; he hastens to her aid :
He throws himself, like lightning, from his horse :

With his long spear he rushes on the Boar,

And buries it in his extended jaws :

He falls and shakes, beneath his weight, the ground.

Valerian raises the affrighted maid
And gives her back in safety to her friends

The danger past...again the trumpet sounds,

The signal for the chase ; and on they rush,

While horn and clamorous hound and joyous shouts

With peal on peal through the deep thickets break,

And rouse up silence from her lonely haunts.

As thus they wound the tangles of
 the wood,
 And beat each thicket and explor'd
 each hill,
 They heard the loud blast of a bugle-
 horn,
 And far within the forest's shade,
 beheld
 A youthful warrior leaning on his
 spear.
 As they approach'd they mark'd his
 noble form;
 His dark plume waving to the breath
 of air;
 His glittering armour and his gallant
 mien:
 And soon Rolinda in the youth be-
 held
 Brave Torismond, the Arimasian
 chief,
 And trembled for the fate of him she
 lov'd.
 The Hunter, when he saw the train
 approach,
 Started surpris'd and sternly grasp'd
 his spear,
 And soon as he and the Montalvian
 Prince
 Each other knew, rage sparkled in
 their eyes,
 And indignation crimson'd o'er their
 cheeks.
 Aloud Godalbo call'd upon his foe
 Upbraiding him with taunts, and bade
 his troop
 Seize on the wretch and bind him
 hand and foot,
 And bear him to the presence of the
 king.

THE COMBAT.

The prince undaunted at this insult
 laugh'd;
 Firm in his place he stood, and shook
 his spear
 And towering in his pride of strength
 thus spoke,
 "Ha! thinkst thou Prince, thou
 mighty man of war,
 Thou bold upbraider of a single
 man,
 That thou hast caught the lion in thy
 toils?
 The lion who has thin'd thy crowded
 ranks?
 And that thou'lt seize him, and him
 bound, expose
 To the rude gaze of thy detested
 slaves.
 I scorn thy threats....here would I
 stand, alone,

And meet the brunt of thy united
 force;
 But that I have within the sound of
 horn
 A gallant band of soldiers, who have
 hither come
 With me to share the pleasures of the
 chase.
 Then tremble, ruffian, measure back
 thy steps
 While now I bid my absent friends
 approach."
 He said, and loudly blew his bugle-
 horn,
 Which far extended its indignant
 blast.
 The warning sound his friends obedi-
 ent heard,
 And swiftly at his call through thickets
 dash'd
 And gather'd round their brave and
 warlike chief.
 Then had the storm of bloody battle
 rag'd
 But that young Torismond his sol-
 diers check'd,
 And thus accosted the Montalvian
 Prince:
 "Ha! man of words, now execute
 thy threat!
 Now bind me fast and bear me to thy
 king!
 Sooner by far you might arrest the
 winds;
 And yoke the lightnings to your battle
 car....
 But why for us should these bold war-
 riors bleed?
 Why in a private quarrel should we
 waste
 The lives of friends so faithful to our
 cause.
 Come on then, chief, alone, and leave
 thy horse
 And meet the prowess of this single
 arm,
 And let our bands look on and mark
 our feats,
 And say who most excels in deeds,
 of arms.
 He said: Godalbo bounded from his
 horse;
 He bade his soldiers pause, nor raise a
 hand
 Or weapon in the fight....Silence en-
 sued,
 The combatants drew near; aside
 they threw
 Their spears; they seiz'd their swords,
 together rush'd

And shook the earth beneath their
mighty strides.
Swift fell the blows of sheer loud
thundering steel,
And far and wide their din of battle
spread.
At times Gondalbo seem'd to press
his foe
With conquering force, at times he
seem'd to yield
Beneath his rival's force, and both at
times
Seem'd weary of the fight and dread-
ful toil.
Long they contended, and the turf
beneath
With foot they harden'd and with
blood they dyed.
Yet still in doubtful scales the vict'ry
hung.
At length, Gondalbo, with a weary
eye
Believ'd he saw his rival's power de-
cline,
And thought one mighty effort would
secure
To him the triumph of the bloody
strife :
Rousing his strength and raising high
his sword,
He struck the head of his relentless
foe,
While at the moment he himself re-
ceiv'd
Deep in the side, the plangé of his
deep sword :
Both fell, and roll'd in anguish on the
ground.
Loud shriek'd Rolinda and within the
arms
Of his attendants sunk : her lover's
name
Burst from her lips, and told the
tender flame
She nurs'd with secret sorrow in her
breast.
When the troops saw their princely
leaders fall,

They to their aid with eagerness
rush'd on,
Each man believ'd his fallen chief
was dead,
And breath'd revenge upon his hated
foes.
Dark was the battle which with fury
rag'd
Between these adverse bands ; they
were two clouds
Charged with dread thunder that
together meet.
They were two torrents meeting on a
hill
And upward dashing in the air their
spray.
Valerian's noble soul was sick of
wars...
He mourn'd for men contending like
the beasts
With cruel joy, and rioting in blood ;
But now in self defence he drew his
sword,
And with an arm unrivalled in its
strength
Beat from him the assaults and rage
of war.
The fight was won by bold Montal-
via's sons.
Through the wild shades the Arimas-
pians fled
And left their leader bleeding on the
earth.
Valerian cheek'd his friends on the
pursuit,
And bade them both the fallen prin-
ces raise
And to the city gently bear them
back.
Rolinda followed in the mournful
train,
With eye dejected and with alter'd
air.
Her long dishevel'd hair waves in the
wind,
And frequent sighs break from the
aching heart.

SELECTIONS.

BRANDY.

THE time of the invention of brandy, or ardent spirit, which has had so wonderful an influence on many arts, on commerce, on the habits, health, and happiness of the human race, is not exactly known. That the first was made

by the Arabians from wine, and thence called *vinum ustum*; that Arabian physicians first employed it in the composition of medicines; and that so late as the year 1333, the manner of preparing it was very difficult and tedious, and still considered by surgeons as a secret

art ; it appears from the writings of Arnold de Ville Neuve [*Arnoldus de Villu Nova*] Raymond Lully, and Theophrastus Paracelsus ; and it is without sufficient reason, that some ascribe the invention to Arnold. Alexander Tassoni relates, that the Modenese were the first, who, in Europe, on occasion of too abundant a vintage, made and sold brandy in considerable quantities. The German miners had first acquired the habit of drinking it ; and the great consumption of, and demand for, this liquor, soon induced the Venetians to participate with the Modenese in the new lucrative art and branch of commerce. However, it appears, that brandy did not come into general use till towards the end of the fifteenth century ; and then it was still called *burnt wine*. The first printed books which made mention of brandy, recommended it as a preservative against most diseases, and as a means to prolong youth and beauty. Similar encomiums have been bestowed on tea and coffee ; and people become so much habituated to these liquors, that they at last daily drank them, merely on account of their being pleasant to their palate. In the *Reformation* of the archbishopric of Cologne, in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, no mention is made of brandy ; although it must certainly have been named there, if it had then already been used in Westphalia. William II, landgrave of Hesse, about the commencement of the sixteenth century, ordered that no seller of brandy should suffer it to be drunken in his house....and that no one should be allowed to offer it for sale before the church doors on holidays. In 1524, Philip, landgrave of Hesse, totally prohibited the vending of *burnt wine*. But in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Baccius wrote his *History of Wine*, brandy was everywhere in Italy sold under the name of *aqua vitis* or *vitis*. Under king Erick, it was introduced into Sweden. For a long

time this liquor was distilled only from spoil wine ; afterwards from the dregs, &c. of beer and wine ; and when instead of these, the distillers employed rye, wheat and barley, it was considered as a wicked and unpardonable misuse of corn ; it was feared that brandy made from wine, would be adulterated with malt-spirits ; and an idea prevailed, that the grains were noxious to cattle, but especially to swine ; whence originated among men, that loathsome and contagious disease, the leprosy. Expressly for these reasons, *burnt wine* was, in January, 1595, forbidden to be made in the electorate of Saxony, except only from wine lees, and the dregs of beer. In 1662, brandy was prohibited at Frankfort, on the Mayne, because the barber-surgeons had represented, that it was noxious in the then prevalent fatal disorders. From the same cause, the prohibition was renewed in 1605. With astonishing rapidity has the love of brandy, and ardent spirit in general, spread over all parts of the world ; and nations the most uncultivated and the most ignorant, who can neither reckon nor write, have not only comprehended the method of distilling it ; but even had ingenuity enough to apply to the preparation of it, the products furnished by their own country. Malt spirits and French brandy, which, when both are pure, are however alike in their component parts, may, with the greatest certainty, be distinguished by the taste which is left after burning them. Of the latter, this watery remainder is sharp, nauseous, and almost sour ; but what is left after burning the malt spirits, excites a taste of burnt, or at least roasted, meal.

Memoir on the Wax-Tree of Louisiana and Pennsylvania. By CHARLES LOUIS CADET, of the college of Pharmacy.

A number of plants, such as the *Croton ceciferum*, the *Tomez*

scabifera of Loureiro, the poplar, the alder, the pine, and some *labiati*, give by decoction a concrete inflammable matter, similar, in a greater or less degree, to tallow or wax; that is to say, a fixed oil saturated with oxygen. The light down, called the bloom of fruits, and which gives a silvery appearance to the surface of plums and other stone fruits, is wax, as has been proved by M. Proust. But the tree which furnishes this matter in the greatest abundance, and which in many respects deserves the attention of agriculturists, chemists, physicians, and commercial men, is the *Myrica cerifera* or wax-tree.

We read in the History of the Academy of Sciences for the years 1722 and 1725, that M. Alexandre, a surgeon and correspondent of M. Mairan, observed in Louisiana, a tree of the size of the cherry-tree, having the appearance of the myrtle, and nearly the same odour, and bearing a seed of the size of coriander. These seeds, of an ash-grey colour, contain a small osseous stone, pretty round, covered with shining wax, which is obtained by boiling the seeds in water. This wax is drier and more friable than ours. The inhabitants of the country make tapers of it. M. Alexandre adds: "This seed has commonly a beautiful lake colour, and on being bruised with the fingers, they acquire the same tint; but this takes place only at a certain season."

The liquor in which the seeds have been boiled, and from which the wax has been taken, when evaporated to the consistence of an extract, was found by M. Alexandre to be an effectual remedy for checking the most obstinate dysenteries.

The advantageous properties exhibited by this tree, could not but induce scientific men to make researches for the purpose of ascer-

taining the varieties of this vegetable production, and what care was required in its culture. It was long considered as a mere object of curiosity.

Linnaeus, in his *Vegetable System*, speaks only of the wax-tree of Virginia (*Myrica cerifera*), with leaves lanceolated as if indented, stem arborescent.

Having requested C. Ventenat to inform me how many species there are of it, he replied that Ayton has distinguished two, viz.

1st. *Myrica cerifera angustifolia*, which grows in Louisiana. This tree is delicate, flowers with difficulty in our green-houses: its seeds are smaller than those of the following.

2d. *Myrica cerifera latifolia*, which grows in Pennsylvania, Carolina, and Virginia. It does not rise to such a height as the former, and is perfectly naturalized in France. These two *Myrica* are of the family of the *diaci*.

They are both cultivated at the *Museum des Plantes*, and in the gardens of C. Cels and Lemonier.

C. Michault admits a third species of *Myrica cerifera*, which he calls the dwarf wax-tree. C. Ventenat thinks that wax may be extracted from all the *Myrica*.

The authors who have spoken of these trees with some details, are C. Marchal, translated by Leferme, Lepage-Duprat, and Toscan, librarian of the Museum of Natural History. A memoir inserted by the latter in his work entitled *L'Ami de la Nature*, makes known the manner in which vegetable wax is collected in the colonies.

"Towards the end of autumn," says he, "when the berries are ripe, a man quits his home, with his family, to proceed to some island, or some bank near the sea, where the wax-trees grow in abundance. He carries with him vessels for boiling the berries, and an axe to build a hut to shelter him during his residence in that place, which is generally three or four weeks. While he is cutting down the trees,

* From the *Annales de Chimie*, No. 131.

and constructing the hut, his children collect the berries: a fruitful shrub can furnish about seven pounds. When the berries are collected, the whole family employ themselves in extracting the wax. A certain quantity of the seeds are thrown into the kettles, and water is poured over them in sufficient quantity to rise to the height of half a foot above them. The whole is then boiled, stirring the seeds from time to time, and pressing them against the sides of the vessels, that the wax may more easily be detached. A little after, the wax is seen floating in the form of fat, which is collected with a spoon, and strained through a piece of coarse cloth, to separate the impurities mixed with it. When no more wax detaches itself, the berries are taken out by means of a skimmer, and new ones are put into the water; taking care to renew it the second or third time, and even to add more boiling water in proportion as it is consumed, in order that the operation may not be retarded. When a certain quantity of wax has been collected in this manner, it is placed on a piece of linen cloth to drain, and to separate the water with which it is still mixed. It is then dried, and melted a second time for the purpose of purifying it, and is moulded into the form of cakes. Four pounds of the seeds give about a pound of wax. That which detaches itself first, is generally yellow, but in the last boilings it assumes a green colour, in consequence of the tint communicated to it by the pellicle with which the nucleus of the seed is covered."

Kalm, the traveller, speaking of the vegetable wax, says that in countries where the wax-tree grows, it is employed for making excellent soap, with which linen can be perfectly washed.

Such was the knowledge naturalists had of the myrica, or at least no other observations, as far as I know, had been published respecting it, when a naturalist gave me half a kilogramme of the vegetable wax of Louisiana. I was de-

sirous to analyse it, and compare it with the wax made by our bees, but before I undertook this labour, I wished to be acquainted with the nature of the shrub, and of the seeds of the myrica. I saw this valuable production in the *Jardin des Planies*, and wrote to C. Deshayes, a zealous botanist, who superintends at Rambouillet the cultivation of the *Myrica pennsylvanica*, to beg he would give me a few details on that subject. He was so kind as to return an answer, accompanied with some of the seeds, which I took the earliest opportunity of examining.

This seed is a kind of berry, of the size of a pepper-corn; its surface, when it is ripe and fresh, is white, interspersed with small black asperities, which give it the appearance of shagreen. When rubbed between the hands it renders them unctuous and greasy.

If one of these small berries be strongly pressed, it divests itself of a matter in appearance amylaceous, mixed with small round grains, like gun-powder. The nucleus, which remains bare, has a very thick ligneous covering, and contains a dis cotyledon kernel. By rubbing a handful of the berries on a hair sieve, I obtained a grey dust, in which I could distinguish, by the help of a magnifying glass, the small brown grains already mentioned, in the middle of a white powder.

I put this powder into alcohol, which by the help of a gentle heat dissolved all the white part, and left the black powder which I collected apart. Water poured over this alcoholic solution, disengaged a substance which floated on the surface of the liquid. I melted this substance, and obtained a yellow wax similar to that brought me from Louisiana. This experiment was sufficient to prove that the wax of the myrica is the white rough matter which envelopes the seeds.

The black powder which I separated, appeared to me to contain a colouring principle, and I did not

despair that I should find in it the beautiful lake, mentioned by M. Alexandre. With this view I bruised strongly the powder, and boiled it in a solution of acid sulphate of alumine. I was much astonished to obtain nothing but a liquor scarcely coloured, and the alumine precipitated by an alkali, was only slightly stained.

I took another part of this black bruised powder, and put it to infuse in alcohol. I soon obtained a tincture of the colour of wine lees: on heating this tincture, it became as red as a strong tincture of cinchona, or caehon. This result induced me to believe that the colouring principle was resinous, but by adding water, I saw no precipitate formed.

I poured into this tincture, water charged with sulphate of alumine; a slight precipitate was produced; a solution of sulphate of iron formed it immediately into an ink.

What is the astringent colouring principle which is not soluble in alcohol, which forms no precipitate with water, and which has so little attraction for alumine? To find it a series of experiments, which the few substances I had in my possession did not permit me to make, would have been necessary. The astringent matter mentioned by M. Alexandre, must be found in the decoction of the unbruised seeds. To ascertain this fact, I boiled the seeds in a silver vessel. The decoction on which a little wax floated, was of a greenish colour, with a taste somewhat styptic: it precipitated ferruginous solutions black. Having heated it in a very clean iron vessel, it speedily became black. To know whether this property arose from the gallic acid alone, or from tannin, I mixed a little of the concentrated decoction, with a solution of gelatin, but no precipitate was formed.

It is therefore to the pretty considerable quantity of gallic acid contained in the seeds of the myrica, that the virtue of its extract in checking dysenteries ought to be ascribed. In this respect, I am of opinion that the leaves and bark of

the tree would furnish an extract still more astringent than the berries.

The following are the most interesting results of an examination of the wax:

When extracted either by decoction from the seeds, or by solution of the white powder in alcohol precipitated by water; this melted wax is always of a yellow colour, inclining to green. Its consistence is stronger than that of the wax made by bees; it is dry and friable enough to be reduced to powder; in a word, it is manifestly more oxygenated than wax prepared by these insects. Tapers made with the wax of the myrica, give a white flame and a beautiful light, without smoke, do not run, and when new, emit a balsamic odour, which the inhabitants of Louisiana consider as very beneficial to the sick: when distilled in a retort, it passes in a great part to the state of butter. This portion is whiter than it was before, but it loses its consistence, and acquires that of tallow. Another portion is decomposed, furnishes a little water, sebatic acid, and empyreumatic oil. A great deal of carbonated hydrogen gas, and carbonic acid gas, are disengaged, and there remains in the retort a black carbonaceous bitumen. Common wax when distilled, exhibits the same phenomena.

I have already said that alcohol dissolves the wax of the myrica, but ether dissolves it much better, and, by the evaporation of the liquid, it separates in the form of stalagmites. Neither of these liquids destroy its colour. If this wax be boiled with dilute sulphuric acid, it becomes a little whiter, but there is no sensible combination of the acid with it. The yellow wax of bees, treated in the same manner, did not change its colour.

Oxygenated muriatic acid bleaches both kinds of wax perfectly. The vegetable wax, however, loses its colour with more difficulty.

The vegetable wax dissolves in ammonia. The solution assumes

a brown colour; a part of the wax becomes saponaceous. The volatile alkali has much less action on the wax of bees.

These two kinds of wax, when strongly agitated in a boiling solution of caustic potash, wash and form a real soap, as observed by Kalm the traveller. The whiteness which wax acquires by this saponification, is not a new phenomenon. C. Chaptal, in his process for bleaching by the steam of alkaline lees, has proved that the colouring principle of vegetables yields to the action of alkalies. Some chemists ascribe this effect to the direct combination of soda or potash with the coloured extractive part, and a combination which brings it to a state almost saponaceous, and renders it soluble.

According to my opinion, the alkali, in this operation, exercises over the oil or wax a double attraction, first direct with the constituent principles of the oil, then predisposing and favouring the combination of the oxygen of the atmosphere with oil or wax. I do not know whether any one before me ever entertained this idea; but it was suggested by observing what takes place when soap is decomposed by an acid. The oil is always concrete and more oxygenated than it was before.

It would be of importance for the theory of chemistry to make soap, if possible, in a close vessel, and to examine the air afterwards, or in different gases containing no oxygen.

By decomposing soap of the myrica, very white wax is obtained; but in a particular state, which does not admit of its being employed for our purposes.

Litharge, or semi-vitreous oxide of lead, dissolves very well in the melted wax of Louisiana. It forms a very hard mass, the consistence of which may be diminished at pleasure, by the addition of a little oil. If the wax of the myrica, as there is reason to think, retains a portion of the astringent principle by a decoction of the berries, the

physicians, perhaps, will find useful properties in topics made with this wax.

By taking a general view of what has been here said, it is seen that the myrica may be of very great service in the arts. The wax which it furnishes is sufficiently abundant to prove an ample indemnification for the care and expense of cultivation, since a shrub in full bearing gives six or seven pounds of berries, from which a fourth of wax may be extracted. This wax is of a quality superior to that of bees.

The astringent principle of the myrica, extracted on a large scale, may be very useful either in medicine or in the arts. In certain respects it may be substituted for the gall-nut in dyeing, hat-making, and perhaps in the tanning some kinds of leather. The colouring principle seems to be sufficiently fixed to deserve some attention; and, if it be true that in Louisiana beautiful lakes are made from it, why is it not rendered useful in painting?

When this wax becomes sufficiently common to be sold at a low price, great advantage might be derived from it in making soap.

The art of bleaching this wax requires also some researches, when it is to be performed on a large scale with economy. Two re-agents present themselves to manufacturers...the sulphuric acid and the oxygenated muriatic. But as wax does not sink in these liquids, means must be found to multiply the contact, either by cutting the wax into slices, and besprinkling it with oxygenated muriatic acid, or shutting it up when cut in this manner, in casks, into which oxygenated muriatic acid is introduced.

I shall propose a third method, which seems to promise a speedier effect. Place the wax, cut into small pieces, in alternate strata, with hyper-oxygenated muriate of lime: when arranged in this manner, leave it for sometime dry, and in contact. The salt and acidulous water are then to be decomposed

by the sulphuric acid, taking care to pour in water gradually, at different periods, till there is no longer a sensible disengagement of muriatic gas. A large quantity of water is then to be added, and the mixture must be stirred with a rod. By rest, the insoluble sulphate of lime is precipitated, and the bleached wax will float at the surface.

I shall terminate this memoir with some observations on the culture of the myrica.

C. Deshayes, to whom I am indebted for the trials I have made, has observed, for several years, the wax-trees of Rambouillet. What he observed to me on this subject, is as follows :

"The *Myrica latifolia* (Ayton) is here absolutely in its native country: it is in the soil proper for it; that is to say, in sandy and blackish turf. We have sixteen wax-trees in full vigour. They are four, five, and six feet in height: one male is seven feet. The seeds are abundant almost every year; I say almost, because in some years they fail. The fruit in general is in that part of the English garden assigned to it.

"The culture requires no care. Every year a great number of shoots, which proceed from the roots of the large trees, are pulled up. These are so many new shrubs, which are then planted at the distance of a yard from each other.

"The seeds may be sown in beds in the spring, and then transplanted: but this method is tedious. The myrica will succeed wherever it finds a light soil, somewhat moist. How many provinces are there where the cultivation of this shrub would be useful, and employ land almost neglected!

"What advantages may not agriculture hope for from such an acquisition, since Prussia has so long seen the myrica flourish in its dry sandy plains!"

C. Thiebault, of the academy of Berlin, gave me the following interesting note on this subject:

"The late M. Sulzer, author of a general dictionary of the fine arts,

had obtained from Frederic the Great a pretty extensive piece of waste land on the banks of the Spree, at the distance of half a league from Berlin, in a place called the Moabites. However barren this ground, which presented only a very thin, poor turf, above fine light sand, might be, M. Sulzer converted into a very agreeable garden, worthy of a philosopher. Among other remarkable things, he formed a plantation of foreign trees, consisting of five pretty long alleys running east and west. In these alleys there were not two trees of the same kind following each other. In the alleys most exposed to the north, he planted none but the highest trees, capable of withstanding the severity of the climate. Hence, in proceeding from the north to the south, the first alley exhibited trees of about seventy feet in height, the second trees of from twenty-five to thirty, and so on, in the form of an amphitheatre; so that all these trees had the sun at least in part, and the weaker were sheltered by the stronger.

"In the most southern alley I observed a sort of shrub which rose only to the height of two or three feet, and which M. Sulzer called the wax-tree. Every person visited this alley in preference to the rest, on account of the delicious perfume emitted by the leaves, which they retained a very long time."

C. Thiebault then speaks of the method of extracting the wax. This operation is the same as that described by M. Alexandre.

"I have seen," adds he, "one taper of this wax perfume three chambers which composed M. Sulzer's private apartments, not only during the time it was lighted, but even for the rest of the evening."

The myrica cultivated at Berlin, was, no doubt, more odoriferous than that which we possess, the wax of which does not emit the same perfume.

M. Sulzer intended to make tapers of this wax not bleached, covered with a coating of our finest

wax. The heirs of this academical sold the garden, but the wax-trees still remain. They were planted in 1770.

If it has been found possible to naturalize the *Myrica corifera* in the north, why should we neglect a vegetable production so valuable, which would certainly thrive in our southern departments, and which requires less care than bee-hives. The successful trials which have been made, must excite the zeal of our agriculturists.

The government has already encouraged this branch of industry, by ordering plantations of the wax-tree. There are nurseries at Orleans and Rambouillet, which contain more than 400 shrubs. Results so satisfactory, cannot be made too public. Useful plants are always propagated slowly: a barren but picturesque tree, an agreeable shrub, are soon adopted through fashion: they ornament the parterres of our modern Luculluses, and the flower-pots of our Phrynes, while our indefatigable agriculturists exhaust themselves in vain efforts to enrich our meadows with a new grass, or to fill our granaries with a new nourishing grain. The vulgar, through prejudice, long rejected maiz and potatos, which have been of so much service to our soldiers, and to the poor. The oak, which fed our ancestors, is no longer found in our forests. Let us, however, hope that our agriculturists will at length open their eyes to their real interests; and that, laying aside their old prejudices, they will not disdain the presents which learned societies are desirous to give them, and which will conduce as much to their advantage, as to the glory and prosperity of France.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AN AMERICAN IN FRANCE.

(Continued from Number 2, page 115.)

BEFORE I attempt describing the country from Bourdeaux to Paris,

VOL. I. NO. IV.

I shall first mention a peculiarity, which I have noticed in my walks about Bourdeaux. One hears, in every field, a noise as loud, but not so sweet, as the singing of birds. I was a little surprised at this kind of *field-music* :.... My first guess was, that the performers were frogs; but, upon inquiry, I learned that it proceeded from a kind of fly, nearly as large as a grass-hopper, and of which there was a great number both on the grass and in the trees. Previous to getting into the diligence for Paris, the river Garonne must first be crossed in a ferry-boat. It is somewhat surprising, that a city so large, rich, and commercial, as Bourdeaux, should not have a bridge over the river. The Garonne is certainly, at Bourdeaux, broader than the Thames at Westminster Bridge, and somewhat more rapid; but a wooden bridge might easily be thrown across it, the expense of which would bear no proportion to the advantages that would be derived from it. On this subject I can say, with truth, *they manage those things better in America.*

The soil about Bourdeaux is a rich, deep mould, resembling garden-mould. The country is beautifully diversified with corn and vines; the rich green of the vines forms, at this season of the year, a fine contrast to the yellow harvest.

As it is probable, that you have never seen a vineyard, I think it will not be superfluous to mention to you, that the vines are here not suffered to grow above four or five feet in height; that they are supported, sometimes by espaliers, sometimes by stakes; and are planted in regular lines, at such distances as will barely allow room to the labourers to pass between them. As the growth of the vine is so much checked, the quantity of fruit is greater. The season of the vintage, *la vendange*, is the season of merriment with the peasants of the South of France: the labour, though severe, is varied by dancing and enlivened by music.

The rich soil of the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux is very favourable to Indian wheat, of which they have large plantations; it is here used principally for feeding and fattening fowls. This corn, which we call Indian wheat, the French call *bled de Turquie*, or Turkey-wheat; and, on the other hand, the bird, which we call Turkey-cock, from the country we suppose it to have originally come from, they call *cog d'Inde*, or Indian-cock. This is the etymology of their words *Dinde*, *Dindon*, which also signify a Turkey. The country, in this neighbourhood, and indeed in the greatest part of the South of France is not only highly cultivated, but so elegantly laid out and planted, as to give the appearance of a rich demesne to extensive districts. The trees are principally chestnut and walnut, which are suffered to grow to a great age, and which pay, not only by their beauty, but by their fruit, for the ground they occupy.

They are planted sometimes in clumps, though oftener singly. It was formerly the custom in France for the owners of estates to keep them entirely in their own hands, and cultivate them by *baillies* or stewards, who accounted annually for the profits, and could be dismissed at the pleasure of the lord: at present it is not much better; a lease or *bail* (as they call it) for three or four years, is as much as a farmer can expect; the trees are reserved for the landlord, who makes more by their fruit, than he would by cutting them down. This is the reason the country is so beautifully ornamented with fine old trees. I cannot perceive that this custom of giving short leases has checked, in any degree, the cultivation of the ground; but it makes an estate much more valuable to a purchaser, when neither old leases nor the customs of the country, prevent his receiving the annual value of his land, according to the rise of times. In the first day's journey from Bourdeaux, the river Dordogne, which is neither half as

broad nor as deep as the Garonne, is crossed by a ferry-boat. It appears to me, that it would be a very good speculation for any company or individual, that has a command of money, to propose to the government for leave to build wooden bridges across those two rivers. A reasonable toll would give a very ample interest for the money expended. After crossing the Dordogne, we passed through a pretty considerable town, called Barbezzioux, on our way to Angouleme, which is the principal town of the rich department of *la Charente*. Angouleme is the most romantically situated town I have yet seen.

It lies so high, that, on viewing it from a distance, its steeples and its towers seem elevated to the clouds. It is a large town, strong by situation, and fortified in the old manner, without out works. It was in the Vendee war, considered a very respectable and important post, and was always well garrisoned.

The view of the country from the ramparts is uncommonly bold and beautiful: the ramparts are very steep, and at the foot of them, on one side of the town, runs the river Charente, which gives the name to the department, and which can be seen for many leagues, directing its winding course through a rich vale and luxuriant scenery.

The ramparts are the public walk to Angouleme, and a more delightful one can hardly be seen in any country. Here as in the public walks of Bourdeaux there are a number of chairs, and the inhabitants pass the greater part of a summer's evening on the ramparts.

From Angouleme we pass through Châtelleraut; the *Birmingham* of the South of France, to Poitiers, which is also a chief town of a department, and famous for a complete victory gained by the English army, commanded by Edward the Black Prince, over the French army, which was considerably more numerous, and commanded by their King in person.

The memory of this battle gives a particular interest to this town, and makes the surrounding country *classic-ground*. The town is also fortified, and has a noble public walk, which is a raised terrace, near a mile in length, having an extensive view of the river and the surrounding country. I dwell particularly on the public walks, as it is in this respect that the French towns, although by no means so well built as the English towns, have a considerable advantage over them. It appears to me, that, whether the cause is in the climate, or, as I rather think, in the attractions of the walks themselves, which collect all the inhabitants of a town together in the evenings, it must produce a considerable effect on the manners of the people, and improve their social habits. From Poitiers to Tours, there is no town of consequence, except St. Maure. As Tours and its neighbourhood deserve a particular description, I shall postpone it for the present, and give you some more general observations that I have made on this journey from Bourdeaux to Tours. Although the face of the country is much superior to England, for natural beauty, and, I believe, I may say, for productive cultivation, yet it is very far inferior to it in some other respects. Instead of the elegant houses of noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, one sees here only a few old ruinous *chateaux* or castles, built some centuries ago, and which no English gentleman would live in: the few houses one meets, which convey any idea of the comforts of a middling station in life, are called *maisons bourgeoises* to distinguish them from the *chateaux* of the nobility, which, with all their pride of antiquity, are not near so commodious. The only buildings I have met with in this journey (the immediate neighbourhood of the great towns excepted) which can pretend to elegance or taste, are the *ci-devant* religious establishments, which are converted pretty generally into manufactories: neither

well-built villages, nor comfortable farm-houses, are often to be seen here. The middling, as well as the higher ranks, usually live in the towns, and it seems as if the country was entirely abandoned to the peasants, who cultivate the ground, and to their overseers. The roads do not afford the same variety as in England. From Bourdeaux to Tours (a distance of above two hundred miles) I did not meet a private carriage of any sort.

Public diligences and cabriolets carry all travellers who go in carriages, and enormous waggons, with only two wheels, convey all goods, whether the merchandize of the town, or the productions of the country. As for my living on the road, I have, in my last, described it to you; and, as to my-companions, I have only to say, that they were all of them easy, good-humoured, and agreeable. This is indeed the universal character of Frenchmen in mixed companies; they are not at all reserved, but on the contrary lay themselves out to please and be pleased, and are generally successful. There was only one of my fellow-passengers, whose story was so strongly marked as to be worthy of a particular account: I shall mention this case in my next.

I shall conclude this letter with a description of the *petit commerce* of the fair *marchandes*, in all the towns on this road. Had Sterne travelled this way, or heard of this class of tradeswomen, they would have had a conspicuous place in his *Sentimental Journey*. In every town, as soon as the carriage stops, or you enter the inn, you are surrounded by a groupe of young girls and women, all neatly dressed, and some very handsome. They all sell the same things....knives, scissors, and tooth-picks, made at Châtellerault. The power of beauty, and all the arts of female eloquence and persuasion, are used to induce you to buy a two penny tooth-pick, in case you are already provided with knives and scissors. As it is very hard to refuse a handsome

coazing young woman so small a favour, my pockets were soon full of tooth-picks. It is the custom here for every one to have a *routeau* in their pocket, to cut their meat and bread with, as at the inns they do not give you knives, but only forks. Those *routeaux* are the articles principally sold by the fair retailers of the manufactures of Chatellerault, as every one who travels this road must be provided with one of them. When I consider how poor the profits of those female pedlars must be, I cannot but regret that so much beauty, address, and persuasive power, should be exerted to so small advantage.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE PARADES.

(Concluded from page 204.)

M. de Berthois being unable to bear the sea, the vessel was ordered to repair to Portsmouth, for which place the two gentlemen set out, after taking a cordial leave of their Plymouth friends, and their countrymen in Mill-prison, amongst whom in due time, their agent had orders to distribute ten guineas. They arrived at Portsmouth at ten in the evening; and the next two days were employed in examining the various fortifications of Portsmouth, Gosport, and South-Sea-Castle: after which Parades, as a country gentleman of fortune, hired a pleasure-yatch, in which they surveyed Hurst-Castle, the Needles, Spithead, and St. Helens. Berthois being fully satisfied with all Parades' plans and observations were perfectly just, they departed for Dover, their vessel being ordered to wait for them there; and in a short time after, they set sail and landed in safety at Calais.

Two days after this they arrived at Versailles, where their plans and observations were examined separately and found to correspond; they only differed in opinion on

the mode of attack. The promises made to Berthois were faithfully fulfilled; he received the cross of St. Louis, the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and a pension of four thousand livres, with the reversion to his wife and children.

Parades, who only obtained the brevet of mestre de camp of cavalry, without the cross, was highly dissatisfied, as he very justly alleged that the most dangerous part of the business was imposed on him, while they seemed only to regard him as the guide of M. de Berthois: his loud remonstrance on this subject, was the first cause of the disagreement between him and the ministry.

When M. de Berthois, the engineer, delivered in his report, it was decided that the necessary dispositions should be made not only for attacking Portsmouth, but likewise the Isle of Wight.

M. de Sartine agreed with Parades, that the attack should be made by the surprise of a sudden invasion....but when the plans were laid before the council, they were greatly altered, and at length wholly rejected, though the propositions were extremely simple. He required four thousand men for Plymouth, and fifteen hundred for Hurst-Castle that commands the passage of the Needles; two ships of the line, two frigates, and two fire-ships: the troops were to be embarked at Brest as if for America, and when once out of port, it became his province to conduct them to the place of their destination.

He had his small vessels constantly in motion, to acquaint him with every naval movement of the enemy; nor was he ignorant of what passed in the cabinet-council at St. James. He could not have been in more security at Brest than he was at Plymouth, where all was in perfect tranquillity: the English had not any suspicion of the danger that threatened them. But the French ministry thought his means too weak to attain the desired purpose; they wished for an enterprise of eclat,

and that very idea was the cause of its failure. Orders were given to Parades and M. de Berthois, to confer with M. de Vaux and to lay their plans and observations before him : from which he prepared and digested a plan conformably to the views of the ministry, for an attack upon Portsmouth ; and instead of five thousand five hundred troops, and two millions of livres for expenses, which the count required, an army of thirty thousand men was assembled at an expense of fifty millions of livres, to perform.... Nothing,...as Parades had predicted.

M. le Comte charged M. d'Orvilliers with gross neglect, in not paying proper attention to his intelligence ; by which neglect, many valuable British convoys escaped : this made him his most inveterate enemy ; and as d'Orvilliers was the protegee of M. de Montbarrey, he found means to prejudice the prince against Parades ; so that when he strongly solicited the ministry for the cross of St. Louis, he experienced the disappointment of a refusal, though M. de Sartine endeavoured to console him by an assurance, that it should be sent on his arrival at Brest.

The French armament under d'Orvilliers sailed from Brest in quest of the Spanish fleet, with which they were to form a junction, though Parades strongly remonstrated against that measure, and recommended, in the most forcible terms, that instead of steering for the coast of Spain, d'Orvilliers with thirty sail of the line should direct his course up the channel, and make an immediate descent on that of England.

"Had my advice been taken," says Parades, "the English would have been embarrassed in the highest degree : that power had not above fifteen sail of the line in a condition fit for sea ; therefore the enterprise would have been easy with the French forces alone : but reasons of state, of which I am totally ignorant, determined it otherwise. Events shewed I was right, as the

English squadron did not put to sea till a month after d'Orvilliers ; though from the time of their sailing to the capture of the Ardent, ships were daily joining their fleet as soon as they were fitted for sea."

In conformity to the orders of M. de Sartine, M. Parades embarked at Brest in the frigate la Gloire, and on the 7th of August fell in with the French fleet under Ushant : he immediately repaired with government despatches on board the Bretagne, in which ship M. d'Orvilliers hoisted his flag, and had a conference with the admiral, who repeated to him what he had already been informed of before by the officers, "That he did not think it was in his power to act with any prospect of success, on account of the bad state of the ships and the lateness of the season."

At this time advice was received of the sailing of an English outward-bound fleet, which it would have been easy to have intercepted. Parades proposed to the admiral to double Ushant ; but his advice was followed when it was too late : on the 14th, signals were made for an enemy's fleet, the rear division of which was visible from the masts' heads ; but the admiral pretending to believe them a part of Cordova's squadron, refused, though contrary to the opinion of his officers, to throw out the signal to chace.

The provisions and water of the fleet being nearly exhausted, and no convoy arriving from Brest, Parades advised the admiral to steer for Plymouth, demanding only six hundred men, a bomb-vessel, and a fire-ship, to make himself master of the place. The admiral seemed willing to grant his request ; but the officers representing the smallness of the force to be employed, persuaded M. d'Orvilliers to the contrary ; and he told Parades in private, that his age and rank as a land officer, were the obstacles that laid in his way.

In the meantime, a cutter sent to Plymouth by the master of Parades's vessel arrived, requiring to know the reason why the French fleet did not enter and seize the

place, as there was not a single vessel in the sound, the British squadron being then cruising between the Start and Lizard. At length the Mutine lugger, under the command of the chevalier de Roquefeuille, was dispatched to reconnoitre Plymouth, and reported on his return, that he had discovered nine 80 gun-ships and six frigates riding in the sound, and that by his glass he had observed the masts of a much larger number behind the citadel. This was positively asserted; yet Parades was so well convinced of the contrary, and made such solid objections to the report, that the chevalier was greatly embarrassed, but nevertheless stood to his point.

Parades's representations appeared so just, that it was resolved to despatch a frigate on the same inquiry, from which, on her return, a similar account was received. The agreement of these reports convinced Parades, that the captains sent to reconnoitre, being his enemies, had combined in bringing a false account. He therefore earnestly requested the admiral to set him on shore after dark, with two sailors and a marine officer, solemnly promising to rejoin him on board the Bretagne in the morning. D'Orvilliers seemed inclined to grant his request, but was again dissuaded by the officers, who told him, that it would be highly degrading to the captains he had sent, should he dispute their word.

Parades being thus silenced, (though he had reason on his side,) it was unanimously resolved, that the blockade of the English fleet should continue, and the Magicienne frigate was dispatched to carry the news to court. What opinion can now be formed of d'Orvilliers and his officers? It was then known at Versailles, and over Europe, that the English fleet was at sea, cruising in the chops of the channel.

As to Parades, his reputation fell a sacrifice to the false reports of the two officers, whose mean jealousy of his credit with the ministry ren-

dered them traitors to the king and the state.

After these repeated disappointments the count fell sick, and easily obtained leave to quit the fleet: on the 4th of September he was landed at Brest from the Tartar frigate. Soon after his arrival he had a relapse, and was confined by illness above a month. On his recovery, he found that calumny had attacked his character from all quarters; but he disregarded it, as springing from those who were envious of his merit and promotion.

His indefatigable spirit prompted him to form three more different plans of attack on the coasts of Britain; and he had even formed a model in plaister of Paris, of the citadel of Plymouth and the adjacent eminences, shewing the modes to be pursued, either in rendering the French masters of it by surprise, or by open attack: ships and troops were readily promised, but the usual procrastination prevailed till it was known that Plymouth was completely secured against any attempt, when Parades and his projects were entirely laid aside.

Government was now in arrears with him to the amount of 587620 livres; and as all the hopes which he had entertained from the success of his labours was completely blasted, he turned his thoughts towards procuring a reimbursement, but in vain. On his application to one minister, he was referred to another; at one time he was told that his accounts were under examination, and would soon be expedited; at the end of which he was advised to wait with respect and patience: at last the ministers wearied with his importunities, caused him to be arrested on charges of unjustly assuming the name of an honourable family, and of betraying the secrets of state. The first charge he endeavoured to repel, by offering to prove his descent from that family, and made a pertinent observation to this purport, "While I can serve you, what does it signify who I am?"

The other charge, though unjust, was more difficult to obviate: Parades in the course of his missions, had been unavoidably under the necessity of giving such explanations to his confidants as might in some degree countenance that charge. The truth was, the ministers had done with him, and were resolved to be no longer teased with his remonstrances: the result was, that he was committed to the bastille.

The origin of this enterprising adventurer was extremely obscure. He and his friends constantly asserted his descent from a noble house in Spain; though in his answers to the interrogatories of M. de Noir at the bastille, he was unable to prove it: on the contrary, many believed him to be the son of a pastry-cook at Phalzbourg, and the latter opinion obtained general credit. But as M. Parades justly observed, "Provided he could do the king service, of what signification is it who he was?" In his early tour through Germany and Swisserland, he called himself M. Robert de Parades; but on his arrival in Paris with letters of recommendation to M. de Vergennes, he for the first time took the title of count.

In the memoir which Parades presented to M. Sartine, he informed him, that had the making of his own fortune been his principal object, he could easily have doubled it; but the king's service demanding his whole attention, the advantages accruing to himself were those that arose from accidental circumstances. Notwithstanding this declaration, it will appear hereafter, that Parades had by no means omitted making full use of these accidental circumstances, nor of the passports granted by the king for the two vessels he had purchased in England.

The produce of his private adventures, viz. by the purchase and sale of several vessels; the profits of his shares in six privateers; on the exchange of louis d'ors into guineas, &c. brought him in a few months the sum of 825000 livres. He lent 250000 livres on secure mortgages;

purchased a house in Paris for which he gave 70000 livres, besides 50000 expended in furniture and horses. He kept in bank 450000 livres, (independently of the sums belonging to government,) to wait opportunities of trying farther the fortune that had used him so well.

Parades was kept in the bastille four months; after which, nothing of consequence being proved against him, he obtained his liberty, and engaged the castle of Vrainville for his future residence, where he was styled M. le Comte by his domestics.

His restless spirit not suffering him to remain long stationary in any place, he made several voyages to Gibraltar, England, and Spain: then taking two of his stewards with him, who bore the name of *Richard*, and were believed by many to be his brothers, he retired to the island of St. Domingo, where he died, leaving a great part of his fortune, with his plans, manuscripts, and memoirs of his life, to Richard the elder, who, in justice to his brother or his friend, or both, it is hoped, will not suffer them to be lost to the world.

The variegated history of this man will, in some measure, shew the impolicy of abrogating titles and other honourable marks of distinction, which as certainly as pecuniary treasures, form part of the riches of a state; as the most estimable reward Parades proposed to himself by the hazard of his life on innumerable occasions, was the Cross of St. Louis.

Account of the present state of the province of Buenos-Ayres, in South-America.

SINCE the time of Ulloa and of Condamine, the state of this part of South-America has undergone great alterations for the better. The whole tract of country which now constitutes the province of Buenos-Ayres, was formerly sub-

ject to the controul of the viceroy of Peru; but, in 1778, it was erected into a separate government. The country has been greatly benefited by this regulation, and particularly by an edict of the king of Spain, promulgated in the same year, by which a free trade was granted. In 1791, Spanish as well as foreign merchants moreover received permission to import negro-slaves and hardware, and to export in return the productions of the country. This encouragement has contributed greatly to the advancement of agriculture, and the increase of population; and, such is the fertility of the soil, that, if the same wise regulation should continue in force, Buenos-Ayres will probably become, in a short time, the granary of South-America, and of Spain. Another royal edict, dated April 10, 1793, allowed the exportation of salted meat, as likewise of tallow, duty free.

The most oppressive fetters on industry and commerce having been removed by these and similar royal edicts, the prosperity of the country must continue to increase every year; for, in these regions which are blessed with the most favourable climate, nature alone, if no impediments be thrown in her way, will almost spontaneously produce every thing. The province of Buenos-Ayres has a very great extent, every where abounding with the most fertile cultivated lands: these are intersected, in every direction, by brooks and rivers, which all flow in the great river *Dela Plata*. The pasture-grounds support millions of bees, horses, sheep, and swine. Such numbers of horned cattle are reared, that, in the year 1792, 825,609 ox-hides were shipped for Spain....not to reckon such as were used in the country, or were bartered for negro-slaves. There is an abundance of salt; and no want of convenient places, where boats and ships may take in a cargo of salted flesh for exportation. The Rio de la Plata, the Uruguay, Parana, and other small

streams, afford great advantages in this respect. There are likewise some good and capacious harbours, as, for instance, those of Buenos-Ayres itself, of Montevideo, Maldonado, and the Bay of Barragan. The fishery on the coasts, especially of the whale and sea-wolf, is frequently very productive: and in the interior of the country, the chase furnishes many articles for commerce; for the skins of the tigers that are found here, are no less esteemed for their beauty, than the ostrich-feathers, of which there is great plenty. In the villages and districts of the Missions, cotton, and likewise flax and hemp are cultivated. Nor is this province entirely destitute of gold mines: some of them are worked near Maldonado and San Luis, at the distance of two hundred *leguas* from the capital.

We shall be best enabled to form a correct idea of the prosperity and commerce of this country, by taking a view of the imports and exports. In the year 1796, there arrived thirty-five loaded ships from Cadiz, twenty-two from Barcelona; Malaga, and Alfaquez; nine from Corunna; five from Santander; one from Vigo; and one from Gijon. The value of that part of the cargoes which consisted of Spanish productions, amounted to 1,705,866 American piasters. The value of the foreign manufactures, &c. which were imported in the above ships, amounted to 1,148,078; and sum total of both, to 2,853,944 piasters. On the other hand, there sailed from Buenos-Ayres, twenty-six ships for Cadiz; ten for Barcelona, Malaga, and Alicante; eleven for Corunna; and four for Santander. These carried coined and uncoined gold of the value of 1,425,701 piasters. The value of the silver exported amounted to nearly 2,556,304, and that of the other productions of province, to 1,076,877 piasters. The value of all the exports consequently amounted to 5,058,882. The goods exported, consisted of 874,593

rawox-hides; 43,752 horse-hides; 24,436 skins of a finer sort; 46,800 arrobas of melted tallow; 771 arrobas of Vicunna wool; 2264 arrobas of common wool; and 291 arrobas of the wool of the Guanaco, or camel-sheep; 11,890 goosewings; 451,000 ox-horns; 3223 cwt. of copper; 4 cwt. of tin; 2541 tanned hides; 222 dozen of manufactured sheep-skins; 2123 cwt. of salted beef; and 185 cwt. of salted pork.

From the Havanna two ships arrived. These were freighted with 22,159 arrobas of sugar; 239 casks of brandy; 312 large vessels full of honey; 258 arrobas of cacao; 1864 arrobas of white wax; and 750 varas of acana wood; the whole value of the imports from the Havanna amounting to 123,562 piasters. In the same year fourteen ships sailed from Buenos-Ayres to the Havanna. Their cargoes consisted of 24,060 piasters in gold; 69,050 cwt. of salted flesh; 15,600 arrobas of tallow; 252 dozens of manufactured sheep-skins; 323 skins of a finer sort; 190 arrobas of wool; 280 goosewings; the value of all these exports to the Havanna amounting to 160,110 piasters.

Two ships from Lima and Guayaquil, brought 10,975 arrobas of sugar; 200 salt-stones; 1472 arrobas of cacao; 816 arrobas of rice; 378 pounds of cinnamon; 990 pounds of indigo; the value of the whole amounting to 50,154 piasters. In return, 20,94 hoes; 238 slaves; 1680 arrobas of tallow; 620 pounds of thread; 42 dozen pairs of silk stockings; and 120 hats, were sent from Buenos-Ayres to the above named places. The value of all these exports amounted to 67,150 piasters.

In the same year, 1350 negro-slaves were imported in four Spanish, and five foreign ships. On the other hand, two foreign ships, and nine belonging to the country, sailed from Buenos-Ayres on a slave-trade voyage, carrying with them 159,820 piasters in money,

and of the productions of the country and other merchandize, as much as was estimated at 24,703 piasters.

The rapid increase of trade in the province, clearly appears from a comparative state of the imports and exports of the years 1795 and 1796. In this latter year, there were imported 932,481 piasters' worth of goods from Spain; 760,361 piasters' worth from the Havanna; and 50,154 piasters' worth from Lima, more than in the year immediately preceding. The importation of negro-slaves, likewise exceeded in value that of the former year, about 11,895 piasters. The exports too were likewise much more considerable: the excess of those to Spain amounting to 274,476 piasters.

But, in the following years, through the war, and the insecurity of commerce thereby occasioned, a change for the worse had taken place. This we learn from the *Correo Mercantil* of the year 1799, No. 3, which contains a letter from Buenos-Ayres, dated October 31, 1798, relative to the stagnation of trade. According to this letter, above three millions of skins were lying in the warehouses of the capital and Montevideo, which could not be exported, on account of the danger of their falling into the hands of the enemy. Many sorts of European goods and manufactures were totally wanting, or had risen to prices excessively high. In particular, a great want was felt of European linen; in lieu of it, however, they substituted stuffs, either manufactured from cotton in the country itself, or imported from Peru. Of these stuffs, which are much esteemed, above a million of ells were, in the above-named year, imported into Buenos-Ayres. Those most in request, come from the country of the Chiquitos and Moxos. Brandy and Spanish liquors could not be procured at any price. They endeavoured, however, to supply the most pressing wants, by encouraging the manufactures of the coun-

try ; so that the stagnation of trade may eventually prove beneficial to the province, by forcing them to the knowledge and exercise of their own powers and resources.

Montevideo is the most considerable, and most advantageously situated harbour of the whole province. Don Bruno de Zabala was the first, who, in the year 1731, settled here with fourteen or fifteen families from Palma, one of the Canary islands, and laid the foundations of the city. Since that time it has greatly increased, and still continues to rise in importance, in proportion as the trade of the province becomes more extensive. Provisions are here very plentiful and cheap. This abundance of the necessaries of life, encourages, in the common people, a propensity to idleness, which has given rise to an order of strollers who are called *Gauderios*. Their mode of life resembles that of the gypsies, except that they are not addicted to thieving. These vagabonds are natives of Montevideo, or the circumjacent places: they are very badly clothed, their whole dress consisting only of a coarse shirt, and a worse upper garment. These articles of dress, together with horse-furniture, serve them for bedding, and a saddle for a pillow. They stroll about with a kind of small guitars, to the sound of which they sing ballads of their own composition, or such as they have learned from others. Love is in general the subject of these songs. Thus they wander about the country, and endeavour to divert the peasants, who, in return, shew their gratitude by furnishing them with victuals during their stay with them, and even giving them other horses when they lose their own. This liberality and generosity will appear the less surprising, when it is considered, that in this country horses are of very little value. Great herds of them run about wild in the vast plains, and seem to belong to whoever will take the trouble of catching them. The

Gauderios generally march about in parties consisting of four, and sometimes even of more. With respect to the means of procuring food, they give themselves so little concern, that, when setting out on an excursion, they provide themselves only with a rope, a few balls, which are fastened to the ends of the ropes, and a knife. When attacked by hunger, they contrive to get one of the young cows or bulls, which run about wild, entangled in their snares. They throw the captured animal down, tie its legs together, and then cut, even before it is dead, the flesh, together with the skin, from the bone, make a few incisions in it, and, thus prepared, put it to the fire: when half-roasted, it is devoured without any addition or condiment, except a little salt, when they happen to carry any with them. Some of them kill a cow merely for the purpose of obtaining the flesh between the ribs and the skin. Others eat nothing except the tongue, which they roast in the red-hot embers. The remainder of the carcase is all left in the field, and becomes the prey of carnivorous birds and wild beasts. Others again are still more easily satisfied, taking nothing but the marrow-bone, from which they cut off all the flesh, and then hold it over the fire till the marrow becomes soft and fluid. Sometimes they practise the following singular mode of cookery. Having killed a cow, they take out the entrails, and, collecting all the tallow and lumps of fat, put them into the hollow carcase. They then kindle some dried cow-dung, and apply it to the tallow, that it may take fire, and penetrate into the flesh and bones. For this purpose, they close up the carcase as well as possible, so that the smoke comes out at the mouth, and another aperture made in the lower part of the belly. In this manner a cow often continues roasting a whole night, or a considerable part of the day. When it is done enough, the company place themselves around, and each

cuts for himself the piece he likes best, and devours it without bread or salt. What remains, is left in the field, except any of them happens to carry a portion of this favourite food to some particular friend.

There are two ways of travelling from Montevideo to Buenos-Ayres: one of them by land as far as El Real de San Carlos. In the dry season of the year, this is the shortest; but, in the rainy season, the smallest rivulets swell to such a height, that no one can cross them without danger, sometimes not at all. At San Carlos boats are always in readiness to transport passengers across the Rio de la Plata, which is here ten *leguas* broad, and to carry back the orders of the governor, and all kinds of provisions, to San Carlos. The most usual manner of travelling from Montevideo to Buenos-Ayres, is by water. If the weather be favourable, a boat may perform this passage in twenty-four hours, though the distance be forty *leguas*; but, when the wind is contrary, it may happen, that fourteen days will scarcely be sufficient.

Buenos-Ayres is situated on the western bank of the great river De la Plata. So lately as forty years ago, this city was considered as only the fourth as to rank and importance in the viceroyalty of Peru. Lima then held the first rank, and next in importance to that capital, were Cuzco and Santiago in Chili. Since that time, circumstances have greatly altered, and at present, Lima alone can be reckoned superior to Buenos-Ayres. Since this latter city became the seat of a new government, it has greatly increased, and still daily increases, in consequence of the improved state of agriculture and commerce, and, in the course of time, will probably rise to an equal rank with Lima itself. Formerly, the citizens of Buenos-Ayres had no country-houses; and, except peaches, none of the finer sorts of fruits

were produced here. At present, there are but few persons of opulence but have villas, and cultivate in their gardens all kinds of fruit, culinary plants, and flowers. The houses are in general not very high; but most of them are built in a light but beautiful manner.

At Buenos-Ayres, the men, as well as the women, dress after the Spanish mode, and all the fashions are brought thither from the mother country. The ladies in Buenos-Ayres are reckoned the most agreeable and handsome of all South-America; and, though they do not equal those of Lima in magnificence, yet their manner of dressing and decorating themselves is not less pleasing, and even evinces a greater delicacy of taste.

Until the year 1747, no regular post was established either in Buenos-Ayres, or the whole province of Tucumah, notwithstanding the great intercourse and trade with the neighbouring provinces. Merchants sent, as often as they found it necessary, a messenger with their letters; and their friends and neighbours made use of the same conveyance; or, what was more usual, they loaded travellers with letters and commissions, &c. which was however attended with great delays and inconvenience, as from Jujui to Mendoza one is obliged to travel very slowly in a kind of two-wheeled carts. But, in 1748, the viceroy Don Andonaegui instituted regular posts.

Buenos-Ayres is well supplied with provisions: of flesh-meat in particular, there is so great an abundance, that it is frequently distributed *gratis* to the poor. The river water is rather muddy; but it soon becomes clear and drinkable, by being kept in large tubs or earthen vessels. Of fish too there is a great abundance.

Neither in the district of Buenos-Ayres, nor in Tucuman, does any snow ever fall: sometimes it freezes a little, so as to cover the water with a thin coating of ice, which

is collected and preserved with great care for the purpose of cooling their liquors.

That the climate of Buenos-Ayres is very salubrious, appears from the proportion of the births to the deaths; and consequently the city has not been improperly named. In June, July, August, and September, however, fogs arise from the river, which affect the lungs and breast. The vehement winds too, which blow from the Pampas, and are therefore called *Pamperos*, prove very troublesome to the inhabitants.

Those who wish to cross the continent from Buenos-Ayres to Peru, have many things to attend to, and guard against. The greatest danger arises from Indians who inhabit the Pampas. Whole troops of these attack travellers, and cause them much loss. The Pampas Indians, as well as the other tribes of savages, send out scouts to acquire intelligence of the number and strength of travellers. These spies frequently pretend to be deserted or driven away and pursued by their countrymen. The laziness of the Pampas surpasses all description. On this account the number does not increase; and the Spaniards entertain well-founded hopes that the whole race will soon be extinguished. They are treacherous and cowardly; and, although they can manage the lance with some skill, on horseback, they do not possess valour sufficient to maintain the combat for any length of time. Their victories over the Spaniards are therefore very rare. 'Tis then only that their attacks prove successful, when they are able to lie in ambush, and surprise their enemy, or when fifteen of them fight against one European.

SPECIMENS OF LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

(Continued from page 218.)

LETTER III.

MY DEAR P.

THE observations which I offered on two beautiful passages, the

one from Gray, the other from Horace, have not exhausted the subject, on which I was then treating. Allow me to submit to your consideration another instance of similar coincidence, which has always appeared to me very remarkable, though it seems to have escaped the notice of other readers. In the Bard we have a picture, exhibiting the death of Richard II. by famine, as recorded by Archbishop Scrop and the older writers, executed by the boldest pencil of creative Fancy:

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown he still may share
the feast.

Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baneful smile upon their balled
guest.

Compare these fine lines with the following, equally fine, lines of Virgil:

.....Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris; epulæ ante
ora paratæ
Regifico luxu. Furiarum maxime
juxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet con-
tingere mensas,
Exurgitque facem atollens, atq;
intonat ore.

Æn. B. VI. l. 603.

The two poets chanced to have the same subject in contemplation. Your attention will be caught at first view by a striking similarity of manner in the execution of their design. It will be observed also, that this manner, so admirably suited to their purpose, is out of the common way, very far beyond the reach of common minds. In order to aggravate the distress, and to render the inflicted torments more poignantly excruciating, a rich and luxurious banquet is, with exquisite refinement, previously prepared by each of these great masters, and spread in splendid array before the face of the unfortunate sufferers;

the sight of which, while they are withheld from partaking it, irritates the cravings of hunger, even to agony. Their constrained abstinence is enforced in both, by the same poetical machinery. In Gray, *Fell Thirst and Famine* exactly correspond to the *chief of the furies* in Virgil. The *baneful smile, scowled on the baffled guest*, in the former, carries with it, perhaps, more of scorn and mortifying insult, than the more direct opposition of the Fury, with her *up-lifted torch and thundering voice*, does in the latter. Still, however, the imagery....the turn of thought....the plan and structure of the piece, and the disposition of the parts, are in both instances precisely the same.

Whence this extraordinary congruity arose, or by what means it was affected, I will not take upon me to determine. So far I will venture to say, and I assure myself of your cordial concurrence, that Gray's charming stanza, when seen by itself, has very much the air of an original.

"Common sense," we are told on high authority, "directs us for the most part to regard resemblances in great writers, not as the pillerings, or frugal acquisitions of needy art, but as the honest fruits of genius, the free and liberal bounties of unenvying nature."

The LEARNED CRITIC calls for this liberality of judgment in behalf of the *Poets*, with whom particularly he was concerned. I find myself, just at this present, very much disposed to claim the same consideration for the writers in *Prose*; having in my mind two passages from two celebrated writers in that form, which I am strongly tempted to send you.

The late Dr. Ogden, who in my judgment, holds the very *highest rank* amongst the *most eminent preachers*, in one of those excellent sermons on the fifth commandment, addressing himself to a young man, whose behaviour he supposes less correct than it ought to be, enforces the obligations of children to

their parents in a strain of irrecusable eloquence, as follows:

"Now so proud! self-willed! inexorable! thou couldst then only ask by wailing, and move them by thy tears; and they were moved. Their heart was touched with thy distress: they relieved and watched thy wants, before thou *knewest thine own necessities, or their kindness*. They clothed thee; *thou knewest not that thou wast naked*. Thou *askedst not for bread*; but they fed thee."

Did you ever read? or can any young man, however proud, self-willed, inexorable, ever read this impassioned address without emotion? Nor can we easily persuade ourselves otherwise than that the respectable author was here transcribing the affections of his own heart; for, as appears from the short memoirs of his life, drawn up and prefixed to an edition of his sermons, in two volumes, by the late Dr. Hallifax, he was a truly affectionate and dutiful son, such as one as "maketh a glad father."

It may not be uninteresting to see the same thoughts worked up into an elegant form by an admired Ancient. Xenophon, you will recollect, in his *Memoirs of Socrates*, introduces the Philosopher discoursing in the following terms:

Ἡ γυνὴ ὑποδείκνυσθαι τὸ φορτικὸν ταῦτα, βαρυνόμενῃ τε καὶ κινδυνεύουσιν περιτῷ βίῃ, καὶ μεταδίδουσα τῆ; τροφῆς, ἢ καὶ αὐτὴ τριφίται, καὶ οὐκ πολλὰ ποσῶ διενγκύουσα καὶ τιτύουσα τριφί τε καὶ ἐπιμελιταί, ὅδε προσηκούσθαι ὅδε ἀγαθόν, ὅδε ΓΙΓΝΩΣΚΟΝ ΤΟ ΒΡΕΦΟΣ ὙΦ ὍΤΟΥ ΕΥΠΑΣΧΕΙ, ὅδε ΣΗΜΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΝΟΝ ὍΤΟΥ ΔΕΙΤΑΙ.

XEN. MEM. l. ii. c. 11.

The sentiments under the expressions, marked in the English text by Italics, and by capitals in the Greek, bear, you will take notice, a striking resemblance to each other; and, though evidently most just and natural, are, so far as my observa-

tion goes, no where to be found, but in these two passages. If you read the whole chapter, from which the lines above are taken, and the perusal will abundantly repay your trouble, you will find throughout a great similarity of thought between the Philosopher and the Preacher. In the short passage immediately before us, the Preacher appears to have given more of pathos to the subject, by a judicious amplification illustrating the general sentiment by specific instances, very happily chosen to affect the feelings.

Dr. Ogden was undoubtedly well versed in all the works of Xenophon. May we not therefore suppose, without any derogation from his merit, that, while he was composing this admirable sermon, his thoughts might take their colour from the tints, collected upon his mind by frequent communication with this fine writer ?

Whatever may be your opinion on this point, you will not, I am persuaded, regret my having called your attention to an old acquaintance, nor think your time misemployed in comparing the works of two such authors as Xenophon and Dr. Ogden; from either of whom you cannot fail, as you read, of receiving the highest gratification.

I could amuse myself, if I thought it would be equally amusing to you, with tracing these literary resemblances still further. But I rather wish you now to consider with me another species of imitation, if it may be so called; "the management of which," Dr. Hurd says, "is to be regarded, perhaps, as one of the nicest offices of *Invention*;" I mean, the allusions often made by the first writers to old rites and ceremonies, or to prominent circumstances in ancient or modern history.

Dr. Hurd somewhere notices a beautiful specimen of this delicate allusion in a poem, called the Spleen, by Mr. Green, of the Custom-house. The Poet is recommending exercise, as a sovereign remedy against

that depression of spirits, and those hypocondriac affections, which are always produced by this morbid humour; and exemplifies his doctrine by one of the simplest and most trivial modes, which can possibly be conceived.

Fling but a stone.

You will not discover in this plain sentence any great effort of imagination, any rich colouring of expression, any thing either of novelty or beauty. But when to this so common an action is added the unexpected image, under which is conveyed the promised benefit,

The giant dies.

all the circumstances attending an interesting history, which we have been accustomed to read from our childhood, and to think important from an early reverence for the writings, in which it is contained, are at once recalled to the mind; and give to the passage a life and spirit beyond what the greatest refinement of thought, with all the embellishments of language, could ever have produced.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

Of the same class with this I have always considered that fine imagery, under which Mr. Gray represents the indications of genius, supposed to discover themselves in the infancy of our immortal Shakspearethe early promise of his future greatness. On the awful appearance of NATURE, who comes in a majestic form to invest her *darting* with the happily-fancied ensigns of that high office, which he was destined afterwards to fill with such astonishing powers,

.....the *dauntless child*

Strech'd forth his *little hands* and
smil'd.

Did you ever contemplate the animated figure of this *dauntless* child without recurring, at the same time, in your mind, to the fabulous description of Hercules in the cradle, grasping in his infant hands

the serpents, and throwing them playfully at the feet of his father ?

Ἦτοι κέ' ως ἰδοῦτ' ΕΠΙΤΙΤΘΙΟΝ

Ἡραχλῆα

Θηρίδω χυρεσσιν ἀπὸ βίξ' ΑΠΑΔΑΙΣΙΝ
ἔχοντα

Συμπληγδην, ἰαχρῶσ' ἰδ' ἰς πατέρ'
Ἀμφίτροωνα

Ἐρπτα δικαιοσῶχην, ἐκάλωτο δ' ὑψ-
οῖ χαιραν.

Theoc. Idyl. xxiv.

In these examples every thing is plain and obvious. The propriety and aptitude of the allusions are seen at once. But it has often occurred to me, that we lose many beauties in the ancient poets from not knowing the facts, to which probably, frequent allusions are made, to us, at this distance of time totally inexplicable.

I have been led into this train of thought by an obscure passage in one of the Odes of Horace; which has created no small perplexity amongst the scholiasts and commentators, such of them I mean, as have ventured to remark upon it; for some of the first order, as Bentley, Gesner, and others, with a reserve not very unusual where real difficulties occur, have kept a wary silence.

.....Hinc apicem *rapax*
Fortuna cum *stridore acuto*
Sustulit, hic possuisse gaudet.
CARM. LIB. I. O. 34.

It may not be unamusing to observe for a moment, how these *learned Critics* puzzle themselves in endeavouring to explain what, by their awkward attempts, they very plainly shew that they did not at all understand.

One gravely interprets the term *rapax* by *mutabilis, acuto* by *luctuoso*.

Another, by an exposition still more extraordinary, renders *rapax* sustulit by *clam* sustulit.

A third, with great importance, on the words cum *stridore acuto*, "his verbis puto significari Fortu-

næ commutationem, quæ vix intelligi potest sine magno sonitu ac fragore. Stridor enim sonitum ac strepitum significat, non clamorem."

Thus do they go blundering on, rendering "confusion worse confounded," not attempting, any of them, to describe the unusual figure which Fortune is here made to assume. Had they attended a little more to this circumstance, it would perhaps saved them much of the trouble, in which they have involved both themselves and their readers.

Bene, says a modern Editor, in general an acute and sagacious interpreter of his author, Baxter, cum *stridore acuto*, cum ante posuerit *rapax*, adinstar scilicet procellosi turbinis.

This roar of storm and thunder seems also to have rumbled in the ears of M. Dacier; though, when on second thoughts he explains *stridore acuto* by the sounds made by the wings of Fortune, he seems to have caught a glimpse of the real image, which the Poet had in his eye, that of a soaring eagle; as will appear from an extraordinary occurrence related by the historian. I will beg leave to transcribe the passage.

"Ei (Lucumoni) carpento sedenti cum uxore, AQUILA suspensis demissa leniter alis *pileum* aufert superq. carpentum cum *magno clangore* volitans rursus, velut ministerio divinitus missa, capiti apte reponit; inde sublinis abiit. Accipisse id augurium læta dicitur Tanaquil, perita, ut vulgo Etrusci, celestium prodigiorum mulier. Excelsa et alta sperare complexa virum jubet. Eam alitem ea regione cæli, et ejus Dei nunciam venisse. Circa summum culmen hominis auspiciū fecisse. Levasse humano superpositum capiti *decus*, ut eidem divinitus redderet." Liv. lib. i. c. 34.

Wonders and prodigies ever attend the remoter periods of great states and kingdoms. They never fail to be recorded in their earlier

annals; are superstitiously delivered down from father to son, and received with an easy and willing credence amongst the populace. Of this description is the tale of LUCIANO and the EAGLE; which I doubt not was as familiar amongst the Romans, as well-known, and as often repeated, as with us the legends of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table, Guy Earl of Warwick, St. George and the Dragon, &c.

Thus it appears, that the Poet, when he attributed so uncommon a figure to Fortune, with so singular a mode of action, alluded to a popular story in every body's mouth. The allusion, of course, was immediately acknowledged by the reader and felt in all its force.

By the light hence thrown on the subject, whatever there was of obscurity has vanished, all difficulties are done away, every expression resumes its usual and proper signification, and the sentence becomes clear and luminous.

The term *rapax* is not, you see, to be understood as epithetical to Fortuna, but to be taken, as adjectives are often used by the poets, adverbially, and joined in construction with the verb *sustulit*. *Rapax sustulit*, i. e. *rapaciter sustulit, rapiuit*.

By the expression *stridore acuto*, the great stumbling-block of the commentators, are plainly signified, as intimated by a vague conjecture of the learned Frenchman, the sounds made by the eagle clapping its wings, and screaming in its flight; which the historian expresses by the words *magno clangore*.

I will not fatigue you by dragging you further through these dry and tiresome disquisitions into the niceties of grammatical arrangement, which, I suspect, are not much to your taste. You will not however think that labour in vain, which tends in any way to elucidate the sense of a favourite author, and to draw forth into more open view a latent beauty, which has so long lain buried under the accumulated

rubbish thrown over it, from time to time, by professed critics and laborious annotators. Reposing securely on this assurance, for the present I will bid you

Adieu.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE MAMMOTH.

By Mr. Rembrandt Peale.

THE Mammoth is so called from the Russian name, supposed to have been derived from the Hebrew *Behemoth*, Job, chap. xl. It is properly continued, both words being expressive of a large and extraordinary animal.

For a number of years past many large and extraordinary bones and teeth have been discovered both in Siberia and America which at first were generally attributed to the elephant,* except some very large teeth of the carnivorous kind totally different from those of any animal known.

In Siberia they were attributed to the mammoth, whose fabulous existence they supposed to be under ground, and of which Isbrand Ides pretends to give a description. In North-America these large bones and carnivorous grinders have been found in great abundance on the Ohio and its tributary streams, washed from their banks, or discovered by digging in salt morasses in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati; where they are found intermixed with the bones of buffaloes and deer, which a tradition of the Indians states to have been destroyed by a

* Naturalists were led to this idea in consequence of finding, in a few instances in America, but frequently in Siberia, some large graminivorous teeth, which probably belonged to an animal of the elephant kind, though certainly of different species from any known: these teeth are remarkable for size, and in the number of lamellated veins of enamel which pervade them.

heard of these animals which came upon them from the north. This event happened, the Indians believe, as a punishment for their sins; but they say the good spirit at length interposed to save them, and, seating himself on a neighbouring rock, where they show you the print of his seat and of one foot, hurled his thunderbolts among them. All were killed except one male, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off, until, at length wounded, he sprung over the Wabash, the Illinois, and the Great Lake, where he still lives.

These bones were forwarded with great eagerness to all parts of Europe, and deposited in museums, where they attracted the curiosity of all naturalists, whose conjectures and theories on them were very various, until Dr. Hunter, by a more accurate comparison between them and the bones of other animals, determined that they must have belonged to a large nondescript animal of the carnivorous kind, somewhat resembling the hippopotamus and the elephant, yet essentially different from both.

The subject is now completely elucidated. Not long since some farmers in the state of New-York, digging marle from their morasses in the neighbourhood of New- Windsor, accidentally discovered several of these bones, which were preserved by physicians in the neighbourhood. In the autumn of 1801, my father Charles W. Peale and myself, having obtained possession of these bones, persevered for nearly three months, at the expense of much time, labour, and money, in a search for the remainder of the animal; and were fortunate enough to obtain two skeletons, found in two distinct situations, and unmixed with bones of any other individual whatever: one of these is preserved in the museum at Philadelphia, and the other is now exhibiting in the old academy-room, Pall-Mall, previously to its being taken to Paris.

The skeleton of the mammoth bears some general resemblance to

that of the elephant, yet on examination even the general figure is found to be considerably different; principally in the effect of the tusks, structure of the head, prominence and pointedness of the back over the shoulders, its great descent thence to the hips, together with the comparative smallness of the body and the necessarily detached effect of the hind-legs....proofs of greater activity than in the elephant. On a closer examination, the characteristic features are greatly multiplied; and with respect to the hind-legs, the idea of activity is confirmed from the structure of the thigh-bones, which are extremely broad and flat, and well adapted for great exertions of strength, beyond that of the elephant, whose thigh-bones are not flat, but round. This effect of strength likewise prevails in the ribs, which are of a very unusual structure, being bent edgewise and having their greatest thickness at top, gradually becoming smaller towards their junction with the cartilage; whereas in the elephant they are bent flatwise, like those of the ox, and are narrow at top and broad at the lower end. This peculiarity in the ribs of the mammoth is worthy of particular notice, not only on account of the unusual position of strength, but because, from their distance between each other, they show the animal to have had considerable flexibility in its body; to which the breadth and proximity in the ribs of the elephant as well as the ox, are a certain impediment. Besides, as I observed before, the body is comparatively smaller, in consequence of the small length of the ribs.

The spines of the back over the shoulders are of an unusual magnitude, which gives the appearance of a hump, like the bison, and are calculated to give power and motion to the head. Those in the elephant are not so large over the shoulders, but much more so all the way to the sacrum: consequently his back is more arched. The proportionate length of the processes from the

spine of the scapula differs essentially from all other animals. And, independently of any other variation in form, all the bones of the limbs in particular, are astonishingly thick and strong.

We now come to the head, where the most striking features of this animal are to be found; and since between the corresponding parts of all animals there is a general analogy, it is the province of comparative anatomy not only to trace out the points of distinction, but, since they originate from certain fixed principles, in the discrimination of variations, to confirm their propriety by an examination of the principles on which they are founded.

Although it is sufficiently evident to those who are accustomed to this kind of investigation, from the observation of a few facts, that this animal must have been carnivorous; yet to others it is necessary to introduce every proof and conclusive evidence. Many persons, from a false impression, believe that teeth are determined to be carnivorous merely from their having a rugged surface: with this opinion they very properly ask, "May not the vegetable food be of a coarser quality?" It is true that the surface is roughest on those graminivorous teeth which are employed in the mastication of the coarsest vegetable substances, not only because such roughness is requisite, but because the teeth are rendered so from the quality of the food, the bony interstices wearing down more easily than the ridges of enamel, which operate as the roughness in a mill-stone. It is not therefore from this species of roughness that we presume on so important a determination: the roughness existing on the surface of carnivorous teeth is of another nature, much more strongly marked, and far from being rendered so by usage: the more they are used, the more even do they become. The tooth of a graminivorous animal is composed of alternate veins of enamel and bone, which thus pervade the whole mass ... those of carnivorous animals are

covered with a shell or crust of enamel, which is merely external, and exists as well in the cavities as on the ridges; which is not the case with other teeth. This enamel is required in the cavities, because the teeth interlock with each other, the prominences striking into the cavities.

An uniform composition of tooth, as it respects the intermixture of enamel and bone, is observed to prevail in those of the elephant, horse, ox, &c. principally differing from each other in the figure which those veins of enamel assume, and by which alone they may be discriminated among themselves. On the other hand, carnivorous teeth, incrustated with enamel as far as the gums, yet vary in the form and number of their protuberances, so as generally to designate their species: yet among them there is a very proper distinction to be observed, which is, that those carnivorous animals, the form of whose teeth and the attachment of whose jaws allow them the side or grinding motion, are always of the mixt kind. Man, the monkey, hog, &c. are carnivorous animals, because their teeth are incrustated with enamel, and because they do eat flesh; yet they are adapted for other food, by the rotatory motion of their jaws and the form of their teeth: this rotatory motion does not exist in the jaws of those animals which live entirely upon flesh; for they are attached by an oblong head or process inserted into a transverse groove, and consequently have no other motion than up and down. In graminivorous animals the under jaw is attached by means of a considerably round head (condyloid process) to a prominence of flat surface, so that they rotate; and, to favour this motion, the coronoid process is generally thicker and not so long as the condyloid; whereas in carnivorous animals the coronoid process is extremely flat and long, being never acted on except lengthwise.

But it must not even be supposed that an animal may be of the mixt

kind, unless we observe a capacity for mastication ; without which we must declare it exclusively carnivorous.

Some object to the carnivorous nature of the mammoth from its not having cutting or canine teeth. To this it may be replied, that if we form our rule of judgment, as to what constitutes a graminivorous animal, from the construction of an ox's jaw, the elephant would certainly be excluded, because it has not *incisores* at least in the lower jaw : the fact is, that all carnivorous as well as graminivorous animals differ among themselves with respect to the number and situation of their teeth ; and hence they afforded to the sagacious and celebrated Linnaeus the most infallible method of classification, which has since been adopted, either wholly or partially, by all naturalists. The proboscis of the elephant answers the purpose of *incisores* : he therefore requires no others than grinders, which entirely fill his jaws : hence he is completely graminivorous. And although the mammoth is deficient in cutting teeth, and has no other canine teeth than his enormous tusks, the deficiencies of which may have been supplied by a pair of large and powerful lips, indicated by the uncommon sinuosity on the front of the lower jaw ; yet I am decidedly of opinion, since it cannot be contradicted by a single proof or fact, that the mammoth was exclusively carnivorous ; by which I mean, that he made no use of vegetable food, but either lived entirely on flesh or fish ; and not improbably upon shell-fish, if, as there are many reasons to suppose, he was of an amphibious nature. I therefore only require assent to these facts : 1st, The teeth are certainly of the carnivorous kind : 2dly, They are not of the mixed kind, because they have not the least rotatory motion, and so completely lock together ; 3dly, Since, therefore they are not graminivorous, since they cannot be of the mixed kind, from a defect in motion, they

must be exclusively and positively carnivorous.

Independently of the teeth, the under jaw of the mammoth differs most essentially from that of the elephant, which in its outline is semi-circular, from the condyle to the chin ; whereas in the mammoth the outline is distinctly angular, and is much greater in the length than it is in the height, which is the reverse in the elephant ; besides several other striking distinctions in both jaws.

When the skeleton was first erected, I was much at a loss how to dispose of the tusks ; their sockets showed that they grew out forwards, but did not indicate whether they were curved up or down. I chose, therefore, first to turn them upwards, not because they produced the same effect as in the elephant, for it is evident they could not in any position, owing to two circumstances. In the elephant, taking the level of the teeth for a horizontal base line, the condyle of the neck is at right angles with it ; and the perpendicular, one third longer than the base line : hence they are useful on every occasion, the tusks themselves being nearly straight, and pointing downwards ; whereas in the mammoth, taking the level of the teeth for a base line, the condyle of the neck is situated but a few inches above it ; consequently the sockets for the tusks and the condyle of the neck are in a horizontal direction : this circumstance, together with the extraordinary curve of the tusks, would raise the points in the air, directed in some degree backward over the head, twelve feet from the ground, and never could have been brought lower than six or seven feet from it. This position was evidently absurd : I therefore resolved on reversing them ; in which position, in consequence of their twist or double curve, they appear infinitely more serviceable.

Six miles from the spot where this skeleton was discovered we found two entire tusks, in form exactly like those in the skeleton,

but very much worn at the extremities (the point of one I have with me), and worn in so peculiar a manner, considering their form, as could not have happened in an elevated position; unless on the absurd supposition, that the animal amused himself with wearing and rendering them blunt, by rubbing them against high and perpendicular rocks: this in a state of nature can never be supposed, whatever habits may be acquired when in a narrow confinement. There can be no doubt, then, of their having been *used* against the ground, and not improbably in tearing up shell-fish, if, as we have many reasons to suppose, he was of an amphibious nature: for this species of food his teeth seem admirably adapted. All animals of similar habits have similar teeth: this animal has teeth unlike any other with which we are acquainted: there is much reason, therefore, in supposing his food to have been different; especially when we consider the thickness of enamel which covers the teeth, the peculiar manner in which they are worn, and the small opening for the throat. But, whether amphibious or not, in the inverted position of the tusks he could have torn an animal to pieces held beneath his foot, and could have struck down an animal of common size, without having his sight obstructed, as it certainly would have been in the other position.

The tusks themselves are composed of two very distinct substances: the internal bony or ivory part, which we find in the greatest state of decay; and a thick, distinct coating, doubtless having undergone some decay, yet at present absolutely heavier and harder than the freshest ivory. No part of the skeleton is petrified, but all in their present state of preservation from having been surrounded by a calcareous soil, composed principally of decayed shells, and covered with water even in the driest seasons.

How long since these animals have existed, we shall perhaps ever remain in ignorance; as no judg-

ment can be formed from the quantity of vegetable soil which has accumulated over their bones. Certain we are, that they existed in great abundance, from the number of their remains which are found in America: we are likewise sure that they must have been destroyed by some sudden and powerful cause: and nothing appears more probable than one of those deluges or sudden irruptions of the sea, which have left their traces in every part of the globe, and which are in amazing abundance on the very spot where these bones are found: they consist of petrifications of sea productions, shells, corals, &c. It is extremely probable that, whenever and by whatever means the extirpation of this tremendous race of animals was effected, the same cause must have operated in the destruction of all those inhabitants from whom we might have received some satisfactory account of them.

DIMENSIONS OF THE SKELETON.

	<i>ft.</i>	<i>in.</i>
Height over the shoulders	11	0
Ditto over the hips	9	0
Length from the chin to the rump	15	0
From the point of the tusks to the end of the tail, following the curve	31	0
Length in a straight line	17	0
Width of the hips and body	5	8
Length of the under-jaw	2	10
Weight of the same	63	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Width of the head	3	2
Length of the thigh-bone	3	7
Smallest circumference of the same	1	6
Length of the tibia	2	0
Length of the humerus, or large bone of the fore-leg	2	10
Largest circumference of the same	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Smallest ditto ditto	1	5
Length of the radius	2	$5\frac{1}{2}$

Circumference round the elbow	3	8
Length of the scapula, or shoulder blade	3	1
Length of the longest vertebra, or back-bone	2	3
Longest rib, without cartilage	4	7
Length of the first rib	2	0
Ditto of the breast-bone	4	0
Length of the tusks, deficiencies, or horns	10	7
Circumference of one tooth or grinder	1	6½
Weight of the same, four pounds ten ounces		
The whole skeleton weighs about 1000 pounds.		

With these they descend from the mountains into the plain country, whenever they think they can do it with safety. To prevent their being suddenly surprized by their enemies, they place guards in every direction around them, and on the first appearance of danger, retire again to their mountains. The number of these nomades decreases however, every year, especially in the province of Muscara, where the present dey has made many conquests. The Arab tribes subjected to the Algerines, pay a small tribute, and are treated with great lenity, for fear of irritating them to rebel and join the Cabys and independent Arabs.

The number of Jews in the territory of Algiers is not great; but it is difficult exactly to determine it, as it is kept secret by themselves, for the purpose of preventing an augmentation of the tax, which is regulated according to the number of families settled in the country. Jews cannot acquire landed property in Algiers. They are likewise oppressed and despised, being obliged to distinguish themselves from the other inhabitants by their dress, especially by wearing clothes of dark colours. In this respect the women enjoy greater indulgence; even they, however, are forbid to appear in public with a veil. Nor is any Jew permitted to ride through the city gates on horseback. A Christian slave is permitted to be attended by a Christian without a master; a Jew of the country would not so easily escape such a punishment should he be guilty of such a crime. The number of the Jews and Moorish Jews, according to the best information of the present dey, is not more than 10000. They are the protection of persons of rank and of the European colonies. The Jews are Jews and Christians speaking the same language, and observing the same laws, and are distinguished by their peculiar dress and customs. They are

ACCOUNT OF THE INHABITANTS OF ALGIERS, AND COUNTRY SUBJECT TO THE DEY, AND OF THEIR DIFFERENCE WITH RESPECT TO ORIGIN, CHARACTER AND CIVIL RELATIONS.

(Continued from p. 124.)

Among the Mahometan inhabitants of the Algerine dominions, may likewise be reckoned some Arabian tribes, who without mingling with the Arabs, or their ancient possessors of the country, have to the present times preserved themselves separate from all others, partly in a state of independence, and partly as tributaries to the dey. They are distinguished from the rest by their language, and their rustic manners; a peculiar mode of dress, and of their mode of carrying themselves, either and in their own affairs. Their religion is their form of life. They inhabit the eastern or northern parts of the country, and are under the protection of the government. They are distinguished from the other inhabitants of the country by their peculiar dress and customs. They are

one can place confidence ; and the greatest cheats are found among the most wealthy. In affairs which concern only themselves, they are judged by their own tribunals and an elder, who is known by the name of a *king of the Jews*. One of the most pernicious customs prevalent among them is, that parents form marriage contracts for their yet infant children, who, in that case, are even married at the age of four or six years ; and in their ninth or tenth year cohabit as man and wife.

The number of *negroes* annually imported as slaves into Algiers, amounts to from 150 to 180. Their price varies from 50 to 150 zechins. The female negro-slaves are in greater request, as attendants on the Moorish ladies, and as domestic servants, and therefore fetch a higher price than the males. Many of the *negresses* are likewise very frequently purchased and kept as concubines by the wealthy Turks and Moors, and not seldom preferred to the fair natives of the country. It however happens very rarely that a Turk actually marries a *negress* : but such intermarriages are more frequent among the Moors and *Coloris*. Although all the negroes came into the country as slaves, yet the greater part of them are, either gratuitously, or in consideration of a large sum of money, manumitted by their masters. Nor are they here, in general, so badly treated as in the West-Indian colonies of the Europeans : they enjoy, on the contrary, a considerable portion of liberty, are not confined, or in a cruel manner overwhelmed with excessive labour. Any over-rigid or unjust treatment of them is even punished by the government. Negro and christian slaves are, at Algiers, employed in the same offices as our domestic servants. But Jews and christians are not permitted to keep negro-slaves who profess the Mahomedan religion. As soon as a negro acquires his freedom, which is often granted on occasions of rejoicing,

or on the decease of his master, he is esteemed equal to, and is entitled to the same privilege as the Moors. They may then even intermarry among themselves, and with the Moors. The *negresses* are generally the confidantes of the young ladies in their master's house, in which case their situation becomes very comfortable. They have likewise a great influence on the education of youth, as they are employed as attendants on the children, who, in their tender years, are with them more than with their parents. But they spoil the children by over-indulgence, as they are apt too much to give way to and flatter the desires of these their future masters.

We now come to the *christians*, but who, on account of their transitory residence, can hardly be said to constitute part of the proper inhabitants. It is almost in the cities only that we meet with christians, but very rarely in the open country. On the western coast, the Spaniards occupy Oran and Musalquivir : the citizens resident there, for the most part fugitives from their native land, derive their subsistence from the garrison, and live in indolence, misery, and poverty, being destitute of trade, agriculture, and manufactures. The christians who are met with in the other cities (a few travelling merchants and literati excepted) are all slaves : but treated with a great deal more lenity than themselves and the missionaries pretend. There are two classes of christian slaves. To the first belong all those who are captured by the Algerine corsairs : these are preferred to the others, and are truly worthy of commiseration. On their arrival at Algiers, they are separated into divisions, and conducted to the palace of the dey, that he may select whomsoever he pleases from them ; the remainder are taken to the marketplace, and sold to the highest bidder. The captains and chief officers of ships, and all persons of

distinction and of a better appearance, are placed in the first division of prisoners, and treated with greater mildness than the rest, because it is expected that they will purchase their liberty. In the day time they must work in the sail-magazines belonging to the navy; and at night they are shut up with the other slaves in the bagnios. The children and women are kept as servants in the palace of the dey: or purchased by other grandees, to attend on their wives. If among the female captives there happens to be a lady of high rank, she remains indeed the property of the dey, but is permitted to reside in the house of some of the free christians. The remainder of the ship's crew are publicly sold to the highest bidder, and become the property either of the state or of private individuals.

The second class of christian slaves at Algiers consists of (what will appear strange to many of our readers) persons who of their own accord enter into a state of slavery. They are, for the most part, deserters from the Spanish garrison in Oran and Masalquivir, who from fear, despair, ignorance or precipitancy, make their escape. Oran, then, is the nursery of this kind of christian slaves: and the number of such runaways is reckoned to amount annually to about one hundred. Among them are natives of almost every country of Europe. While the author, from whom this account of Algiers is extracted, resided there, the German Oranites were for the most part men, who, in their native country, had been forced or inveigled to enter into the army...had deserted...been picked up by Spanish or French recruiting parties, and at last, after various intermediate adventures, been sentenced to transportation to Oran. They were almost all addicted to drunkenness, but in other respects faithful, good-natured, well-behaved, laborious, and not so abandoned as the rest of their companions. Those who were natives of France were adventurers,

or had been ruined by gaming, and thus incited to the commission of crimes, which obliged them to fly. Few of them had reformed. They were almost without exception of a volatile and daring disposition, careless, lazy, and adepts in charlatanry and knavery. The greater part of the Spanish Oranites were transported smugglers. Among those from Italy were found the most abandoned wretches, and the most atrocious criminals, and even among these the Neapolitans and Genoese distinguished themselves by their superior wickedness. Most of them had been banditti, highway robbers and murderers, and been forced to fly to Spain, where, even after their transportation to Oran, they pursued their old practices, and on that account made their escape to Algiers, to avoid the punishment due to their crimes. They related with the greatest unconcern and frankness all the deeds of horror they had formerly perpetrated: the oldest were the most hardened and shameless, probably because they had lost all hope of ever returning to Europe. The younger among them were not so communicative; but sufficiently indicated by their gestures that they were not much better than the others. They believe that they are now doing penance for their sins, diligently attend the confessional, and are scrupulously observant of the fasts enjoined by the church. Among the Oranites there were very few English, Portuguese, Swiss, Poles, and Prussians: but no Dutch, Swedes, Russians, and Danes; and only one Norwegian. All these deserters know beforehand what doom awaits them on their arrival: they, however, prefer a state of slavery to that of a Spanish soldier at Oran, as in Algiers they are better treated, and flatter themselves with the hope of being ransomed, in which expectation they very frequently find themselves deceived.

With respect to the treatment of the christian slaves, no particular distinction is made between the de-

deserters from Oran, and those captured by the cruisers. They are, in general, well kept, and not overwhelmed with labour, or cruel usage; as every proprietor finds it his interest to preserve his slaves, for the sake of the ransom he expects to receive for them. Those who belong to the dey, are kept as attendants in his palace. There are a great number of them, they have little to do, and are well, and even richly, clothed. Many of them live in abundance, as they receive valuable presents from the grandees who are applying for some favour from the dey: but their situation is so far irksome that they must live quiet and retired, and seldom receive permission to leave the palace. The youngest and most beautiful among them are likewise exposed to the seduction of the corrupt courtiers. The other christian slaves who are the property of the state, are employed in the dock-yards and magazines, and are under the command of Turkish taskmasters. At sunrise, they are conducted to their labour; and receive three small loaves for breakfast: those who have money, may purchase fruit in addition to their bread. Their labour never surpasses their strength. At mid-day they are called to dinner by the sound of two French horns; their dinner consists of a kind of grits, boiled in water, and seasoned with some old butter or oil. The portions are large; but the manner of cooking the mess is nauseous and disgusting. After dinner, their labour recommences, and lasts till about sun-set; when each slave again receives three coarse loaves, and a few olives. Their clothes are furnished at the expense of the dey. After their daily labour is over, they are, for the most part, shut up in the bagnios. When the number of slaves is considerable, those of a virtuous disposition, and who have formerly been accustomed to better accommodations and company, complain more of this nightly lodging,

than of the fatigues of the day; filth, corrupted air, and vermin in abundance, prevent the repose so necessary to them. To which may be added jests, and discourse offensive to chaste ears, not to mention the abominable vices so prevalent in this country: the society of abandoned Oranites, in particular, proves extremely disagreeable to many unfortunate men of worth.

The condition of the slaves of private persons is, with very few exceptions, preferable to that of those who belong to the state. In the cities, they are employed as menial servants; in the country, they cultivate the gardens and vineyards. Every thing depends upon their being able to gain the favour and confidence of their masters. The amorous intrigues, of which so many of the ransomed slaves boast, may in general be considered as fictions. Many private persons, especially Jews, and even the dey and his ministers, hire out christian slaves as servants to the free christians, on their giving good security. Many of these slaves have then an opportunity to accumulate some money for themselves, in which case, they leave their masters, take taverns in the city, where they sell wine and spirituous liquors, and often acquire considerable property.

Those who had been captured by the Algerine corsairs, frequently regain their liberty by being ransomed: but the Oranite deserters have little or no hopes of such good fortune, and generally remain in slavery to the end of their lives. Sometimes however it happens, that a government, as, for instance, the French in 1784, ransomed all their countrymen without exception. The number of christian slaves was formerly much more considerable than in 1788. In 1785, though in the preceding year all the French had been ransomed, they were computed to amount to about two thousand. In 1786-7, five hundred Spaniards and Neapolitans were liberated; and about seven

hundred died of the plague: so that not above 800 christian slaves were left at that time; and the most of these were deserters from Oran.

We shall conclude with a few observations relative to the *renegados*. There are few of them in this country; and these may be divided into two classes, viz. Jews and christians. With respect to the Jews, many zealous Mahometans are of opinion, that it would be better if they adopted the christian religion previously to their becoming proselytes to Mahometism. Of the Jews, more women than men renounce the faith of their ancestors. They are induced to embrace the dominant religion of the country, either for the purpose of being revenged of their relations, or of escaping some punishment, or from motives of ambition or interest. If such a renegado be endowed with superior talents, and possess knowledge, address, and courage, and have the good fortune to render his services useful to the government; he is esteemed equal to the *Coloris*, and may be raised to honourable and lucrative offices. Thus, for instance, the present admiral of the Algerine fleet is a renegado, who was formerly a Jew. Renegados who were christians, are less numerous. Formerly they were eager to gain proselytes from christianity; but at present, such conversions are very rarely encouraged, nay, in most instances, not even permitted, as the proprietors of the slaves would be losers, and be deprived of the expected ransom. On the whole, in this country too they are of opinion, that it is best for every one to adhere to the religion in which he was educated. They even despise and distrust renegados: and that not without reason, for the greater part of them are in their hearts attached to neither one religion nor the other.

LIN, DRESDEN, WARSAW, AND VIENNA, IN THE YEARS 1777, 1778, AND 1779.

Count Konigsmark.

Among the strangers of distinction who visited the court of Hanover, was count Konigsmark, a man whose crimes, adventures, and tragical end, have rendered him too much known. He was by birth a Saxon, though his family was originally from Sweden. Handsome in his person, captivating in his manners and address, he was formed to succeed with women. He had been early known by, and peculiarly acceptable to, the princess of Hanover, before her marriage, when she resided at Zell in her father's palace. It is even pretended that she had retained a deep impression of this partiality for the count, which naturally revived on seeing him again. Konigsmark, whatever personal or external graces he possessed, was unquestionably a dissolute, unprincipled, enterprising man of pleasure, capable of the greatest crimes in the pursuit or attainment of his views. He had travelled over Europe, had seen service in various countries, and distinguished himself by his gallantry, magnificence and courage. In Spain he had displayed his address on public occasions, and was honoured by as public testimonies of attachment on the part of the ladies of the court of Madrid. When in England, he narrowly escaped an ignominious execution for the murder of Mr. Thynne, in 1682. His accomplices, for it is impossible to doubt that he employed or suborned them, though the fact could not be judicially brought home to him, were all executed at Tyburn for that atrocious act. He himself was reserved for a destiny hardly less unfortunate, a few years later; and his name is now inseparably connected with the princess of Hanover, Sophia Dorothea.

The prince her husband, who served during more than one cam-

paign in the imperial army against the Turks, was frequently absent from her, a circumstance which naturally facilitated Konigsmark's access to the princess. It is unquestionable that she entertained for him sentiments of the most partial nature, and that she indulged them in a manner, which, if not criminal, was at least imprudent. She was accustomed, two or three times a week, to feign an indisposition, under which pretence she retired to her apartment. Konigsmark was then admitted; they supped together, and usually remained at table, or in conversation, till two or three o'clock in the morning. When he retired, he descended by a little private staircase, near the great gate of the ducal palace, which conducted him into the town.

Interviews of such a nature, at such hours, and in the princess's own apartment, imply great, and one may add, improper intimacy; particularly if Konigsmark's profligate character be recollected. It is even difficult at first sight, not to connect with them the idea of a criminal connection. But on the other hand, there is, neither any proof that they were so in effect, nor was any such proof ever attempted to be made out against her, though her enemies were deeply interested to establish the fact, if it had been possible. In addition to this negative presumption in their favour, it is positively asserted that during the time when Konigsmark was with her, they never remained alone together; one or more of her ladies of honour, and those of the most unimpeached characters, being always present. The very imprudence of admitting him to such interviews, seems to prove that they were innocent, since it was impossible that they could be altogether concealed or unknown.

Unfortunately, Konigsmark's person and accomplishments had made an impression, not only on the princess, but on Madame de

Platen, mistress of Ernest Augustus. Whether, as it is pretended, he had divulged the favours which she had conferred on him, or whether he had returned her partiality with indifference and contempt, as other persons assure us, it is certain that she deeply resented his behaviour. Irritated at his preference for the princess Sophia Dorothea, of which she was well apprised, and having set spies to watch his motions, she soon discovered his secret interviews with her rival, of which she gave information to the duke of Hanover. It was natural to suppose that he would not tolerate them; and the count soon afterwards received an indirect, but peremptory intimation, that his longer stay at Hanover would be displeasing. As he delayed compliance with the injunction on various pretences, it was reiterated. He therefore made public preparations for his departure, fixed the day and hour, ordered his post-horses, and having commanded his servants to expect him at three o'clock in the morning, he went privately to the ducal palace. The princess, under pretence of indisposition, admitted him as before to her apartment, where a supper was served, and they remained for some hours together, but always in company with one or more of her ladies.

No sooner was the countess of Platen apprised that Konigsmark was in the princess's chamber, than she instantly carried the intelligence to the duke, and represented to him the insolence of thus braving, if not dishonouring him in his own palace. Profiting of his indignation, she induced him to give directions for punishing the count's temerity, by an act of immediate violence. It is doubtless to be lamented that Ernest Augustus should have sanctioned or authorised an assassination; for such it must be deemed: but, it should likewise be remembered that he was a sovereign prince, and the provocation was great, if he really believed Konigsmark's visits to his

daughter-in-law to have been of a criminal nature. No appeal could be made to his son, who was absent in Hungary, and the count was on the point of leaving Hanover. How far these considerations may seem to palliate the act, I leave others to determine.

A very general idea prevails throughout Germany, that Ernest Augustus having caused four of his guards to put on masks, they, by his order, attacked Konigsmark as he came out of the princess's apartment, and killed him on the spot. I saw this very morning, the place in the electoral palace, where tradition says the count fell. It is a passage almost destitute of light, not above nine or ten paces in length, A door at one extremity opens into a large handsome apartment, the first of the range occupied by the princess of Hanover, and out of which Konigsmark passed when he quitted her on the night that he perished. At the other end is another door, near a staircase by which he was to have left the palace. That this was the scene of his seizure, there is no doubt; but the means used to put him out of life were more secret, though not less effectual, than open attack. I shall relate them from good authority.

Orders were issued on the part of the duke of Hanover, to the soldier on guard at the palace gate, to stop Konigsmark as he came down the private staircase before mentioned; to force him by menaces of immediate death to follow, and then to shut him into a subterranean vault or cellar, which was indicated. The soldier punctually executed the commission, without knowing or suspecting the consequence. It would seem that the count neither made nor attempted resistance; a fact which proves either his want of courage, or of any means of defence; unless we suppose that confiding in his innocence, he took no precaution for his security, and was unsuspecting of an intention to interrupt his passage out of the

palace. The vault into which the unfortunate Konigsmark was forced could at pleasure be filled with water by means of a pipe. It was in fact a reservoir, and no sooner was he shut up, than they immediately let in the water and drowned him. His body on the ensuing morning was put into a heated oven, and the mouth of it bricked up, as the most effectual means of concealing the whole transaction.

Chevalier De Saxe.

THE chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth, among the natural sons of Augustus the second, king of Poland, was only half brother to the famous marshal Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his wife, who was a princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious Polish family, the chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago at his palace in this city; which his nephew prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the electoral service; and as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated that money was concealed in the palace; but no one pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus curiosity combining with avarice, or at least with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure, prompted prince Charles to name his uncle, as the object of the experiment*.

On the appointed night, for Schrepfer† naturally preferred darkness, as not only more private in it itself, but better calculated for the effect of incantations, the com-

* Of raising a deceased person.

† The pretended magician.

pany assembled. They were nine-
 teen in number, of whom I person-
 ally know several, who are persons
 of consideration, character, and
 respectability. When they were
 met in the great gallery of the pa-
 lace, the first object of all present
 was to secure the windows and
 doors, in order equally to prevent
 intrusion or deception. As far as
 precaution could effect it, they did
 so, and were satisfied that nothing
 except violence could procure ac-
 cess or entrance. Schrepfer then
 acquainted them, that the act which
 he was about to perform, would de-
 mand all their firmness, and advised
 them to fortify their nerves by par-
 taking of a bowl of punch, which
 was placed upon the table. Several
 of them, indeed, as I believe,
 all except one or two, thinking the
 exhortation judicious, very readily
 followed it; but, the gentleman
 from whom I received these particu-
 lars, declined the advice. "I
 am come here," said he to Schrep-
 fer, "to be present at raising an
 apparition. Either I will see all
 or nothing. My resolution is taken,
 and no inducement can make me
 put any thing within my lips."
 Another of the company, who pre-
 served his presence of mind, placed
 himself close to the principal door,
 in order to watch if any one at-
 tempted to open or force it. These
 preparatory steps being taken, the
 great work began with the utmost
 solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it, by re-
 tiring into a corner of the gallery,
 where, kneeling down, with many
 mysterious ceremonies, he invoked
 the spirits to appear, or rather to
 come to his aid, for it is allowed
 that none were ever visible. A
 very considerable time elapsed be-
 fore they obeyed; during which in-
 terval he laboured apparently under
 great agitation of body and mind, be-
 ing covered with a violent sweat and
 almost in convulsions, like the Py-
 thones of antiquity. At length, a
 loud clatter was heard at all the
 windows on the outside; which was
 soon followed by another noise, re-

sembling more the effect produced
 by a number of wet fingers drawn
 over the edge of glasses, than any
 thing else to which it could well be
 compared. This sound announced,
 as he said, the arrival of his good
 or protecting spirits, and seemed
 to encourage him to proceed. A
 short time afterwards a yelling was
 heard, of a frightful and unusual
 nature, which came, he declared,
 from the malignant spirits, whose
 presence, as it seems, was neces-
 sary and indispensable to the com-
 pletion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least
 the greater part, electrified with
 amazement, or petrified with hor-
 ror; and of course, fully prepa-
 red for every object which could be
 presented to them. Schrepfer con-
 tinuing his invocations, the door
 suddenly opened with violence, and
 something that resembled a black
 ball or globe, rolled into the room.
 It was invested with smoke or cloud,
 in the midst of which appeared to
 be a human face, like the counte-
 nance of the chevalier de Saxe;
 much in the same way, it would
 seem, that Corregio or Hannibal
 Carrache have represented Jupiter
 appearing to Semele. From this
 form issued a loud and angry voice,
 which exclaimed in German, "Carl
 was wolte du mit mich?" "Charles
 what wouldst thou with me? Why
 dost thou disturb me?"

Language, as may be supposed,
 can ill describe the consternation
 produced among the spectators at
 such a sight. Either firmly per-
 suaded that the appearance which
 they beheld, was spiritual and in-
 tangible; or deprived of resolution
 to approach and attempt to seize
 it, they appear to have made no
 effort to satisfy themselves of its in-
 corporeal nature. The prince,
 whose impious curiosity had sum-
 moned his uncle's ghost, and to
 whom, as the person principally
 responsible, the spectre addressed
 itself, far from manifesting cool-
 ness, or attempting reply, betrayed
 the strongest marks of horror and
 contrition. Throwing himself on

his knees, he called on God for mercy; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art for which they now were anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But, Schrepfer, though apparently willing, found, or pretended to find this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene, protest that near an hour elapsed, before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it; at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door, which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them, were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers.

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**SOME OBSERVATIONS ON DIARIES,
SELF-BIOGRAPHY, AND SELF-
CHARACTERS.**

THE study of Biography is a recent taste in Britain. The art of writing lives has been but lately known; and it was, therefore, an usual complaint with the meagre biographers of the last century, when their subject was a man of letters, that his life could not be deemed very interesting, since he, who had only been illustrious in his closet, could not be supposed to afford any materials for the historian. The life of a prime-minister, or the memoirs of a general, as they contained the detail of political intrigues and political opposition; battles or stratagems; were considered to afford happier opportunities for a writer to display the abi-

lity of his literary powers, the subtilty of his discernment, and the colouring of his descriptions.

But as the human mind became the great object of our inquiry, and to detect and separate the shades of the passions the great aim of the biographer, reflecting men perceived, that the philosopher, like other men, had his distinct characteristics. And it has now become the labour of criticism, to compose the life of an author; no writer can now successfully accomplish his biographic attempts, unless he possesses a flexibility of taste, which, like theameleon, takes the colour of that object on which it rests.

Every man, in whatever department he moves, has passions, which will vary even from those who are acting the same part as himself. Our souls, like our faces, bear the general resemblance of the species, but retain the particular form which is peculiar to the individual. He who studies his own mind, and has the industry to note down the fluctuations of his opinions, the fallacies of his passions, and the vacillations of his resolutions, will form a journal to himself peculiarly interesting, and, probably, not undeserving the meditations of others. Nothing which presents a faithful relation of humanity, is inconsiderable to a human being.

There once prevailed the custom of a man's journalising his own life. Many of these journals yet remain in their MS. state, and some, unfortunately for journal-writing, have been published. We are not, however, to decide on the nature of a work by the ineptitude of its performance. The writers of these diaries were not philosophers, for the age was not philosophic. Too often they were alchemists, and sometimes considered themselves as magicians. Some only registered the minutest events of domestic life. Dates of birth, and settlements of marriage, may be pardoned to the individual; but to give the importance of history to the progress of a purge, and to return divine thanks

for the cutting of a corn, (and the edited journal of Elias Ashmole contains few other facts,) is giving importance to objects which can only be observable in the history of any other animal but man. I am acquainted with a worthy gentleman, who, for this half century, is performing the same labours. He can tell where he dined fifty years past, and accompany the information with no concise critique. When he takes one of these little volumes down, he applies to himself the observation of Martial, and says, he has learnt the art of living life twice over. The pleasures of memory are delicious; its objects must, however, be proportionate to the powers of vision, and a meagre or a smart dinner, is an object sufficiently delightful, or terrible, to give play to the recordatory organs of this diarist. I have remarked, however, one thing from his contemptible narrative. He resolved to distinguish the happy circumstances of his life in red ink. In looking over his diaries, notwithstanding the obscurity of his situation, and the humility of his desires, I cannot find that his pen was often dipt in the crimson ink of felicity.

An observation may be made on the diurnal page. He who can, without reserve or hesitation, form such a journal, may be safely pronounced an honest man. Could a Clive, or a Cromwell, have composed a diary? Neither of these men could suffer solitude and darkness; at the scattered thoughts of casual reflection they started; what would they have done, had memory marshaled their crimes, and arranged them in the terrors of chronology? These diaries form that other self, which Shaftesbury has described every thinking being to possess; and which, to converse with, he justly accounts the highest wisdom. When Cato wishes that the breast of every man were diaphanous, it is only a metaphorical expression for such a diary.

There are two species of minor biography which may be discrimi-

nated; detailing our own life, and pourtraying our own character. The writing our own life has been practised with various success; it is a delicate operation; a stroke too much may destroy the effect of the whole. If once we detect an author deceiving or deceived, it is a livid spot which infects the entire body. To publish one's own life has sometimes been a poor artifice to bring obscurity into notice; it is the ebriety of vanity, and the delirium of egotism. When a great man leaves some memorial of his days, his death-bed sanctions the truth, and the grave consecrates the motive. There are certain things which relate to ourselves, which no one can know so well; a great genius obliges posterity when he records them. But they must be composed with calmness, with simplicity, and with sincerity; the biographic sketch of Hume, written by himself, is a model of attic simplicity. The life of lord Herbert is a biographical curiosity. The memoirs of Sheffield duke of Buckingham is very interesting; and those of Colley Cibber is a fine picture of the self-painter. We have some other pieces of self-biography precious to the philosopher.

Biography should not be written with eloquence; with Rousseau, perhaps, eloquence was only a natural harmony from the voice of truth; but it may also be the artificial tones of deceit. What in Rousseau was nature, may in others be artifice. Self-biographers, like Hume, who state facts with an attic simplicity, appear to speak unreservedly to the reader, and as if they proposed only to supply facts, for others to explain and embellish.

There is another species of minor biography, which, I am willing to believe, could only have been invented by the most refined and the vainest nation. A literary fashion formerly prevailed with French authors, to present the public with their own character, and this fashion seems to have passed over to our country; Farquhar has drawn his character in a letter to a lady, and

others of our writers I believe have given us their own miniatures. The French long cherished this darling egotism; and there is a collection of these literary portraits in two bulky volumes. The brilliant Flechier, and the refined St. Evremond, have framed and glazed their portraits. Every writer then considered his character as necessary as his preface. I confess myself much delighted with these self-descriptions of "persons whom no one knows." I have formed a considerable collection of these portraits, and have placed them in my cabinet of curiosities, under the title of strong likenesses of unknown persons. Their vanity is too prominent to doubt their accuracy.

I shall not excite the reader's curiosity, without attempting its gratification; and if he chuses to see what now passes in the minds of many obscure writers, whom he never will know, let him attend to the following character, which may not be so singular as it appears.

There was, as a book in my possession will testify, a certain versemaker, of the name of Cantenac, who, in 1662, published in the city of Paris, the above-mentioned volume, containing some thousands of verses, which were, as his countrymen express it, *de sa facon*, after his own way. He fell so suddenly into the darkest and deepest pit of oblivion, that not a trace of his memory would have remained, had he not condescended to give ample information of every particular relative to himself. He has acquainted us with his size, and tells us "that it is rare to see a man smaller than himself. I have that in common with all dwarfs, that if my head only were seen, I should be thought a large man." This atom in creation then describes his oval and full face ...his fiery and eloquent eyes.... his vermil lips...his robust constitution, and his effervescent passions. He appears to have been a most petulant, honest, and diminutive being.

The description of his intellect, is the object of our curiosity, and I select the most striking traits in his own words. "I am as ambitious as any person can be; but I would not sacrifice my honour to my ambition. I am so sensible to contempt, that I bear a mortal and implacable hatred against those who contemn me, and I know I could never reconcile myself with them, but I spare no attentions for those I love; I would give them my fortune and my life. I sometimes lie; but generally in affairs of gallantry, where I voluntarily confirm falsehoods by oaths, without reflection, for swearing with me is a habit. I am told that my mind is brilliant, and that I have a certain manner in turning a thought, which is quite my own. I am agreeable in conversation; though I confess I am often troublesome; for I maintain paradoxes to display my genius, which savour too much of scholastic subterfuges. I speak too often and too long; and as I have some reading, and a copious memory, I am fond of shewing whatever I know. My judgment is not so solid, as my wit is lively. I am often melancholy and unlappy; and this sombrous disposition proceeds from my numerous disappointments in life. My verse is preferred to my prose; and it has been of some use to me, in pleasing the fair sex; poetry is most adapted to persuade women; but otherwise it has been of no service to me, and has, I fear, rendered me unfit for many advantageous occupations, in which I might have drudged. The esteem of the fair has, however, charmed away my complaints. This good fortune has been obtained by me, at the cost of many cares, and an unsubdued patience; for I am one of those, who, in affairs of love, will suffer an entire year, to taste the pleasures of one day."

This character of Cantenac had some local features; for an English poet would hardly console himself with so much gaiety. The Frenchman's attachment to the ladies,

seems to be equivalent to the advantageous occupations he had lost. But as the miseries of a literary man, without conspicuous talents, are always the same at Paris, as in London, there are some parts of this character of Cantezac, which appear to describe them with truth. Cantezac was a man of honour; as warm in his resentment as his gratitude; but deluded by literary vanity, he became a writer in prose and verse, and while he saw the prospects of life closing on him, probably considered that the age was unjust. A melancholy example for certain volatile, and fervent spirits, who, by becoming authors, either submit their felicity to the caprices of others, or annihilate the obscure comforts of life, and, like him, having "been told that their mind is brilliant, and that they have a certain manner in turning a thought," become writers, and complain that they are "often melancholy, owing to their numerous disappointments." Happy, however, if the obscure, yet too sensible writer, can suffer an entire year, for the enjoyment of a single day! But for this, a man must have been born in France.

HISTORY OF

PHILIP DELWYNN,

(Continued from page 219.)

THOUGH far short of my destined goal, and still further from that career of fame I had promised myself, I was contented to remain where I was. My Lord was gracious and affable, and seemed to remember with gratitude the service I had done him. I yielded, therefore, to his wishes, and consented to lead his two sons forward in the literary paths I had already trodden. I reflected that while I dedicated my time and my talents to the advancement of two human beings towards that perfection we ought all to aspire

to, I was worthily and usefully, if not brilliantly employed. The boys had genius and good temper; they attached themselves to me, and I taught Greek and Latin *con amore*.

I lost not sight, however, of the more splendid route I had marked out for myself, and frequently exercised my unfledged Muse in short poetical flights, more distinguished by exuberance than by genius. The Lady Matilda, only daughter of Lord Ernolf, was, however, pleased with my attempts, and was no niggard of her applause. To applause no poet ever yet was calous:....this is not the place to prove that he who could be so, would be incapable of being a poet; but to applause from a pair of brilliant black eyes, from a pair of smiling coral lips, from the exquisitely delicate voice of the Lady Matilda, it was still less possible to be insensible.

The Lady Matilda was just at that touching age, when the vivacity of the child is softened by the delicacy of the woman. Unadulterated by art, unsophisticated by fashion, this lovely creature, with beauty enough to have ruined half the sex, had all the native innocence of an infant. Brought up wholly in the country, she thought not of subordination of rank....an idea which the children of Nature could never adopt! a refinement, which those best understand, who require the aid of extrinsic merit to entitle them to the respect they love....Neither Matilda nor I thought about the matter: she treated at first with distinction, and afterwards with kindness, the man who had saved her father; she chatted with me as with a brother, and nothing can I recollect so delightful as her unguarded conversations. She was indeed secured from any improper attachment to me by a previous engagement to Lord Villars, a cousin of hers, sanctioned by the parents on both sides, and confirmed by a mutual preference.

That I was not informed of this arrangement, reflects no blame on any one: it was, in the first place, most generally known throughout, not the family alone, but all their retainers and dependants; and, in the next place, Lord Ernolf was secured by the pledged affections of his daughter, from any danger to her, and I was supposed too sufficiently warned of the difference of our ranks, to allow me to raise the superstructure of Love on so sandy a foundation. Be that as it will, the edifice was erected, and I even believe a little lurking hope formed a corner-stone of the foundation.

When I learned of her pre-engagement, in the simplest manner imaginable, I own I felt plunged into an abyss of despair; but I continued for several months imbibing deeply the delicious poison of a first love, and it is on that intermediate portion of my life I best love to rest my mental eyes, from the fatigue of viewing the workings of tyranny, and the goadings of malice.

In one of these conversations, I once let fall the name of Goldney. Matilda seemed to recognise it as familiar, and not as bringing with it a pleasing recollection. She asked me if I had ever known any body of that name. I replied with ardour, and the exuberance of my mind displayed itself alike in my vehemence against the brother, and my tender gratitude to the sister. Matilda confessed that in my portrait of Miss Goldney she saw a strong resemblance to the character of a lady, whom she remembered her mother pitying as unfortunate and ill-used; and some strange and bewildering ideas crossed my brain in consequence of what she further said. She recollected but little, for her mother had been dead some years, but she had sometimes accompanied her in her visits to this Miss Goldney, and the impression made on her young and affectionate mind by the kindness of the lady, had never been effaced. Something too, she retained, of Miss Goldney's living in absolute retire-

ment, of the lowness of her spirits, and the paleness of her cheeks; and to Matilda I now confided the thoughts which these recollections had given birth to.

One while I was delighted with the possibility that the woman who had treated me with so much kindness, might be my mother; at another I felt it an incongruity to suppose that a truth of such importance could, from any motives, have been, in such circumstances, concealed by a parent. Again could I suspect Miss Goldney, whose life had been a model of purity and virtue, whose sentiments had been noble and excellent, whose principles had been invariably just, and whose name even the lawless tongue of her brother had never dared to revile....could I suspect her of having committed such an impropriety, such a crime? Yet, at times, my ingenious fancy formed a romance by which this might be reconciled. She might have been the victim of treachery and falsehood: there were men who would impose on women by pretended marriages, or who, having contracted such as proved inimical to their future views, would boldly disown the wretched woman whose hardness in the cause of innocence was less firm than their effrontery in supporting falsehood.

In all these romances, the Lady Matilda was my confidant and assistant. We talked on the subject till we doubted not that I should make some great discovery that would reinstate the injured fame of my mother, and restore me to my rights in society. Alas! in these visions of futurity glided away all the real happiness destined ever to gild my life; and I busied myself in forming chimeras never to be realized, while I suffered the actual felicity within my grasp to slip from me unobserved and unenjoyed, in my visionary eagerness after unknown events. But man is the creature of hope and expectation! The most delightful present is overlooked in anxious graspings after

future joy; but in return, the fairy promises of hope, by detaching the eye from the passing scene, alleviate the pang of actual misery with the cheering view of bliss hereafter to be enjoyed.

It is by a wise dispensation of Providence that the human mind is ever unsatisfied with that which it possesses;....this "eager longing for futurity" is a proof that we are destined to a state of more exalted bliss than the present one, in which nothing can arrest the fancy from its flights into the ideal world of unarrived events. Were it not thus, we should see men more disposed to profit by the reasonings of philosophers, and to attend to the paths they are actually confined to.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF DELHI, THE CAPITAL OF INDIA.

Shah Jehanabad is adorned with many fine mosks, several of which are still in perfect beauty and repair. The following are most worthy of being described, and first, the *Jama Musjed*, or great cathedral. This mosk is situated about a quarter of a mile from the royal palace: the foundation of it was laid upon a rocky eminence, named *Jujula Pahar*, and has been scarped on purpose. The ascent to it is by a flight of stone steps, thirty-five in number, through a handsome gateway of red stone. The doors of this gateway are covered throughout with plates of wrought brass, which Mr. Bernier imagined to be copper. The terrace on which the mosk is situated, is a square of about fourteen hundred yards of red stone; in the centre is a fountain lined with marble, for the purpose of performing the necessary ablutions, previous to prayer. An arched colonade of red stone surrounds the whole of the terrace, which is adorned with octagon pavilions, at convenient distances, for sitting in. The mosk is of an oblong form, two hundred

and sixty-one feet in length, surrounded at top by three magnificent domes of white marble, intersected with black stripes, and flanked by two minarets of black marble, and red stone alternately, rising to the height of a hundred and thirty feet. Each of these minarets has three projecting galleries of white marble, and their summits are crowned with light octagon pavilions of the same. The whole front of the *Jama Musjed* is faced with large slabs of beautiful white marble, and along the cornice are ten compartments, four feet long, and two and a half broad, which are inlaid with inscriptions in black marble, in the *Muskhi* character, and are said to contain great part, if not the whole, of the Koran. The inside of the mosk is paved throughout with large flags of white marble, decorated with a black border, and is wonderfully beautiful and delicate; the flags are about three feet in length, by one and a half broad. The wall and roof are lined with plain white marble, and near the *Kibla* is a handsome taak or niche, adorned with a profusion of freeze-work. Close to this is a mumber, or pulpit of marble, having an ascent of four steps, and ballustraded. The ascent to the minarets is by a winding staircase of a hundred and thirty steps of red stone, and at the top you have a noble view of the king's palace, and the whole of the *Cuttub Minar*, the *Currun Minar*, *Hummaioon's tomb*, the palace of *Feroze Shah*, the fort of old *Delhi*, and the fort of *Loni*, on the opposite side of the *Jumna*. The domes are crowned with cullises, richly gilt, and present a glittering appearance from a distance. This mosk was begun by *Shah Jehan*, in the fourth year of his reign, and completed in the tenth: the expenses of its erection amounted to ten lacks of rupees; and it is in every respect worthy of being the grand cathedral of the empire of *Hindustan*.

Not far from the palace is the mosk of *Roshun-a-Dowlah*, rendered memorable to the *Delhians*

for being the place whence Nadir Shah saw the massacre of the unfortunate inhabitants. The cause assigned by historians for this inhuman act is, that a sedition broke out in the great market, in which two thousand Persians were slain. Nadir, on hearing of the tumult, marched out of the fort at night with a small force to the Musjed of Roshun-a-Dowlah, where he was fired upon in the morning from a neighbouring terrace, and an officer killed close by his side. He instantly ordered an indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants, and his squadrons of cavalry, pouring through the streets, before the afternoon put to death one hundred thousand persons of all descriptions. "The king of Persia," says the translator of Ferishta, "sat during the dreadful scene, in the Musjed of Roshun-a-Dowlah; none but slaves durst come near him, for his countenance was dark and terrible. At length the unfortunate emperor, attended by a number of his chief Omrahs, ventured to approach him with downcast eyes. The Omrahs who preceded Mohummud, bowed down their foreheads to the ground. Nadir Shah sternly asked them what they wanted; they cried out with one voice, "Spare the city." Mohummud said not a word, but tears flowed fast from his eyes; the tyrant, for once touched with pity, sheathed his sword, and said, "For the sake of the prince Mohummud, I forgive." Since this dreadful massacre, this quarter of Delhi has been but very thinly inhabited. The mosk of Roshun-a-Dowlah, is situated at the entrance of the Chandney Choke, or market; it is built of red stone, of the common size, and surmounted by three domes richly gilt.

Zeenul-al-Mussajid, or the ornament of mosks, is on the banks of the Jumna, and was erected by a daughter of Aurungzebe, of the name of Zeenut-al Nissa'h. It is of red stone, with inlayings of marble, and has a spacious terrace in

front of it, with a capacious reservoir faced with marble. The princess who built it, having declined entering into the marriage state, laid out a large sum of money in the above mosk, and, on completing it, she built a small sepulchre of white marble, surrounded by a wall of the same, in the west corner of the terrace. In this tomb she was buried in the year of the Hegira 1122, corresponding with the year of Christ 1710. There were formerly lands allotted for the support and repairs of this place, amounting to a lack of rupees per annum, but they have all been confiscated during the troubles this city has undergone. Exclusive of the mosks above described, there are in Shah Jehanabad and its environs, above forty others; but as most of them are of inferior size, and all of them of the same fashion, it is unnecessary to present any further detail.

The modern city of Shah Jehanabad is rebuilt, and contains many good houses, chiefly of brick. The streets are in general narrow, as is usual in most of the large cities in Asia; but there were formerly two very noble streets; the first leading from the palace-gate through the city to the Delhi gate, in a direction north and south. This street was broad and spacious, having handsome houses on each side of the way, and merchants shops, well furnished with the richest articles of all kinds. Shah Jehan caused an aqueduct to be made of red stone, which conveyed the water along the whole length of the street, and from thence into the royal gardens, by means of a reservoir under ground. Some remains of the aqueduct are still to be seen; but it is choaked up in most parts with rubbish. The second grand street was likewise from the palace to the Lahor gate, lying east and west: it was equal in many respects to the former, but in both of them the inhabitants have spoiled their appearance by running a line of houses down the centre, and across the streets in other places,

so that it is with difficulty a person can discover their former situation without a narrow inspection. The bazars in Delhi are but indifferently furnished at present, and the population of the city miserably reduced of late years: the Chandny Choke is the best furnished bazar in the city, though the commerce is very trifling. Cotton cloths are still manufactured, and the inhabitants export indigo: their chief imports are by means of the northern caravans, which come once a year, and bring with them, from Cabul and Cashmere, shawls, fruit, and horses, the two former articles are procurable in Delhi at a reasonable rate. There is also a manufactory at Delhi for bedree hooka bottoms. The cultivation about the city is principally on the banks of the Jumna, where it is very good; the neighbourhood produces corn and rice, millet and indigo. The limes are very large and fine. Precious stones are likewise to be had at Delhi of very good quality, particularly the large red and black cornelians, and peerozas are sold in the bazars.

The city is divided into thirty-six mohauls or quarters, each of which is named either after the particular Omrah who resided there, or from some local circumstance relative to the place. It appears that the modern city of Shah Jehanabad has been built principally upon two rocky eminences; the one where the Jama Musjid is situated, named Julula Pahar, and the other the quarter of the oil sellers, called Bejula Pahar; from both of these eminences you have a commanding view of the remainder of the city. Ancient Delhi is said by the historians to have been erected by Rajah Delu, who reigned in Hindostan prior to the invasion of Alexander the Great; others affirm it to have been built by Rajah Pettourah, who flourished in a much later period. It is called in Sanscrit, Indraput, or the abode of Indra, one of the Hindoo deities, and it is also thus distinguished in the royal diplomas

of the chancery office. Whether the city be of the antiquity reported, is difficult to determine; but this much is certain, that the vast quantity of buildings which are to be found in the environs, for upwards of twenty miles in extent, as well as their grandeur and style of architecture, prove it to have once been a rich, flourishing, and populous city.

ACCOUNT OF THE VENERABLE LABRE.

In the course of the month of April, 1783, while Pius VI, was on a visit to the Pontine marshes, a report was suddenly spread in Rome, of the death of a French beggar, who was become the object of public veneration. His body, which was exposed for three days, preserved, it was said, the flexibility of its members, without shewing the least sign of putrefaction. He had lived nine years at Rome unnoticed by every one; but no sooner had he closed his eyes, than the most edifying wonders were related of him. He had led the most pious and most exemplary life. Reduced to the lowest degree of indigence, he added voluntary sufferings to his unavoidable privations; covered with rags, he remained exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and by way of penance, suffered the vermin to prey upon his flesh. Many persons recollected to have seen him stand motionless in the streets, and at the doors of churches, expecting, without asking, the charity of passengers. It was said, that he was accustomed to distribute the surplus of the alms he received to other paupers, and that he had predicted the moment of his death. The greatest personage in Rome, the populace, and all, the priests, hastened in crowds to his tomb, where a great number of miracles were performed. The sick were carried thither: they returned healed; and these wonders, as a

ways happens, were attested by numerous and creditable witnesses. The most minute particulars of his life were collected; his portrait was engraved; and in less than twenty-four hours more than four thousand impressions were sold. While waiting for canonisation, the title of *venerable* was adjudged to him. Men of observing minds were not long before they perceived that this was a competitor, set up by the Jesuistical party, in opposition to the venerable Palafox, whose speedy canonisation the court of Spain was at that moment, soliciting out of hatred to the Jesuits. It was the heads of that party who appeared to concern themselves the most about the beatified beggar. In the absence of the pope, the cardinal-vicar gravely countenanced the disgusting farce; and, at the end of three days exhibition, ordered the holy mendicant to be pompously interred in a vault constructed on purpose by the side of the principal altar of the church of *Madonna del Monte*. In his tomb was inclosed a brief notice of his life written in Latin, an Italian translation of which was profusely given away. In spite of thy style of minute exaggeration, in which this singular piece of necrology was composed, means could not be found to render it interesting. It was confined to the few following facts.

“Benedict Joseph, son of J. B. Labre and of Anne-Barbe Gransir, was born on the 26th of March, 1748, in the parish of St. Sulpice d’Anettes, in the diocese of Boulogne. After having passed his youth in the most orderly manner, under the care of an uncle, who was curate of Erin, he determined to devote himself to a life of penitence, and took the monastic habit in the convent of Sept. Fonts of the Cistercian order. The austerities of this mode of life occasioned a disease, which he suffered patiently; but the physicians obliged him to lay aside the habit, after a noviciate of eight months. He afterwards went on several pilgrimages, parti-

cularly to our lady of Loretto, and to the holy bodies of the apostles Peter and Paul. He then came and settled at Rome, which he never quitted, unless to go once a year to Loretto. He lived at Rome upon alms, of which he reserved but very little for himself, constantly giving the surplus to the poor. He led at the same time a very exemplary life, allowing himself only what was rigorously necessary for his food and raiment; holding all worldly things in sovereign contempt; and edifying mankind by the severe penance he imposed upon himself; by the continual prayers which he offered up in the churches; and by the other eminent virtues which he displayed. Although, while living thus, he appeared disgusting from the rags with which he was covered, he was, nevertheless, rendered *dear and amiable* to other men by his manners, forgetting himself and seeking only to please God. On the 16th of April, 1783, after a long prayer in the church of *Madonna del Monte*, he was seized with a fainting fit, and carried to the house of a pious man, who happened to be there. His disorder growing worse he received extreme unction, and at an hour after midnight, departed this life. The following day his body was conveyed, with decent funeral ceremonies, at the expense of some good Christians, to the said church. The report of his death diffused itself through the city; and ere long, such an immense number of persons of all ranks hastened thither to see him, that it became necessary to call in the assistance of the military, to keep off the crowd. His body was thus exposed till the evening of Easter-day (the 20th of April), when it was attested by eye-witnesses, before a notary, that it was still *flexible, palpable, and free from putridity*. It was then put into a wood coffin, which was sealed with the seal of the cardinal vicar, inclosed in another coffin also of wood, and deposited in a vault, constructed on purpose, on

the epistle side * of the principal altar of the said church."

This monument of superstition and hypocrisy is worthy of preservation. It is well that posterity should know with what consummate impudence the priests imposed on the credulity of the people at the end of this enlightened century, in a city abounding with illustrious personages, with travellers from every part of Europe, and with masterpieces of art. It is well that posterity should be able to appreciate those factious knaves, who, disguising their worldly ambition under the mask of fanaticism, had the effrontery to engage heaven in a contest with earth; called upon the devout to pay homage to a vile mendicant, whose only merit, according to their own confession, was the having led a useless and disgusting life; and thus exposed to ridicule that religion of which they called themselves the supporters; and paved the way for its final overthrow.

Instead of the hand of God, the hand of the Jesuits was plainly visible in the whole of this affair. In order that the enthusiasm inspired by the new saint, might not cool, a collection was made to defray the expenses of his beatification; and this pious care was entrusted by the cardinal-vicar to several persons of distinction at Rome, notorious for their attachment to the defunct society. Care was taken to inform all the friends it had in France, of the miracles performed by the holy Labre, which wanted nothing but witnesses; and of his prophecies, which were only known to his confessor, and which threatened the Holy See with great calamities, that were about to follow the suppression of the Jesuits. The bishop of Boulogne, one of their furious partisans, already announced to his flock, that they had another coun-

* In Roman catholic churches, the two sides of the church are distinguished by the terms, the gospel side, and the epistle side. T.

tryman in heaven, and recommended him to their devotion. He collected with scrupulous attention the most minute particulars of the life of the venerable Labre, both during his abode under the paternal roof, and after he quited it. His relations, intoxicated with the unhopedor honour, and little inclined to wait for the happiness that would thence result to them in heaven, already thought their fortune made upon earth; and solicited pensions and benefices; while the sage cardinal de Bernis, who knew not whether to laugh or weep at all these follies, saw a new article added to his diplomatic correspondence. He advised the enthusiastic admirers of the holy man to moderate their zeal; or at least to defer the expression of it, until it should be proved that their new idol was deserving of their worship. But at Rome nothing could repress the transports of devotion. To doubt the miracles of the blessed Labre was impiety. His revered images were profusely circulated; the pencil, the *burin*, and the chisel, emulated each other in producing them; and even the scraps of his ragged apparel became an object of contention. The Pope himself, at a loss how to act; dreading the reproach of favouring Jesuitical intrigues, and dreading still more the danger of opposing them openly, dared not refuse to join his pious homage to that which was lavished upon the relics of the holy mendicant; ordered the bedstead in which his disgusting limbs had been laid, to be carried to the Vatican; and resolved to make it serve for the repose of his own.

In the meantime, information continued to be collected, with regard to Benedict Labre, as well at Rome as out of Italy. The whole of it did not prove to his advantage. It was even to be feared lest one of his letters sent to that capital of the Christian world, by the bishop of Boulogne, should throw a damp upon the fervour of the devout. In that letter, Labre advised his pa-

rents to read the works of a certain father Lejeune. Now father Lejeune had been a disciple of father Quesnel. This affection for the productions of a Jansenist was a bad recommendation to the Jesuits; but they had advanced too far to retire without shame. What was of all things the most important to them was to find food for superstition: and the blessed Labre answered that purpose as well as any one else.

His credit was still more hurt by a rumour, that when solicited to receive extreme unction at the hour of death, he had made answer that *it was not necessary*. But what injured it more than all was the report made of him by the vicar of his parish, who affirmed that, notwithstanding his entreaties, Labre would never consent to come to his church to receive the sacrament at Easter, and that his abstinence did not deserve to be so highly extolled, since it was well known that he often went to eat and drink at a neighbouring public-house, where nobody had been much edified by his frugality. It was also discovered that his only confessor at Rome was the priest who declared himself the depository of his prophecies, and who was notorious for his attachment to the Jesuits. In a short time, the latter were the only partisans he had at Rome; but that was a great deal. Their most active agent was an Ex Jesuit of the name of *Zaccaria*, whom Pius VI, honoured with a share of his confidence. It was he who was charged to compose the life of Benedict Labre, in two volumes; and to furnish a list of the pretended miracles. The pope, who never resisted with firmness the solicitations of the Jesuitical party, suffered himself to be persuaded to give a bookseller the exclusive privilege of printing the history of the *venerable's* life, and all the writings relative to his beatification. The congregation *dei Riti* was already engaged in that important task; and was anxious to abridge the customary formalities.

All these intrigues, and all these efforts, did not, however, produce the intended effect. The blessed Labre was in vogue in those countries only where the Jesuits had a party. In Spain and Portugal his sanctity and his miracles were objects of derision. In France, a few prelates alone endeavoured to bring him into fashion; but in Rome, in that centre of religious mummery, he found for some time abundance of panegyrist, and even of imitators. It was by no means uncommon to meet devotees in the streets of that city begging like him; ragged, and motionless like him; and like him expecting alms from the passengers, but soliciting none.

Great pains continued to be taken to collect, upon the spot and elsewhere, every particular relative to his life. The most singular one is that to which amateurs are indebted for his much revered portrait. A French painter, of the name of Bley, who was at Rome in 1777, and who had it in contemplation to paint a picture of the calling of St. Peter met at the corner of a street a young beggar with a little red beard. He looked at him; and thought that his head might serve as a model for that of Christ. "Will you come to my lodgings, and be painted?" said he to him in Italian. The beggar refused in a surly manner, and in an accent by which the painter knew him to be a foreigner.... "Are you a Frenchman?".... "Yes sir.".... "In that case you have it in your power to render a service to one of your countrymen. I wish to introduce the head of our Saviour in a picture I am painting, and am at a loss for a model. You would answer my purpose. Pray do me the favour to follow me.".... The painter's entreaties, joined to the word *countryman*, overcame the beggar's reluctance.... "With all my heart," said he, "but upon condition that you do not keep me long.".... "A single morning will suffice." Upon this they walked on; and upon their arrival at the artist's the beggar became as no-

tionless as a statue. This was a part which he had been long accustomed to play. When the sitting was over a reward was offered him; but he obstinately refused it, and retired. The painter heard no more of him.

As he was not dissatisfied with his sketch, he preserved it in a port folio, which he left at Lyons, in a journey that he made thither in 1782. During passion-week in 1783, a report was spread in Rome that a young French beggar, who enjoyed a high reputation for sanctity, was dead: that his body was exposed to public view, and attracted a prodigious crowd; and that miracles were ascribed to him. The painter had not curiosity enough to go and see him. He had something else to do. After the interment of the beggar, the concourse round his tomb, and the miraculous result, were the same. One day a model*, who was often employed by the artist, spoke to him of the dead man, whom he had attentively surveyed. From the description he gave of him, the painter recollected his French acquaintance, sent to Lyons for his drawing, and ere long found his apartments crowded by the curious and the devout. All of them recognised the features of the venerable Labre. To satisfy the impatience of the public, he put his sketch into the hands of an Italian engraver, by whose means the portrait of the holy man was speedily dispersed all over the country.

This violent enthusiasm was not, however, of long duration. Before the year 1783 had elapsed, the venerable Labre, was a little less spoken of; and the fame of his miracles was already upon the decline. All those ridiculous scenes which, in France, had been acted at the grave of Paris, the deacon, were rehearsed round his tomb.....

* Model is the name given at Rome to the males and females who hire themselves to such artists as wish to study the human form after the life.

The lame repaired thither to seek a cure: and notwithstanding their implicit faith, and the munificence of the priests, returned as lame as they went. No matter; his miracles were already numerous and incontestible; and what inference could be drawn from a few abortive cures. It was the fault of the sick, and not that of the physician. The congregation *dei Riti* was not the less busy in the beatification of the pious beggar; but it was a work of time. It was necessary to collect information in all the places which the candidate had inhabited. It was necessary to have the most authentic testimonies. It was necessary to observe a number of slow and minute formalities; such, in short, as made it impossible for fraud to procure, for one of the profane, the reward that was reserved for the elect alone. It was necessary above all to have money; for the church of Rome afforded nothing gratuitously. This was one of the most scandalous remains of those superstitious times, when she imposed a tribute upon every species of folly. On some future day, indeed, it will scarcely be believed that she dared to disfigure those brilliant apotheoses, which she borrowed from the pagans, to such a degree as to put up to auction the seats she had to dispose of in the celestial court, and to knock them down, not to men known by their splendid virtues, by some great service rendered to their country, or at least by some illustrious crime, productive of a change in the condition of mankind; but most frequently to vile and indolent wretches, who ought at least to have been condemned to that obscurity to which they had devoted themselves.

The contributions, however, of credulity increased sufficiently in a few years for the congregation *dei Riti*, to accelerate the first triumph of the venerable Labre. He was beatified in the course of the year 1792, when the country which had given him birth was already rescued from the clutches of superstition.

Labre was then enrolled in the number of the blessed. There remained a still greater victory for him to obtain; that which was to procure him his insertion in the calendar of saints, in other words, his canonisation. But the ascent to this highest degree of celestial honours was difficult and tedious. There were a multitude of obstacles to be overcome. It was necessary that a cen-

tury should elapse from the death of him for whom that signal favour was solicited; and it must be confessed, that in these latter times canonisations were become very unfrequent. None had been pronounced since the pontificate of Clement XIII. As to that of the blessed Labre, it is more than probable, that it is adjourned to an indefinite period.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

HUDSON, NOV. 22.

On Wednesday morning 23 waggons arrived in this city from New-Lebanon, loaded with provisions, &c. with three hundred dollars in specie, as a donation from the small company of Believers, (vulgarly called Shakers) of New-Lebanon and Hancock, to the corporation of New-York, for the relief of the poor of that city. While we record with pleasure such an instance of liberality, we forbear expressing our feelings on the occasion. The deed speaks for itself; and every person acquainted with the unostentatious character of the generous donors, must be sensible that it was not done for praise sake. But we have strong motives for mentioning such a deed. We wish to shew the proud rich man an example worthy of his imitation. Therefore, if he has ears to hear let him "go and do likewise."

The above mentioned donation, we understand, consisted of the following articles:—

300 Dollars, specie*,
953 lb. Pork,
1951 lb. Beef,
1744 lb. Mutton,
1185 lb. Rye Flour,
52 Bushels Rye,

* Exclusive of 26 dollars 50 cents, intended for the payment of expense of freighting the articles from this place to New York.

VOL. I....NO. IV.

34 do. Carrots,
2 do. Beets,
2 do. Dried Apples,
24 do. Beans,
179 do. Potatos,

Crossed the Philadelphia Middle Ferry Bridge, in one week ending 27th November, 1803.

124 Pleasure carriages,
329 Chairs,
527 Heavy loaded waggons,
91 Empty waggons,
237 Light market waggons,
517 Loaded carts,
In all 6004 horses.

Taken from the account kept by the toll gatherer.

ELIZABETH-TOWN, NOV. 28.

Some seamen, on board the British frigate that lays at the quarantine ground in York Bay, lately concerted the following stratagem to make their escape:— It was agreed, at a certain hour of the night, that the best swimmer among the number, should fall overboard, and drift down with the tide as fast as he could, crying help! help! and the others were to stand ready to man the boat to pick him up, but by the by, they took care to let him get a good distance from the ship before they reached him, and then shaped their course for Long Island, where they landed in safety, and made their escape. The gunner happening to

jump into the boat with them, and after picking up the man, discovered their intention, attempted to hail the slave, upon which they threw him down, gagged him, and when they got to the shore, pushed him and the boat adrift.

Nine hundred American vessels, from 39 to 200 tons, and having upwards of 9000 persons on board, were engaged in the Labrador fishery the present year, which proved uncommonly abundant ! ! ! !

A Dwarf is exhibiting at Baltimore, who is stated to be twenty-four years old, and only thirty inches high. He is said to possess all the faculties of the mind, and to be conversant and well informed on most subjects; was born in Mecklenburgh county, Virginia.

On the night of the 27th of October last, a certain Mr. James Howard in conjunction with myself, were travelling down the Ohio river, with a number of negroes, bound to the Natchez; unfortunately some of the negro men meditated the sanguine intention of murdering us as we were lying asleep, and accordingly attempted to carry their object into execution; one of them with an axe and another with a loaded whip, terminated the life of the said Mr. Howard; I fortunately got overboard, receiving a stroke on my wrist, and swam ashore. The fellows were all caught and committed to jail in Kenawha county, two of whom have received sentence of death, the others have been ordered to be hired out, and will be detained until the friends of Mr. Howard come forward.

Staten Island, Woodbridge, Piscataway, September 27th, 1803. About 9 o'clock P. M. an earthquake was heard and felt in those parts. The sound seemed to proceed from the west or north-west, and to pass off to the east or south-east: It very sensibly shook the houses for the space of half a minute or more.

On Monday night of the 24th ult. the following prisoners broke out of the Portland gaol: Richard Flood, Samuel Thompson, Charles Cane, Stephen Hawkins, and George Peters.

On Monday night, a house at Beverly, occupied by Mr. A. Stone's family, and three other families, was destroyed by fire. The progress of the flames was so rapid, that the people of the house had only time to escape, without clothes, from their beds.

NEW INVENTION.

Jedediah T. Turner, of Cazeno-
via, in the state of New York, has obtained a patent for the invention of a **THRASHING MACHINE**, upon entirely new, and very plain principles, calculated for the thrashing all kinds of grain, from wheat to beans, peas, and corn. The machine is turned by horses, oxen, wind or water, and the operation is performed by whipping, so that smutty grain is not broken, as is the case with many other modes of thrashing; it will thresh from 50 to 150 bushels per day, and clean it at the same time. The expense of building the machine, will not generally exceed 40 or 50 dollars. The Patentee intends selling the patent right on the most reasonable terms.

NEW-YORK, SEPT. 8.

On Sunday afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock, as a beautiful female child of the late Mr. Samuel Levy, aged something more than four years, was standing at the corner of Broad and Friend-streets, a chair drove furiously out of Friend-street, and before the infant could get out of its way, the wheel passed over its body, and in consequence of the bruises it received, died about 9 o'clock the same evening. It may be recollected that Mr. Levy was drowned on his passage last year, from New-York to Albany, having been knocked overboard by the

boom of the vessel. These two melancholy accidents leave the surviving widow and mother in a state of distress which can be better conceived than described.

On Saturday evening, the 12th instant, Chilberry House, the elegant seat of the late James Phillips, Esq. in Hartford county, Maryland, was entirely consumed. By the bursting of a chimney then on fire, that destructive element was instantaneously communicated to every part of the roof, and in less than two hours, that extensive edifice, occupying nearly one hundred and fifty feet in front, was razed to the ground.

Mr. John Bacon, of Colchester, New-London county, Connecticut, at his decease some time ago, left property to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, to be appropriated as a fund for the erection and support of an academy. This academy has been built, and was opened on Tuesday the 1st instant, for the reception of students, under the direction of John Adams, A. M. late of Plainfield Academy, principal. The building is of brick, 75 feet by 34, and three stories high, in a pleasant and eligible situation, on the new turnpike road from New-London to Hartford, in a neighbourhood where living is cheap, and the society respectable.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

December 16. Charleston.... Captain J. Stiles to Mrs. M. S. Wilkenson.

— 22. Newtown, N. Jersey.... S. W. Fisher, Esq. to Miss S. W. Cooper.

— 31. Baltimore..... Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother to the first consul, to Miss E. Patterson, daughter of William Patterson, Esq. merchant, of that city.

— Philadelphia.... Mr. J. Coulon to Miss H. Armstrong.

— — Mr. Laban Hill to Miss A. Dawson.

— — Captain S. Crosswell to Miss M. Watt.

January —, 1804. Athens, Vermont.... Mr. Silas Chaplin, aged 15, to Miss Susanna Powers, aged 13.

— 7. — Captain P. Geyer, aged 62, to Miss Polly Sancry, aged 14.

— —, Greenwich, Connecticut.... Mr. Z. Lewis, editor of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, and Spectator, to Miss S. Nitchie.

— 12. Philadelphia.... Captain J. Coffin to Mrs. Adams.

— 19. Haddam, Connecticut.... Mr. R. Keene, of Providence, to

Miss H. Rowen. The parties were strangers on Saturday, and were man and wife on Sunday evening.

— 20. Philadelphia.... Mr. J. Neale, principal of the young ladies academy, to Miss C. Palmer.

— — Mr. J. Brown, of Baltimore, to Miss A. Smith.

— 21. — Mr. B. Harbeson to Miss S. Lawler, daughter of M. Lawler, Esq.

— 23. — Mr. C. P. Wayne to Miss M. Stokes.

— 27. Charleston.... T. Pinckney, jun. Esq. to Miss E. Izard.

DEATHS.

December 9. Charleston.... After a short, but severe illness, Miss Eliza Edwards, daughter of John Edwards, Esq. deceased. She had lately arrived from the north, in the full bloom of perfect health. The death so unexpected, of a person in all respects so excellent, so amiable, fills the mind with awful and afflicting emotions.... Yet such have their use.... They admonish us (in this instance strikingly) that neither health, youth, virtue, beauty, nor

all the accomplishments which render human creatures lovely can afford us a moment's assurance of life. And they stimulate us to virtue, by affording us the comfortable assurance, that if we lead an amiable, well spent life, however short, we are sure, when dead, to be embalmed with the tears of the virtuous.

In the North Parish in Weymouth, on the 14th instant, Widow Mary Ripley, who had attained, (wanting a few days,) the age of one hundred and four years. Her existence was commensurate with one entire century, and a part of the preceding and following century. Till within a very short time before her death she possessed very considerable bodily strength and alertness, a sense of hearing which was remarkably good, and a distinctness of vision by which she could recognize people with whom she was acquainted, by the features of the face, without the help of glasses. She early made a public profession of religion, and through her long life, gave evidence, that its doctrines and precepts were deeply engraven on her heart. A few days before her death sensible that the time of her departure was at hand, she expressed a firm and stedfast hope in the divine mercy, and a desire to depart and be with Christ. She died without a struggle or a groan, leaving a very numerous train of descendants; the number, from their local situations cannot easily be ascertained. *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*

New-York....Mrs. Mary Bancker, wife of Christopher Bancker, Esq.

January 22. New-London....Mr. John Tom was found drowned in a well pond at Hebron.

— 24. Chambersburg, Pennsylvania....At the *dwelling* of the Franklin Repository, Mr. Benjamin January, bookbinder, late of the city of Philadelphia.

— 24. Philadelphia....Caleb Jackson, an aged and respectable inhabitant of this city....formerly of Chester county.

— 29. — Mrs. Margaret Harper, relict of Mr. Thoma

Harper, formerly of this city, merchant.

New-York.....Miss Catharine Clarkson Rutherford, of the city of Trenton, in the 18th year of her age.

January 14. Philadelphia....In the sixty-seventh year of his age, after a severe illness of twenty days, Mr. Zachariah Poulson, printer, father of the editor of the American Daily Advertiser. He was a native of Copenhagen, the metropolis of Denmark, and emigrated with his father from thence to this city in the year 1749, where he has since generally resided, and has always been esteemed, by those who knew him, for his integrity, for the sincerity and ardor of his friendship, and for the amiable and inoffensive deportment. He bore his affliction without a murmur, and departed with that resignation and humble confidence which is inspired by religion and a consciousness of a well spent life. On the following day his remains were born to the cemetery of the Moravian church, by respectable brethren of the typographical art, and interred in the presence of a considerable number of his friends.

— 14. — Of a consumption, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, Mr. Charles Bush. As he was deservedly respected while living, so he died lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

When blooming youth is snatched away,

By Death's resistless hand;
Our hearts' the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

While pity moves the rising sigh,
O may this truth impress'd
With awful pow'r, I too must die!
Sink deep in every breast.

John Tucker, a soldier in Ashford barracks. He died at 4 o'clock in the morning; before twelve, on the same day, his widow was married to another man, and in the evening the *happy couple* followed the corpse of the first husband to the grave as *chief mourners*.

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FEBRUARY, 1804.

[No. 5

CONTENTS.

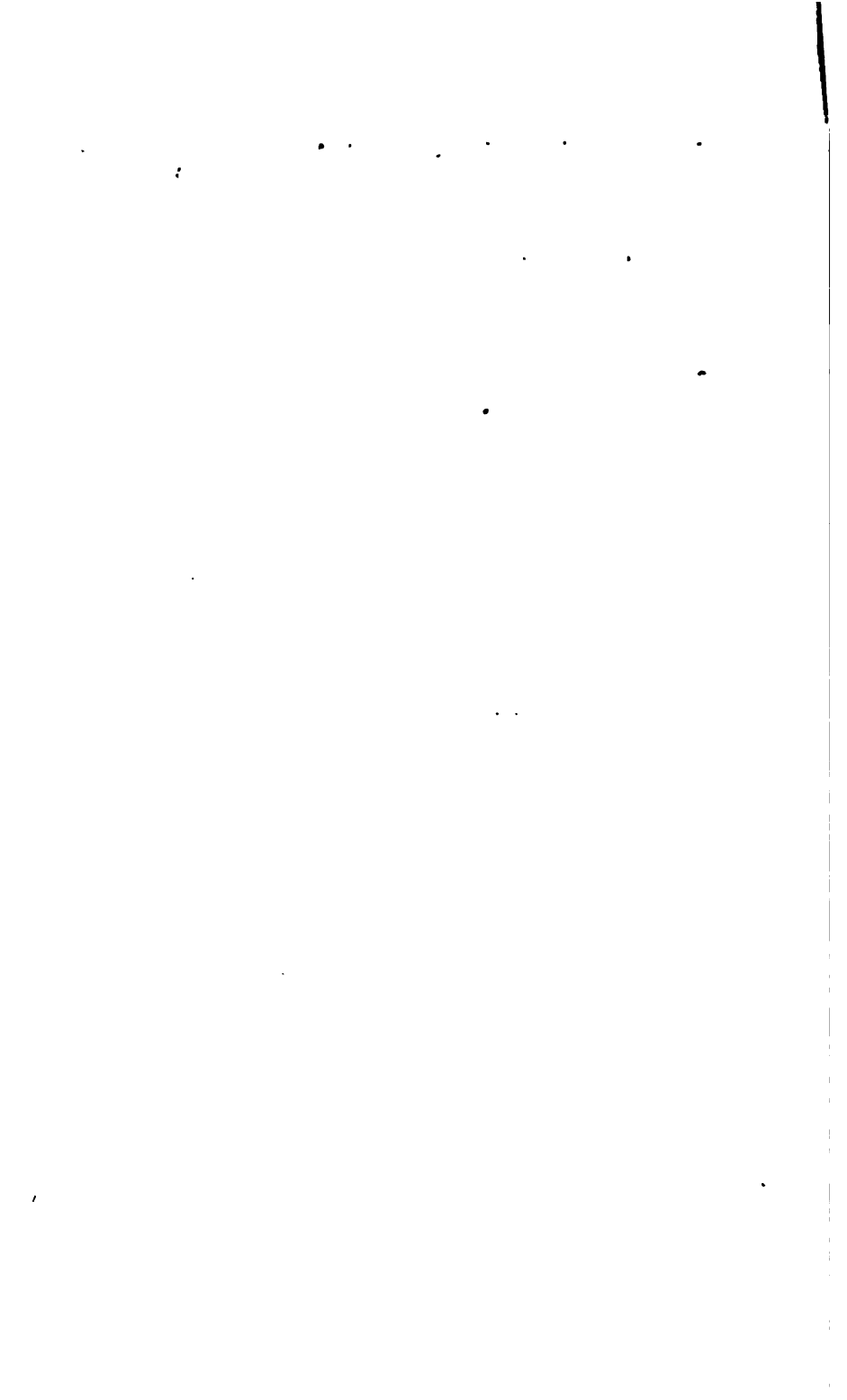
COMMUNICATIONS.	
	page.
Robinson Crusoe.....	323
Fame	326
Cui Bono?.....	327
The Culture of Cotton.....	329
Anecdotes from my Port Folio....	331
Memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist	332
Critical Notices....No. 1V.....	336
On the Salubrity of Warm Rooms	341
Agricultural Essays....No. I.....	343
REVIEW.	
The Life of Cowper.....	345
POETRY....ORIGINAL.	
Invocation of the Spirit of Poesy	248
SELECTED.	
The Winter Traveller.....	349
SELECTIONS.	
Account of the Re-appearance of Sicard, Teacher of the Deaf and Dumb in Paris.....	350
	page.
Extracts from the correspondence of an American in France....	353
On the use of the words "Shall" and "Will".....	355
Biographical Sketch of Louis of Bourbon, Prince of Conde....	357
The Man in the Iron Mask.....	366
Memoirs of Dr. John Moore.....	369
Character of Mr. Burke.....	374
Picturesque View of London....	376
Anticipation of Major Lewis's Journal.....	377
Anecdote of General Lee.....	<i>ibid</i>
Account of a Fire Ball.....	378
Meteoritic Stone.....	379
History of Philip Dellwyn	<i>ibid</i>
Biographical Memoirs of Doctor Darwin	384
Whence arises the Diversity of Opinion?.....	388
Extraction of Sugar from indige- nous Plants.....	392
Remarkable Occurrences	396

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENTS DIARY.....NUMBER IV.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THIS evening was a most unwelcome one. The weather would not suffer me to go abroad, and I had planned business abroad of the most agreeable nature. At home there was no employment or amusement, for which I had any relish....I took my seat, therefore, by the fire, in the most irksome and impatient mode imaginable, and after sitting an half-hour away in listless musing and fruitless regrets, betook myself, at last, to my book-case. As it contained nothing new, I went thither in the dark, determined to bestow an hour on the first book on which my hand should accidentally light.

The volume, thus taken up at random, proved to be Robinson Crusoe; and, agreeably to my previous resolution, I began the perusal of it. I received this book, as a present, when a child of ten years old, and read it with all the raptures

which it usually affords to children. Twenty years have since elapsed, and during that time, it has laid quietly in my book-case. Numberless times have I ran over my books in search of something to beguile a lonely hour. "Robinson Crusoe," have I said, as my eye glanced over it, "that's stale. I have ransacked the bowels of that long ago. Besides, it is a tale only fit for children." Now, however, I began my task with desperate resolution; but very soon did I discover sufficient reasons for continuing it in the book itself. Every thing was new to me. Either the particulars had been entirely forgotten, or they appeared to me in a light entirely new, and suggested reflections which had never before occurred, and which, indeed, could not possibly occur to the raw and unexperienced imagination of a child. I never read a work which appeared before me robed in so much novelty and singu-

larity as this work now wears. I know of none, whose plan is, in any degree, similar to it, and which has more importance and dignity. I no longer see in it, the petty adventures of a shipwrecked man, the recreations of a boyish fancy; but the workings of a mind, left to absolute and unaccustomed solitude; and a picture of the events by which the race of man is dispersed over the world, by which desert regions are colonized, and the foundations laid of new and civilized communities.

The felicity with which the story is expanded...the exquisite judgment displayed in giving conduct and feelings to the hero of the tale, suitable to his education, character, and situation are truly admirable, and form a subject for the meditation of the strongest and most intelligent minds. No quality is more conspicuous in this narration than *genius*, or the power which supplies the place of experience; and images to itself, the feelings flowing from situations in which the author never was, and perhaps never could be actually placed.

This tale is said to have been founded on the adventures of an Alexander Selkirk; but if Selkirk's story be truly related by Sir Richard Steel, it appears merely to have suggested to Defoe his plan, and not to have supplied him with materials. There is nothing in common between the real and fictitious characters, but the mere circumstance of passing some time, alone, upon a desert island. In all other points, their destinies and characters are not only different, but opposite.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Robinson's adventures are exceedingly trite, or absurdly marvellous, before his shipwreck, and after his departure from his island. Captivity, in Barbary, was a favourite theme with the fabulists of that age, and as this misfortune frequently befel the mariners of Christian Europe, it is surprising that invention, when it expatiated on this subject, has ever been so barren and

absurd. I should like to see an edition of Robinson Crusoe, in which nothing was retained but what was connected with the island.

I begin to suspect that some disadvantages arise from reading valuable books at a very early age. A child can comprehend very imperfectly the feelings and conduct of men; and though the young and old of the same species must always have something in common, and therefore every narrative in which *men* perform a part, must be, in some degree, intelligible to men of all ages, yet the conceptions of the young are always crude and erroneous; and experience proves, that the first impression is extremely obstinate. As the present age has furnished numberless books expressly designed for the young, in which the characters, reasonings, and incidents are adapted to their comprehension and sensibility, it is inexcusable to tie them down to works suited to a riper age.

Henceforth, when any of my friends are particularly anxious for something new and interesting in the literary way, I shall recommend them to Robinson Crusoe, provided they have not read the book since their fifteenth year.

FRIENDSHIP.

How many harangues have been delivered upon friendship from old Cicero's speeches to his friends under a plane tree, to my friend T.....'s last night by my fire-side. T....., indeed, is no servile copyist, for his notions of friendship are directly the reverse of Cicero's.... According to Jack, this passion, which all the world have combined to extol as a virtue, is no better than a specious vice. It is merely one of the innumerable forms which self-love assumes. He measures every man's affection for another by the gratification which his pride assumes. Tom loves Will merely because Will shews respect for Tom and interest in his concerns. Tom values and esteems Will, be-

cause Will values and esteems him. We naturally love honour and distinction; and he who flatters us by homage, who makes our reputation and interest his own, will be sure to obtain our friendship. When that homage is withdrawn...when that sympathy has ceased, we sink not merely into indifference; but pass into the adverse element of anger and revenge. One instance of neutrality cancels all former good offices...our pride would never have been mortified if it had never been flattered.

To this remark, I had only to repeat Jack's own words and admit the truth of them...that we love others because they love us: for if this be true, there is genuine benevolence in him who begins to love; and though we may have no claim to disinterestedness, those who provoke our affection by giving us their's gratuitously, have surely a title to that praise.

From this conclusion, Jack could easily escape, by averring that all gratuitous friendship, was self-interest and hypocrisy, and assumed for the sake of some advantage to be gained by it: I took some pains to remove this opinion, merely for Jack's sake; for surely a man, who harbours such opinions, must want one of the chief sources of human consolation and felicity.

The truth is, that the question about the disinterestedness of our passions, properly relates merely to their origin. The means by which the seeming opposition between theorists have been reconciled, have been the notion of a progress in our feelings; in consequence of which, that which begins in selfishness, terminates in generosity.

There is surely a capacity in human nature for loving and admiring intellectual and moral excellence. No excellence is more bewitching than that constitution of mind which impels men to love excellence for its own sake, and without regard to their own interest. When this disposition is manifested by a man, it can hardly fail of excit-

ing the attachment of a generous heart; and if this disposition selects ourselves as the objects of its ardour, what wonder that we love it the more on that account?

In their sensibility to excellence, and capacity for loving it, men differ from each other by numberless gradations. There is a scale, whose divisions would puzzle a Newton's arithmetic, to count from him who values others merely as they are instrumental to his own wealth, fame, or power, up to him who proportions his regard exactly to intrinsic merit. That the world at large furnishes numerous examples of the lowest, the highest, and of every intermediate degree in this scale, cannot be reasonably doubted. The numbers we assign to each division, affords, in some degree, a criterion of our own character, since we are extremely apt to make what we feel, and what we can do, the measure of other men's feelings and capacity.

To some men, the language of a kind and generous emotion is just as unintelligible as the terms of an Algebraic solution are to an uncultivated boor; or a discant on the perturbation of the planets to a girl of thirteen; or the dissection of a sunbeam into colorific and calorific rays to one born blind: in like manner there are, perhaps, a few, a happy few, who can as little comprehend those who love themselves only, and whose complacency for others is excited by nothing but incense offered to their pride, or gratifications administered to their sensuality.

There are many petty questions, in relation to this subject, that are always in discussion. Thus, how often is it asked, whether friendship can subsist between more than two persons: whether it can possibly subsist between man and woman: whether marriage does not dissolve all the ties of friendship: whether love for a woman add wings to our philanthropy, or take them away: whether the ties of kindred be, in their own nature, distinct from the friendly sentiment. On all these

subjects, the conversation of the serious and intelligent delights to dwell, and illustrations and examples are continually multiplying.

My creed, on this topic, wants much to make it absolute and comprehensive; but I believe I am not much in danger of contradiction in maintaining, that the number of those whom a man loves, and the degree in which he loves them, depend, first, upon the affectionateness of his own temper....a quality which nature must give, and education must cherish; and secondly, on his opportunities of meeting with and knowing those who are excellent, according to his notions of excellence. As no two persons can present themselves to our view exactly in the same light, either in kind, or in quantity, every man must have his preferable object. Man and wife, when they love and esteem each other, have, in general, motives and incentives to affection peculiar to that relation, and far stronger than are incident to any other; but this is not always so: the cement, arising from character and situation is frequently as strong, or stronger, between a married person and a stranger, as between wife and husband. And though, from the nature of a human being, who cannot be everywhere at once, and cannot think on two subjects at a time, his degrees of affection must be unequal towards different persons; but the number of beloved objects, and the degree in which each is loved, as well as their characters, depends upon the quality of his understanding, and his heart. A man may love his wife, or brother, better than any body else; and yet may love his wife, or brother very little. Another man loves his wife or brother best, but he loves a thousand others a great deal. So much, indeed, that his feelings towards the least worthy of the thousand, and his efforts for his benefit, may far exceed what the majority of mankind commonly feel and do for their wives or brothers. He who estimates the characters of others most justly, is the wisest man

...he who meets with the greatest number worthy of affection, is the most fortunate....he who loves most liberally, and benefits most abundantly the objects of his love, secures to himself his own reward in the very act of loving and benefiting, and is the happiest of mankind.

FAKE.

I have been amused to-day, by the exact and minute scrutiny which the conduct of an obscure man has undergone, from some of the most respectable members of the community. The subject of this scrutiny, is an Irishman who arrived in the country ten weeks ago, and who took his passage, on his return, six weeks afterwards. He is a common man, of nameless origin and obscure walk. He got into service as a clerk in a retail shop, eat his meals at the nearest tavern, and harboured at night in the garret of an house without any other tenant, and where he was suffered to sleep, merely to give security to the premises. The man was a quiet, sober, plodding, and unsocial animal, who shewed his face in a certain corner, at a certain hour; filled up the columns of a ledger with figures. How few, and how faint are the traces which are left behind by the existence for ten weeks of such a man. How quickly are these traces obliterated from memory. By how small a number of persons, and for how short a period, would his departure be followed by the words....“Where is Mr. *what d’ye call him?*” “He is gone away.” Amidst the crowds of a great city, of passengers in a busy street, what little momentary space did this ordinary figure engross in the eye of the observer

Very different, however, has been the fate of poor M^cCoy. A few days after his departure, above twenty persons were anxiously and busily employed in ascertaining his situation, and the last acts of his residence among us, as if he were some very great personage. His name was inquired into; his hand-writing

carefully investigated; his lodging-room, and every dark corner of the house he occupied, were ransacked; his dress, voice, stature, and general manners, were accurately examined. The most transient and frivolous dialogues with those around him, were laboriously recalled to remembrance and compared with each other. All this curiosity arose from the simple circumstance of M'Coy's putting into his pocket, before his departure, a few more hundreds than were strictly his due; and he thus became a personage of far more importance than his mother ever dreamed of.

Great misfortunes, or great crimes are inevitable roads to notoriety. In England and America, where newspapers and other periodical works, fly about in such numbers, and penetrate into every the remotest and obscurest corner, the history of a worthless individual, whom nobody knew in his life time, shall, after his death, be an object of curiosity to millions. One, who died of famine and neglect, in the darkest garret of the obscurest alley in London, shall, twelve months afterwards, be, in all his habits and concerns, intimately known to the inhabitants of Jamaica, Canada, Bengal, and Kentucky.

Who, that has read or conversed within the last twenty years, is not familiar with the name of Dr. Dodd? Elwes is quite a proverb, wherever the English language is read. And no living poet, or statesman, has half as many to inquire after and talk about, as George Barrington. Nothing, indeed, is easier than to acquire fame; that is, to obtain the privilege of being talked about very much, and by a great many. Dodd, Elwes, and Barrington's ability may, perhaps, be termed infamy; but the truth is, that the memory of Elwes, is not generally pursued with either abhorrence or contempt. He is surveyed chiefly as a singularity or prodigy; and there are lines of magnanimity and genius in Barrington, which make him, on the whole, regarded with admiration and good will.

The celebrity of such men is, or ought to be, as much allied to praise as that of many authors and heroes, whose names enjoy the veneration of the multitude. In bestowing fame, the tendency of mens actions to good, are little considered, and those who merely go about doing good all the days of their life, are fated to obscurity; or at least, come in for the smallest share, in the distribution of renown. Great powers of invention, great knowledge, or a great command of the powers of others, are the recommendations to glory; and these, exerted with no moral or beneficent purpose whatever, but merely to gratify our own caprice, to elude poverty, amass wealth, or beguile the tediousness of leisure, have given to the temple of fame almost all its inhabitants.

CUI BONO?

My new astronomical acquaintance was haranging my visitants (there were three besides himself) this evening on the history of those stones which are supposed to have fallen from the upper regions of the atmosphere. He stated, with great precision, the various modes adopted by ingenious men, of accounting for this wonderful shower, and took the trouble to detail a mathematical confutation of those who maintain that these masses, are thrown by volcanic explosion from the moon.

These details excite the liveliest interest in all present, except H..... who wound up the conversation with the ingenious exclamation of *Cui Bono?* What matters it whence they fall, or whether they fall at all? What is the use of such inquiries?

There can hardly be a more absurd or unseasonable question introduced than this, *Cui bono?* There is hardly a surer indication of a narrow and short-sighted mind. Almost every man has his favourite pursuit, and while enthusiastically attached to that, holds in sovereign contempt every other topic of inquiry. When he observes others busy in a path

different from his own, he is irresistibly tempted to exclaim.... *What is the use of it?* Not reflecting that others have just as good a right to arraign the usefulness and dignity of *his* pursuit, and that every one, who has a speculative path in which he delights to tread, has the same answer to make.... *It pleases me.*

The mere Chymist, when he listens to the political theorist, is astonished any reasonable being should entertain a momentary regard for such contemptible objects. The dabbler in newspaper and party politics turns from the incubrations of Lavoisier with disgust, and takes up the Gazette in search of *something useful*. He who spends his life in settling the true reading, and elucidating the true meaning of Theocritus or Chaucer, or in translating Milton or Grey into greek, makes scornful faces at him who is busy in examining the great points of *morbed anatomy*, or the form and texture of the body when affected with disease. The poet who muses all night long over elegy and sonnet, despises him who fatigues his brain with determining the directions and degrees of velocity with which water flows from a round hole, at the bottom of a cask. A collector of prints and paintings wonders that shame does not prevent his neighbour from roaming about the fields to pluck weeds, catch beetles, or pick up stones. Thus each enthusiast is absorbed in wonder that all mankind are not penetrated with the charms of his own idol, and that any reasonable being should value what he despises.

There is doubtless something that serves as a criterion of utility, by which the comparative value of all speculative studies, (for to them my present observations are confined) may be measured. Among different pursuits, some produce a pleasure more intense, more lasting, and effecting greater numbers than others; but this truth will scarcely justify any one in ridiculing or condemning his neighbour,

for in the first place, there is but one out of many thousands, which is best, and consequently all but one is liable to some objection. In the next place, there is none among all the thousand, wholly destitute of use and benefit, for whatever agreeably employs the human faculties is so far good: so far beneficial.

True wisdom requires us to rejoice that our neighbour is not worse employed than he is, since a pursuit which we may deem frivolous, is still better than the objects which engross the zeal of the majority of mankind, and candour will restrain our censure when we reflect that very probably, our own pursuits cannot be more easily defended from the charge of frivolous or hurtful than our neighbours, and that, if they really possess advantages which others want, our attachment was not excited by the perception of their superior dignity or usefulness but sprung up by accident. That we embraced it for exactly the same selfish reason that influenced our neighbour, because some fatuitous association disposed us to find pleasure in it.

These are sufficient reasons why the votaries of different sciences should not despise each other. It well becomes an enlightened mind, however, to entertain curiosity for every kind of truth, and to convert by the alchemy of a strong understanding, the basest matter into gold. Such a one will perceive the kindred ties which connect all the objects of human knowledge. He will be everywhere at home. He will extract useful and delightful information from a treatise upon heraldry: or a catalogue of Scottish kings, who reigned before the flood: or a volume of year-books: or one of Wordsworth's pastorals or Maria Regina Roche's novels. Such a one can listen with equal interest to Rumford while he expatiates on the proper form of a tea-kettle, and to Herschel while he decyphers the Galaxy, and finds valuable knowledge in each of them.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CULTURE OF COTTON.

MR. EDITOR,

COTTON has become of late years, one of the most considerable sources of our national wealth. It contributes to this end, not only as an article of exportation, but of importation. It enriches or maintains, not only a numerous class of cultivators, who produce the raw material, but a considerable number of merchants, who import the manufactured article; of shop-keepers, who vend it throughout the country, in smaller proportions; and of a third class, principally females, who are employed with the scissors and the needle, in modelling it into dress.

It is a question whether all the cotton stuffs annually consumed in the United States, do not fall short of the quantity raised and exported from a single state. South Carolina, during the last two or three years, has supplied a quantity, probably double the consumption of all the states during the same period. Some curiosity, therefore, respecting the history of so important a substance, may be expected in all intelligent minds, and the information which I collected for my own use, may be equally acceptable to some of your readers. I shall begin with giving you some account of the mode of cultivating and preparing the raw material.

It is only within about twenty years, that cotton has become a regular subject of agriculture in the United States. The congeniality of our soil and climate to this plant was long ago discovered, but the revolution, by unfettering our commerce, and removing all impediments to enterprise, has occasioned our present eminence in this branch of trade and tillage.

Cotton is distinguished, like all other domesticated plants, (if I may use the expression) by many minute varieties: but the principal and usual distinctions consist in the

colour of the wool and the seed. The colour of the wool is either a pale dusky yellow, commonly, though improperly, called nankeen, or a snowy and brilliant white. The latter is again distinguished into two kinds, from the colour of its seed, the green seed, and the black seed. The cottons likewise differ from each other in the proportional produce; in the period which they take to reach maturity: and, what is of most importance, in the *staple*, that is to say, in the length and tenacity of their fibres. That is the best cotton, or cotton of the best *staple*, which is reducible to the finest, evenest, and strongest thread.

The yellow, or nankeen cotton produces stuff of a stronger texture than any other, but there is a reasonable prejudice in favour of the white, whose native hue is far the most beautiful, and which is susceptible of all sorts of dyes. The black seed cotton, (or sea-island, as it is termed in commerce) is the finest in its colour and staple; of any cultivated by us, and brings a proportionable price at market.

The various kinds of cotton differ not materially in the mode of cultivation. A dry soil, in which sand does not constitute a very large proportion, is well suited to this plant. The land, however, cannot be too rich, provided it be not low and wet. Whatever ground is congenial to wheat and maize, is favourable to cotton, but the latter cannot bear the cold and storms to which the two former are insensible. The torrid and the warmest part of the temperate zones, are the only climates that are suited to it, and though the more regular seasons of Europe allow it to be raised as far north as the forty-fifth degree of latitude, it is not cultivated in China beyond the thirty-fifth, nor in North America beyond the thirty-eighth degree. Its growth seems to require that a warm summer temperature should prevail, without any remarkable disproportion between wet and dry,

for half the year, at least from April to September inclusive, in the northern hemisphere.

In the beginning of April, the land is broken up as usual by the plough, and divided into two rows, about five feet asunder. These rows are slight trenches, which, when the plant has appeared sometime above the ground, are raised into ridges by the plough.

There are two modes of planting the seed, one is to drop a certain number of seeds into holes, made eight or ten inches from each other, and this, though most laborious, saves much subsequent trouble, and occasions much less waste of the seed than the other mode, which consists in dropping the seed uninterruptedly along the trench. The superfluous growth that is thus produced, is thinned by the hand. The less promising shoots are plucked out, and by successive pickings, the crop is so far thinned, as to leave intervals of ten or twelve inches between the stalks. These intervals may be enlarged according to the luxuriance of the plant, and may be extended, in the richest soils and finest seasons, to two, three, and four feet. One bushel of seed in the latter mode of planting, is required to an acre.

The hoe is constantly employed to subdue the weeds, and no part of the field can be neglected with impunity longer than a fortnight. Little hills are formed round the selected plants, to strengthen the stalk, and avert the rain. In September, when all the pods are formed which can be expected, the remaining blossoms are cut off, that the sun and air may exert their influence the better on what remains.

In two months after planting, the blossoms make their appearance, and continue to succeed each other till arrested by the frost. In warmer climates than ours, the last of these blossoms is not matured into a pod till November or December, but as frost generally commences throughout the states as early as October, and as the cold destroys

all the blossoms and imperfect pods, this month and September are generally the harvest months in Carolina and Georgia, for cotton.

I need hardly mention that the cotton-blossom is succeeded, like that of the pea and bean, by a pod or seed-vessel, divided into different cells, which contain seeds bedded in a fine silky wool. Nothing remains after the pod is completely ripened and burst, but to separate this wool (the seed adhering to it) from the pod, and afterwards to separate the wool from the seed. The first is done by the hand, the pod being left in the field. Sixty pounds of seed-cotton can be plucked in a day by one hand. The second process has sometimes been effected in the same way, but machinery of some kind is so easily adapted to the purpose, that the mere hand no longer performs it, where the crop is considerable.

The produce of an acre varies very much according to the soil and the season. The largest crop of which I have ever heard, is Georgia or Carolina, has been three hundred and fifty pounds of clean cotton per acre. The smallest produce, when there is any crop at all, on ordinary lands, does not fall short of sixty pounds per acre. From one to two hundred pounds must be considered as the middling produce, and from two to three hundred as an excellent harvest.

Machines for cleaning the cotton from the seed, are called gins. The simplest of these is called a foot gin, being kept in motion by the foot acting on a treadle, in the manner of a lathe, or spinning-wheel. They consist of two small rollers, which move in opposite ways, the circumference of each being so near each other as to admit the wool, but exclude the seed. Each of these is managed by one slave, who sets the rollers in motion, while he feeds them with cotton, and by this means will produce about twenty-five pounds a day.

A number of these machines is sometimes subjected to a common

power, by means of intermediate wheel-work. These are called barrel gins, and are moved by oxen or water. By this machinery, from ten to thirty foot-gins are set in motion at once, each being fed by a slave, and the work performed is in proportion to the number of these.

The most complete and powerful of these machines are called saw-gins: their apparatus being adapted to disengage the seed more effectually, while at the same time it nearly supplies itself. One person will suffice for a gin of this kind, which cleans eight hundred pounds a day.

No machinery hitherto invented will entirely free the cotton from all impurities. It must therefore undergo a new and careful picking, before it is put into bags. Cotton, which, when loose, occupies an enormous space in proportion to its weight, is so violently compressed by means of screws into these bags, as to be almost as impenetrable as a board; at the same time, such is the specific levity of cotton, that a cubic foot of it thus compressed, shall not weigh more than twelve or fifteen pounds.

The mode of cultivation, and the manufacture of cotton in China and India, are very little known beyond the limits of these countries. It is natural to be supposed that our arts in both these respects, might be very much improved by a knowledge of the Indian and the Chinese arts: for any information on these interesting heads, it is vain to look into ancient or modern travellers. By some fatality or other, the few who have traversed China, have fixed their eyes scarcely on a single object which deserved to be examined or described.

As to the advantages of cotton-planting, these are extremely variable. The tide of commerce is influenced by the tide of war, and as the planter's profit depends upon prices that are always fluctuating, the profit of one year affords no criterion of that of the next. X.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES, FROM MY PORT
FOLIO.

PHILIP DE VITRE was a wealthy citizen of Amiens, in the fourteenth century. Many strange stories were current about him, but the most remarkable are these: He confined himself to one pint of cold water, and half a pound of hard rye biscuit, baked with the bran, per day, from the thirty-seventh to the ninety-ninth year of his age. He divided this into two equal portions, eating one at twelve o'clock at night, and the other at twelve at noon. He limited his sleep to six hours on an hard board, walked in the open air in his garden two hours daily, and bestowed the rest of his time on solitary study. In his dress, he was equally rigorous, but no particulars respecting that or his studies or employments, are recorded. One cannot but be desirous of knowing more of such a man, and of discovering the influence of such regimen and diet on his body and mind. His great age is a proof that this influence was salutary, and the very late period of his life, at which he commenced ascetic is likewise a proof to the same purpose. This old gentleman might have been quite as remarkable as Ludovico Canaro, and his fame as extensive, had he devoted one studious day, out of eighteen thousand, to put his history on paper. We are equally in the dark as to the object of his studies, and all the benefit which by so long a life thus spent, might have accrued to posterity, some cross accident or perverse whim, denied to us. Some ignorant heir may have huddled all his papers into a chest, and that chest into a garret, where the moth and cockroach have long converted the contents to their own use.

In the year 1777, one Thomas Coggles of Yarmouth was robbed of a large sum of money. He ad-

vertised his loss, and threatened the unknown robbers, that, if they did not return the money by a certain day, he would apply to Abram Cavenaugh the *cunning man*. The greater part of the money was returned before the day appointed, with an excuse, that the remainder had been spent. Witchcraft, we see, can produce some advantages. By the way, has the pretensions of that class of persons who profess to tell fortunes and discover stolen goods, even been examined by intelligent observers?

A magistrate of Yarmouth, having his attention excited by the foregoing incident, paid a visit to Abraham the conjurer, who produced a letter inclosing a bank note of ten pounds. The letter signified that the bill was sent to him as hush money, should Coccus, dissatisfied with a partial reimbursement, still apply to him. "Your raverance," said the postscript, "knows every thing, and so your worship knows that I gave the rest to Pig Singleton, and she's run'd away to Lunnan with a sailor."

The magistrate recognized, in this scrawl, the hand of a discarded footman of his own, who was forthwith arrested, confessed the fact, and was transported for fourteen years. As honesty, the proverb says, is the best policy, every rogue must be a fool: but every rogue is a fool in a less refined sense of the word. He almost universally wants skill enough to effect his own purpose, and discretion enough to keep his own secret. As the vulgar in general, and especially the dishonest part of them, are extremely ignorant and credulous, might not the magistrate make a good use of an engine like this? Constables and conjurers would make useful officers of justice, and the latter would, perhaps, be much the most useful of the two.

In the year 1733, a traveller arrived, late at night, at a large village in the north of England, (say the chronicles of the times) tired

and dispirited. As soon as he entered the Boar-head inn, the landlord inquired his name. He was in debt, and was actually making his way to the nearest seaport, to escape from England. This inquiry awakened his suspicion, and though his real name was *Cacklethistle*, he told them it was *Thistlethwaite*. One looked upon the rest, and exclaimed, "a near chance indeed!" They then exhibited a copy of a will made by an inhabitant of the town, leaving ten thousand pounds, his whole property, to that person, bearing, from his birth, the same name with himself, who should first arrive at the Boar-head inn. The testator's name was *Cacklethistle*, and this will was made in pursuance of an hasty vow made by the testator, on some act of disobedience in his only relation. It is needless to add that the traveller immediately established his claim, and got the legacy. A will of this kind, appears, at first sight, very absurd; but, in a reasonable point of view, nine out of ten of the wills, both of the living and of the dead, are equally absurd. As men scrape together money without any view to the public good, so when they can enjoy it no longer, they dispose of it as chance, anger or caprice suggest. In European countries, where *family* is of so much importance, there is no stronger claim to posthumous beneficence, than similitude of name.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILLOQUIST.

(Continued from page 259.)

My visits gradually became more frequent. Meanwhile my wants increased, and the necessity of some change in my condition became daily more urgent. This incited my reflections on the scheme which I had formed. The time and place suitable to my design,

were not selected without much anxious inquiry and frequent waverings of purpose. These being at length fixed, the interval to elapse, before the carrying of my design into effect, was not without perturbation and suspense. These could not be concealed from my new friend and at length prompted him to inquire into the cause.

It was not possible to communicate the whole truth; but the warmth of his manner inspired me with some degree of ingenuousness. I did not hide from him my former hopes and my present destitute condition. He listened to my tale with no expressions of sympathy, and when I had finished, abruptly inquired whether I had any objection to a voyage to Europe? I answered in the negative. He then said that he was preparing to depart in a fortnight and advised me to make up my mind to accompany him.

This unexpected proposal gave me pleasure and surprize, but the want of money occurred to me as an insuperable objection. On this being mentioned, Oho! said he, carelessly, that objection is easily removed, I will bear all expenses of your passage myself.

The extraordinary beneficence of this act as well as the air of uncautiousness attending it, made me doubt the sincerity of his offer, and when new declarations removed this doubt, I could not forbear expressing at once my sense of his generosity and of my own unworthiness.

He replied that generosity had been expunged from his catalogue as having no meaning or a vicious one. It was the scope of his exertions to be just. This was the sum of human duty, and he that fell short, ran beside, or outstripped justice was a criminal. What he gave me was my due or not my due. If it were my due, I might reasonably demand it from him and it was wicked to withhold it. Merit on one side or gratitude on the other,

were contradictory and unintelligible.

If I were fully convinced that this benefit was not my due and yet received it, he should hold me in contempt. The rectitude of my principles and conduct would be the measure of his approbation, and no benefit should he ever bestow which the receiver was not entitled to claim, and which it would not be criminal in him to refuse.

These principles were not new from the mouth of Ludloe, but they had, hitherto, been regarded as the fruits of a venturesome speculation in my mind. I had never traced them into their practical consequences, and if his conduct on this occasion had not squared with his maxims, I should not have imputed to him inconsistency. I did not ponder on these reasonings at this time: objects of immediate importance engrossed my thoughts.

One obstacle to this measure was removed. When my voyage was performed how should I subsist in my new abode? I concealed not my perplexity and he commented on it in his usual manner. How did I mean to subsist, he asked, in my own country? The means of living would be, at least, as much within my reach there as here. As to the pressure of immediate and absolute want, he believed I should be exposed to little hazard. With talents such as mine, I must be hunted by a destiny peculiarly malignant, if I could not provide myself with necessaries wherever my lot were cast.

He would make allowances, however, for my diffidence and self-distrust, and would obviate my fears by expressing his own intentions with regard to me. I must be apprized, however, of his true meaning. He laboured to shun all hurtful and vitious things, and therefore carefully abstained from making or confiding in promises. It was just to assist me in this voyage, and it would probably be equally just to continue to me similar assistance.

when it was finished. That indeed was a subject, in a great degree, within my own cognizance. His aid would be proportioned to my wants and to my merits, and I had only to take care that my claims were just, for them to be admitted.

This scheme could not but appear to me eligible. I thirsted after an acquaintance with new scenes; my present situation could not be changed for a worse; I trusted to the constancy of Ludloe's friendship; to this at least it was better to trust than to the success of my imposture on Dorothy, which was adopted merely as a desperate expedient: finally I determined to embark with him.

In the course of this voyage my mind was busily employed. There were no other passengers beside ourselves, so that my own condition and the character of Ludloe, continually presented themselves to my reflections. It will be supposed that I was not a vague or indifferent observer.

There were no vicissitudes in the deportment or lapses in the discourse of my friend. His feelings appeared to preserve an unchangeable tenor, and his thoughts and words always to flow with the same rapidity. His slumber was profound and his wakeful hours serene. He was regular and temperate in all his exercises and gratifications. Hence were derived his clear perceptions and exuberant health.

This treatment of me, like all his other mental and corporal operations, was modelled by one inflexible standard. Certain scruples and delicacies were incident to my situation. Of the existence of these he seemed to be unconscious, and yet nothing escaped him inconsistent with a state of absolute equality.

I was naturally inquisitive as to his fortune and the collateral circumstances of his condition. My notions of politeness hindered me from making direct inquiries. By indirect means I could gather nothing but that his state was opulent

and independent, and that he had two sisters whose situation resembled his own.

Though, in conversation, he appeared to be governed by the utmost candour; no light was let in upon the former transactions of his life. The purpose of his visit to America I could merely guess to be the gratification of curiosity.

My future pursuits must be supposed chiefly to occupy my attention. On this head I was destitute of all steadfast views. Without profession or habits of industry or sources of permanent revenue, the world appeared to me an ocean on which my bark was set afloat, without compass or sail. The world into which I was about to enter, was untried and unknown, and though I could consent to profit by the guidance I was unwilling to rely on the support of others.

This topic being nearest my heart, I frequently introduced into conversation with my friend; but on this subject he always allowed himself to be led by me, while on all others, he was zealous to point the way. To every scheme that I proposed he was sure to cause objections. All the liberal professions were censured, as perverting the understanding, by giving scope to the sordid motive of gain, or embuing the mind with erroneous principles. Skill was slowly obtained, and success, though integrity and independence must be given for it, dubious and instable. The mechanical trades were equally obnoxious; they were vitious by contributing to the spurious gratifications of the rich and multiplying the objects of luxury; they were destruction to the intellect and vigour of the artizan; they enervated his frame and brutalized his mind.

When I pointed out to him the necessity of some species of labour, he tacitly admitted that necessity, but refused to direct me in the choice of a pursuit, which though not free from defect should yet have the fewest inconveniences. He dwelt on the fewness of our ac-

tal wants, the temptations which attend the possession of wealth, the benefits of seclusion and privacy, and the duty of unfettering our minds from the prejudices which govern the world.

His discourse tended merely to unsettle my views and increase my perplexity. This effect was so uniform that I at length desisted from all allusions to this theme and endeavoured to divert my own reflections from it. When our voyage should be finished, and I should actually tread this new stage, I believed that I should be better qualified to judge of the measures to be taken by me.

At length we reached Belfast. From thence we immediately repaired to Dublin. I was admitted as a member of his family. When I expressed my uncertainty as to the place to which it would be proper for me to repair, he gave me a blunt but cordial invitation to his house. My circumstances allowed me no option and I readily complied. My attention was for a time engrossed by a diversified succession of new objects. Their novelty however disappearing, left me at liberty to turn my eyes upon myself and my companion, and here my reflections were supplied with abundant food.

His house was spacious and commodious, and furnished with profusion and elegance. A suit of apartments was assigned to me, in which I was permitted to reign uncontrolled and access was permitted to a well furnished library. My food was furnished in my own room, prepared in the manner which I had previously directed. Occasionally Ludloe would request my company to breakfast, when an hour was usually consumed in earnest or sprightly conversation. At all other times he was invisible, and his apartments, being wholly separate from mine, I had no opportunity of discovering in what way his hours were employed.

He defended this mode of living as being most compatible with

liberty. He delighted to expatiate on the evils of cohabitation. Men, subjected to the same regimen, compelled to eat and sleep and associate at certain hours, were strangers to all rational independence and liberty. Society would never be exempt from servitude and misery, till those artificial ties which held human beings together under the same roof were dissolved. He endeavoured to regulate his own conduct in pursuance of these principles, and to secure to himself as much freedom as the present regulations of society would permit. The same independence which he claimed for himself he likewise extended to me. The distribution of my own time, the selection of my own occupations and companions should belong to myself.

But these privileges, though while listening to his arguments I could not deny them to be valuable, I would have willingly dispensed with. The solitude in which I lived became daily more painful. I ate and drank, enjoyed clothing and shelter, without the exercise of forethought or industry; I walked and sat, went out and returned for as long and at what seasons I thought proper, yet my condition was a fertile source of discontent.

I felt myself removed to a comfortless and chilling distance from Ludloe. I wanted to share in his occupations and views. With all his ingenuousness of aspect and overflow of thoughts, when he allowed me his company, I felt myself painfully bewildered with regard to his genuine condition and sentiments.

He had it in his power to introduce me to society, and without an introduction, it was scarcely possible to gain access to any social circle or domestic fireside. Add to this, my own obscure prospects and dubious situation. Some regular intellectual pursuit would render my state less irksome, but I had hitherto adopted no scheme of this kind.

(To be continued.)

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. IV.

I KNOW few performances which have assumed the name of poetry and which have obtained a considerable share of celebrity, so truly worthless as Wordsworth's LYRICAL BALLADS. As it is a principal design of this work, to enforce the pure principles of morality and taste, to detect false pretensions and erroneous criticism, as well as honestly to applaud literary merit wherever it is found, the reader of these critical notices will excuse the writer for descending from the observations of Milton's heaven-ward flight, to point out the bat-like wheelings of this rhyming wight. It appears to be the great aim and study of Mr. Wordsworth to be simple; but he knew not what simplicity was. He did not know how to distinguish this daughter of beauty and grace from affectation. His pretended simplicity resembles the vacant-headed girl, who, in order to appear interesting, and to discover more than infantile sweetness, hangs her head on one shoulder, points forward a coral lip, and rolls backward and forward a dark eye-ball void of speculation. Let us, however, take a nearer view of Mr. Wordsworth's poems. General remarks like those which have been offered, are no detection of his false taste. Our court of criticism is governed both by law and equity. We shall neither approve nor condemn a man without proof. Nay, we are determined never to arraign a man, or condemn him, without we conceive that it will tend to the public good. Now I conceive, that Mr. Wordsworth's writings have had some influence in establishing perverted principles of taste. His works have been admired and imitated in London, and in this city....therefore, if we prosecute the intention which has been mentioned, something must be said concerning these.

I would be unjust did I say, that all the poems contained in the two volumes of Lyrical Ballads were equally ridiculous. I have here and there met with a strain which they contained that I admired; but the nonsense of them so very far overbalances any thing in them deserving of the slightest approbation, that my general decision concerning them, I deem to be perfectly correct. Perhaps no poem, in the whole collection, has received more applause than the one entitled "The Thorn." I once heard a gentleman say, smacking lips (and this gentleman entertained the most exalted opinion of his own discernment and importance) Sir, had Wordsworth taken a little more pains with that "Thorn," it would have been a most delectable performance. I will endeavour to give some account of this "Thorn," and to follow my outline with a delicious extract...."On the side of a mountain was discovered an aged Thorn, a pond and something in the form of an infant's grave....to the very spot where these objects were visible, nightly resorted a woman in a scarlet cloak, and there she squatted down and cried

"Oh misery! Oh misery!
"Oh woe is me! Oh misery."

The author is very solicitous to discover why this woman resorted to that singular spot; and why she poured forth on the ear of night her heart-rending ditty. He tells his readers, that he will do all he can to satisfy them as to the reasons; and after unfolding all that he knew, he leaves it to them to determine, whether this woman had not murdered her infant, and impelled by the strength of her remorse, did not thus frequently visit the spot where she had buried it. It is, however, but just that the poet should speak a little for himself, as indeed no analysis could do justice to his wonderful story. Take then, gentle readers, the following verses which, by the help of the preceding account, you may be enabled to unravel. I

have marked in italics, what I have no doubt the author, simple genius! thought the most excellent lines of his poem.

" Now wherefore thus, by day and night,

" In rain, in tempest, and in snow,

" Thus to the dreary mountain-top,

" Does this poor woman go?

" And why sits she beside the Thorn

" When the blue day-light's in the sky,

" Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,

" Or frosty air is keen and still,

" And wherefore does she cry?

" Oh wherefore? wherefore? tell me why

" Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

I cannot tell; I wish I could;
For the true reason no one knows,
But if you'd gladly view the spot,
The spot to which she goes;
The heap that's like an infant's grave,

The pond....and Thorn....so old and grey,

Pass by her door....tis seldom shut....

And if you see her in her hut,

Then to the spot away!

I never heard of such as dare

Approach the spot when she is there.

" But wherefore to the mountain-top

" Can this unhappy woman go,

" Whatever star is in the skies,

" Whatever wind may blow?"

Nay rack your brain....'tis all in vain;

I'll tell you every thing I know;
But to the Thorn, and to the pond
Which is a little step beyond,
I wish that you would go:
Perhaps when you are at the place
You something of her tale may trace.

I'll give you the best help I can:

Before you up the mountain go,

Up to the dreary mountain-top,

I'll tell you all I know.

'Tis now some two and twenty years,

Since she (her name is Martha Ray)

Gave with a maiden's true good will

Her company to Stephen Hill;

And she was blithe and gay,

And she was happy, happy still

Whene'er she thought of Stephen Hill.

And as they fix'd the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both;

But Stephen to another maid

Had sworn another oath;

And with this other maid to church

Unthinking Stephen went....

Poor Martha! on that woeful day

A cruel, cruel fire, they say,

Into her bones was sent:

It dried her body like a cinder,

And almost turn'd her brain to tinder.

They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer-leaves were green,

She to the mountain-top would go,

And there was often seen.

'Tis said, a child was in her womb,

As now to any eye was plain;

She was with child, and she was mad,

Yet often she was sober-sad

From her exceeding pain.

Oh me! ten thousand times I'd rather

That he had died, that cruel father!

Sad case for such a brain to hold

Communion with a stirring child!

Sad case, as you may think, for one

Who had a brain so wild!

Last Christmas when we talked of this,

Old Farmer Simpson did maintain,

That in her womb the infant wrought

About its mother's heart, and brought

Her senses back again:

And when at last, her time drew near,

Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

No more I know, I wish I did,

And I would tell it all to you;

For what became of this poor child

There's none that ever knew.

And if a child was born or no,

There's no one that could ever tell

And if 'twas born alive or dead,

There's no one knows, as I have said,

But some remember well,

That Martha Ray about this time

Would up the mountain often climb.

And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,

'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,

The church-yard path to seek:
 For many a time and oft were heard
 Cries coming from the mountain-
 head,
 Some plainly living voices were,
 And others, I've heard many swear,
 Were voices of the dead:
 I cannot think, whate'er they say,
 They had to do with Martha Ray.

But that she goes to this old Thorn,
 The Thorn which I've describ'd to
 you,
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak,
 I will be sworn is true.
 For one day with my telescope,
 To view the ocean wide and bright,
 When to this country first I came,
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
 I climbed the mountains' height:
 A storm came on, and I could see
 No object higher than my knee.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and
 rain,
 No screen, no fence could I discover,
 And then the wind! in faith it was
 A wind full ten times over!
 I looked around, I thought I saw
 A jutting crag, and off I ran,
 Head-foremost, through the driving
 rain,
 The shelter of the crag to gain,
 And, as I am a man,
 Instead of jutting crag, I found
 A woman seated on the ground.

I did not speak....I saw her face....
Her face it was enough for me;
 I turn'd about and heard her cry,
 "Oh misery! Oh misery!"
 And there she sits, until the moon
 Through half the clear blue sky will
 go,
 And when the little breezes make
 The waters of the pond to shake,
 As all the country know,
 She shudders and you hear her cry,
 "Oh misery! oh misery!"

"But what's the Thorn? and what's
 the pond?"
 "And what's the hill of moss to
 her?"
 "And what's the creeping breeze that
 comes
 "The little pond to stir?"
 I cannot tell; but some will say
 She hanged her baby on the tree,

Some say she drowned it in the pond,
 Which is a little step beyond,
 But all and each agree,
 The little babe was buried there,
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

Enough of the Thorn. Who now
 will not say with the critic alluded
 to, had Wordsworth taken a little
 more pains with that Thorn, it would
 have been a most delectable thing.
 I pass on to a performance *still su-
 perior*, entitled, The Idiot Boy,
 whose mother's name, by way of
 gingle, was Betty Foy.

I have always admired striking
 exordiums.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king"....
 is a bold and abrupt beginning.

"Hark! heard you not that footstep
 dread"....
 is an opening which at once awakens
 attention.

"Had I but the torrents might"....
 is a first line which is strong and
 impressive.

Who would not think that Ham-
 let saw a ghost, when he suddenly
 and tremblingly exclaimed
 "Angels, and ministers of grace, de-
 fend us!"

After observing these examples,
 let us attend to the manner in which
 our poet commences his tale of the
 Idiot Boy.

'Tis eight o'clock,....a clear March
 night,
 The moon is up....the sky is blue,
 The owlet in the moonlight air,
 He shouts from nobody knows where;
He lentsbens out his lonely about,
 Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

....Why bustle thus about your door,
 What means this bustle, Betty Foy?
Why are you in this mighty fret?
 And why on horseback have you set
 Him whom you love, your Idiot boy?

Beneath the moon that shines so
 bright,
 Till she is tired, let Betty Foy,

With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle;
 But wherefore set upon a saddle
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot boy?
There's scarce a soul that's out of bed;
 Good Betty! put him down again;
 His lips with joy they burr at you
 Bur, Betty! what has he to do
 With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

The poet then proceeds to let us know the reason why Betty Foy has placed her son upon the horse, at this unseasonable hour of the night; and, in his own language, her reasons are simply these....

Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
 Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
 As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
 No hand to help them in distress:
 Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
 And sorely puzzled are the twain,
 For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
 Where by the week he doth abide,
 A woodman in the distant vale;
 There's none to help poor Susan Gale,
 What must be done? what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
 Her pony, that is mild and good,
 Whether he be in joy or pain,
 Feeding at will along the lane,
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.

The poet proceeds to inform us, that after Betty has set Johnny upon the saddle, she gives him particular directions in what way to go in search of the doctor, and to desire him to come and "comfort poor old Susan Gale." Johnny, we are informed, after he gets under way, instead of proceeding in the most expeditious manner to the house of the physician, wanders wherever his bewildered fancy entices him. The offset of his curious journey, is so peculiarly described, that justice will not permit me to withhold it from my readers.

But when the pony moved his legs,
 Oh! then for the poor Idiot boy!

For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
 For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for every joy.

And while the poney moves his legs,
 In Johnny's left hand you may see
 The green bough motionless and dead,
 The moon that shines above his head
 Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
 That till full fifty yards were gone,
 He quite forgot his holly whip,
 And all his skill in horsemanship,
 Oh! happy, happy, happy John!

And Betty's standing at the door
 And Betty's face with joy o'erflows,
 Proud of herself and proud of him,
 She sees him in his travelling trim,
 How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
 What hopes it sends to Betty's heart?
 He's at the guide-post...he turns right,
 She watches till he's out of sight,
 And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr...now Johnny's lips they
 burr,
 As loud as any mill, or near it;
 Meek as a lamb the poney moves,
 And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
 And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:
 And Johnny's in a merry tune,
 The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
 And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
 And on he goes beneath the moon.

The time expected for Johnny's return arrives, but he does not make his appearance. Says the poet....

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
 And Johnny is not yet in sight,
 The moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,
 But Betty is not quite at ease;
 And Susan has a dreadful night.

The restless and indiscreet Betty, unable to quiet her apprehensions, goes in pursuit of her Idiot Son....she searches every hill and lane, &c....she uses a number of exclamations....she spares neither John, his poney, nor the doctor. The author at length conducts her to the door

of the son of Æsculaphus....and then entertains us with the following description and dramatic interview.

And now *she's at the doctor's door,*
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap!
The doctor at the casement shews,
His glimmering eyes that peep and doze;
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh doctor! doctor! where's my Johnny?"

"I'm here, what is't you want with me?"

"Oh Sir! you know I am Betty Foy,
"And I have lost my poor dear boy,
"You know him....him you often see;

"He's not so wise as some folks be;
"The devil take his wisdom!" said
The doctor looking somewhat grim,
"What, woman! should I know of him?"

And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

"O woe is me! O woe is me!

"Here will I die; here, will I die;

"I thought to find my Johnny here,

"But he is neither far nor near,

"Oh! what a wretched mother I!"

As it would take up too much of our time to pursue Betty in all her "quandaries" and windings in search of Johnny, let me inform my readers, that Betty, while almost spent with toil, finds her boy, embraces him, and gives way to the wild transports of her joy. This successful termination of her wearisome search, is one of the finest exhibitions of the author's simplicity of manner. I shall therefore give it to the eager curiosity of criticism.

Who's yon, that near the water-fall
Which thunders down with headlong force,

Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were,
Sits upright on a feeding horse?

Upon his horse, that's feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed;
Of such we in romances read,
....'Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live!

And that's the very poney too,
Where is she....where is Betty Foy!
She hardly can sustain her fears;
The roaring water-fall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot boy.

Your poney's worth his weight in gold,
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!
She's coming from among the trees,
And now, all full in view, she sees
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the poney too:
Why stand you thus Good Betty Foy?
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot boy.

She looks again....her arms are up....
She screams....she cannot move for joy;

She darts as with a torrent's force,
She almost bas o'erturn'd the bore,
And fast she holds her Idiot boy.

And Johnny burrs and laughs aloud,
Whether in cunning, or in joy,
I cannot tell; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs,
To hear again her Idiot boy.

And now she's at the poney's tail,
And now she's at the poney's head,
On that side now, and now on this,
And almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again,
Him whom she loves, her Idiot boy!
She's bappy here, she's bappy there,
She is uneasy every where;
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the poney, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy!
The little poney glad may be,
But he is milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive his joy.

The tale concludes with the appearance of old Susan Gale, who had left her sick-bed and came out with the laudable desire of discovering what retarded the return of her two absent compassionate friends.

This tale considered in the aggregate, has surely great claims to originality. It must be confessed, that it strictly observes the epic

rules. It has a beginning, a middle and an end; and if what Bossuet insists upon is true, that an epic poem must hold in view some moral, this tale will not shrink from Bossuet's examination.... For what can be more praiseworthy than to indulge compassion and benevolence for a poor sick neighbouring wretch.

To drop all irony... I was, at times, disposed to think that Wordsworth intended some of his ballads as burlesques, as impositions upon the credulous parts of the world. But when I turned to his notes, and found them from his own pen, some very serious criticisms on his own performances, and when I read his preface, in which he advocates, with all his ingenuity, his adopted style of writing. This surmise was put to flight.

I designed to close this number of critical notices with some observations intended to distinguish between simplicity, vulgarity, and affectation.... but upon trial, I find that the difference can be much easier perceived and felt than described.... what it would take pages to explain, true taste would perceive with the rapidity of a glance. The classical scholar... the man of elegance and refinement will express his opinions with simplicity.... he will avoid both vulgar and pedantic words. Demosthenes, who is the orator of simplicity, spoke a language intelligible to the lowliest of his countrymen, and, at the same time, strictly elegant. An orator of a very different description, not long ago rose in the house of commons, and in the simplicity of his heart, and in the honesty of his terms thus advocated bull-baiting.... "The people have a right to their pleasures: the rich have their Kembles, their Siddons's, and their Billingtons.... why then will you rob the poor people of their Bulls?"

The critic would never consider simplicity as the distinguishing excellency of the poetry of Cowley, of Milton, of Pope, of Gray, of Akenside, of Collins; but he would say, that it peculiarly belongs to Theocritus, to Thompson, to Armstrong, to Shenstone, to Goldsmith,

to Cowper, to Burns. He would say, that Darwin's poems are glaring instances of departure from simplicity, and purity, and elegance. He would say, that although the prose writings of Johnson and Burke are, in most respects, among the greatest performances of genius; yet that they are not peculiarly marked by simplicity.... while, on the other hand, in the works of Swift, of Sir William Temple, of Addison, of William Melmoth, and of Goldsmith, this quality is conspicuous. Shakspeare, whose portraits no painter has rivalled, who wielded a literary thunderbolt which no other poet could grasp, has, occasionally, touched the strings of the purest simplicity. I would enrich these notices with some extracts from him, in exemplification of this assertion; but this number has, imperceptibly, been extended to such a length, that I fear the patience of my readers has already said.... desist.

I. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE SALUBRITY OF WARM ROOMS.

It is a question often discussed, whether living in a warm room in winter be, or be not, detrimental to health?

There is no doubt whatever of the necessity of pure air for the support of life and health, but erroneous opinions are entertained, respecting the effects of that equal, and at the same time moderate heat, which can only be obtained in rooms where strong currents of air up the chimney are not permitted. Those who have been used to living in large apartments, in which the large fires that are kept up, instead of making the rooms equally warm, do little more than increase the violence of those streams of cold air, which come whistling in through every crevice of the doors and windows; when such persons come into a room

in which an equal and genial warmth prevails in every part, struck with the novelty of the sensation that this general warmth produces, they are very apt to fancy that the air is close, and consequently that it must be unwholesome, and are uneasy until a door or a window be opened, in order that they may get what they call fresh air.

But they do not seem to make a proper distinction between fresh air, and pure air. When they call for fresh air, they doubtless mean purer air. They certainly get colder air, but I much doubt whether they often get air that is more wholesome to breathe; and it is most certain, that the chilling streams and eddies that are occasioned in the room by the fresh air so introduced, are extremely changed, and are often the cause of the most fatal disorders.

It is universally allowed to be very dangerous to be exposed in a stream of cold air, especially when standing or sitting still; but how much must the danger be increased if one side of the body be heated by the powerful rays from a large fire, while the other is chilled by these cold blasts? And there is this singular circumstance attending these chills, that they frequently produce their mischievous effects without our being sensible of them; for as the mind is incapable of attending to more than one sensation at one and at the same time, if the intensity of the sensation produced by the heat on the one side of the body be superior to that of the cold on the other, we shall remain perfectly insensible of the cold, however severe it may really be, and if we are induced by the disagreeableness of what we do feel to turn about, or change our position or situation, this movement will be occasioned, not by the cold, which we do not feel, but by the heat, which being superior in its effect upon us, engages all our attention. And hence we may account for those severe colds or catarrhs, which are so frequently gotten in hot rooms by persons who are not conscious at the time of being exposed to any

cold, but, on the contrary, suffer great and continual inconvenience from the heat.

I have said, that these colds are gotten in hot rooms, but it would have been more accurate to have said, in rooms where there is a great fire....or where there is a great heat, occasioned by a great number of burning candles, or by a great number of persons crowded together....for it is very seldom indeed that our rooms are much heated, and there being cold is the principal cause which renders partial heats that occasionally exist in them so very injurious to health.

The air of the room that comes into contact with the cold walls, and with the enormous windows, is suddenly cooled, and being condensed, and made specifically heavier than it was before, in consequence of this loss of heat, it descends and forms cold streams, that are so much the more rapid and more dangerous as the partial heats in the room are more intense, consequently they are the more dangerous, as they are less liable to be observed or felt.

If to these cold currents which are generated in the room, we add those which come into it from without, to supply the enormous quantity of air that is continually going off by the chimney; when there is a great quantity of coals burning in an open grate, we shall not be surprised, that those who venture to go into such rooms without being well wrapped up in furs, or other warm clothing, should be liable to take colds.

I never see a delicate young lady dressed in thin muslins, or gauzes, in the midst of winter, expose herself in such a perilous situation without shuddering for the consequences. But how many young persons of both sexes do we find, of delicate habits, and particularly among the higher ranks of society? And what vast numbers are carried off annually by consumptions!

It is well known, that this dreadful disorder is almost always brought on by colds, and that the cold of

winter is commonly fatal to consumptive people, but why should the inhabitants of this country be so peculiarly subject to these colds? Is it not highly probable, that it is because they do not take proper care to prevent them? For my part, I declare, in the most serious manner; that I have not the smallest doubt that this is really the case.

Much has been said of the supposed danger of keeping rooms warm in winter, on account of the necessity most people are under of sometimes going into the cold air. But how many proofs are there, that these sudden transitions from heat to cold, or from cold to heat, are not attended with danger, if care be taken to be properly clothed, and if the heats and colds are not partial?

How very hot do the Swedes and the Russians keep their houses during the long and severe frosts that prevail in winter in those countries; and yet no people are more strong and healthy than they are, nor are there any less liable to catarrhs and consumptions.

It is the very warm rooms in which this hardy race of men spend much of their time in winter, (which, by promoting a free circulation of their blood gives them health and strength) that enables them to support, without injury, exposure, for short periods, to the most intense cold.

In Germany, the rooms of people of rank and fashion are commonly kept in winter, at the temperature of about sixty-four or sixty-five degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer (the dwellings of the peasants are kept much hotter) but though the ladies in that country are, from their infancy, brought up with the greatest care, and are as little exposed to hardships, as the women of condition in this, or in any other country, they find no inconvenience in going out of these warm rooms into the cold air. They even frequent the plays and the operas, and go on slaying parties, during the severest frosts, and spend one whole month

in the depth of winter (in the season of the carnival) in one continual round of balls and masquerades. And what may appear to many still more incredible, they seldom fail, whatever the severity of the weather may be, to spend half an hour every morning in a cold church.

But if in Germany, where the winters are very severe, persons tenderly brought up, and of delicate habits, find no inconvenience whatever in living in warm rooms, and in going from them into the cold air, why should warm rooms be unwholesome in any country?

There cannot surely be any thing injurious to health in the genial warmth of sixty or sixty-five degrees ...and if pure air for respiration is what is wanted, a suitable height of ceiling secures us against all danger from that quarter.

For the Literary Magazine.

AGRICULTURAL ESSAYS.
NO. I.

Digna manet divini gloria ruris...VIR.

Mr. Editor,

If you can occasionally spare a column of your work for plain and useful subjects, I propose, from time to time, as inclination and leisure are afforded, to offer you some hints on agricultural subjects.

Agriculture has long been considered by the wisest and best men, as the base of the pyramid of national wealth and happiness. Our immortal Washington gave his assent, his practical assent to this proposition; and I wish his example may be more generally followed by his countrymen.

Upon consulting the history of English agriculture, we shall be convinced of the importance of the improvements to which it owes its present degree of prosperity in that country.

The advantages that have resulted to Great Britain from the culti-

vation of three articles, clover, turnips, and sainfoine, are almost incredible, were they not vouched by the respectable authority of Arthur Young, Esq. a man to whom agriculturalists owe more than to any person that has ever attempted to improve their useful art.

He says the annual product of turnips and clover, amounts to ten millions six hundred and sixty-six thousand five hundred and eleven Sainfoine cannot make it less than twelve millions.

Remember, says he, that by reason of turnips the barley is greater, and by the preparation of clover, the wheat is more productive. Consider the change from a barren fallow to so profitable a husbandry, and the infinite value of improvements in agriculture must be acknowledged.

In all probability, continues he, we have been benefitted by these plants to the amount of five hundred millions sterling.... Of what consequence then must it not be to spread as widely as possible, such productive articles of culture.

But if so much has been done in England by the improvements introduced into the practical parts of agriculture, may we not hope in this country to feel a portion of the same spirit, and emulate the enterprize and industry of our European brethren, and thus enjoy a share of the benefits which they have felt from the above articles.

We can already boast among our countrymen of the names of some scientific and practical farmers, whose writings have tended to inform the ignorant and stimulate the inactive.... Need I mention the names of Bordley, Peters, and Livingston, in proof of my assertion?

The latter, in a short comparative view of the advantages of agriculture in Great Britain and in the state in which he resides, gives an undoubting preference to New-York. The soil of Great Britain, he observes, is less productive, ex-

cept where great labour is bestowed on cultivation; and the climate in many respects, is less friendly to agriculture. If this be true, and he has founded his assertion upon a careful examination of the best English writers on the subject, what encouragement does it not afford to the American farmer to press forward in the praiseworthy work of agricultural improvement; for, as the writer above referred to thinks, that whenever our circumstances shall enable us to circulate our artificial improvements, that agriculture will be carried to a much higher pitch here than in Great Britain.

But to hasten this desirable period, our farmers, or at least some of them, must not only reflect and converse, but read and experiment on agricultural subjects. There are many ingenious and useful papers in agriculture published from time to time, which have not that circulation which they deserve, and that is necessary to benefit our country they are confined very much to the libraries of large towns, or the houses of the rich and the curious. The dwelling of the honest and laborious farmer they seldom reach.

It shall be my endeavour to make the contents of these works more generally known, particularly their practical and useful parts, by sending you occasionally such extracts from, and remarks on them, as may be readily perused and comprehended, even by those who may not be versed in scientific pursuits.

But thinking it most prudent on my first introduction to my readers to make them but a short visit, lest I might be considered as a tiresome intruder, I shall bid them farewell at present, with a quotation from one of Chancellor Livingston's productions. "When the hero, the patriot, the statesman, Washington, did not disdain to guide, who can refuse to venerate the plough."

BURICOLA.

REVIEW.

The Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper, Esq. with an Introductory Letter to the Right Honourable Earl Cowper.....By William Hayley, Esq.

Boston.... Manning and Loring, and E. Lincoln....8vo.

ONE of the chief ornaments of the present age was William Cowper, the subject of this work. The strength and originality of his genius will bear a favourable comparison with any of his contemporaries. Indeed, we shall be in little danger of contradiction, in asserting that none of his contemporaries have written so much, or so well.

The moral tendency of his poetry....the elevation of his motives in writing above every thing sordid or humiliating, place him in the noblest rank of those who have employed their lives in purifying the hearts, and delighting the imagination of mankind.

The life and private character of such a man must be regarded with the most ardent curiosity, and the world has waited for few works of this kind with a more lively impatience than has been excited by the present publication.

The hopes that we had formed respecting it, have not been altogether disappointed. The letters of Cowper, which compose so large a part of this work, are fully worthy of the writer, and afford the most distinct and familiar view of his character and sentiments. In the multitude of these, it is, perhaps, unreasonable to repine at the suppression of any of his letters, or to regret that Cowper does not every where appear, instead of Hayley.

The Biographer has performed his part in a manner which we little expected, from the elegance and spirit he displayed in the life of Milton. The similarity of genius between poet and poet, by no means

qualifies one to be the biographer of the other. The sympathy of taste and pursuits, may enable the one to comprehend and relish the works; but, in no degree, fits him for analysing the motives and detailing the actions of his friend: but as, on this account, Hayley rose far above our expectations in his life of Milton, he has fallen even very much below them in his present performance. The style of this work is florid, without splendor....and puerile without simplicity: and forms the strongest contrast imaginable with the charming ease and elegant simplicity of Cowper's own letters.

The defects of this work, as a biographical performance, shew themselves in particulars more important than style. The writer seems to have been restrained by considerations, less excusable than ignorance, from entering fully into the early history of Cowper. Some fantastic and unseasonable delicacy has prevented him from dwelling on those incidents of the poet's youthful life, which probably determined his future destiny; and from which the reader might have drawn useful and important lessons in relation to his own character. From a notion, that regard for the poet's memory required silence on any topic which might reflect disgrace or disapprobation on his relations, the writer is profoundly silent on occasions where he ought to have been most communicative, and thirty years of the poet's life pass over in his narrative without any particulars with which a reasonable curiosity would be gratified, except the following from Cowper's own pen....

"I have been all my life," says Cowper, "subject to inflammations of the eye, and in my boyish days had specks on both that threatened to cover them. My father, alarmed at the consequences, sent me to a female oculist of great renown at

that time, in whose house I abode two years, but to no good purpose. From her I went to Westminster school, where, at the age of 14, the small-pox seized me, and proved the better oculist of the two, for it delivered me from them all; not however from great liability to inflammation, to which I am in a degree still subject, though much less than formerly, since I have been constant in the use of a hot foot-bath every night, the last thing before going to rest."

Speaking of his own early life, in a letter to Mr. Park, (dated March, 1792) Cowper says, with that extreme modesty, which was one of his most remarkable characteristics "From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has only been an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others, a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age, I commenced an author: it is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last."

The blamable, or at least, illaudable timidities of Cowper, which adhered to him through life, are described as they appeared in childhood, in the following manner..... "This is a good specimen of the judgment which the biographer has brought to his task....

"It appears a strange process in education, to send a *tender* child from a long residence in the house of a female oculist, immediately into all the hardships that a *little delicate boy* must have to encounter at a public school. But the mother of Cowper was dead, and fathers, though good men, are in general utterly unfit to manage their young and tender orphans. The little Cowper was sent to his first school in the year of his mother's death,

and how ill-suited the scene was to his peculiar character, must be evident to all, who have heard him describe his sensations in that season of life, which is often, very erroneously, extolled as the happiest period of human existence. He has been frequently heard to lament the *persecution*, that he sustained in his childish years, from the *cruelty* of his school fellows, in the two scenes of his education. His own forcible expression represented him at Westminster as *not daring to raise his eye* above the shoe-buckle of the elder-boys, who were too apt to tyrannise over his *gentle* spirit. The acuteness of his feelings in his childhood rendered those important years, (which might have produced, under tender cultivation, a series of lively enjoyments) miserable years of increasing timidity and depression, which, in the most cheerful hours of his advanced life, he could hardly describe to an intimate friend without shuddering at the recollection of his early wretchedness. Yet to this perhaps the world is indebted for the *pathetic and moral eloquence of those forcible admonitions to parents, which give interest and beauty to his admirable poem on public schools*. Poets may be said to realize, in some measure, the poetical idea of the nightingale's singing with a thorn at her breast, as their most exquisite songs have often originated in the acuteness of their personal sufferings. Of this obvious truth, the poem I have just mentioned, is a very memorable example; and if any readers have thought the poet too severe in his strictures on that system of education, to which we owe some of the most accomplished characters that ever gave celebrity to a civilized nation, such readers will be candidly reconciled to that moral severity of reproof, in recollecting that it flowed from severe personal experience, united to the purest spirit of philanthropy and patriotism."

Who that reads the following lines but must regret the total silence of

the biographer on certain incidents of Cowper's life.

Still, still, I mourn with each returning day,
Him snatch'd by fate, in early youth, away.
And her...through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful...but in vain!
O prone to pity, generous, and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refus'd the wretch a tear;
Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows,
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes;
See me, ere yet my destin'd course half done,
Cast forth a wand'rer on a wild, unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow!
And ready tears wait only leave to flow!
Why all, that sooths a heart, from anguish free,
All that delights the happy...palls with me!

The following most extraordinary instance of timidity, will suggest to our readers, many reflections on the frowardness and frailties of the human constitution.

"Though extreme diffidence, and a tendency to despond, seemed early to preclude Cowper from the expectations of climbing to the splendid summit of the profession, he had chosen; yet, by the interest of his family, he had prospects of emolument, in a line of public life, that appeared better suited to the modesty of his nature, and to his moderate ambition.

In his thirty-first year, he was nominated to the offices of reading clerk, and clerk of the private committees in the house of lords. A situation the more desirable, as such an establishment might enable him

to marry early in life; a measure to which he was doubly disposed by judgment and inclination. But the peculiarities of his wonderful mind rendered him unable to support the ordinary duties of his new office! for the idea of reading in public proved a source of torture to his tender and apprehensive spirit. An expedient was devised to promote his interest, without wounding his feelings. Resigning his situation of reading clerk, he was appointed clerk of the journals in the same house of parliament, with a hope, that his personal appearance, in that assembly, might not be required; but a parliamentary dispute made it necessary for him to appear at the bar of the house of lords, to entitle himself publicly to the office.

"Speaking of this important incident, * in a sketch, which he once formed himself, of passages in his early life, he expresses what he endured at the time in these remarkable words: "They, whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation.... others can have none."

"His terrors on this occasion arose to such an astonishing height, that they utterly overwhelmed his reason: for although he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office, for several months, to examine the parliamentary journals, his application was rendered useless by that excess of diffidence, which made him conceive that, whatever knowledge he might previously acquire, it would all forsake him at the bar of the house. This distressing apprehension increased to such a degree, as the time for his appearance approached, that when the day, so anxiously dreaded, arrived, he was unable to make the experiment. The very friends, who called on him for the purpose of attending him to the house of

* Why was not this sketch published?

loads, acquiesced in the cruel necessity of his relinquishing the prospect of a station so severely formidable to a frame of such *singular sensibility*.

"The conflict between the wishes of just affectionate ambition, and the terrors of diffidence, so entirely overwhelmed his health and faculties, that after two learned and benevolent divines, had vainly endeavoured to establish a lasting tranquillity in his mind, by friendly and religious conversation, it was found necessary to remove him to St. Alban's, where he resided a con-

siderable time, under the care of doctor Cotton.

"The misfortune of mental derangement is a topic of such awful delicacy, that I consider it as the duty of a biographer, rather to sink in *tender* silence, than to proclaim, with circumstantial and offensive temerity, the minute particulars of a calamity, to which all human beings are exposed, and *perhaps in proportion as they have received from nature those delightful, but dangerous gifts, a heart of exquisite tenderness, and a mind of creative energy.*"

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Hail, spirit of poetic phrenzy....
Hover, with thy plumes of ether,
O'er the cavern, or the torrent,
Where their social arms entwining,
Oaks and cedars hide the ground :
Where estranged from human converse,

Kindred, friends, and home forgotten,

Lonely, and to thought devoted,
Lost in trance of meditation,
Oft thy museful son is found.

Hover where the ghosts of pilgrims
Nightly, from their iron slumber
Waking, leave the dark recesses,
Where their mouldering relics
sleep:

Time sepultered, or the emblem,
Or the artless tale of sorrow
Graven on the tomb of hermit,
Teaches vanity to weep.

Thee he strongly importuning,
While from light and noise secluded,
Wrapp'd in joyless pall of midnight,
O'er the starry regions roaming,
Tracing in each radiant sphere.

Thy aerial footsteps, music
Potent as the breath of angels,
Such as fervours of devotion,
Teach extatic souls to utter....
Nightly shall salute thy ear.

Lift or rend the veil asunder,
From audacious eyes concealing
All the grace and grandeur decking
Glory's cloudless shrine, and altars
Dedicate to endless fame:
Where divinity is present,
Seen, and felt, and known, and worshipped....

Where eternal splendors beaming
O'er the earth forgetting bosom,
Kindle a diviner flame.

Bear me from the haunt of sorrow
And the dark abode of mortals,
To a brighter region, where grief
Or disquiet never enters.

Nor malignant demon strays:
Where to fancy's will propitious,
Earth, and air, and water hasten
Into magic forms and nature
Fetterless, at length, and free, each
Wasture of her wand obeys.

O'er thy starry mantle, waving
Round my steps, with hues unnumbered,

Wisdom throws serener lustre,
Such as shrouds Jove's throne and altar,

Viewless to seraphic sight;
But to frailer nature's gracious,
Bend a less efulgent aspect;
Be with meeker rays, thy temples
Wreathed, and mist involve those eyes,
that

Shed insufferable light.

Vestured with thy native brightness,
Eyes of earth could ne'er behold thee;
None beneath the moon, thy features
Yet have viewed of veil divested

None that drink the solar ray:
Who has held the pencil fitted
To illumine the pictured canvas
Where thou visibly art present?
Who, in blazing hues, thy image
E'er attempted to pourtray?

SELECTED.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

[The following little tale is extracted from the fourth edition of "Walks in a Forest," a poem by Thomas Gisborn, A. M. one of the most moral of the present English writers....one whose works deserve the highest commendation.]

Mark on that road, whose unobstructed
course
With long white line the unbusied furze
divides,
Yon solitary horseman urge his way.
He, not unmindful of the brooding
storm,
Ere yet by strong necessity compell'd
Of pressing occupation, he exchanged
The blazing hearth, the firm-compact-
ed roof,
For naked forests, and uncertain
skies,
With wise precaution, armed himself
to meet
The winter's utmost rage. In silken
folds
Twice round his neck the handker-
chief he twined.
His legs he cased in boots of mighty
size,
And strength experienced oft; warm'd
through and through
In chimney-corner; and with glossy
face
Prepared descending torrents to re-
pel,
As roll the round drops from the sil-
very leaf
Of rain-besprinkled colewort, or the
plumes
Of seagull sporting in the broken
wave.
Then o'er his limbs the stout great-
coat he drew,

With collar raised aloft, and threelfold
cape
Sweep below sweep in wide concen-
tric curves
Low down his back dependent; on his
breast
The folds he cross'd, and in its des-
tin'd hole
Each straining button fix'd: erect he
stood,
Like huge portmanteau on its end up-
rear'd.
Fearless he sallied forth; nor yet dis-
dain'd
The heartening draught from tankard
capp'd with foam,
By host officious to the horseblock borne
With steady hand, and eloquently
praised;
While lingering on the step his eye he
turn'd
To every wind, and mark'd the embat-
tled clouds
Ranging their squadrons in the sullen
East.
How fares he now? Caught on the
middle waste,
Where no deep wood its hospitable
gloom
Extends; no friendly thicket bids him
cower
Beneath its tangled roof; no lonely
tree
Prompts him to seek its leeward side,
and cleave,
Erect and into narrowest space com-
prest,
To the bare trunk, if haply it may
ward
The driving tempest: with bewilder'd
haste
Onward he comes. "Hither direct
thy speed;
"This sheltering grove"....He hears
not! Mark his head
Oblique, presented to the storm; his
hand
Envelop'd deep beneath the inverted
cuff,
Strives to confine, with many a fruit-
less grasp,
His ever flapping hat; the cold
drench'd glove
Clings round the imprison'd fingers.
O'er his knees
His coat's broad skirt, scanty now
proved too late,
He pulls and pulls impatient, muttering
wrath
At pilfering tailors. Baffled and per-
plex'd,

With joints benumb'd and aching, scarce he holds
 The rein, scarce-guides the steed with breathless toil
 O'erpower'd, and shrinking sideways from the blast.
 Behold that steed, with icy mane, and head
 Depress'd, and quivering ears now forward bent,
 Now backward swiftly thrown, and offering still
 Their convex penthouse to the shifting gale ;
 Behold that steed, on indurated balls
 Of snow uprais'd, like schoolboy rear'd on stilts,
 Labour unbalanced: the fallacious prop,
 Now this, now that, breaks short: with sudden jerk
 He sinks, half falling; and recovering quick,
 On legs of length unequal reels along.
 Scarce on his seat can clinging knees sustain
 The trembling rider: while the snow upheaves
 In drifts athwart his course projected broad ;
 Or o'er the uncover'd gravel rattling sweeps,
 Caught up in sudden eddies, and aloft,
 Like smoke, in suffocating volumes whirl'd.
 The road he quits unwary, wandering wide
 O'er the bleak waste, mid brushwood wrapped in snow,
 Down rough declivities and fractured banks,
 Through miry slashes, cavities un-
 seen,
 And bogs of treacherous surface; till afar
 From all that meets his recollection borne,
 Dismay'd by hazards scarce escaped, and dread
 Of heavier perils imminent, he stands
 Dismounted, and aghast. Now evening draws
 Her gathering shades around; the tempest fierce
 Drives fiercer. Chill'd within him sinks his heart,
 Panting with quick vibrations. The wild blast
 Appall'd he hears, thinks on his wife and babes,
 And doubts if ever he shall see them more.
 But comfort is at hand; the skies have spent
 In that last gust their fury. From the west
 The setting sun with horizontal gleam
 Cleaves the dense clouds; and through the golden breach
 Strikes the scathed oak, whose branches peel'd and bare
 'Gainst the retiring darkness of the storm
 With fiery lustre glow. The traveller views
 The well known landmark, lifts to heaven his eyes
 Swimming with gratitude, the friendly track
 Regains, and speeds exulting on his way.

SELECTIONS.

ACCOUNT OF THE RE-APPEAR- ANCE OF SICARD, TEACHER OF THE DEAF AND DUMB IN PARIS.

TWENTY-EIGHT months had the man, whom the Abbe de l'Epee chose for his immediate successor, the celebrated and modest Sicard, been the object of a proscription in which he was undeservedly included.

Concealed in the house of a trusty friend, who for two years risked his own life to save a head of such value, Sicard undertook the task to bestrew with flowers the first studies of children, to facilitate their progress, and to render the performance of their duty easier to the fathers of families. In a narrow cell, by the light of a lamp, whose faint glimmer seemed loth to discover the venera-

ble traits of the estimable recluse, and to betray his place of refuge, he wrote his *Universal Grammar*; thus revenging himself of the injustice of men, only by heaping new benefits upon them.

In the meantime the deaf and dumb of every age and sex lamented the absence of their teacher: sometimes they looked up to the windows of his apartment, and their eyes were bedewed with tears: or they would regard with fixed attention the arm-chair, where Sicard had been wont almost daily to expand their souls, and render them susceptible of the impressions of nature; and of the significant and various gestures that at other times animated their countenances, the expressions of dejection and sorrow alone remained.

One of them in particular, Jean Massieu, the fifth of the same family who enjoyed the instructions of the venerable Sicard, was so affected by the loss of his teacher, that, to pacify him, they were obliged to make him acquainted with his place of refuge. This young man, whose understanding and talents all Paris admires, and who, notwithstanding his weak state of health, had been promoted to the place of *repetiteur* in the school, with a salary of 1200 francs, repeatedly offered to share his small income with Sicard: "My father (said he by means of rapid signs) has nothing: I must provide him with food and clothing, and save him from the cruel fate that oppresses him." He accordingly took the necessary steps with prudence, engaged some of his friends to assist him in putting his generous project into execution, and kept himself in readiness to lay hold of the first favourable opportunity.... At length the ardently wished-for moment arrived. A dramatic poet, whom the enthusiasm of his heart rendered courageous (Bouilly) formed the resolution to interest the public in favour of the successor of the Abbe de l'Epee by producing on the stage a memorable scene from the life of that celebrated founder of the

institution for instructing the deaf and dumb. The undertaking was dangerous, but the motive irresistible. The audience shed tears to the memory of the Abbe de l'Epee; and whilst his sainted name was repeated, the unfortunate Sicard's likewise resounded. O that from his asylum he could have heard these affecting exclamations of a numerous and respectable assembly, this consoling burst of enthusiasm from a people, which paid homage to virtue, and pleaded the cause of innocence. "Sicard," they exclaimed from every side; "Restore to us Sicard!"

From the emotion that animated every countenance, from the applause that was clapped from every hand, and especially from the indescribable transports of the author (Bouilly), it was easy for Massieu, notwithstanding his deafness and dumbness, to form an idea of the interest which the audience expressed in favour of his preceptor: and he so well contrived matters, that a few days after, he and Bouilly met together at the house of a legislator, who is a friend of men of merit, and of the unfortunate, and where a brother of the chief consul of the French republic happened to be on a visit. Having here, by the affecting answers which he gave to the questions put to him, softened the hearts of a great number of persons to a participation of his feelings; he gave to the brother of the consul a letter which he had written in his presence, and which concluded with the following remarkable words: "Promise, O promise me! that you will speak for us to the chief consul: they say he loves those men who labour for the happiness of others; surely then he must love Sicard, whose sole happiness it is to render the poor deaf and dumb happy!"

This touching language of nature excited the admiration of all present and produced the most lively emotion. Massieu observed this: immediately he flung one arm round the neck of Joseph Bonaparte and the other round Bouilly; and all three

melted into tears. Joseph Bonaparte, who was most affected, pressed the amiable pupil of Sicard to his heart, and requested his worthy friend to signify to him, that he would on the same evening present his letter to the consul, and that he would venture to promise him that it would have the wished for effect.

Massieu's hopes were not disappointed: the consul ordered Sicard's name to be erased from the list of the proscribed; and soon after he was restored to the right of again giving instructions to his pupils.

The 14th of February, 1800, was the day on which this good father appeared again in the midst of his children.

It was about eleven in the morning; already was the hall appropriated for the public exercises of the deaf and dumb, filled with celebrated men; among whom, those in particular were observed who dedicate their talents and labours to the instruction of youth, and to the promotion of the happiness of the human race. In the midst of the hall stood the deaf and dumb pupils of both sexes and different ages: the vivacity of their looks, and the rapidity of their signs, by which they mutually communicated their sentiments, indicated that this day was the happiest of their life.

The friends of the venerable proscrip-t, among whom was likewise the excellent man who had sheltered him from the storm of party-rage, enter the hall in crowds; and a number of beautiful ladies embellished the company by the lustre of their charms.

At once a penetrating cry of joy escapes Massieu: every one rises up; a respectful silence reigns throughout the whole assembly;... Sicard appears... Massieu is already in his arms, his mouth is joined to the mouth of Sicard; his whole soul seems to be transfused into the soul of his preceptor; he takes him by the hand, and conducts him to his chair. Immediately the male pupils rush towards him: the more adult among them surround their

adored master, press him to their hearts, and hold him in their arms; the little ones kiss his hands, cling to his garment, and climb up to his breast and his head: he is covered with the most tender kisses, caressed with the most affecting signs, with the tears of the adults and of the children.

Sicard endeavours to speak, but his emotion deprives him of the power of utterance. He wishes to communicate to each of his pupils what passes in his heart, but all at once fix their eyes upon him, embrace him, caress him;...to extend over them his beneficent hands, to tell by signs that he loves them all with the same paternal affection, that he receives them all into his bosom, is all he has power to do, all that the blissful intoxication of his soul inspires him with.

As however nothing escapes his penetrating glance, he now observed that his female pupils, restrained by the bashfulness peculiar to their sex, venture not wholly to give way to the emotion which eradicates from their eye, and glows in every feature of their expressive countenances; affected by this struggle of modesty and sentiment, he goes towards them, stops for a moment, then stretches out his arms, and receives their caresses with a tone that seems to say "Should a father blush to embrace his children?"

Whilst these bashful maidens are expressing to their teacher the joy which his return occasions them, the boys who have made the greatest progress approach the table, and delineate with letters of fire, and the rapidity of lightning, the emotions which animate them. One of them thanks the consul and his brother for having restored to them the man from whom they received their moral existence: another describes the anxiety and melancholy with which they were overwhelmed during the absence of their beloved preceptor: a third writes down the sentence, "That virtue and truth sooner or later will triumph over the artifices of the wicked." At last,

Massieu himself appears at the table, and while he presents to the eyes of the admiring spectators the profoundest truths of the physical and moral sciences, a blooming maiden places on the head of Sicard a wreath of poppies and heliotropes, emblems of the sadness of his pupils during his absence, and of the immortality with which his genius, his patience, his beneficent labours, will be crowned.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AN AMERICAN IN FRANCE.

(Continued from page 230)

THE city of Tours, the capital of the *ci-devant* province of Touraine, lies on the south side of the river Loire, which is the largest river in France, and navigable for several hundred miles.

There is here a magnificent stone bridge over the Loire, of which one of the arches was purposely destroyed during the Vendee war, to prevent the rebels from crossing the river, and marching towards Paris. Tours is entirely built of hewn stone, and its main street is one of the finest in Europe. It is called, in compliment to the army, *Rue de l'Armee d'Italie*. In this street there are but few shops; the houses are mostly private ones, belonging to the proprietors of estates in the neighbouring districts, and to merchants who trade extensively between Nantes and the districts of the Upper Loire. At Tours, travellers from the south must have their passports *visé*, or examined and counter-signed, before they cross the Loire for Paris. In the neighbourhood of this city is a fine palace, that formerly belonged to the archbishop of Tours, the gardens of which are made one of the many fine public walks belonging to this town. At the other side of the river, close to the bridge, there is a village, at least half a

mile in length, constructed in the same manner as that which I described on the Garonne. At the foot of the hills, on the north side of the Loire, is a regular range of soft rock, of about two miles in length.

It is from this quarry *above ground*, that the city of Tours itself is built. In these rocks, which they have excavated, the villagers have very comfortable habitations, and a neat town.

The shell and roof of these houses, hollowed from the rock, may last as long as the world itself, and bid defiance to the storms, or the winter's rains. Some of those houses are so covered with vines, that one would not easily know what materials they were made of. The country in the neighbourhood of Tours, for riches and beauty, exceeds all power of description. Touraine has been always deemed the Garden of France; and I believe it may be called with truth the Garden of Europe. Here every varied beauty that cultivation can draw from the richest soil, and happiest climate, is to be found in the utmost luxuriance, while an immense population animates the scene, and gives it an interest, which a mere landscape cannot convey; neither can one or two great demesnes, however dressed in solitary grandeur. The verdure of the English pastures, nor the cattle and the flocks that are to be seen feeding upon them, by no means present a scene so interesting to the heart as these delightful valleys, through which the Loire winds its majestic course: they are covered with the richest productions of nature in European climates; the air breaths fragrance, the climate and the rural beauties of the prospect dispose the mind to tranquillity and harmony, while the never-ceasing sounds of mirth and gaiety proclaim the happiness of their numerous inhabitants. The high road from Tours to Blois keeps close to the river-side the whole of the way, and cannot be surpassed,

or I believe equalled, in Europe for richness of prospect and scenery. I think that every traveller, who wishes to have a complete idea of France, and happens to be in Paris in the summer season, should visit this country, which has long been called the garden of France. A week's excursion from Paris would be sufficient for the purpose; and it surely would be a week well employed. Blois is a large but irregular town, and is neither well-built, nor handsome. As it has long enjoyed the reputation of being the town where the French language is spoken with the greatest purity, I must therefore suppose that many persons of fashion and high education live at Blois, although it cannot be compared with Tours for beauty or attractions. In the centre of the town of Blois there is a very fine palace, which formerly belonged to the bishop; but was, in the time of assignats, sold for a mere trifle to a negotiant. The town of Blois gained but very little by this transfer of property; for, in the bishop's time, the gardens were thrown open to the public for a walk; but the negotiant's first act of ownership was to shut them up, and exclude the public from the liberty of walking there.

From Blois to Orleans, which is also upon the Loire, the road follows the direction of the river, but in a straighter course. The country is, the whole of the way, rich and beautiful.

Orleans is a large city, possessing a considerable share both of manufactures and commerce.

There are a great number of passage and trading vessels belonging to Orleans, which go regularly to Nantes, which lies at the mouth of the Loire, nearly two hundred miles from Orleans.

There is also a canal near Orleans, by which the Loire is connected with the Seine, and Orleans communicates with Paris. This town is large, and rich enough to support its theatre, and a tolerably-good set of actors, for the greatest part of

the year. I mentioned to you in my last, that of all my fellow-travellers from Bourdeaux to Paris, I should only describe one. Common characters, such as are to be seen every day, in every country, are hardly worth describing; but, when a character is met with, whose interest and whose history is derived from the prejudices of the country through which one travels, from the barbarous pride of an order which no longer exists in France; the description of such a character will give something of historical information respecting the manners of the times that are past. About twelve leagues on the south side of Tours, a lady of about twenty-five years of age entered the carriage, with her attendant. She was tall, and well-formed, her features were regular, her eyes large, but vacant. Reason had long quitted its seat; and her soul, having lost its object, had forgotten to animate her countenance, or sparkle in her eyes. Its pulses had almost ceased to beat. Scarcely had she taken her seat, when her talkative attendant informed us....*Elle est folle*. She is out of her reason. On inquiring into her story, she told me, that *Mademoiselle etoit de la plus haute noblesse*; that is, belonged to the highest rank of nobility; that she dared not tell her name; but that her story was, that in her youth she had fallen in love with a neighbouring bourgeois, who was young, rich, and handsome, and equally in love with her; but, that as it was impossible for her parents *de la plus haute noblesse* to consent that their daughter should marry a bourgeois, whatever qualifications he might have, the consequence was, that the young lady grew deranged, had been seven years in the condition I then saw her, and no hopes were entertained of her recovery. Such was the melancholy effects I have witnessed with my own eyes, of the distinctions that once subsisted between *la plus haute noblesse*, and *la bourgeoisie*....Who is it that would wish to revive such distinctions?

From Orleans to Paris, the road is paved, and, I am told, that to the north of Paris all the high roads are paved. On this road, particularly as one approaches Paris, one meets with many magnificent houses, demesnes, and parks (the country-seats of the great nobles, who usually resided at Versailles or Paris). The villa that once belonged to the celebrated Madam de Pompadour, mistress to Louis XV, is very grand, but the most magnificent country-seat on the road belongs to monsieur, formerly marquis, D'Argenson, son to a farmer-general, who built this place during his administration. This place may compare with the duke of Bedford's seat at Woburn for grandeur and magnificence. The park, which is in the highest state of cultivation, contains between three and four thousand acres, surrounded with a stone-wall, eight feet high, and of the neatest masonry. The money expended on this wall alone would purchase a considerable estate. The mansion-house, and the village, which may be considered as an appurtenance to it, are, in every respect, suitable to the grandeur of the park. I was much surprised that a marquis, a son of a farmer-general and minister of finance, should be permitted to retain this fine property, acquired probably out of the revenues of the nation. On inquiring the causes of it, I was informed, that at least nine-tenths of the nobility of France would have preserved their property as well as monsieur D'Argenson, if they had not chosen to emigrate, and abandon their estates, in hopes of recovering them again, with the titles and privileges that the revolution had abolished. Most of them chose to stake their fortunes on this chance, and they lost them; as to those who quitted the country in the reign of terror, they are not considered as emigrants, and very little of their property has been sold. As to this monsieur D'Argenson, he constantly resided at his country-seat, and all the harm he suffered during the revolution was, that,

in the times of the Sans culottini, some of his neighbours broke down part of his park-wall, and turned their cattle into it; but, when the levelling spirit had spent its rage, and government was a little better established, he repaired his wall, and has enjoyed his fine demesne very peaceably ever since.

It therefore appears to me, that all the compassion due to the French emigrants, as a body, is what misfortune may claim, even when the effect of imprudence. If, without any necessity, they chose to stake their fortunes on a most hazardous speculation, they must, in some degree, blame themselves for the consequences. Those who have purchased the estates of emigrants usually allow an annuity out of them for the support of the original possessor. This custom the general opinion of the neighbourhood, and the advice of the priests, makes almost universal. The country in the neighbourhood of Paris exhibits considerable variety; it is somewhat hilly, where, as France is in general a very flat country: its villages also are, as might be expected, much neater than they are at a distance from Paris, and the country-seats more frequent.

ON THE USE OF THE WORDS "SHALL" AND "WILL."

It is commonly acknowledged, that foreigners find a difficulty in the use of the English words "shall" and "will," and that many amongst our own countrymen, (particularly the Scotch and Irish) often substitute improperly the one for the other. Yet I meet with no rule anywhere laid down on the subject; and I have frequently heard it asserted, that there is none; that the knowledge of the right use of the words cannot be attained by foreigners, but by a familiar acquaintance with the language in its purest style; and that provincials can only by observation free them-

nelves from the habit of speech naturally acquired where the ear is accustomed to the misuse of the words. Thus we pretend ourselves to decide arbitrarily, this is right, and that is wrong, without any rule, as if we could discriminate by intuition; and we expect those, with whose phraseology we are offended, to adopt by observation that for which there is no standard.

On referring to Dr. Johnson, I find he gives no rule: he confesses the difficulty, and does, in my opinion, very little towards removing it.

In his dictionary, under the word "shall," he says:

"SHALL, v. defective [preal, Sax. is originally *I owe*, or *I ought*].

In Chaucer, "*the faith I shall to God*," means the faith I owe to God; thence it became a sign of the future tense. The French use *devoir, dois, doit*, in the same manner, with a kind of future signification; and the Swedes have *skall*, and the Icelanders *skal*, in the same sense. It has no tenses but *shall*, future; and *should*, imperfect.]

The explanation of *shall*, which foreigners and provincials confound with *will*, is not easy; and the difficulty is increased by the poets, who sometimes give to *shall* an emphatical sense of *will*; but I shall endeavour (*crassa Minerva*) to shew the meaning of *shall* in the future tense.

1. *I shall love*. It will so happen that I must love; I am resolved to love.
2. *Shall I love?* Will it be permitted me to love? Will you permit me to love? Will it happen that I must love?
3. *Thou shalt love?* I command thee to love. It is permitted thee to love: (in poetry or solemn diction) it will happen that thou must love.
4. *Shalt thou love?* Will it happen that thou must love? Will it be permitted to thee to love.
5. *He shall love*. It will happen that he must love; it is commanded him that he love.

It is a mind, that *shall* remain a prison where it is.

————— Shall remain?
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?
mark you

His absolute *shall*? *Shakspeare*.

See Romulus the Great:

This prince a priestess of your blood
shall bear,

And, like his sire, in arms he shall appear.

Dryden's Æn.

That he *shall* receive no benefit from Christ, is the affirmation whereon all his despair is founded; and the one way of removing this dismal apprehension, is to convince him that Christ's death, and the benefits thereof, either do, or if he perform the condition required of him, *shall* certainly belong to him....*Hammond's Fundamentals*.

6. *Shall he love?* It is permitted him to love? In solemn language, will it happen that he must love?
Thus far Dr. Johnson.

Now I contend that, if there is a right and a wrong, there must be a rule. Perhaps it may be said that I am fighting against the air, that the matter is obvious, and known to every one. I can only answer, if the rule is any where given, I shall be glad to have it pointed out to me; if not I think it is wanting; and, till some one shall lay down a better, I shall venture to retain that which is here proposed to your readers.

In the first place then, I observe, that in English we have no simple future, but express it by auxiliary with the principal verb.

Now the auxiliaries have also an appropriate signification themselves as simple verbs.... "Will" implying intention or volition, or rather further a determination or resolution of the actor; "shall" implying a determination on the part of the speaker. Ex. "He says he *will* not, but he *shall*." Here the actor is compelled.

It may be softened into a *permission*, as "he shall if he will;".... "he shall have my *permission*;"

still this implies intention of the speaker relative to something in his power, and it is not a mere future.

Now, as our language is so constructed, that, while we want only to express a mere future, we are obliged to use one of these words, so that we cannot get rid of an implied determination either of the speaker or of the actor, the contrivance seems to be to throw it off from the *speaker*; and, with respect to the *actor*, a degree of ambiguity is left, which an Interpretation, arising out of the general connection, and probable intention, of the sentence, removes in a degree sufficient for general use.

In speaking in the first person, the *speaker* is the nominative to the verb; the actor and the speaker are one and the same. In this case, "*will*" implies the determination of the speaker, because he is also the actor. In the second and third person, the person or thing *spoken of* is the nominative case to the verb; the actor and speaker are not the same; therefore the word "*will*" does not involve the intention of the speaker.

This therefore I propose as the rule, viz. that, when we intend a mere future, the word "*shall*" is used in the first person, and "*will*" in the second and third; and the cause of the rule I take to be, the speaker's desire to avoid expressing his own intention.

For these reasons, when speaking in the first person, we say "*I shall forget*," in which no actual will or determination of the speaker is implied; for the actor and the speaker being the same person (since the meaning cannot be "*I will compel myself*") the compulsory signification of the word "*shall*" cannot be intended, and it is a mere future.

In the third person, we cannot say "*he shall forget*," on account of the compulsory signification of the word "*shall*"; and we say "*he will forget*."

In neither of these cases do we find any ambiguity; for *to forget* is not a

subject either of will or compulsion.

In verbs denoting any act the subject of will or compulsion, the ambiguity relative to the will of the *actor* is left, when the speaker either cannot express, or chooses to avoid expressing, his own will; as "*the sun will not shine to day*"; "*my servant will not be in town to-morrow*." These are mere futures; but by possibility might be construed to express a determination of the sun or the servant, to which ambiguity we submit, as to a defect in the language.

In the like cases, but in the first person, we should say, "*I shall be distressed with this burning sun*;" in which it is out of the speaker's power to express his will; or, "*I shall not be in town to day*," when he chooses to avoid expressing his will; and these also are mere futures.

We cannot exchange these words, and say, in the first case, "*the sun shall not shine*," or "*I will not be distressed*;" for then instead of a future the words express the will and determination of the speaker in matters out of his controul: nor, in the second case, can we say, "*my servant shall not be in town*," or "*I will not be in town*;" for then the words express the will of the speaker, where he means merely to speak in the future tense, without declaring his own determination on the subject.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDE.

LOUIS BOURBON, prince of Conde, was born on the 8th of September, 1721. His studies were directed by the Jesuits. His military ardour broke forth early in life, and superseded every other object. At the age of eighteen he served as a volunteer at the celebrated siege of Arras, where he gave the first signal proofs of that courage for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished. In 1640 he married

the niece of the cardinal Richelieu. This marriage, which administered to the ambition of the aspiring prelate, did not contribute to the happiness of the young devoted bridegroom.

Being in 1643 appointed commander in chief, he ascended with gigantic steps, (through a succession of victories) the summit of renown. His great merit, however, did not shield him from the suspicious nature of Mazarin; for soon after he had subdued the Parisian insurgents, his own destruction was the object of the subtle Italian, who procured an order (under various pretences) for the imprisonment of the prince of Conde, of his brother the prince of Conti, and of his brother-in-law the duke of Longueville.

The prince of Conde endured this indignity with that calm fortitude which he so eminently possessed upon every trial. His brother unequal to this sudden reverse of fortune, sunk under it; and having desired to be provided with a religious book, entitled, *The Imitation of Christ*, the prince is reported to have archly said, "I beg I may be provided with the *Imitation of Beaufort*, that I may learn the manner of his escaping from his confinement two years ago." The illustrious prisoner frequently amused himself with working in the garden of the castle; a circumstance which called from the pen of mademoiselle de Scudery these lines, the best perhaps she ever wrote:

En voyant ces œillets qu'un illustre
guerrier
Arrosa d'une main qui gagna les ba-
tailles,
Soyviens-toi qu'Apollon batissoit des
murailles
Et ne t'étonne pas que Mars soit jar-
dinier.

- At the expiration of thirteen months he was set at liberty, in consequence of the repeated and pressing solicitations of the parliament. It was during this confinement, that,

taking counsel from revenge, he formed those resolutions, and meditated upon that scheme, which proved so fatal to his country. It is to be presumed that such were the workings of his mind (at that time), from what he was often heard to say, "that he went into prison the most innocent of men, and came out the most guilty." The first indication he discovered of his adverse intention towards the government was when he assisted at the meeting of the parliament, where Broussel, a turbulent man, proposed several things that had a tendency to faction: at the conclusion of Broussel's speech, a confused warmer of approbation was heard, upon which the prince of Conde exclaimed *Voilà un bel echo!* Not long after he threw off the mask, and we find him in Guienne at the head of the insurgents, where not meeting with that success his ardent presumption had led him to expect, he entered the Spanish service, and at length terminated his rebellious career (as the cardinal of Rets observes) at the goal of loyalty. Having obtained his pardon, he ever after manifested a warm and active attachment to his sovereign and his country. He died at Fontainebleau, in his sixty-fifth year, on the 11th of December, 1686.

The following discourse was delivered on the 10th of March, 1687, in the cathedral at Paris.

The splendid cenotaph erected on the occasion, displayed at once the magnificence of art, and the sumptuous invention of Perrault, and has been ever since the model for funeral decoration. It was supposed to have cost a hundred thousand livres.

Bourdaloue also pronounced the panegyric of the great Conde: but the unimpassioned didactic style of the celebrated Jesuit was ill adapted to encomiastic composition. The close, however, of his discourse is warm and animated. The incident of the prince's having requested, in his last moments, that his heart should be deposited in the church-

belonging to the Jesuits, calls from the orator this fervid effusion of gratitude:

"Yes! we will be the faithful guardians of this sacred deposit: your request, O Prince, we will respectfully and affectionately perform. The heart of each individual of our order will be a living mausoleum, in which yours shall be inurned! The solemn engagement we now contract, will be held in veneration from one extremity of the earth to the other: in the old and in the new world will be found hearts glowing with gratitude for the obligations conferred upon our society by the illustrious prince of Conde!"

The Funeral Oration on Louis of Bourbon, Prince of Conde,

BY BOSSUET.

WHEN I consider that the discourse I am entering upon is to celebrate that ever dear and resplendent name, Louis of Bourbon, prince of Conde, I am at once overpowered by the magnificence of the subject and its inutility: for where is that distant and obscure corner of the earth to which his renown is not become familiar? What I shall offer this day to your attention, I am conscious will not rise to the demands of your gratitude, nor fill the grasp of your expectation. Feeble orators as we are, we cannot diffuse any additional lustre over those rare and distinguished personages, whom nature hath selected and highly privileged. The wise man, therefore, says with his accustomed sagacity, "Let their own works praise them." The panegyrist, like a timid "inexperienced statuary, recoils from the laborious task of fashioning a colossal figure." A faithful unadorned narrative would best display the features of our hero's mind: history must perform that task, and move the admiration of posterity by a simple recital of his actions. We will in the meantime endeavour to comply with the request of a grateful public, and with the orders of an illustrious monarch. What a deep sense of obligation

should we not entertain for a prince, who has not only flung a new splendor round the throne, and exalted the French name, but who does honour to the present age, and who ennobles even human nature!

The illustrious monarch to whom I lately alluded, hath summoned to this venerable temple the most distinguished and august personages of the kingdom, to pay their united homage to the memory of our departed hero; he hath also ordained that I should lend my feeble voice to this funeral exhibition, to these rites of sorrow. A reflection (more worthy of this hallowed place) now occupies my mind, which is, that God alone forms the soul of the conqueror. The Psalmist says, "Blessed is the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war." If valour is breathed into him by the Almighty Power, his other attributes are no less derived from the same inexhaustible source. We should learn to discriminate those gifts which the Omnipotent Hand disperses among the wicked, and those which are imparted to the virtuous. The great distinguished gift of God is a sense of religion: without this inestimable gift, what would have availed to the eminent personage whose loss we now deplore, all the amiable attributes of his heart, or all the sublime energies of his mind? Had not religion consecrated the rare qualities which adorned his character, the august personages now present would not have found amidst their sorrow any consoling reflection: the venerable prelate would perform, devoid of hope, his awful ministry, and I should look in vain for any basis on which I might erect the structure of his fame. Let then human glory vanish as a transient meteor! and let me at this altar boldly sacrifice the idol of ambition! I should wish to bring together in one collected view his superior qualities, his valour, his magnanimity, his amiableness, with all the requisites peculiar to genius, eagle-eyed sagacity, invention, sublimity. This

assemblage, this constellation of excellencies, would be nothing more than a bright phantom, were not those excellencies consecrated by religion.

God hath revealed to us, that he appoints the conquerors who are to subdue the world, and makes their conquests subservient to his designs. Was not the splendid designation of Cyrus made known two hundred years before his birth? Was not Alexander predicted in the most figurative manner, as coming from the west, "on the face of the whole earth, and not touching the ground;" like an Alpine deer, whose every movement is a bound; and whose rapid progress is not delayed by rugged acclivities, by rolling torrents, by gaping chasms, or by precipitous descents. The Persian monarch is already subdued. He ran unto him, says the prophet, in the fury of his power. He cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him. Do we not behold in this metaphoric representation the semblance of our hero, blended with that of Alexander? Heaven, no doubt, sent him forth endowed with every martial accomplishment, to save his country. It was at the age of twenty-two that the comprehensive mind of our warrior conceived a design of such magnitude, that the most experienced commanders recoiled at the proposal, but which victory sanctioned before the walls of Rocroy! The enemy brought into the field the hardy veteran bands of Walloons, Spaniards, and Italians, who till that hour, were unacquainted with defeat, and whom renown had proclaimed invincible. Among our troops an uncommon intrepidity diffused itself, kindled, as it were, at the sight of our heroic youth, on whose eloquent and presageful eye victory sat enthroned! The renowned Don Francisco de Mellos waited with undaunted brow for the approach of our army. Our heroic youth, inflamed with so vast an object, and impatient of celebrity, revealed at once the whole splendid energy of his mind. Yet then tran-

quility, that faithful attendant on true greatness, possessed his soul: on the night preceding the important day, he is known to have resigned himself to rest with all the unruffled calmness of a sleeping infant. But now the eventful hour is come. Behold him hastening from rank to rank, diffusing his own ardour wherever he flies. Such was his activity, as if several Condés were in the field! Here was he seen forcing the right wing of the enemy, there supporting and encouraging our right that had given way: in one place spreading terror, in another reanimating defeat. The formidable Spanish infantry remained still unsubdued, which separating into several close-compacted battalions, stood like towers amidst the general ruin. Three times did our heroic youth, collecting his full force, rush on these intrepid combatants, and every time met with a repulse. The valiant Spaniard, the Count de Fuentes, displayed under the pressure of illness the most unconquerable mind: conveyed in a litter from danger to danger, he breathed defiance: but the efforts of this superior energy were doomed to prove ineffectual. In vain did the celebrated Bek, bursting from a wood, attempt with his daring cavalry, to surprise our exhausted troops: our young commander, with a preventive wisdom, a prophetic caution, placed a select body of his men in a position ready to resist this onset. The foremost ranks of the enemy, finding themselves enveloped, threw down their arms and implored our mercy; while our prince was hastening to receive their submission, the other part of the hostile army, not adverting to the surrender of the advanced battalions (or instigated by whatever motive) discharged on our men the whole thunder of their artillery, which so incensed, so infuriated our troops, that an unutterable carnage ensued, till our hero, exerting every effort to calm the maddening rage of his soldiers, added to the pride of conquest the more soothing satisfaction of forgiveness.

The valiant count de Fuentes now became the object of his humane anxiety, but he was found expiring amidst the thousands who were dying and bleeding round him!

On this tremendous field our virtuous youth with bended knee dedicated to the great disposer of events, the glory of the day. The security of Rocroy, the degraded menaces of a formidable enemy, the regency now standing on an immovable basis, were the topics of this exulting day, to which was added the presentment of the lustre that was to accompany a future reign, which presentment was sanctioned as it were under the auspices of so glorious a commencement. Universal fame pronounced with admiration the name of our heroic youth! This military essay (as it might be denominated) which would have thrown an ample lustre round any other person, was to him only the prelude dawn of that meridian splendor which afterwards illumed the horizon! After this great achievement when he returned to his court, such was the delicacy, or rather the greatness of his mind, that, indocil to the voice of flattery, he received the applauses to which he was so entitled with a reluctant ear. Germany now demands his presence, to which place you must direct your attention; where you will behold the most formidable preparations; where the science of war (by multiplying her inventions, and by exerting her utmost efforts) is going to summon the abilities of our hero to the severest trial. The local scenery is present to my view! In the foreground rises a tremendous mountain on one side of which are seen hideous chasms, and precipitous descents.... on the other, an impenetrable forest, standing on a marshy ground. To impede the march of our army, several fortæ are erected, and bodies of trees of immense form are thrown across the roads, augmenting at once the difficulty of progress, and terror of situation. Behind the forest the intrepid Mercî stands intrenched with his Bavarian

troops.....Merci, who never was known to make a retrogressive motion; whom the circumspective Turenne never detected in an irregular movement; in whose commendation Conde united with Turenne, and who frequently was heard to say that Mercî never lost the fleeting occasion of a favourable moment, and that he entered into their plans with such a pervading wisdom, as would almost lead them to think he had assisted at their councils. In the space of 8 days four obstinate actions took place, in which were at once displayed the most impetuous attack, and the most determined resistance. Our troops had to struggle with the difficulties and perils attending their position, as well as with the valour of the enemy. Conde was for some time under the apprehension of being deserted: but, like another Macabæus, his own arm did not desert him; and his adventurous spirit, irritated by so many obstacles, surmounted them all. He led the way on foot up the severe ascent, and having with a persevering fortitude, laboured to the summit of the mountain, his own ardour accomplished the rest. Mercî foresaw his own defeat; the advanced part of his army is suddenly vanquished, and the veil of night secures the remainder. I must not omit to say, that a heavy incessant rain fell during this memorable action, so that our hero had not only to climb a steep and rugged mountain, not only to combat a most formidable enemy, but even to contend with the warring elements!

This victory lengthened out its effects to distant places: behold! Wormes, Spires, Mayence, Landau, throw open their gates. Astonished Europe saw our warrior at the early age of twenty-six obtain this immortal victory! The speed of execution allowed not sufficient time to the enemy to traverse his plans: this is the characteristic feature of a great commander. Swifter than eagles, bolder than lions, are the comprehensive allusions of David

to the two celebrated warriors whose death he so forcibly laments: out of this compound imagery equally rises the characteristic form of our illustrious countryman. He was present at every scene, foremost in every peril; and as he flew from place to place, it seemed as if he multiplied himself, such was his velocity! the more rapidly he plunged into the scene of action, the more he seemed protected by the shield of heaven.

It is now with extreme reluctance that I advert to that unfortunate period of his life, when he was a state-prisoner. I will venture to repeat, even before that sacred altar, the words which I once heard him pronounce, which indicate the workings of a loyal heart. He observes to me, that he was perfectly innocent on the day he entered his prison, and exceedingly criminal on the day he was set at liberty. In the small compass of these few expressive words, are contained his self-reproaches, and the cause and extent of his error. But I will throw a veil over the exceptionable part of his conduct, and will only observe that where a crime in subsequent signal services is so illustriously lost, nothing should be recalled but the generous acknowledgment of the offender, and the clemency of the offended.

In his first campaigns he had but one life to offer to his sovereign and his state; now he leads his son into the field, and there illustrates by the energy of example, the precepts he had inculcated in the cabinet. I omit dwelling on the passage of the Rhine, that miracle of our sovereign, and the stupendous transaction of the age! in order to carry your attention to the young warrior in the battle of Senef, in which he saw his father fall, and beheld him struggling under his wounded horse, and covered with blood: he wades through every danger to his assistance; and while he is raising him from the ground, receives a wound! happy to have served at the same moment the cause of glory, and of

filial piety! The prince of Condé, from that hour, entertained for his son an increased affection. But his affection was not confined within the pale of his family and relatives. It reached the circle of his friends, it reached the misfortunes of his distant acquaintance, it reached the whole human race. Far from my lips be the eulogium of a conqueror devoid of humanity! When God first formed the heart of man, he placed benevolence there as the characteristic of the Divine nature. Benevolence then ought to be the most active principle of our heart; the charm of the most powerful attraction towards our neighbour. The splendor of birth, the accession of riches, far from depressing this active principle, will enable it the better to communicate itself; as a public fountain which the more it is elevated, the more easily can the stream be diffused. They to whose bosom benevolent communication is a stranger, are punished for their disdainful insensibility, being deprived of the gratification arising from mutual intercourse. Never was there a man whose compliant elegance of manners was better adapted to general society. Is this the conqueror who laid towns in ashes, and whose approach was announced by terror? Behold him mild, beneficent, cheerful, complacent, and yielding to every person: so the same river, which, rolling down some eminence, swells and enrages at every obstacle, approaches the precincts of a town with a calm and unequal flow, and then diffusing its course into various channels, communicates health and refreshment to every mansion.

Let us now advert to the genius peculiar to the military department. As the art of war, so fatal to the human race, demands the most comprehensive capacity, let us examine his claims to that superior excellence. We have already observed that he was renowned for his preventive wisdom; one of his maxims was, that we should fear an enemy at a distance, and rejoice

when he approaches: another maxim of his was, that an able general may be defeated; but he should never be taken by surprise. To this principle he perpetually directed his attention. At whatever hour, from whatever quarter, the enemy appeared, they found him upon his guard, as if he was expecting them. So an eagle sailing through the air, or stationed on a lofty rock, sends his excursive brilliant eye around, eager to behold and rush upon his prey. Though nature had endowed him with her best gifts, he still supplied and enriched his mind with study and reflection. He investigated Cæsar's military stations with a peculiar attention: I remember how accurately he pointed out to us one day, the spot on which, by the advantage only of situation, Cæsar compelled five Roman legions, commanded by two experienced generals, to lay down their arms, without striking a blow. He had formerly examined every river and mountain which had co-operated to the completion of so great a plan. Never did a professor read so learned a lecture on the commentaries. The leaders of armies yet unborn will pay the same honours to the modern Cæsar. They will wander over with peculiar delight the plains, the eminences, the vallies, the forests which served, as it were, as so many theatres for the warlike exhibitions of our conqueror. It was observed by those who accompanied him to the wars, and who approached his person in the field, that in the ardour of combat, in the imminent moment to which victory had affixed her only hope, he possessed an uncommon tranquillity. At another time he was docile to suggestion, and submissive to counsel: but now illumination flashed on his mind, unembarrassed by a multiplicity of pressing objects; he seizes his plan, and enforces it with his own personal intrepidity! On that day of terror, when at the gates of the town, in view of all its inhabitants, when he was opposed by an expert general at the head of his select troops; at that

hour, when he seemed to be abandoned by capricious fortune, they who were fighting at his side have assured me, that, had they any important business to confer with him upon, they would have appointed for the time of their discussion the moments when he was surrounded by danger and destruction: so calm, so unruffled, was his exalted mind! like a high mountain, whose aspiring summit, piercing the clouds and midway storm, remains invested with a splendid serenity.

It was reserved for these eventful times to bring to our view at the same period Conde and Turenne! now commanding separate divisions, now acting in conjunction. What boldness of execution! What prophetic sagacity! what perils! what resources! Were there ever seen two men of such a corresponding genius, stamped with such a diversity of character? One appeared to act by the slow impulse of profound reflection, the other by the sudden influx of illumination. One no sooner entered the field, than he excited the idea of the highest valour, and awakened expectation: yet leisurely advancing to the object in view, he gradually attained the summit of fame! And on a memorable day, prodigal of safety, and profuse, as it were, of life, we know how illustrious he fell! The other, impelled by an ardent instinctive intelligence, pregnant of inspiration, rivalled in the opening of his first campaign the achievements of experienced commanders. One, confiding in the resources of his inventive courage, challenged the most imminent danger, and turned even to his advantage the caprices of fortune. The other, by the prerogative of a sublime mind, and of a certain mysterious, infallible perception (the secret of which was unknown to other men), seemed born to control chance, and, as it were, to subjugate destiny.

Such are the characters which the world sometimes displays, when God (for the purpose of revealing his own power or wisdom) ordains

eminent personages to ascend the scene. Say, do his divine attributes appear more illustrious in the wonderful creation of the expanded sky, than in those men on whom he confers such splendid intellectual endowments? What star in the firmament glows with more lustre than Conde among the exalted characters of Europe? It was not, however, to the art of war, alone, that he owes his celebrity. His comprehensive mind embraced every other science: with the works of literature, and with the authors, he was equally acquainted: and they acknowledged that they never quitted his society without carrying with them a portion of his communicated wisdom, without being informed by his judicious reflections and pregnant questions, and without being illumined by the coruscations that flashed from his vivid imagination. These intellectual powers, flowing from the fountain of wisdom, demand curateem. Yet, to humble the pride of man, we see these mental distinctions bestowed by God even on those who were deprived of the knowledge of religion. Need I pronounce the names of Marcus Aurelius? of Scipio? of Cæsar? of Alexander? These illustrious personages were called into existence to illuminate society, as the sun was planted in the firmament to illuminate the world. Who does not admire the meridian glory of that splendid orb? Who is not delighted with the orient colours which adorn his rising, and with the gorgeous clouds and majestic pageantry that dignify his decline? So are renowned personages, those mental luminaries, ordained to shine forth for the purpose of decorating the moral world! Alexander, whose object was celebrity, transcended the boundary of his utmost wishes. A kind of glorious fatality attended this conqueror..... He glides in every panegyric, and no military genius can receive the crown of honour due to his memory without enwreathing it with the name of Alexander. If a remuneration formerly were due to the

prowess of the Romans, God rewarded that prowess by giving them the empire of the world, as a present of no value: a present which does not actually reach them, because it is now contracted and shrunk to a renown, which lives on their medals and mutilated statues dug from a pile of ruins! a renown which lives on their monuments mouldering at the touch of time! a renown that is affixed to their idea, to their shadow, to that airy nothing their name! Behold, ye powers of the earth, O kings! O conquerors! the reward that attends the labours of your ambition: grasp to your bosom, if you can, this glorious phantom; she will deceive your expectation, and mock your wishes even in the hour of possession. From the pursuit of this phantom our warlike prince diverts his course: no longer now the ardent warrior in the noisy chase of ambition, he treads the walk of the obscure virtues, and of the retired graces of religion. The humble duties of domestic life, the government of your family, the edification given to your servants, acts of justice and indulgence to your dependants, attention, charity, consolation given to the simple inhabitants of the cottages which surround your mansion....these lowly virtues will one day be lifted high, and will at the last day be exalted by the Saviour of the world, in the presence of angels and of his Father.

Without waiting for the approach of illness, or the warning of caducity, Conde now dedicates his hours to religious reflections: an enlightened monk attends him in his recess: with this pious monitor he peruses the sacred page, and drinks at the fountain of true knowledge. Would to God that they who are now listening to this discourse would imitate his example! How improvident to wait till you are languishing on the couch of death! How improvident to delay the duties of religion, till, freezing under the cold touch of dissolution, you scarcely can be reckoned among the living! The

mind of our pious hero being strengthened by this preparatory discipline, he was equal to the last conflict. When the fatal time drew near, and he was informed of the approaching moment, after a short pause, he cried out in the most energetic manner, "Thy will, O God! be done: O give me grace to die the death of the just." From that moment he appeared as in the day of battle, occupied but not ruffled, intent but not alarmed, resolute but calm: and he looked upon death with an equal eye, whether it presented itself in the languid form of disease, or whether it rushed on his view in the midst of combat clothed with terror.

Religion now claims his last thoughts, and takes entire possession of his mind. As the ministers of the altar drew near, he cried out with an impressive voice, "These are my true physicians." While they recited the prayers of the dying he listened with an awful and submissive expectation. In these pathetic prayers and agonizing exclamations, our holy mother the church seems to suffer the pangs of labour, and endure the painful anxieties of a parent in bringing forth her children to celestial birth. Now calling his confessor, he solemnly attested that he had ever adhered to the belief of the Christian doctrine: he added, that his belief was now attended with a stronger conviction, and he cried out with a rapturous confidence, "Yes, I shall behold my God face to face." It seemed as if he was suddenly illuminated, as if a celestial ray had in a moment pierced the cloud of ignorance, and (if I may be allowed to say) the awful obscurity that hangs over our faith. At the dawn of such a pure ineffable light, did not the phantoms of this world recede? How dim now appears the splendor of victory! how contemptible the pride of descent! how trifling the majesty of grandeur! how puerile, how infantine the serious toils and pursuits of life! Let me then summon to this mournful solemnity, persons of every rank and pro-

fession. Draw near, ye great! ye humble! ye rich! ye poor! and chiefly ye, oh illustrious progeny of the house of Bourbon! draw near, and behold all that remains of a birth so exalted, of a renown so extensive, of a glory so brilliant! See all that sumptuousness can perform to celebrate the hero! Mark the titles, the inscriptions, she has flung around! vain indications of an existence that is not now to be found! Mark those sculptured images, that, sorrowfully bending round you monument, appear to weep! mark those aspiring columns which magnificently attest our nothingness! Amidst this waste of decoration, this profusion of honours, nothing is wanting but the person to whom they are dedicated! Let us then lament our frail and fugitive existence, while we perform the rites of a sickly immortality to the memory of our departed hero. I now address myself particularly to those who are advancing in the same career of military glory. Approach, and bewail your great commander. I can almost persuade myself that I hear you say, "Is he then no more our intrepid chief, who through the rugged paths of danger led us often to victory? His name, the only part of him that remains is all sufficient to goad us on to future exertionshis departed spirit now whispers to our soul this sacred admonition, that if we hope to obtain at our death the reward of our labours, we must serve our God as well as we serve our earthly sovereign." Enter then into the service of your God, the great remuneration! who, in the prodigality of his indulgence, will estimate higher one pious sigh, or a drop of water given in his name, than the sovereigns of the earth will prize the sacrifice of your lives in their service. Will not they also approach this mournful monument, they who were united to him by the sacred bond of friendship? Draw near, ye companions of his social hour; pay homage to the memory of your associate, whose goodness of heart equalled its intrepidity; and let his death be at once

the object of your sorrow, of your consolation, and of your example. As for me, if I may be permitted in my turn to deliver the sentiments of my affection, I should say, O thou illustrious theme of my encomium and of my regret! thou shalt ever claim a place in my grateful recollection: the image, however, which is there engraved, is not impressed with that daring eye which foretels victory: for I will behold nothing in you that death effaces: but on this image shall be found the features of immortality. The image presents itself as I beheld you on the hour of dissolution, when the glories of the celestial abode seemed to burst upon you. Yes! at that moment, even on the couch of languor, did I behold you more triumphant than in the plains of Fribourg and Rocroy! So true it is what the beloved disciple says: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Enjoy, O Prince! this victory, and let it be the eternal object of your triumph, which you have obtained through the meditation of a crucified Saviour. Indulge the closing accents of a voice which was not unknown to you. These lips, which have pronounced so many funeral discourses, shall now be silent. My encomiums on departed greatness shall terminate with you: instead of deploring the death of others, I will labour to make my own resemble yours: and fortunate will it be for me, if, taking warning from these white hairs, I devote myself exclusively to the duties of my episcopal functions, and reserve for my flock (whom I ought to feed with the words of life) the glimmering of an ardour that is almost extinguished, and the faint efforts of a voice that is expiring.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

THE sufferings of this unfortunate victim to an unknown policy, commenced in 1685, when M. St. Mars, governor of the isle of St.

Marguerité on the coast of Provence, received an order from Louis XIV, to build a secure prison for the reception of the Iron Mask, to which place he was removed in 1687.

The following is a description of that prison, which father Papon had the curiosity to visit on the 2d of February, 1778. The chamber occupied by the captive was small, and was lighted by a single window fronting the north, secured by three iron grates at an equal distance from each other: this window, in a wall of extraordinary thickness, overlooked the sea, and was raised fourteen or fifteen feet above the level of the ground.

The governor treated his prisoner with the most profound respect; waited on him himself; and took the dishes, at the outer door of the chamber, from the servants who brought them up, but were not suffered any nearer approach. None had ever seen the face of the captive. He one day thought fit to engrave his name with a fork on a silver plate: a servant, into whose hands it fell, thought to make his court by carrying it to the governor: this unhappy man was deceived; being privately made away with, and the important secret buried with him.

Another account says, That the prisoner having engraved his name upon the plate, threw it out of the window, it fell upon the beach at the foot of the tower, where it was found by a fisherman, and carried to M. St. Mars, who greatly astonished at the incident, asked the fisherman "If he could read, and if any one had seen the plate in his hands?" "I cannot read, (replied the fisherman,) and no one has seen the plate." The governor detained this man until he was convinced that he could not read, and that no one had seen the plate: he then dismissed him with these words; "Go. (said he) and thank God you were never taught to read." There is strong living testimony to the truth of this latter account.

M. de la Motte Guerin, who had the command of this isle and prison in 1714, assures us, That M. de St. Mars treated his prisoner with the utmost respect: he was served in silver, and waited on by the governor himself, who was always uncovered, and never sat down but by his express desire. He was furnished with books and the most superb clothes, and seemed particularly fond of lace and fine linen.

When he was ill and used the advice and assistance of a physician or surgeon, he was forbid, under pain of death, to unmask; but they were at liberty, in the presence of the governor, to feel his pulse, or examine his tongue, which might be put forth by raising the lower part of the mask. All boats were prohibited approaching the isle, under pain of being fired on by the centinels.

After remaining in the isle of St. Marguerite eleven years, the man in the iron mask was removed in 1698, to the bastille.

The prisoner, in a litter, preceded St. Mars, escorted by a number of armed men on horseback. At Villeneuve-Roy, St. Mars ate with his prisoner, who sat with his back to the casement of the dining-room, which looked into the court-yard. The peasants of the place, when interrogated, could not tell whether he ate with his mask on or off; but they clearly observed that M. St. Mars, who was seated opposite the prisoner, had a pistol laid on each side of his plate. They had only one valet de chambre to wait on them, who brought and took away the dishes into the anti-room, carefully shutting the door when he entered or retired. When the prisoner crossed the court, he always wore the black mask on his face; but the peasants remarked, That they could see his teeth and lips; that he was tall, and had grey hair. M. St. Mars slept in a bed near him. We never could learn whether or no he had any foreign accent in his speech.

The following particulars are taken from the manuscript journal of Du Jonca, the king's lieutenant at the bastille.

"On Thursday the 18th of September, 1698, at three in the afternoon, M. de St. Mars arrived from the isle of Marguerite, bringing with him, in a litter, an ancient prisoner, whose name he told not, and whose face was covered with an iron mask. This prisoner was lodged in the tower Basiniere till night, when, at nine o'clock, he was conducted to the chamber in the third story of the tower la Bertaudiere, which according to particular orders given, was furnished with every thing necessary. In conducting him to the above-mentioned apartment, I was accompanied by the Sieur Rosarges, whom M. de St. Mars had brought with him, and who had orders to wait on and take charge of the prisoner."

The great register confirms the journal of Du Jonca, in the following manner: viz,

Names and quality of prisoners:
Ancient prisoner from Pignerol, obliged to wear an iron mask, covered with black velvet: ignorant of his name and quality:

Date of entry:
September 18th, 1698, at three in the afternoon.

Motive of detention:
Unknown.

This mysterious personage amused himself with reading, walking in his chamber, and sometimes by playing on the guitar. Every delicacy he wished for, was immediately ordered: but when he attended mass he was given to understand, that death would be the consequence of his speaking, or attempting to uncover his face, the invalids who guarded him having their pieces charged with ball. An old physician, who frequently attended

him during his illness, declared, That though he had examined his tongue and other parts of his body, yet he had never seen his face; he said, his voice was clear and plaintive; yet he never heard him complain of his hard fate, nor give the least intimation who he was. The above naturally leads us to the rest of Du Jonca's journal, relative to the sudden death of this illustrious, but unknown person.

On Monday the 19th of November, 1703, the prisoner in the iron mask, being taken ill after the celebration of mass yesterday, died in this evening about ten o'clock. His death was so sudden, that M. Girault, the almoner who confessed him on the 19th, had not time to administer the sacraments, but only to exhort him, a few minutes before his departure. He was interred on the 20th, at four in the afternoon, in the church-yard of St. Paul, (the parish church of the bastille,) under the name of Marchiali; his burial register being signed by M. de Rosarges, major, and M. Reilh, surgeon-major of the bastille: the expenses of his funeral amounting to 40 livres.

His bed, tables, chairs, and the other furniture of his chamber, were burnt, and the ashes carried out: the silver dishes and plates, and even the utensils of copper and brass were melted down; the plaster of the room was scratched off, till the stones were laid bare; the paved floor was chipped; and even the doors and window-shutters burnt with the rest.

Numberless are the courtiers, politicians, and writers, who have hitherto vainly endeavoured to pierce through the thick cloud of darkness enveloping this unfortunate personage. By some he was supposed to have been a twin-brother of Louis XIV, by others, the fruit of an illicit amour between Anne of Austria and cardinal Mazarine. Voltaire imagines him to have been the duke of Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV, and the celebrated countess la Valiere, who

had so far forgot himself as to give a blow to the dauphin: but the great disparity of their ages, renders this conjecture altogether improbable.

St. Fond, who proved in the most satisfactory manner, that the man in the iron mask could neither be the duke of Beaufort, nor the count of Vermandois, believes him to have been the duke of Monmouth; and this strange hypothesis he sustains with a considerable degree of ardour. "It is certain (says M. St. Fond,) it was currently reported in London, that a gentleman strongly resembling the duke, and lately serving in his army, being condemned to death on that account, received the proposal of passing for this unfortunate nobleman, and being beheaded in his stead, with as much joy as though he had received a free pardon. It is added, that Monmouth escaping in disguise, the sentence was executed on this officer believed to be the duke; and that a great court lady (the lady Wentworth,) having bribed the warden of the chapel, had his coffin opened, and his arm stripped, whereon was a mark by which she could recognise him; but seeing none, started back, and immediately exclaimed, "This is not the duke of Monmouth."

"St. Fond adds other remarks, equally tending to impose upon those as credulous as himself; but he who had confuted Voltaire with respect to the count of Vermandois, was in his turn confuted by his antagonist, in the following manner.

"St. Fond imagines the man in the iron mask to have been the English duke of Monmouth, the son of Charles II, who must have risen from the dead and changed the order of time, to have occupied his place. Is it likely that James II, who never pardoned a convicted state prisoner, should forgive one who attempted to wrest the sceptre from his hand; and that he should be so fortunate as to suffer a public execution, from attachment to the duke? That af-

ter this transaction, the superb and high-spirited Louis le Grand should submit to be a gaoler to the king of England, though his intimate friend; and that after the abdication of James, he should do the same favour for William III, and his successor queen Anne, both of whom he detested, and with whom he was continually at war; and that he should, during their reigns, with the utmost solicitude occupy the situation of a gaoler, with which dignity James II, had honoured him?"

"The duke of Monmouth was publicly beheaded between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon, on the 15th of July, 1685; and St. Mars relates, That the man in the iron mask was detained in the citadel of Pignerol, from 1671 to 1691; consequently this prisoner could not be the duke of Monmouth.

By others it was asserted, That the man in the iron mask was Foquet, superintendant of the finances; but it has been incontestably proved, that Foquet died in confinement at Pignerol, and was buried at Paris in 1681; whereas the masked prisoner died at the bastille in 1703.

With an equal degree of probability it was asserted, That the man in the iron mask was a secretary of the petty duke of Mantua. If so why should a person of that description be treated with such an extraordinary degree of respect, as is only paid to crowned heads or their relatives? This supposition stands upon so feeble a basis, that it is easily overthrown.

The most probable account seems to be that given in the memoirs of the Mareschal Richelieu, in which it is asserted, That the secret was extorted from the regent duke of Orleans, by his favourite daughter, who communicated it to Richelieu, at that time her professed gallant. From this detail, it seems that the man in the iron mask was the twin brother of Louis XIV, born eight hours after him. Their father Louis XIII, who was superstitious in a high degree, giving credit to certain impostors, who predicting that should

the queen be delivered oftwins, the kingdom would be involved in a civil war, ordered the birth of the latter prince to be kept a profound secret, and had him privately educated in the country, as the natural son of a person of distinction. But on the accession of Louis XIV, the young man having given hints that he had made a discovery of his parentage, his brother being informed of it, ordered him to be imprisoned for life, and to wear a mask to prevent his being known.

Here we seem to have arrived at the solution of this enigma: but what shall we conclude, when we are informed from respectable authority, "That the pretended memoirs of Duc de Richelieu are, in fact, no better than a chain of ingenious fictions, linked together by the dexterous hand of the Abbe Soulavie."

From the high consequence attached to the confinement; the uncommon respect ordered to be paid him; and the silence of the registers of the bastille, we cannot suppose that this celebrated prisoner could be a person of ordinary rank; yet when it is considered, as Voltaire very acutely observes, that no man of superior station was missing at that time, the imagination wanders in vain over an ocean of doubts, without a single star or pharos to direct it to the long desired point.

At the time of his death, this remarkable personage was supposed to be in the 60th year of his age.

MEMOIRS OF DR. JOHN MOORE.

Dr. John Moore, a native of Scotland, was the author of *Zeluco*, and of travels into France, Germany and Switzerland. His father, the Reverend Charles Moore, was a clergyman of the established church, and greatly esteemed for the purity of his manners and the amiableness of his disposition. He was one of the ministers of Stirling, where his only surviving son was born in 1730, and he contrived in that country, and at that time of

day, to live in a respectable manner on the usual stipend of about 100l. or 120l. a year. On the demise of his father about the year 1735, John, then a boy of about five years old, removed with his mother to Glasgow of which she was a native, and where a small fortune left her by her father was situated. This lady was distinguished by the strength of her understanding, which enabled her to conduct her own affairs, and superintend the education of her son with becoming propriety; she was at the same time eminent for her piety, which she early infused into the mind of her only child, as well as for the benevolence of her heart, that enabled her to cherish a love of humanity in others, while she herself exhibited a living example of its effects. Young Moore, after the necessary preparation at the grammar school, was matriculated at the university of Glasgow, and attended its various classes. Being destined for the profession of medicine, he was placed under the care of Dr. Gordon, an eminent practitioner of that day, who, like the greater part of the physicians among his own countrymen, did not disdain to unite the kindred arts of surgery and pharmacy. The student at the same time that he witnessed the doctor's mode of treating diseases, attended the lectures of Dr. Hamilton then anatomical demonstrator, as well as the medical ones of Dr. Cullen, his relation, whose fame soon after obtained for him a professor's chair in the university of Edinburg. After Mr. Moore had obtained a sufficient knowledge of the usual practice, he determined to improve himself by visiting foreign parts, and a good opportunity presented itself at this period. His royal highness the duke of Cumberland, uncle to his present majesty, after having extinguished a domestic rebellion in Scotland, had repaired to the Continent in order to combat our foreign enemies there. He at that period (1747) commanded the allied army

in Flanders, and as much instruction and information was to be derived from the scenes of slaughter attendant on a bloody campaign, students from all parts of the empire flocked thither, with a view of observing and improving by the practice of the hospitals. Luckily for Mr. Moore, he obtained an introduction which tended not a little to facilitate his pursuits, for he was presented by his relations to the duke of Argyle, then a commoner, and representative of Glasgow in parliament, who was also lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of foot, ready to embark for Flanders, in order to serve under his royal highness the commander in chief. He accordingly accompanied him on board, and passed over to the continent under his protection. On his reaching Maestricht, in Brabant, our young surgeon attended the military hospitals there in quality of a mate, the usual preliminary step, and as he expected, soon enjoyed a sufficiency of practice, for the patients were at this time exceedingly numerous, in consequence of the unfortunate battle of Laffeldt. From Maestricht Mr. Moore afterwards removed to Flushing, whither he repaired and spent the winter of 1747, in consequence of recommendations from Mr. Middleton, director general, of the military hospitals to the earl of Albemarle; whence he was detached to the assistance of the surgeon of the Coldstream regiment of foot guards, commanded by that gen. Braddock, who was afterwards doomed to expiate his rashness and ignorance of American warfare by death and defeat. He accompanied this regiment from Flushing to Breda, where he spent the winter of 1748 in garrison, and on the conclusion of peace accompanied general Braddock to England. A little attendance to dates will suffice to shew, at what an early period the subject of these memoirs was thrown, as it were, upon the world; for we find him leaving his native country, and acting as a surgeon's mate in the 17th year of his age. When he was about

eighteen Mr. Moore repaired to London, with the advantage of two years constant practice: so far was good, but he soon perceived that it would be highly proper to reap as much benefit as possible from theory also. He accordingly deemed it necessary to attend the anatomical lectures of his countryman Dr. Hunter, and derive every possible assistance that could be obtained in the British capital. After this, as Paris at that period possessed and actually merited the reputation of being the best school in Europe, he determined to go thither, and actually set out soon after in company with the late Sir William Fordyce, who like himself had served on the Continent, and like himself also became a physician. Luckily for the former, lord Albemarle, whom he had known in Flanders, and who while he acted in the capacity of a general under the duke of Cumberland, was at the same time colonel of the Coldstream, of which Mr. Moore had been surgeon's mate, happened at this very period to be the British ambassador at the court of Versailles. Having paid his respects at the English hotel immediately after his arrival, Mr. Moore was instantly recognised and protected by his excellency, who had a high opinion of his merit; in consequence of which, he appointed him surgeon to his household. This situation, which was highly desirable for a young man, afforded him an opportunity of being with the ambassador, and participating in the good company and good cheer of his table; but as Mr. Moore's attachment to his profession was at that time unbounded, he preferred to lodge near the hospitals, and other sources of instruction, with which a more distant part of the capital abounded, than at the hotel de Mirepoix, situated close to the invalids, and in a more fashionable district. He accordingly chose to live in lodgings, in a quarter more congenial to his habits and pursuits, and visited lord Albemarle's family only when his assist-

ance was required. After residing two years in Paris, it was proposed by Dr. Gordon, who was not insensible to the assiduity and improvements of his former pupil, that he should return to Glasgow, and enter into partnership with him, a custom very common in north Britain, and necessarily resulting from the extensiveness of a practice, which, among the other branches of medical science, embraced that of midwifery. Mr. Moore by the advice of his friends accepted the invitation, but deemed it proper to take London in his way, and while there, in addition to the lectures of Dr. Hunter, which he had attended before, he went through a course under Dr. Smellie, then a celebrated accoucheur. On his return to Glasgow, the subject of these memoirs practised there during the space of two years, but when a diploma was granted by the university of that city to his partner, he chose to prescribe as a physician alone, an example which, at that period, was only followed in the great towns, and is still unknown in the more northern counties. On this occasion, Mr. Moore still continued to act as a surgeon; and, as a partner appeared to be necessary, he chose Mr. Hamilton professor of anatomy, as his associate. Mr. Moore remained for a considerable period at Glasgow; but when he had attained his fortieth year, an incident occurred that gave a new turn to his ideas, and opened new pursuits and situations to a mind naturally active and inquisitive. James George, duke of Hamilton, a young nobleman of great promise, being affected with a consumptive disorder, in 1769, he was attended by Mr. Moore, who has always spoken of this youth in terms of the highest admiration; but as his malady baffled all the efforts of medicine, he yielded to its pressure, after a lingering illness, in the fifteenth year of his age. This event, which Mr. Moore recorded, together with the extraordinary endowments of his patient, on his

tomb in the burying place at Hamilton, led to a more intimate connection with this noble family. The late duke of Hamilton, being like his brother, of sickly constitution, his mother, the duchess of Argyle, determined that he should travel in company with some gentleman, who to a knowledge of medicine added an acquaintance with the Continent. Both these qualities were united in the person of Dr. Moore, who by this time had acquired the degree of M. D. from the university of Glasgow. They accordingly set out together, and they spent a period of no less than 5 years abroad, during which they visited France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. On their return, in 1778, Dr. Moore brought his family from Glasgow to London, and in the course of the next year appeared the fruits of his travels, in "A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany," in 2 vols. 8vo.... Two years after, in 1781, he published a continuation of the same work, in two additional volumes, intitled "A View of Society, and Manners in Italy." Having spent so large a portion of his time either in Scotland or on the Continent, he could not expect suddenly to attain an extensive practice in the capital; perhaps, indeed, his travels and literary recreations rendered him averse from engaging in the hurry, bustle and intrigue, incident to the profession of a London physician; he however was, till the time of his death, consulted by his particular friends. As if to prove, that he was neither unworthy, nor incapable of employment, in 1785 he published his "Medical Sketches," a work, like all his other productions, favourably received; he is, however, supposed to have given some offence to a few narrow-minded men among his brethren, by the disclosure of certain arcana which they wish for the sake of their interest to conceal, and therefore consider it as high treason for any one to reveal. The next of our

author's works which we shall mention, is his *Zeluco*. This performance abounds with many interesting events, but its chief tendency is directed towards the education of youth, as it fully evinces the fatal effects resulting from uncontrolled passion on the part of a darling son, and unconditioned compliance on that of a fond mother. While drawing the character of his hero, the author considers himself employed in "tracing the windings of vice, and delineating the disgusting features of villainy." This story is calculated rather to affect the reader with horror, than warn him by example; it abounds, however, with incident, but it is to be hoped that a character so atrocious as that of *Zeluco* never existed in life, and is only to be met with in the pages of a novel. A great and important event, no less than that of the French revolution, now occupied the minds and writings of the literary world. Dr. Moore, instead of surveying it at a distance, like the bulk of mankind, was lucky enough to contemplate a most critical portion of it on the spot: he was not, indeed, lucky enough to be present at the period when the *bastille*, a structure dedicated for centuries to the crimes of a capricious and unbridled despotism, was overcome by a people who aspired to be free; but he resided in France when the board of foreign mercenaries, that presumed to give law to an independent state, was routed and driven back by the energetic enthusiasm of a whole people, rather than the arms of the troops of the line! And alas! it was his fate also to witness the murders, the crimes, and the barbarities of September, 1792, when the atrocious machinations of a few ruffian enthusiasts deluged Paris with innocent blood, and afforded a pretence to fanaticise the greater part of Europe against the infant liberties of France. The Doctor having made the necessary preparations, set out from London, and reached Dover in the beginning of August, 1792, sailed on the 4th for

Calais, and arrived there in the course of the same day, after a voyage of only a few hours. As lord Lauderdale's delicate state did not permit them to press forward with rapidity, our travellers did not propose to make rapid journies towards the capital: on the contrary, after being conducted to the town-house of Calais, where a circumstantial description of their persons and features was taken, and inserted in their passports, they slept all night there, and proceeded no further than Abbeville next day. Here they learned, that tumults were very prevalent in the capital, and that a petition for the decheance of Louis XVI, or forfeiture of his crown, had been presented to the national assembly. After their arrival in Paris, the Doctor appears to have visited the assembly frequently, and he was awoke about two o'clock of the morning of the 10th of August by the ringing of the tocsin, and alarmed at ten by the firing of cannon; events that led to the overthrow of the monarchy, and the execution of the weak but unhappy king. Having repaired after the engagement to the palace of the Thuilleries, he followed the crowd along the grand staircase, and had proceeded only half way up, when he was deterred from ascending further, first by the shrieks, and then by the immediate execution of a man, who had been detected by the populace in stealing some of the furniture. "This expeditious mode of executing justice (says he) removed all inclination of visiting the royal apartments: I descended to the terrace, and took another melancholy walk among the bodies of those whom I had seen two days before in all the pride of health and military pomp." The times being now very critical, and the massacres of September tending to render a residence in Paris highly disagreeable, the Doctor and his friends had applied to the municipality for passports, and at length found means to leave the capital on the 4th. Dr. Moore, on

his arrival in England, began to arrange his materials, and, in 1795, published "A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution," in two volumes, 8vo. dedicated to the duke of Devonshire. He begins with the reign of Henry IV, and ends with the execution of the royal family. In 1796 appeared "Edward: various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners chiefly in England." In 1800, Dr. Moore published his "Mordaunt," being "sketches of life, Characters, and Manners in various countries: including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality," in two volumes, 8vo. This chiefly consists of a series of letters, written by "the honourable John Mordaunt," while confined to his couch at Vevay, in Switzerland, giving an account of what he had seen in Italy, Germany, France, Portugal, &c. The work itself comes under no precise head, being neither a romance, nor a novel, nor travels: the most proper title would be that of "Recollections." Dr. Moore was one of the first to notice the talents of his countryman, the unfortunate Robert Burns, who, at his request, drew up an account of his life, and submitted it to his inspection. In 1787, a correspondence took place between them, in consequence of an event noticed in the following letter, from the poet to the traveller....

To Dr. Moore.

"SIR,

"Mrs. Dunlop has been so kind as to send me extracts of letters she has had from you, where you do the rustic bard the honour of noticing him and his works. Those who have felt the anxieties and solitudes of authorship, can only know what pleassurs it gives to be noticed in such a manner by judges of the first character. Your criticisms, Sir, I receive with reverence, only I am sorry they mostly came too late; a peccant passage or too that I would certainly have altered were gone to press. The hope of being admired for ages is, in by far the

greatest part of those even who are authors of reputè, an unsubstantial dream. For my part, my first ambition was, and still my strongest wish is, to please my compeers, the rustic inmates of the hamlet, while ever-changing language and manners shall allow me to be relished and understood. I am very willing to admit that I have some poetical abilities; and as few, if any, writers, either moral or poetical, are intimately acquainted with the classes of mankind among whom I have chiefly mingled, I have seen men and manners in a different phasis from what is common, which may assist originality of thought. Still I know very well the novelty of my character has by far the greatest share in the learned and polite notice I have lately had; and, in a language where Pope and Churchill have raised the laugh, and Shenstone and Gray draw the tear; where Thomson and Beattie have painted the landscape, and Lyttleton and Collins described the heart, I am not vain enough to hope for distinguished poetic fame."....

In return for this letter, the Doctor presented him with a copy of the new edition of his, "View of Society," and took great pains to promote his interests.... "I am happy to hear (says he,) that your subscription is so ample, and shall rejoice at every picce of good fortune that befalls you; for you are a very great favourite in my family; and this is a higher compliment than perhaps you are aware of. It includes almost all the professions, and of course is a proof that your writings are adapted to various tastes and situations. My youngest son, who is at Winchester school, writes to me, that he is translating some stanzas of your Hallow E'en into Latin verse, for the benefit of his comrades. This union of taste partly proceeds, no doubt, from the cement of Scottish partiality, with which they are all somewhat tinctured. Even your translator, who left Scotland too early in life for recollection, is not

without it. I remain, with great sincerity, your obedient servant, J. MOORE." Since his return from his third and last journey from France, Dr. Moore remained in the bosom of his family, and enjoyed all the pleasures in which a husband and a father could participate, at his house in Cliff rd-street. Many years since, he became happily united with Miss Simpson, the daughter of a gentleman of the same name, who was professor of divinity in the university of Glasgow. By this lady he had a daughter and five sons.

CHARACTER OF MR. BURKE.

Mr. Burke is dead. He is beyond the reach of public regard and hatred; and those who persecuted, and those who loved him, may weep alike for the loss of a victim, and a friend.

He was for so many years engaged in public life; so long the most conspicuous and interesting figure; that with respect to him every mode of description has been exhausted; every talent viewed in every light; every virtue either lavished or withheld; and so universally, though variously, did he touch the passions of mankind, that all who spoke of him, or heard of him, became parties in the decision upon his character, and entertained an host of adverse or partial feelings, enemies at once to truth, and evidences to the magnitude of the subject.

His private qualities, as an acquaintance, a companion, and a friend, are said to have been most useful, gratifying, and endearing. His manners, like his wit, were ever playful. The naked charms of virtue and of truth, received innumerable and unstudied ornaments, from a conversation pure in all its vivacity, though unconscious of its influence over every description of hearers, who had taste or dispositions to be delighted or improved.

The genius of Mr. Burke was full of splendor; it was the reflexion of lights from every quarter of the material and intellectual universe. His eyes shot through the depths of science, and ascertained the wanderings, or enlarged the limits of conjecture. His fancy, rich and bright, infinite in its variety, and intoxicating with its beauty, furnished copious and striking images, to illustrate and familiarize the operations of a reasoning power, otherwise too profound for common apprehension. His eloquence, convincing, persuasive, terrible when it assaulted, irresistible when it soothed, dignified in its rapidity, polished in its vehemence, diffuse, without being languid, concise, on occasion, without being obscure, never failed to agitate the fiercer, or to interest the milder passions. A spirit of divine morality breathed through him; and however our opinions may differ upon the actual effects of his words and writings, it is no great exercise of candour to suppose that his intentions were pure. His immense stores of knowledge, were, in general, drawn forth to promote, or to resist some practical object, and he forced upon us the necessity of appreciating all human intelligence, by the good or evil to which it is directed. The sensibility of his heart was exquisite, and ever alive; more rapid than the flights of his imagination infinitely too rapid, and at times, perhaps, too strong for his reason, it often turned against the latter, the strength it occasionally received from both. Always engaged in the contemplation of mighty objects, he knew, that although his objects were mighty, his instruments must be men. In order to make the constitution what he could approve, and the empire what he wished, he united with a parliamentary party, which appeared the most respectable and effectual means of accomplishing these ends; but in attempting to render party his instrument, he became himself, for a time, the instrument of party; and his dereliction of that system upon the new

turn of affairs in Europe, (the act of his life which has been the most unpopular) ought to vindicate his principles, though the consequences of it may arraign his judgment.

In our imperfect nature, the superiority of one man to another, is no more than a partial superiority. One towering faculty, in the composition of an individual, bears down and casts a shade upon the rest; in conduct it obstructs their use, as in comparison it extinguishes their lustre. Mr. Burke's miscarriages in the world of politics, though not proportioned to the grandeur of his undertakings, have been more than proportioned to those incurred by ordinary men, in the ordinary level of human character. His fertile mind nourished every subject on which he thought, into a vast creation, multi-form, rich in realities, in images, and in conjectures; much of it fluctuating and fugitive, complex in its materials, boundless in its dimensions, and new to its author. More secure, but far less elevated, their lot, in whom there is little of invention to suggest, and nothing of imagination to delude; whose ideas do not multiply into clogs upon their judgment, but leave it, through an empty region, a free and inglorious path! Where these, and such men as these, have to manage only their respective atoms, Mr. Burke, in his luxuriance, had to wield an universe and to say that he failed, is to say that he was not a God.

Some weeds of prejudice sprung up with his opinions; a mist of superstition hung over him, which obscured important truths, and raised a multitude of illusory forms; his fancy associated other subjects with these; and his zeal committed them, so infected, to the world. The rest of mankind saw truth and falsehood in colours less strong than Mr. Burke, though perhaps more minutely accurate. All those whose cold and shallow mediocrity was incapable either of sympathizing with his sensibilities, or of fathoming his deductions, made his greatness a reproach to him, and ridiculed his intellect for

being superior to their own. Some philosophers, also, of that malignant school which affects the absence of feeling to disguise its perversion, joined in a league of abusive controversy; and madness and despotism were common themes of invective, against one of the wisest and the best of men.

Upon the whole we must impute to Mr. Burke some of the evils we have suffered, but posterity may reap unmixed advantage from his works. He combined the greatest talents of the greatest men, and his judgment was overmatched, not by the abilities of others, but by his own. He roused, by a wound, the sleeping tyger of Democracy, and provoked, and almost justified, his devastations. Had he lived in the most despicable age, his genius would have exalted it; had he lived in the most tranquil age, his conduct might have disturbed it. He has left a space that will not soon be filled. He described a grand, but irregular course; his meridian was more tolerable than his descending ray; but the heat with which he scorched us will soon be no longer felt, while the light which he diffused will shine upon us forever.



PICTURESQUE VIEW OF LONDON.

Smoke, so great an enemy to all prospects is the everlasting companion of this great city; yet it is the smoke of London, emblematic of its magnificence.

At times, when the wind changing from the west to the east, rolls the vast volumes of sulphur towards each other, columns ascend to a great height, in some parts bearing a blue tinge, in others a flame colour, and in a third, accumulated, and dense, they darken portions of the city, till the back rooms require candles. A resident in London cannot form an idea of the grand and gloomy scene ... it must be viewed from the environs.

In the spring, before fires are discontinued during a calm day, Vesuvius itself can scarcely exceed this display of smoke. It is pleasing to observe the black streams which issue from the different manufactories; sometimes darting upwards, while every trifling current gives graceful undulation; at others rolling in low movements, blending with the common air; when the dreary season of November arrives, and the atmosphere is dark and damp, a change in the wind produces an effect dismal and depressing. The smoke sometimes mixes with the clouds, and then they assume an electric appearance. When the sun breaks through this veil during the summer, its beams have a wonderful effect on the trees and grass; the green is brightened inconceivably beautiful.

London is not without attraction on a dark evening; chiefly so in winter, when a strong wind prevails.

It is then that the innumerable lights in the shops and streets send their rays towards heaven; but meeting with the smoke, depressed by a wet air, they are reflected and multiplied, making an arch of splendor, against which the houses and steeples appear in strong outlines. I have found the reflection so powerful as to dazzle my sight, and make the path dark and dangerous. A general illumination occasions great brilliancy.

Let us now view our subject from the surrounding country; and this should be done on a summer morning, before the industrious inhabitants begin their labours. The most perfect and delightful prospect is from Hamstead-Heath, when the wind blows strong from the east. Then it is that the clear bright field of ground, broken into a thousand grotesque shapes, gives lustre to the projecting front of Highgate, topped with verdure, and serving as a first distance, from which in gradual undulations the fields retire, till lost in a blue horizon. Hence, spread before you, are numberless objects to please the most difficult. The su-

burbs, as advanced guards, meets the eye in all directions, contracting their fawn-coloured sides with the neighbouring trees. Beyond them reposes in full majesty the main body, with its mighty queen, whose lofty cupola overlooks her phalanx of children, crowned with spires of various sizes and beauty, protected on the south by a chain of hills.

Much of the external splendor of London, I conceive must have been lost on the suppression of religious houses. Numerous towers and spires were destroyed, and those of the most venerable character. Several attempts to preserve St. John's, Clerkenwell, and St. Augustine's, were without success.

Fe,* the capital of New-Mexico, from which he will turn eastwardly to the Red river; and after exploring the silver mines in its neighbourhood, descend by it into the Mississippi, at seventy leagues above N. Orleans.

The party is expected to return in July, 1804, after having made the most correct observations on the climate, soil, trees, plants, waters, minerals, mountains and volcanos; men, beasts, fowls, and fishes:

The longitude and latitude is to be taken in certain points, and "the spaces between protracted on a map, in time instead of space," in the manner of Ellicott; see his journal p. 137.

ANTICIPATION OF MAJOR LEWIS'S JOURNAL,

Mr. JEFFERSON having given an official account of the territory of Louisiana, has thought proper to send his first secretary to know how far that information might be relied upon.

It is said the route of the party will be as follows. It will ascend the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio, to the falls of St. Anthony, to gain some knowledge of the northern fur-trade. From thence it will direct its course south-westwardly, until it strikes the Missouri, which, after taking a peep at the big Indians, and viewing some part of the Salt Mountain it will ascend to its source.

From this point the party will proceed south-eastwardly, along the heights that divide the waters of the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean, noting particularly those that fall into the latter, until it reaches the heads of the river Arkansas. It is proposed that some part of the escort shall fall into these waters and float down to the Mississippi, which they will enter two hundred and fifty leagues above N. Orleans. The major will proceed on to Santa

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LEE.

General LEE was remarkably slovenly in his dress and manners; and has often by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attending general Washington to a place distant from the camp....Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, sometime before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen demanding something to eat; when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him she would give him some victuals in a moment....but he must help her off with the pot. This he complied with and sat down to some cold meat which she placed before him on the dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly of Lee, who she said she heard was one of the oddest and ugliest men in the world. In a few moments she desired the general again to assist her in placing on the pot, and scarcely had he finished, when she requested him to

* This city is in long. W. from Philadelphia 29° N. lat. 36° and stands on a river which runs into the gulf of Mexico.

take the bucket and go to the well. Lee made no objections, and began drawing the water. In the meantime general Washington arrived, and an aid-de-camp was dispatched in search of Lee; whom to his surprise he found engaged as above.... But what was the confusion of the poor girl on hearing the aid-de-camp address the man with whom she had been so familiar, with the title of Excellency!

The mug fell from her hands, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon; when Lee, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown, and turning to the aid-de-camp, observed.... "you see, young man, the advantage of a fine coat.... the man of consequence is indebted to it for respect; neither virtue nor abilities, without it, will make him look like a gentleman."

ACCOUNT OF A FIRE BALL.

C. Biot, member of the national institute, in a letter to the French minister of the interior, dated July 20, 1803, gives a detailed account of his inquiries, &c. respecting a fire ball which fell in the neighbourhood of Laigle. From this the following description of the phenomenon is deduced.

On Tuesday, April 26, 1802, about one in the afternoon, the weather being serene, there was observed from Goen, Paint-Audemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Verneuil, a fiery globe of a very brilliant splendor, which moved in the atmosphere with great rapidity.

Some moments after there was heard at Laigle, and in the environs of that city to the extent of more than thirty leagues in every direction a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes.

At first there were three or four reports like those of a cannon, fol-

lowed by a kind of discharge which resembled a firing of musketry; after which there was heard a dreadful rumbling like the beating of a drum. The air was calm and the sky serene, except a few clouds, such as are frequently observed.

The noise proceeded from a small cloud which had a rectangular form, the largest side being in a direction from east to west. It appeared motionless all the time the phenomenon lasted. But the vapour of which it was composed was projected momentarily from the different sides by the effect of the successive explosions. This cloud was about half a league to the north-north-east of the town of Laigle: It was at a great elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets a league distant from each other saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which this cloud hovered a hissing noise like that of a stone discharged from a sling was heard and a multitude of mineral masses exactly similar to those distinguished by the name of meteoric stones were seen to fall at the same time.

The district in which the stones fell forms an elliptical extent of about two leagues and an half in length and nearly one in breadth, the greatest dimensions being in a direction from south-east to north-west, forming a declination of about twenty-two degrees. This direction which the meteor must have followed is exactly that of the magnetic meridian; which is a remarkable result.

The largest of these stones fell at the south-east extremity of the large axis of the ellipse; the middle sized ones fell in the centre, and the smallest at the other extremity. It thereby appears that the largest fell first, as might naturally be supposed.

The largest of all those which fell weigh seventeen and an half pounds. The smallest I saw weigh about two gros, which is the thousandth part of the former. The number that fell is certainly above two or three thousand.

In this account I have confined myself to a simple relation of facts; I have endeavoured to view them as any other person would have done, and I have employed every care to present them with exactness. I leave to the sagacity of philosophers the numerous consequences that may be deduced from them; and I shall consider myself happy if they find that I have succeeded in placing beyond a doubt the most astonishing phenomenon ever observed by man.

METEORIC STONE.

At Ensisheim, in Germany, there is a mass of stone, of the weight of upwards of two hundred pounds, called the Thunder Stone, and is generally supposed to have fallen from the atmosphere. It is of an oval form, and a rugged aspect..... In the year 1800, a piece of this mass was analyzed by Professor Barthold, who observed that its texture was so loose, that it could easily be separated by a knife, and reduced to a greyish blue powder. It was intermixed with insulated and irregular crystals of pyrites, which in some parts appeared like small veins..... From the analysis, this stone appeared to contain, of sulphur, 0.02; iron 0.2; magnesia, 0.14; alumine, 0.27; lime, 0.202; and of silice, 0.42.

HISTORY OF PHILIP DELLWYN.

(Concluded from page 310.)

THE autumn was advancing fastalready the late leaves lingered on the trees, as if reluctant to lose their faint hold of life; already occasional storms of sleet and rain deformed the fair face of nature, and debarred the lady Matilda from her frequent wanderings, and lord Ernolf talked of removing to London. Our conversations now ran on the new world I was about to be intro-

duced to; and Matilda promised to herself a pleasing amusement in my astonishment at the vastness and ceaseless business of the metropolis.

"But fear not," said she, "my Henry will be your Cicerone, he will be your friend, and you. I am sure you will love my Henry!"

"And who," exclaimed I, "is Henry?"

"Good heavens," returned Matilda, "do you not know that I mean my cousin, lord Villars, who is soon to be my husband?"

How I looked, I know not, but Matilda sufficiently comprehended all that passed in my heart. After a few minutes pause, she left me to solitude and reflection. What a night did I pass! but I was capable of forming my resolution. I appeared the next day thoughtful and pensive, but firm. I neither sought nor avoided Matilda: I had determined to suffer in silence, and she, who wished, as I flatter myself, to preserve for a friend, the man who had been so presumptuous as to think of loving her, assisted my endeavours by the continued mildness of her manners towards me. She affected not to have penetrated my secret, but retained, as much as possible, her former sweet and easy confidence.

The short time that remained previous to our exchanging rural shades for dusty streets, was insufficient to bring me into a temper of mind fit to see and be introduced to lord Villars; and I suffered more than language can describe, when an elegant young man, of a most prepossessing countenance, in the most graceful manner, thanked me for the service I had rendered his uncle, and bespoke my friendship in exchange for his own, adding, that his Matilda's account of me had disposed his heart to love me.

Oh had I but known of her engagement! that certainly would have secured my young and innocent heart from feeling the fatal passion that will now quit it but with life! Nor will it be long that I shall con-

tinue to feel its torments. I am rapidly approaching the end of all my sorrows. Every hour brings me sensibly nearer to that grave where alone this harassed heart can hope for rest. It was not in my nature to refuse the graceful offers of lord Villars. I could not but confess that he deserved to possess Matilda, and I strove to rejoice that she was secured from sharing the uncertain fortunes of such an outcast as myself. But to live in the daily sight of their affectionate intercourse was too much for my feelings, and the agony of my soul first undermined that best portion of my hopeless youth, health and exertion.

It was thought London did not agree with me; and lord Ernolf, who would not have been sorry to have detached his two sons from pleasures so enticing at their age, proposed my returning with them to the country. But fate disposed otherwise of me. I had been one morning out with lord Villars, and stopped at his father's house in my way home, when, in the next room, I heard a voice which instantly chased the colour from my cheeks. Lord Villars saw me change countenance, and inquired the cause. I eagerly asked who was in the next room.

"I believe," said lord Villars carelessly, "there is nobody there but Goldney."

"Goldney!" exclaimed I, "I am then on the point of knowing all.... Lord Villars, indulge me with seeing Mr. Goldney."

Lord Villars, astonished at my too evident agitation, besought me to compose myself: but while he was yet exhorting me to do so, Goldney departed. All composure vanished before this disappointment; and lord Villars, terrified at the state I was in, inquired of the servants when Mr. Goldney was likely to return. They replied that he was going immediately into the country. With the zeal of a true friend, he ordered them to pursue and bring him back if possible, and I remained during their absence in a state of indescribable emotion.

The effort was successful: they reached Goldney's inn just as he was going to mount his horse, and prevailed on him to return to the earl's before his departure. Lord Villars had taken me into the apartment where his father sat.

The old earl of St. Albans, though too much of a courtier to behave with incivility to any one, had never appeared pleased with me. His conduct had been marked with a cold reserve, and yet a scrutinizing examination, neither of them pleasing to such a temper as mine. He now surveyed me with more attentive curiosity than ever, and attempted not to enter into conversation. Lord Villars, indeed, endeavoured to entertain me; but the earl pretended to be engaged with a book, from which, however, I could perceive him perpetually raising his eyes, and fixing them on my face. At length, a knock at the door gave me reason to expect the return of Mr. Goldney.

It was he, but I took care to be standing, so as that he should not perceive me at his entrance.

"I returned instantly," said he, in a tone of servility, "to receive your lordship's further commands."

The earl expressed his surpris, and I advanced immediately opposite to Goldney.

"They were my commands, Mr. Goldney," said I, "I was unwilling to lose this opportunity of thanking you for past favours."

"I am happy to see you well, Mr. Dellwyn," replied he; "but it is rather inconvenient to me to be detained at present."

"Stay, sir," said I; "will you favour me with your company in another room?"

The earl looked haughtily at me.... "These are strange liberties in my house, Mr. Dellwyn."

"I heartily beg your lordship's pardon, but if you knew..... Lord Villars, will you indulge me with the use of your apartment?"

Lord Villars was kindly leading me thither. Goldney shewed great eagerness to be gone, and lord St.

Albans, in a stern voice, said, "This is a very singular scene; let it be terminated here!"

"With all my heart, my lord," replied I. "Mr. Goldney, I wish to have a categorical answer.... Who am I? Who were my parents? Why am I thus turned adrift on the wide world?"

The earl started up in astonishment.... "Frederick," said he to lord Villars, who stood wondering in what this would end, "you have encouraged this insolence: leave the room!"

Lord Villars obeyed the tyrannic mandate of his father, who now ordered me to proceed.

"Let Mr. Goldney answer those questions," said I; "and say why I have hitherto been denied the knowledge of my parents?"

"Is it your lordship's pleasure that I answer these questions?" demanding the fawning Goldney.

"I will answer them myself," said the earl. "I doubt, not young man, that this is a predetermined scheme to affront me; yet I cannot imagine from the events that have taken place, that Mr. Goldney has betrayed his trust. Your conduct, however, evidently proves that you deserved not the intended bounty of your father. But go.... you have no father! Return to your original nothingness; leave my house, and if you dare to publish what you think you know, be assured no one will credit you."

"I know nothing, my lord," said I.

"Tis well then," replied the earl; on this head you ought to know nothing. Leave my house!"

"Mr. Goldney, said I, "I require your company."

"You will excuse me," Mr. Dellwyn," answered he; it is at present impossible."

It was impossible now to repose confidence in the bosom of Matilda. I had not courage to enter into an interesting conversation with a being too fatally dear to my heart; but even, could I in time have sought that resource, I was soon utterly

deprived of it. The next day brought me a letter from lord Villars.

"What can have incensed my father against you so cruelly, I cannot imagine; but trust me, dear Dellwyn, the heart of your friend will not change. Though I am at present forbidden all intercourse with you, depend upon the constant and unalterable friendship of

"Your truly attached
"VILLARS."

This heart-breaking blow was speedily followed by another. Lord Ernof desired to speak with me. He began a long harangue, parading his gratitude, his esteem, his affection. I would have disclaimed his praises; they soon ended of themselves with a qualifying but.....

I was aware, he knew of the intimate connection between his family and lord St. Albans. I had offended the earl; he could not imagine how a man of my gentle manners could have given so irreparable offence; but in short....

"In short, my lord," replied I, "the earl requires you to dismiss me: he has made a similar request to his son: the earl is extremely obliging; he is determined to teach me to feel the natural independency of man. My lord, our obligations have been mutual. If I had the good fortune to render you a piece of service, you have, in return, treated me with delicacy and kindness; nay, my obligations to you are of a superior kind: your lordship will accept my best thanks.... you will allow me to bid your sons adieu."

"Nay, go not so," Mr. Dellwyn; let me give you some more substantial mark of my gratitude."

"Pardon me, my lord, there is no contract between us. I return to the world richer than when I entered your lordship's mansion: I have acquired more knowledge of man!"

Again lord Ernof would have pressed some pecuniary reward upon me; but I spurned the idea of receiving assistance from a being who could so far adopt the prejudices

of another, as to abandon a man from whom he had received an important personal service, and who had undertaken for him the dignified task of leading the mind of youth through the toilsome paths of learning and virtue. Lord Ernolf was offended at my resolution: he called it pride, and left me with less complacency in his manner than when he first addressed me.

My farewell to the two boys was short, but friendly: they loved and respected their tutor, and the principles he taught them will never disgrace themselves or him. I wished to have avoided the saying "adieu!" to the lady Matilda; but she sought me. She spoke in the voice of the tenderest friendship; she entreated me to let her know what became of me; she referred me to the stability of her Henry's friendship, to my own merits, and to the power of time for raising me to happiness. I thanked her for her consolations, affected to believe them sufficient, and departed.

I felt that, if I could depend on lord Villars's friendship, he was at least too much under the controul of a domineering father, to have it in his power to serve me. My merits, I found, were insufficient to support me against calumny and unfounded enmity; and time.....yes, I felt already that a very short time would indeed put an end to my sorrows. I was now, with respect to my future prospects, precisely in the situation I was on quitting Goldney's house. I had still my pen to depend on, and I had improved my stock of experience; but other circumstances cast a shade over every effort: health was hourly eluding my grasp, nor had the fatal passion for Matilda undermined that alone....it had also robbed me of the power of exertion. Yet that ardent passion preserved me from ever committing a mean or a vicious action; it ennobled all my views, and rectified my notions. Of the enmity of lord St. Albans, I thought little....that of lord Ernolf was deplorable! I now lived for myself alone! It was necessary to exert

myself, and my pen at times gained me a decent subsistence; but this subsistence was precarious, and I was sometimes in a state almost amounting to starving!

I disdained, however, to let either lord Villars or the lady Matilda know where I had hidden my wretched head; but I found all my fond dreams of fame and grandeur gradually fade away, and I could not help wishing, at some impious moments, to exchange situations with any poor mechanic, whose labour secured to him a decent and permanent subsistence. Then again, when I had obtained a fresh supply of that necessary yellow dirt, which serves in civilized nations as the medium of life, I would wander forth amid fields and woods, and feel triumphant at my own independency. I would feel too the morsel more sweet, for being gained by mental talents....I would feel it almost sacrilege to wish to exchange the luxury of internal refinement and cultivation for any pecuniary advantages the world can offer.

My mind sometimes dwelt on the strange conduct of lord St. Albans: an idea that I was his son haunted me. How else could he so readily have conceived the meaning of my questions to Goldney? Why else should he have answered them as he did? This persuasion became daily stronger and stronger, and I determined to stand once more before lord St. Albans. I had nothing to detain me in one place more than another. I loitered therefore near his house, till I was convinced that neither lord Villars nor lady Matilda were at home, and the door being opened to me by a servant, to whom I was unknown, I was introduced at once to the earl.

He knew me instantly, and ordered the man to turn me out. I calmly turned round to the man, and assured him I was no ruffian, but had particular and private business with lord St. Albans. The man, as was his duty, was preparing to obey his master. I was, however, at that moment nerved by resolution, and

belzing him, forcibly pushed him out of the room: then calmly securing the door, I advanced to the earl.

"My lord," said I, "you would not be so eager to dismiss me, were you not conscious I have a claim to be heard. I am your son, lord St. Albans!" His teeth gnashed with rage....his cheeks lost every particle of colour....I repeated aloud, "I am your son!"

"Where did you....who has dared...."

His words were now not more incoherent than unintelligible.

"My lord," resumed I, "you yourself have been my informer. Your emissary, Goldney, has been true to his trust. Your own unjustifiable rage, your present agitation all confirm it. I am your son!"

"I defy you," said he, "to prove your words."

"I am perfectly indifferent," returned I, "whether they are ever proved or not. I mean not to assume any splendor in consequence of knowing myself to be the offspring of an earl; but suffer me to ask, why was I brought into the world, why was I taught all kinds of learning, and then left to chance, to misery, to ruin?"

"Let me ask you two questions, Mr. Dellwyn," said the earl sternly, but calmly. "If you are not my son, in what light can you justify this conduct? And if you are such, how dare you question your father?"

"If the name of father gives you any rights, my lord," replied I, "the name of son gives me no fewer! The sort of protection hitherto bestowed, the education I have received, perhaps call upon you for still more than the mere paternal relation. If, on the contrary, I am not your son, I may demand, in my turn, what meant your vehemence when I met Mr. Goldney here?"

"Learn all you wish to know of Goldney," retorted the earl..... "He can explain the mystery to you."

"He cannot root from my bosom," returned I, "the conviction that

you are my father....and can proudly say, I was not unworthy of your intended bounty....I am not unworthy of your regard and affection; but think not, my lord, that I would now accept either: your bounty I should despise, and your affection I could not return."

"This insolence is past bearing," said the earl.

"I am not insolent, my lord," said I; "I am only resolute. Declare once upon your honour that I am not your son, and I will make any apology for my conduct, and quit your presence directly."

"Are you to dictate to me," said lord St. Albans, "the conditions on which you will leave me at peace?"

"I have a right to insist on an answer to this question," said I; "you have raised this idea in my heart, and I am entitled to have it confirmed or destroyed by a positive answer!"

* * * * *

Here a leaf of the manuscript is wanting.

* * * * *

Lord Villars was kind, affectionate, and generous, but his endeavours came too late; the incurable blow was struck, and I laboured under the slow but sure disease of a broken heart. In vain he spoke to me in the voice of the most soothing friendship; in vain he dwelt upon the name of brother: I could not reflect without horror that I owed my birth to a man who had disgraced humanity by his treatment of my mother. Too feeble now to record the dreadful tissue of villany by which she was deceived, I can only say, it ought to stamp the name of St. Albans with eternal infamy. The amiable lady Villars too exerted all her powers to console me. She spoke to me of my unfortunate mother; she recollected every little incident that she thought would prove to me her superiority to her sorrows. As she described her, I

thought of my dear Miss Goldney, now dear to me in the sad light of sister to my mother.

Lord Villars was pleased to see the power the soothings of his Matilda had over my mind. He besought me to reside wholly with them; but though the love I bore to the lovely lady Villars was no longer impetuous, it was still too tender to allow me to see her daily. The tones of her voice, the touch of her hand, the glance of her eye quickened my pulses, and agonized my feelings. I became convinced that I should only linger on in irremediable weakness, while I continued to behold her so frequently. I determined to remove to a distance from those, whose friendship, more than any earthly blessing, would have soothed me, but for the nature of my feelings for the lady Matilda.

I resolved to bend my course into Wales. I passed through the village where mine infant years had been spent. I wept over the grave of my dear Miss Goldney; and as I gazed on the records of frail mortality which surrounded me, I perceived in an obscure corner, a plain black tablet, which I approached....

MARIA GOLDNEY,
AGED 25.

Oh, what bitter tears did I shed over the tomb of my mother! I knew not how to tear myself thence!

At length I reached this romantic country; but its pure air, its salubrious whcy cannot restore a constitution broken by incurable sorrow. I have found here hospitality unbounded, sympathy sincere, and genuine affection. Yes, worthy and virtuous people, your generous simplicity has soothed a broken heart, and calmed the jarring irritated passions of an injured man. And thou, lovely flower, whose mild eyes beam the sweetest pity for sorrows no human aid can relieve, Oh may thy lot through life be happy! May no artful villain lay snares for thy unsuspecting innocence; but happy in mutual love, mayst thou sometimes

shed a melancholy tear over my early grave!

Had I been left in utter ignorance, I might have been contented and happy. No dreams of perfection, no visions of felicity would have disturbed my quiet ease; but ah, ever dear Miss Goldney! you opened to my view a species of happiness, to which my soul was congenial; nor could mere vulgar comforts have satisfied a being who had been formed by your converse! Not long will it be ere I join your pure spirit and my blessed mother's in those realms whence we shall view with pity the errors of misguided man! I feel daily the approaches of the deliverer, Death! I welcome those symptoms which tell me I have not long to groan under the sense of hopeless misery: even now I can rejoice in the continued happiness of lord Villars and Matilda. Dear to my soul as she will ever be, while it retains its consciousness, my love is purified from every selfish emotion, and exults in her felicity. To that love I have owed much.....

There abruptly ends this little history. Whether thus suddenly left by the increasing weakness of its hapless writer, or whether another leaf has been lost, I cannot determine: such as it is, however, it is sufficiently connected to create interest; and the gentle spirit of Philip Dellwyn will be gratified with the sympathy his fate will have excited.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE
LATE DR. DARWIN.

CONCERNING this far-celebrated man, whose death we had the painful task of announcing in our last number, we have collected the following particulars:..... Erasmus Darwin, the seventh child and and fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. was born at Elston, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, on the 12th of December, 1731; he received his early education at Ches-

Litchfield-school, under the Rev. Mr. Burrows, of whom he always spoke with great respect. He was entered with two of his elder brothers, at St. John's college, Cambridge; and, being intended for the practice of medicine took the degree of M. B. in 1755, defending in his thesis an opinion, that the motion of the heart and arteries is produced by the immediate stimulus of the blood. During his residence at Cambridge, Mr. Darwin was elected to one of lord Exeter's scholarships, worth about 16l. per annum, which, from the meagerness of his father's income at that time was esteemed a desirable acquisition. After having prepared himself for his future profession, by an attendance on the lectures of Dr. Hunter, in London, and by a severe course of study at Edinburgh, he contemplated the metropolis as the proper theatre for his exertions. Deterred, however, by the want of an immediate introduction, and the improbability of obtaining immediate patronage, Doctor Darwin thought it altogether more advisable to settle in the country; the first place to which he went, in the capacity of a physician, was Nottingham, where he was entirely disappointed in his hopes of practice; he removed, therefore, to Litchfield, with letters of introduction to lady Gresley and the Rev. Mr. Seward. Here his great capacity and various acquirements were more justly appreciated; he resided at Litchfield during a great number of years, in the enjoyment of a very extensive reputation, and a very profitable practice, the foundation of which is said to have been laid by his success in restoring to health a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, whose recovery was despaired of by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.

In the year 1757 Dr. Darwin married Miss Mary Howard, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. by his wife, Elizabeth Foley: she died in 1770. By this lady he had

five children, two of whom died in their infancy: the eldest son, Charles, he educated to his own profession, but he died in the 20th year of his age, very soon after he had finished his course of studies at Edinburgh, where he gained considerable reputation, by endeavouring to furnish a criterion for distinguishing pus from mucus.* The second son, Erasmus, was an attorney, and practised at Derby: about three years since (in 1799) he walked into his garden, at dead of night, threw himself into the Derwent, and was drowned. Dr. Darwin's third son, Robert, is a physician, in very extensive practice, at Shrewsbury, and married the daughter of the late Mr. Wedgewood, of Etruria.

Soon after the decease of his wife, Dr. Darwin commenced his laborious work, *Zoonomia*, which, however, he did not think proper to publish till about eight years since.

In 1778 he obtained a lease of a picturesque spot of ground, about a mile from Litchfield, where a cold bath was erected by Sir John Flayer, an eminent physician in the beginning of the last century: there is a grotto, surrounded by projecting rocks, from the edges of which trickles a perpetual shower of water. This place became his favourite retreat and amusement: here he formed a botanic-garden, and began his poem on the "Loves of the plants," the scenery of which, "as adapted to love-scenes, and being thence a proper residence for the Goddess of Botany," is taken from these sequestered shades:....

* Dr. Darwin edited this posthumous work of his son Charles which was published in 1780, under the title of "Experiments, establishing a criterion between mucilaginous and purulent matter: and an account of the retrograde motions of the absorbent vessels of animal bodies in some diseases."

“ And if with thee some hapless
 maid should stray,
 Disastrous Love companion of her
 way,
 Oh lead her timid steps to yonder
 glade,
 Whose arching cliffs depending al-
 ders shade;
 There as meek Evening wakes her
 temperate breeze,
 And moon-beams glimmer through
 the trembling trees,
 The rills, that guggle round, shall
 soothe her ear,
 The weeping rocks shall number tear
 for tear,” &c. &c.

Canto 1, line 25.

In the year 1780, Dr. Darwin was called to attend colonel Sacheverel Pole, of Radbourne-hall, distant four miles from Derby, and a few months after the decease of the colonel he married his relict, Mrs. Pole, with a jointure of 600l. per annum, to which 100l. was added, by establishing the validity of a promissory-note, which had been given to her by her former husband. The marriage of Dr. Darwin occasioned his immediate removal from Litchfield to Radbourne, where he resided till he could be accommodated with a house in Derby: in this last situation he remained till about three months before his death, when he removed to an old mansion, called Breadwall priory, about three miles distant from Derby, which was a commodious and peaceful retirement for his old age. During the last few years Dr. Darwin was much subject to inflammation in his breast and lungs: he had a very serious attack of this disease in the course of the last spring, from which, after repeated bleedings by himself and a surgeon, he with great difficulty recovered. On the 10th of April last he was attacked with a severe shivering fit, followed by a correspondent hot one, and accompanied with symptoms of inflammation in his lungs: his surgeon, Mr. Hadley, took from him, in course of the day, twenty-five ounces of blood: the fever was re-

moved, and in two or three days he became to all appearance, quite well, and declared himself perfectly recovered. On Saturday, the 17th he amused himself in his garden, with all his children, who were come home from school, probably on account of the easter-holidays: in the evening, as he was walking with Mrs. Darwin, and a lady of about his own age, the latter remarked, that he would have sufficient employment for ten years in bringing all his plans about the place to perfection. “ You, Madam (he replied) have as good a prospect as any body I know, of your age, of living ten years....I have not.”...Mrs. Darwin remarked his good looks, spirits, and strength: he said, “ I always appear particularly well immediately before I become ill.” He sat with his family in the evening, conversing with his usual cheerfulness, went to bed, rose at six on the following morning, and wrote some letters: he then called his servant, fell into a violent fit of passion with him on account of his horses, and was seized with a cold shivering fit, which increased, and was attended with thirst: he then sat down by the kitchen-fire, and drank a considerable quantity of butter-milk, but feeling himself much indisposed, he lay down on a sofa, when becoming more cold and torpid, he was raised up, and placed in an arm-chair, where, without pain, or any emotion, he expired, between eight and nine o'clock, in the 71st year of his age.

The death of Dr. Darwin is variously accounted for: it is supposed to have been caused by a cold fit of an inflammatory fever: Dr. Fox, of Derby, considers the disease which occasioned it to have been angina pectoris; but Dr. Garlike, of the same place, thinks this opinion not sufficiently well-founded: whatever was the disease, it is not improbable, surely, that the fatal event was hastened by the violent fit of passion with which he was seized in the morning.

Dr. Darwin has left a widow and six children by his last marriage: besides these, there are two natural daughters (Miss Parkers) whom he has established at a school at Ashbourne, and for whose instruction and assistance he composed and published his Treatise on Female Education.

During the whole of his life. Dr. Darwin was remarkable for great benevolence of disposition, and it was particularly conspicuous in the care he took even of the lowest animals. He had frequently expressed a strong desire, that the termination of his existence might be without pain, having always looked upon death as the less evil of the two. He was of a middle stature, in person gross and corpulent; his features were coarse, and his countenance heavy; if not wholly void of animation, it certainly was by no means expressive. The print of him, from a painting of Mr. Wright, is a good likeness. In his gait and dress he was rather clumsy and slovenly, and frequently walked with his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

A gentleman with whom he was many years in the habits of intimacy, relates "that in his youth Dr. Darwin was fond of sacrificing to both Bacchus and Venus: but he soon discovered that he could not continue his devotions to both these deities without destroying his health, and constitution.* He therefore resolved to relinquish Bacchus, but his affection for Venus was retained to the last period of life."

* At this period of life, when he was hesitating from which of the two favourite altars he must discontinue his sacrifices, we may suppose him to have translated, with so much spirit and effect, the following epigram of Martial:....

Balnea, Vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra,

At faciunt vitam Balnea, Vina, Venus.

Wine, women, warmth, against our lives combine;

But what is life without warmth, women, wine!

In the second vol. of *Zoonomia*, (Class iv. 1, 2, 15. Art. Podagra.) Dr. Darwin relates, that about forty-five years ago he was first seized with a fit of the gout; in consequence of which he totally abstained from all fermented liquors, not even tasting small beer, or a drop of any kind of wine: but he ate plentifully of flesh-meat, and all kinds of vegetables and fruit, using, for his drink at meals, chiefly water alone, or cream and water, with tea and coffee between them, as usual. By this abstinence from fermented liquors he kept quite free from the gout for fifteen or sixteen years, and from some other complaints to which he had been subject: he then indulged himself occasionally with a little wine and water, cyder and water, &c. but was speedily admonished into his former temperance, by a paroxysm of the gout. He was in the habit of eating a large quantity of food, and his stomach possessed a strong power of digestion: his advice frequently was "Eat, eat, eat as much as you can;" but he took every opportunity to impress a dread of all fermented liquors on the minds of his patients, whose diseases he was too ready to represent as originating in the frequent use of them.

In the "Botanic Garden" (Part II. Canto iv. 357, &c.) Dr. Darwin has taken an opportunity to express his strong antipathy against fermented liquors, by comparing their effects to that of the Promethean fire:.... "The ancient story of Prometheus, who concealed in his bosom the fire he had stolen, and afterwards had a vulture perpetually gnawing his liver, affords so apt an allegory for the effects of drinking spirituous liquors, that one should be induced to think the art of distillation, as well as some other chemical processes (such as calcining gold), had been known in times of great antiquity, and lost again. The swallowing drams cannot be better represented in hieroglyphic language than by taking fire into one's bosom; and certain

by rapid glances, from any books which accident throws in our way. Instead of that orderly, scientific method of study, which is the direct road to knowledge, are substituted miscellaneous reading, and vague thinking, from which nothing is to be expected, but a confused mass of truth and error. Thus, opinions, once introduced, however it is, that the general effect of drinking fermented or spirituous liquors is an inflamed, schirrous, or paralytic liver, with its various critical or consequential diseases, as leprous eruptions on the face, gout, dropsy, epilepsy, insanity."

In the very brief and hasty memoir which we are now compiling, it is not to be expected that we should dissert on the genius and writings of Dr. Darwin: the various productions of his fanciful and philosophical pen have long since been exposed to public criticism, and received an ample share, as well of obloquy as applause.

WHENCE ARISES THE DIVERSITY OF OPINION?

EVER since men began to think and inquire, they have differed in opinion; and it does not appear from the history of mankind, that, as they have increased in knowledge, they have hitherto proportionably approximated towards agreement. Hence some have been inclined to infer, that to such beings as men, diversity of opinion is a benefit. It might as reasonably be asserted, that disease is a benefit, because it has given birth to the science of medicine. Truth being one, if there was no such thing as error, all men must think alike; and error is certainly a disease, or defect of the mind, which it is the business of philosophy to remove. Diversity of opinion, if it has stimulated inquiry, has also generated animosity and intolerance. It must, therefore, be considered as an evil, which it is for the interest

of mankind, as much as possible, to banish from the world: and it is of importance to examine, whence this imperfection in the nature, or present state, of man arises; for it is only by attending to the causes of any malady, that we can hope to discover the means of cure.

Many of the causes of diversity of opinion, are of a moral nature, originating in the habit and temper of the mind. Among these, one of the most prevalent, is indolence, or an indisposition to mental exertion, in the search after truth. The present modes of education are in no respect more faulty, than in neglecting to cultivate and improve the reasoning faculty. During the early period of instruction and discipline, in which the mind is moulded, it is thought sufficient to store the memory with words and facts, enrich the fancy with images, and impress the heart with sentiment, without instituting any course of intellectual exercises, by means of which young people may form a habit of deducing from admitted premises, certain, or probable, conclusions. It is not till they pass from the grammar-school, to the last finishing of the university, that young men are taught to think. Hence arises an indolent and desultory habit of the mind, which indisposes it for those vigorous and continued exertions which are necessary to the successful investigation, or even the accurate apprehension, of truth. To escape the fatigue of pursuing a regular train of thought, and examining minutely and methodically any subject of inquiry, we content ourselves with general ideas, casually collected from conversation, or snatched up by rapid glances from any books which accident throws in our way. Instead of that orderly, scientific method of study, which is the direct road to knowledge, are substituted miscellaneous reading and vague thinking, from which nothing is to be expected, but a confused mass of truth and error. Thus opinions once introduced, however ill found-

ed, obtain an easy reception, and are transmitted from hand to hand without due examination, till the counterfeit currency becomes more numerous than the sterling coin.

That diligence of inquiry which leads to truth is prevented; and, consequently, those erroneous conceptions which multiply contrary opinions, are fostered by conceit. This quality is called by the French, *opiniatrete* and by some of our old English writers *opiniatry*, doubtless to express the immoderate fondness of the conceited man for his own opinions. To this fault young people are particularly liable. The first acquisitions which a young person makes in science, like the first piece of money which a child calls his own, are valued beyond their real worth; and the reason in both cases is, that the possessor is not capable of comparing his little stock with the larger treasures of others. It is chiefly on this account, that

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'
While we are at the foot of the hill of science, our view is so confined that we can neither perceive to what heights others have attained, nor observe what vast regions remain unexplored by ourselves. In the lower stages of improvement, men are apt to rest satisfied with their present attainments, and to sit down contented with their present stock of ideas, and their present set of opinions, without suspecting that they may be false and erroneous, or apprehending any necessity for giving them a careful revision. It is from the modest inquirer, and not from the conceited sciolist, that the world must look for the correction of those errors which have diversified opinion.

Nearly allied to conceit is pertinacity, another moral fault, which has the same tendency. Some men grasp their opinions, in whatever way they acquired them, with so firm a hold that they cannot be wrested from them by any force or argument. With such persons,

opinions have all the value and certainty of axioms. Never admitting a doubt concerning the truth of the dogmata they embrace, or making the supposition, so mortifying to their pride, that they possibly may be mistaken, they read and converse only to support their system. "Why should we give ourselves the trouble to search for a treasure, which we already possess? or why listen to men who are, either ignorantly or dishonestly, pleading the cause of error?" Such is the genuine language of dogmatism. Its sure effect upon others, is to produce disgust instead of conviction; upon the dogmatist himself, to shut him up forever within the narrow enclosure of his own prejudices: it therefore tends to perpetuate multiplied and contradictory errors.

Dogmatism upon the most favourable supposition, proceeds from narrow and partial views. But men are often positive and dogmatical, not because they have studied the subject in dispute imperfectly, but because they have not studied it at all. They have no doubt that the opinions which they have received from their ancestors, or from their instructors, must be true: without examining the arguments, or evidence on which they are founded, they embrace them as incontrovertible doctrines, and maintain them as strenuously, as if they had seen them established upon the fullest demonstrations. Such persons seem to consider their opinions as a part of their inheritance, and to retain them as tenaciously as their estates. This implicit deference to authority, evidently tends to preserve alive those false opinions which have once obtained the sanction of a great name, or the patronage of the civil power. According to this principle, Aristotle ought still to preside in our schools, and the system of Descartes should never have given way to that of Newton. Were this principle universal, error, in its multifarious forms, must become perpetual; and

it would no longer be true, that
 * "time, while it confirms the dic-
 tates of nature, destroys the fic-
 tions of opinion."

But nothing has a more powerful tendency to produce those erroneous judgments, which occasion diversity of opinion, than the predominancy of passion over reason. While the mind is kept perfectly cool, and free from agitation, it can contemplate objects according to their real nature, without exaggeration or distortion: and to view every thing as it is in itself, and as it stands related to other things, is the proper office of the understanding, and the only way to discover truth. In mathematical and philosophical reasonings, provided the feelings of vanity and emulation be excluded, the understanding is commonly free from the bias of passions, and pursues truth in the right line of fair investigation. But on other subjects, in which personal interest is concerned, and concerning which, hope, fear, or any other powerful passion renders the decision, on either side, an object of desire or aversion, we are in perpetual danger of forming false judgments. It is not, indeed, certain, that in determining any doubtful question, in the manner which best accords with our private advantage, we are adopting an error; for it may happen, that speculative truth and personal interest may coincide: "People," says Mr. Locke, "may stumble upon truth in the way to preferment." But in cases in which the inquirer is deeply concerned in the result of his speculations; when, for example, wealth, popularity, or advancement, is connected with one decision, and poverty, obscurity, or suffering with the reverse, it requires no small portion of integrity and fairness, to make an impartial judgment. It cannot admit of a doubt, that the edifice of superstition has lasted longer, by

means of the buttresses which power has erected to support it, than it could have done without them. Many opinions are now existing, and even flourishing, through their alliance with interest, which, left to the natural process of the human intellect, would probably, by this time have been extinct.

The moral causes of diversity of opinion, already enumerated, may be sufficient to account for innumerable cases of erroneous judgment, in which men wander, in various directions, from the truth, merely because they are not honestly and resolutely engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. Other causes, less under our controul, remain to be mentioned.

Great confusion of ideas, and consequent diversity of opinion, arise from the want of precision in the use of terms. The only science in which the leading term is accurately defined, and strictly used in one given sense, is mathematics; and to this cause is, in a great measure, owing the superiority of this science to all others, in perspicuity and certainty. As far as the science of physics partakes of mathematical accuracy, in its use of terms, it becomes capable of demonstration; and just in the degree in which, from the want of a complete idea of the things or properties which the terms express, they are imperfectly defined, uncertainty arises. In other sciences, particularly metaphysics, theology, and morals, innumerable terms are adopted, which in different connections, and used by different persons, represent different combinations of ideas. Hence when they are employed in argument, a confusion of conception, and diversity of opinion, are necessarily produced. The whole metaphysical doctrine of Aristotle, concerning being abstractedly considered, is a mere science of words; and the innumerable disputes which it created among the scholastics in the middle age, were nothing better than logomachies. The sects

* *Opinionum commenta delet dies, Naturæ judicia confirmat.*

of the nominalists and realists, which through the eleventh and twelfth centuries, disturbed the worlds with angry contentions on the question, whether the universals have a real essence, or are mere names, would have been at once annihilated by settling the meaning of the terms genus and species. Confusion in the use of the terms substance, nature, being, person, generation, &c. gave rise to the numerous sects in which the christian church was early divided, concerning the divine nature and person of Christ. The ancient schools of the philosophers, maintained endless disputes concerning the supreme good, the value of pleasure, and other moral topics, which originated entirely, in the different collections of ideas which they respectively connected with the same words. "Let us," says Cicero, to the Stoic, "settle the meaning of terms, and no controversy will remain*." Among disputants of modern times, greater precision of language has been studied; yet, perhaps, it will be found, that the controversies concerning liberty and necessity, concerning the foundation of morals, and some others, are rather disputes about words than things.

Disagreement in judgment, and, consequently, diversity of opinion, is further increased by the injudicious use of metaphorical language. Figures of speech are the instruments of oratory, not of logic. By distracting the mind between different objects, they interrupt that steady contemplation of the matter in question, which is necessary to the discovery of truth. They are also frequently employed to create arbitrary associations, and to prepossess the mind by impressions on the imagination, while the understanding ought to be coolly occupied in argumentative discussion. Of this, almost every treatise in theo-

logical or political controversy furnishes examples. This is often to be imputed to crafty design, but is sometimes merely the effect of literary vanity. Writers who excel more in fancy than judgment, and whose taste in style inclines rather to ornament than simplicity, are too apt to load even scientific disquisitions with rhetorical figures and thus lose in perspicuity of reasoning, more than they gain in elegance of writing. It may deserve the attention of those who are fond of eloquent argumentation, that one of the most perfect books of reasoning in the world, the Elements of Euclid, has not a single rhetorical figure from the beginning to the end. As far as language is concerned in argument, a better rule cannot be laid down, than that of Cicero: "Care should be taken to make use of the most common words, and such as are best adapted to express the meaning*."

The neglect of method in study, is another fruitful cause of diversity of opinion. Even in the construction of general plans of education for public schools, much remains to be done, before a regular edifice of instruction will be erected. There is a natural connection among the several parts of science, which renders it exceedingly desirable that a broad foundation being laid in the knowledge of the materials and the instruments of science, things, and words, the superstructure should be raised with a due regard to relation, proportion, and harmony. When this great work shall be accomplished, by the united exertions of well-informed and comprehensive minds, it may be expected, that many systems of opinions will be overturned, and that the uniformity of judgment, which statesmen and priests have so long in vain attempted to produce by coercion,

* Conferam tecum quam citique verbo rem subjicias nulla erit controversia. DE FIN. l. iv. c. 27.

* Opera danda est, ut verbis utamur quam usitatissimis, & quam maxime aptis, id est, rem declarantibus. DE FIN. l. iv. c. 20.

will in some degree arise from the regular investigation of truth. For the want of such a plan of instruction, knowledge, even upon the subjects most interesting to man, is commonly gathered up in an accidental and desultory manner. Partial views are taken of great questions in theology, morals, and policy; no single point is examined throughout, and in regular train. A few arguments, on one side, are contemplated in full view, and in a strong light; others of equal importance are slightly noticed; and, perhaps, the whole, or the greater part of the evidence, on the side contrary to that which the reader is disposed to favour, is overlooked, or designedly kept out of sight. The inevitable effects must be prejudice, error, and diversity of opinion.

If the matter be traced still higher, it will be found that, where neither passion nor prejudice, interferences, men still think differently, from the want of certain data, in which they are agreed, as the basis of their subsequent reasonings. Excepting only in pure geometry, a foundation of definition and axioms has never yet been so firmly laid as to produce, in the application, irresistible demonstration. Some philosophers have conceived, that there are in every science certain first principles, the truth of which is intuitively perceived. But it is a strong presumption against the existence of such principles, that no one has ever been able to discover a criterion by which they are to be distinguished, on the one hand, from opinions formed by prejudice, and, on the other, from the legitimate deductions of reason. It will perhaps be found, upon strict examination, that those first principles which are called axioms in geometry, appear to the mind as certain truths, because they necessarily follow from the admitted signification of the terms. The whole is known to be greater than its part, not by intuitive reason, but, because the terms whole and part, be-

ing understood to express certain relative ideas of magnitude, cannot retain their meaning, unless the proposition be received as true. If this explanation of the nature of an axiom be accurate, the reason why there is such a perfect agreement concerning geometrical truths, and so much diversity of opinions concerning propositions in other sciences, is, that, in the former case, the leading terms which are made use of are universally understood in the same sense; but, in the latter, have different meanings.

Diversity of opinion must be ultimately ascribed to the different degrees of imperfection in human knowledge. Were all men perfectly acquainted with the nature, properties, and relations of the beings which come under their perception or contemplation, they must see every thing as it is, and must, therefore, form the same judgment concerning it. Did all men know alike, though imperfectly, their opinions must be the same. But, while one man knows more than another, and while men, from their incomplete knowledge of things, must necessarily view the same objects under different aspects, and be liable to misconception and error, it is impossible that diversity of opinion should not arise. Concerning mathematical figures and quantities, our knowledge is certain. Concerning the forms and obvious properties of bodies, which come under the notice of the senses, the judgments of different persons will commonly be the same. Concerning physical powers, the effects of which are subjected to experiment, a general agreement may be expected. But, with respect to historical facts, which must be reported on human testimony, and cannot be judged of without weighing various circumstances; with respect to moral and political questions, the accurate decision of which requires a diligent examination of numerous facts; and with respect to intellectual beings, and their powers and their qualities,

known only from inference or analogy, opinions, however satisfactory, must be liable to great diversity. On these latter subjects, as one has well observed*, it is difficult to find out truth, because it is in such considerable proportions scattered in a mass of opinative uncertainties, like the silver in Hiero's crown of gold.

Error and its inseparable concomitant, diversity of opinion, are entailed by an irreversible decree upon human nature. These defects may, however, be in some measure corrected. Without the aid of persecution, which can at most only enforce an hypocritical uniformity of profession, instead of unity of belief, the liberal protection and encouragement of free inquiry may cherish the love of truth, and promote the honest and ardent pursuit of knowledge. Individual attention to moral discipline may cure those diseases of the mind, which multiply and perpetuate erroneous opinions. If the project of an universal philosophical character, in which the present ambiguities of language should be avoided, and all the varieties of human ideas should be correctly represented, and classically arranged, be too difficult to be accomplished, men may, at least, learn to use with greater caution and skill, the symbols with which they are already furnished. New institutions of education adapted to the present state of knowledge, may be introduced, in the room of the cumbrous systems; which time has fairly worn out. Unprofitable speculations may give way to such literary and scientific pursuits, as promise general utility. And if, after all, knowledge should never become so perfect and universal, as to banish diversity of opinion, men may, at least, be heartily united in prosecuting the great object of the common good, and, with respect to every point of doubtful speculation, may candidly agree to differ.

* Glanville.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE EXTRACTION OF SUGAR AND SYRUP FROM INDIGENOUS PLANTS....HERMSTÆDT.

FROM the chemical analysis of vegetable substances, and the knowledge of their constituent and other particles contained and mixed with them, it is sufficiently evident that the East and West-Indies are not the only countries provided by nature with saccharine plants; but saccharine matter is abundantly found in other productions of the vegetable kingdom, and it only requires an assiduous examination to point out those vegetables from which it may be most copiously and in the least expensive way obtained.

Among the plants hitherto examined, none deserve to be ranked so near the true sugarcane as the whole genus of maple trees, and of these, particularly the sugar and silver maple, *Acer saccharinum*, and *A. Dasycarpum* Ehrh: Both trees have been used for these fifty years, to obtain sugar from them, which in the last years has proved to be particularly profitable. By my own experiments, which I have repeatedly made since the winter of 1796, I found out, that from all species of maples, sugar may be, with more or less profit, obtained; and that the sugar and silver maples, growing even in Germany, though not in the best soil, give a very good raw sugar, not inferior to the best West-India cane sugar, and which is got so cheap, that a pound of it will come no higher than eighteen or twenty pfennige, or about two pence half-penny, and only a groshen or a penny, when instead of charcoal common coal or turf are employed for boiling the juice, and particularly when the operation is made upon a large scale, as one labourer is able to attend five hundred trees during the period of tapping them. The process of boiling the juice is besides so very simple,

that every body may soon learn it. But these advantages are only to be expected from the sugar and silver maple, as the other species, *Acer Negundo*, *A. campestre*, *A. platanoides*, and *A. pseudoplatanus*, contain a less quantity of juice, which is also not so rich in saccharine matter. However, as plantations of those maples require a space of twenty or twenty-five years before the trees are large enough to admit tapping, it will be not improper, but of great utility to the community, to examine, meanwhile, those indigenous plants, from which likewise a useful substitute for the West-India sugar may be extracted; and it is with this view I have made the following experiments:

Experiments to obtain Sugar from India-Corn.

India-Corn (*Zea Mays*) is said to contain, according to Von Justi, sugar, particularly in the nodes of the young stalks, from which Mr. Jacquin, of Vienna, has successfully prepared it; and this is farther confirmed by Mr. Marabelli, in a dissertation on the subject. It is likewise reported, that the extraction of the sugar from the stalks of India-corn, growing particularly in a marshy soil, has been tried in Italy upon a large scale, but afterwards left off again, as it was found not to answer the purpose, the sugar thus obtained being more expensive than common raw sugar. To be convinced by my own experience, on this subject, I made some experiments, of which the following are the results: A quantity of India-corn was cultivated in a tolerable, and somewhat marshy soil, for the purpose: when the young plants were about six inches high, the leaves, when chewed, had a sweetish taste, but the stalks, particularly about the nodes, tasted quite like sugar. These young plants being cut off as near the ground as possible, freed from the leaves, and sufficiently cleaned; ten pounds of them were cut in pieces, and, being pounded in

a stone mortar, the juice was expressed, which weighed three pounds. This juice, whose sweetish taste had still a disagreeable flavour of herbs, was clarified with the white of eggs, after which that taste was scarcely perceptible; and being thickened to the consistence of a syrup, eight ounces of a very agreeable tasting syrup were obtained.

Examination of the Spikes of India-Corn.

As the young spikes, when they are beginning to form, possess a very agreeable saccharine taste, they were thought fit for being examined. Ten pounds of them were accordingly squeezed in a stone mortar, and the juice expressed, after the leaves had been stripped off. These gave four pounds of a milky juice, which could not be rendered perfectly clear by the white of eggs. By a slow evaporation to the consistence of a syrup, nine ounces of a brown agreeable tasting syrup were got, but which differed from the former by being more mucilaginous.

Examination of Stalks of India-corn, of a more advanced growth.

Twenty pounds of these stalks were cut in pieces, and with the addition of water, squeezed in a stone mortar, and the juice expressed, which possessed a disagreeable and somewhat acrid taste. Being in the same manner thickened to the consistence of a syrup, twelve ounces of syrup were obtained, which had a disagreeable saline taste, and might rather be considered as a vegetable extract, than as sugar.

Experiments for obtaining Dry Sugar from India-Corn.

To learn, whether it was possible to exhibit a crystallisable sugar from this plant, the syrups prepared from the young stalks and the spikes were each dissolved by itself in fresh lime-water, and gently boiled, by which a great part of their impuri-

ties was carried off. The liquor being strained through a woollen cloth, each of them was boiled to the thickness of a syrup, which was put in a glass, and set eight months in a warm place, when little crystallisations of sugar appeared, which were with difficulty separable from the fluid. For this purpose each syrup was evaporated by a gentle fire, till they became dry, and this mass was digested with alcoholized spiritus vini to ebullition. The fluid still hot was instantly poured through a linen cloth, whereon the mucilaginous parts remained, but on the cooling of the spirituous solution, a true sugar, of a yellow colour, crystallised in small grains. The alcohol being drawn from the remaining fluid, by distillation, another portion of sugar was got by gentle evaporation; and altogether, two ounces from the syrup of the young stalks, and one ounce and a half from that of the spikes.

By these experiments it is sufficiently shewn, that from the young fresh stalks, as well as from the spikes, of India-corn, a true sugar can be extracted; but as its separation from the gummons and other particles mixed with it is combined with such difficulties, and the gain so inconsiderable, that a pound of raw sugar from this plant would cost one rixdollar, or above three shillings, appears that no profit or economy will arise from the fabrication of this sugar.

Experiments for obtaining Sugar from the Siberia Cow-Parsnep.

The Russian cow-parsnep (*Heraclium Sphondylium* Lin; *Heraclium sibiricum*) has been long known, as a plant containing a great deal of saccharine matter, in which respect, according to Steller (in his travels to Kamtchatka, in German) it deserves the next place to the sugarcane, and the natives call it the sweet herb or Ratsli. According to Gmelin (*Flora Sibirica*, s. 1. p. 214) it does not differ from our common cow-parsnep, but others think it

a particular species, to which they give the name of *Sphondylium Penaces*. The inhabitants of Kamtchatka gather the stalks of this plant in June, and having stripped off the leaves, they shave off the outer skin with muscle shells, and dry them in the sun, and afterwards they are chewed for the sake of sucking out the saccharine matter. In drying the surface of the stalks, it is covered with a white saccharine powder, which they separate by shaking them in a leather bag; but forty pounds of them afford only a quarter of a pound of this powder-sugar, which therefore is considered as a great rarity. Besides this the stalks and roots of the plants are employed for obtaining a sort of brandy. I was supplied with some fresh plants of the *Heraclium sibiricum* for my experiments, but finding that the stalks were by no means so rich in sugar, as it is related of those plants growing in Siberia, I tried the roots, of which I got four pounds, whose taste is sweetish, like that of parsneps. Having freed them from the outer skin they were dried, but no saccharine crust appeared on the surface. They were therefore ground; and being mixed with water the juice was pressed, which tasted sweetish, but a little acrid. Being boiled with the white of eggs, and clarified, it was thickened to the consistence of a syrup, of which six ounces were got, wherein after a space of three months, a brown grainy sugar had crystallized, which however was not quite free from a disagreeable flavour. Though it is shown by these experiments, that sugar may be obtained from that plant, yet the preparation of the sugar is too expensive, for making use of it in economy. It is however probable, that the soil has a great influence upon the plant, and that therefore those growing in Siberia are richer in sugar.

Experiments to obtain Sugar from the Must of Wine.

It might be presumed from the taste of must obtained from ripe

grapes, that a considerable quantity of saccharine matter is contained in it, though involved by mucilage. To try whether a true sugar could be extracted from it, some experiments were undertaken. Eight Berlin quarts of must, from ripe sweet grapes, were scethed with the white of eggs, clarified and filtered. The fluid being evaporated, gave three pounds of an agreeable but acidu-

lous syrup. To take away this free acid, the syrup was dissolved again in limewater, and so much of it added, till no acid was perceived by reagents. The fluid being again clarified and evaporated, a very agreeable syrup was obtained, from which it was by no means possible to exhibit crystallised sugar. However, this syrup would, at the high price of must, not be very profitable.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

Hanover, (Vt.) Dec. 2.

A remarkable bird was last Saturday killed by Henry Nevens, of this town. It was upwards of three feet in height.....though it weighed but twelve pounds, it was judged sufficiently stout, and bold enough to have attempted and even destroyed the lives of calves, sheep, and lambs. Its wings extended, measured seven feet, eight inches; and its claws were two and one-fourth inches in length. This fowl is supposed to be of the eagle species; but few of this size are rarely met with in this part of the country. What is remarkable, Mr. Nevens shot him flying, sitting on his horse.

Reading, Penn. Dec. 3.

In the night of Monday and Tuesday, the 29th ult. the barn and stables of Mr. Waters Dewees, at Birdsborough, with ten of his best horses, and a quantity of grain and hay, were entirely consumed by fire, and so violent were the flames that nothing of this valuable property could possibly be saved, only the riding horse of Mr. Dewees, who escaped much burned, and will hardly ever be fit for use. The worst of the horses was worth fifty pounds....Nobody knows how the fire broke out.

Boston, Dec. 5.

Two highway robberies have been committed in the vicinity of this

town, within these few days. On Tuesday evening about 7 o'clock, Mr. John Winship, returning home from market, was attacked by three persons on the Medford and Menotomy road, opposite the Ten-Hills farm, in Charlestown, robbed of between twenty and thirty dollars in silver, and severely wounded. On Friday evening, on the same road and near the same spot, a Mr. Batley, of Charlestown, on his return from a journey to the upper parts of the country, was assailed by seven persons, two of whom entered his chaise, and presenting pistols at his breast, demanded his money, and took all he had about him, then threw him on the ground, searched for his pocket-book and watch; and not finding either, bade him get into his chaise and go back to Medford..... After proceeding about forty rods, thinking the robbers had dispersed, he attempted to get to Charlestown; but on arriving at the spot where he had before been robbed, he was again assailed by the robbers, and obliged to return to Medford, where he continued all night. The robbers were armed with musquets and pistols.

Raleigh, N. C. Dec. 6.

A bed of gold ore has been lately discovered in Cabarrus county, in this state, in a creek running through the land of Mr. John Reed, a native of Hesse Cassel, in Germany, which

promises to be a source of great riches to the proprietor. The metal was first found by two or three children of Mr. Reed, who were fishing. They brought a few pieces home to their father, as a curiosity, ignorant of its value. On examination, the ore was found not only to be gold, but gold of a very pure quality. Since this discovery, these little boys have picked up daily from one hundred to one hundred and twenty penny-weights (worth upwards of twenty pounds sterling) but the proprietor has lately found a lump of the ore twenty-eight pounds weight, which it is supposed, when fluxed will yield twenty-seven pounds of pure gold, and is worth upwards of five thousand six hundred dollars! These facts are assured to us by one of the members of our general assembly from Cabarras, now in this city, who has in his possession two specimens of this precious metal, one as it is found and the other as purified.

Stanton, Vir. Dec. 9.

A melancholy accident happened on Thursday, the 1st instant, in this country. The kitchen of Mr. Coiner was consumed by fire, and with it two of his children, one about two and the other about four years of age together with a negro child. Mrs. Coiner and the children being at home by themselves, she, while cleaning the house, told them to go to the kitchen, a few minutes after having occasion to go there herself, discovered it enveloped in flames, supposed to have originated by the children in playing with the fire, dropping some coals in a quantity of flax contiguous to the door, which prevented her from entering, she immediately ran to a hole in the wall where she beheld her tender offspring with uplifted hands, supplicating assistance; her exertions to rescue them were in vain; on taking hold of their arms they slipped from her grasp, the skin remaining in her hands; she made a second effort, and got the head of one through the crevice, but being

unable to get it farther, it was consumed together with the others, in sight of its agonized parent. Their bones were gathered up on the following day and decently interred.

Alexandria, December 12.

Flour inspected in the town of Alexandria, for the quarter ending the 11th December, 1803:

10,485 barrels

1,938 half barrels

119 barrels Indian meal.

Philadelphia, December 13.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, a fire broke out in an unfinished three story brick house, situated on the south side of Sansom-street, near Seventh-street. Although the citizens immediately repaired to the place, and used every effort in their power to stop its progress, it was not subdued until it had destroyed the house in which it originated, and seven other new brick buildings of the same size, adjoining it. The burning shingles were carried by the force of the wind, in a south-westerly direction, several squares from the place, and they would probably have occasioned other conflagrations had not the houses been previously wet by a seasonable rain. These buildings were nearly tenable, but fortunately neither of them were occupied by a family. We understand that they were the property of industrious carpenters and bricklayers....some of whom, it is said, are not in a situation to bear so heavy a loss. None of the houses were insured.

New-York, December 15.

There is now in the harbour of New York, 131 ships, 96 brigs, 146 schooners, and 354 sloops...total 727: exclusive of mill, market, pleasure, and ferry boats, pettiangers, &c. a greater number than has been in it at one time since the revolutionary war.

December 16.

We can hardly recollect so severe a gale of wind as has prevailed dur-

ing the last forty-eight hours. It commenced before day on Tuesday, accompanied with violent rain. Our harbour crowded with shipping and coasting craft, was exposed, especially on the Hudson side of the town, to all its rage. The following vessels were either dashed to pieces against the wharves and adjoining vessels, or sunk. In the North river near the hay-scales, a schooner belonging to Mr. John Hatfield, of Staten-island, laden with hay; and a sloop, name unknown: near the corporation dock, a sloop laden with wood and marketing: off the battery a sloop laden with pork, beef, cheese, &c. in the East river, near the Exchange-slip, a schooner belonging to Mr. Cornwell, owner of the mills at Red hook, laden with flower; and a schooner belonging to Mr. Reynolds. Exclusive of the above, which have been completely wrecked, a vast number have sustained more or less injury, and the total damage cannot be rated at less than twenty thousand dollars.

December 17.

The lovers of the fine arts will be gratified to learn, that a very ingenious painter from Italy, has taken his residence in this state, which we hope soon to see enriched with his productions. Mr. Zuchotti some time since arrived and took lodging in Roxbury, where he remained unnoticed and unknown, till a gentleman gave him his permission to ornament a room which he was finishing. The superior beauty and elegance of this performance caught the eye of a watchmaker of taste who was fitting up a shop in Boston; Mr. Z. was engaged to embellish it; when this second work was finished, his genius was suffered no longer to remain in obscurity; for, from the liberal citizens of Boston, he had immediate applications for work, the completion of which will take more than two years.

Carlisle, Penn. Dec. 14.

On Saturday morning last, a fire broke out in the dwelling-house of

John Steele, esq., about one mile from this borough, and before any assistance could reach the place was burnt to the ground. All his furniture, together with a large quantity of grain, which was in the upper story of the house, were entirely consumed.

Haverhill, Dec. 20.

On Saturday last, a barn in Andover, containing twenty head of cattle, a horse chaise, and a quantity of grain, hay, &c. belonging to Mr. Nathaniel Gage, was entirely consumed by fire. It is supposed this accident was occasioned by a negro boy, who carried fire in a mug, into the barn, to warm his hands while foddering the cattle.

On Sunday night, the 18th December, Mr. Phineas Moody, of Somers, (Con.) who had for some time previous been in a low, melancholy state of mind, was led to the horrid purpose of murdering his family and himself.

After the family were asleep, he procured an axe with which he in the first place killed his wife and infant child, about twelve months old. His wife was badly cut in several places; her arm, on which probably the child lay, was cut almost entirely off, likely by the blow which dispatched the infant. He then went up into a chamber where a niece of his slept, about eight years of age, whom he mangled in a shocking manner.

She had several gashes of the axe in different parts of her face, neck, and breast; three of her fingers cut entirely off, and others partly. He then returned to the room where his wife was, and left the axe, went into a lower room, and cut his throat from ear to ear. He was about 40 years of age. The next morning the deed was discovered by a little lad who went to the house with an errand, who spread the alarm..... The scene was enough to "harrow up the soul" of a stoic. A jury of inquest was immediately summoned who brought in a verdict of... *Wilful Murder!*

New-Bedford, Dec. 28.

On the 16th instant, the deputy-marshal, agreeable to previous notice, proceeded to sell by public auction, at twelve o'clock, on that day, a quantity of rum and molasses, which had been justly forfeited by law, for an attempt to evade the payment of the duties. At the commencement of the sale, a mob collected to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred, with an evident determination to abuse any person who should over bid the original owners....two or three respectable individuals from the country, saw proper, notwithstanding these "squally appearances," to make higher bids; they were shamefully abused, and one of them, after an unsuccessful attempt had been made to throw him into the dock, was beaten in a most shocking manner, and it was only by the most spirited exertions of his friends, that he was rescued from the hands of the ruffians, in so mangled and exhausted a situation that his life was at first despaired of. We forbear adding more at present, we regret that a cause should exist for saying so much, and sincerely hope, for the honour of that ancient town, that the instigators of so daring an outrage on the laws of civilized society, will receive the punishment which their conduct merits.

Late in the fall of the year 1798, as I went down the Ohio in company with three or four others, we lodged one night at a house on the bank of the river opposite to the upper end of a small island, about thirteen miles above Marietta. In the morning our landlord asked us if we would go over to the island to see the big tree. I had several years before heard of a remarkably large tree somewhere on the Ohio, but had not recollected where, neither had I much curiosity to see it.... however, the company being very desirous to go, I went with them.... the island is supposed to contain about ten or twelve acres of land, lying low, just above high water. I

thought it one of the finest or richest pieces of land I had ever seen. At a few perches from the shore our conductor brought us to the stump of a large tree, indeed. The stump was about twelve or fifteen feet high, and being hollow, there was a kind of door cut in one side, where I went in, the shell was about two or three inches thick and the cavity nearly circular. We had the curiosity to measure the diameter on the ground inside, and found it upwards of eighteen feet, and as high as we could reach up, it was about thirteen and an half feet on the outside, on the ground the circumference was about sixty feet, but not quite so much higher up, though it kept its thickness remarkably. The tree had two large branches or limbs, which were broken down, and had fallen in opposite directions. One of these limbs, at the distance of twenty steps, or about sixty feet from the root of the tree, we all supposed to be six feet in diameter, the other I did not so particularly attend to, but one of the young men in company told me he stood upright in the hollow, in this end of it, as it lay near the root of the stump. These branches had separated from each other, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet high."

Cabarras County, N. Carolina.

The gold mine in Cabarras, has of late drawn the attention of a number of our citizens very much. Indeed it has so far engaged the minds of many, that it has become the common theme in almost every company. The fact is, it has lately produced wonders. Besides a variety of less magnitude, there was, about three weeks ago, one lump found just below the surface of the earth, that weighed twenty-eight pounds, steel-yard weight. This, at the common calculation will be worth about seven thousand dollars. So that from its present appearance it is well worthy of notice.

Fredericksburg, Vir. Dec. 29.

On Monday last, Mr. William Thoruton and Mr. Francis Conwa

met, in consequence of a previous misunderstanding, in the neighbourhood of this town, and sorry we are to announce, that the event proved fatal to both parties.

In the same hour on Tuesday last they both departed this life.

By their untimely fate two weeping mothers are left to deplore the loss of two dutiful sons, their children two affectionate brothers, and society two most promising citizens. The surviving relations are in a situation easier to be imagined than described.

Connecticut	54
Vermont	48
New-Hampshire	46
South-Carolina	46
Kentucky	36
Tennessee	28
Georgia	23
Delaware	14
Ohio	13
Rhode-Island	8
District of Maine	53
Columbia	3
Mississippi Territory	9
Indiana do.	9

Total.....1,159

Lynchburg, Vir. Dec. 28.

On Saturday, the 24th instant, at the store of Mr. Abner Early, in Campbell, a period was put to the life of Mr. Bluford Early, who expired a few minutes after receiving the contents of a loaded gun, from the hands of Isaac Butterworth.... said to have been done intentionally....a controversy having previously taken place between them. The particulars of this event we have not learnt. Mr. Early was a man much respected, and in the prime of life.

Leesburg.

During the gust of rain on Sunday evening last a Negro quarter of col. T. L. Lee's, near Goose creek, was struck by lightning, and two negroes were struck dead, and six or seven wounded; one of the wounded soon died, and it is hoped the others are out of danger. They had assembled for the laudable purpose of prayer, and were singing hymns at the period of this awful visitation.

The following is said to be an accurate statement of the number of post-offices in the several states, districts, and territories of the union:

State of Virginia	199
New-York	159
Pennsylvania	102
Massachusetts	24
North-Carolina	83
Maryland	74
New-Jersey	57

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

Several workmen engaged in digging a well for Mr. Samuel Wigton, Hudson, New-York state, a few rods from an upright rock, which forms the bank of the river in front of that city, a few days since threw up a number of fragments of well burnt bricks, which were found about 40 feet under the surface of the earth. The account which the workmen gave of a discovery so singular, was at first considered as a trick to impose on the credulous people, until two gentlemen, to convince themselves, descended to the bottom of the well, and with a pick axe, dug some out of the hard compacted gravel, which still retain perfectly the impression of the mould. No whole bricks were seen, though a workman broke with his spade one which he thinks was entire, and says the pieces when put together, would have made a brick of about eight or nine inches in length. The horizontal or alluvial strata of earth, perforated in digging the well, were as follows, or nearly so: five feet yellow sand, sixteen feet of yellow clay, seventeen feet marl, very ponderous, and of a blue colour, resembling that of the lime rock in the vicinity; one and an half feet redish ocherons and gravel, six inches hard pan, or gravel cemented with marl, one and an half feet fine yellow sand, and three feet coarse slaty gravel.

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VOL. I.]

MARCH, 1804.

[No. 6

CONTENTS.

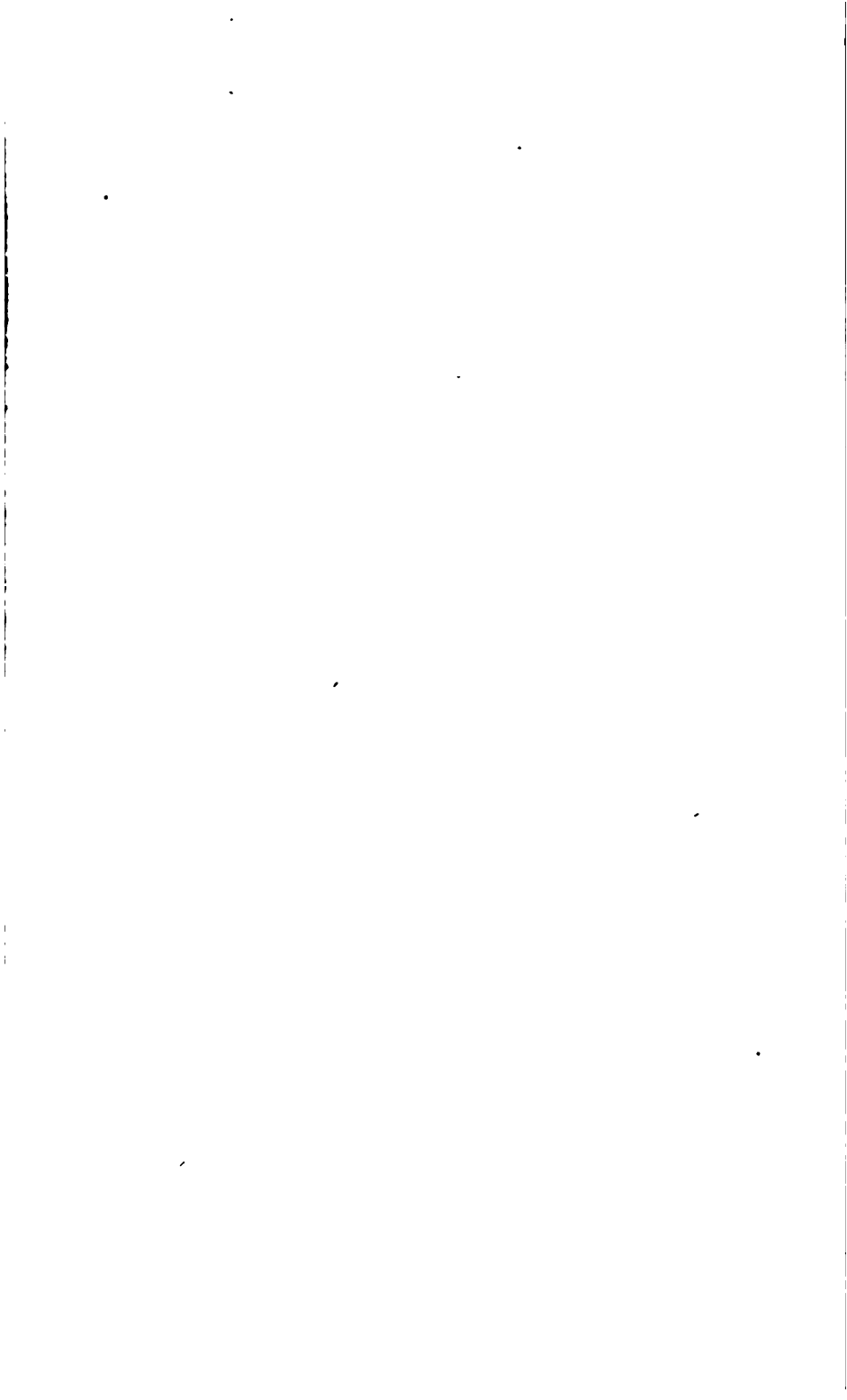
COMMUNICATIONS.		page.
Novel-Reading.....	403	Remarks on Darwin's Temple of Nature..... 434
Wooden Buildings.....	405	Biographical Memoirs of Doctor Darwin..... 440
Eddystone.....	407	Biographical Sketch of Mr. Ad-dington..... 445
Duelling.....	<i>ibid</i>	Picture of St. Domingo..... 446
Agricultural Essays.....	408	State of the French Peasantry.. 450
Thoughts on Duelling.....	410	Account of the Chamelon..... 452
Memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist	412	Account of the state of society and manners in Liverpool... 453
Critical Notices....No. V.....	416	Madame Ricamier's Bedchamber 456
REVIEW.		Account of the Tangun horse found at Tibet..... 457
A Brief Retrospect of the Eigh-teenth Century.....	419	Prayer sanctioned by philosophy 458
POETRY....ORIGINAL.		Swedish mode of travelling on the ice..... 459
Youth.....	424	Mesmerism..... 462
SELECTED.		Bear-hunting in Finland..... 464
A Tale....From Cowper.....	425	Bathing in Finland..... <i>ibid</i>
To Health.....	426	Nature of Thunder, by Euler... 463
On the Grasshopper.....	<i>ibid</i>	Criticism of Klopstock's Messiah 468
An Ænigma.....	<i>ibid</i>	The possibility of preventing the effects of thunder..... 470
SELECTIONS.		Address of the American conven-tion to the people of the United States..... 472
Chocolate.....	427	Abolition of slavery inNew-Jersey 474
Account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.....	<i>ibid</i>	Reports to Congress..... 475
Account of the life of Mr. Cooper, the tragedian.....	431	Salaries of Public Officers..... 480

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENTS DIARY.....NUMBER V.

NOVEL-READING.

I HAVE just been reading a dissertation upon novel-reading, in which the writer says a great many grave and weighty things on the subject, and finally winds up by asserting, that supposing the whole stock of the Novelist's library to amount to one thousand, five hundred of these are void of all judgment, genius and taste, composed without knowledge of the world, or skill in composition; and of the remainder, four hundred and ninety-nine are calculated only to corrupt and deprave the morals. While engaged in pondering on this very comprehensive declaration, who should enter the apartment but Miss D..... on a visit to my sister. This lady has an ample fortune, a lively curiosity, studious temper, and, though young and handsome, no lover. She has therefore abundant leisure, and all the means of reading at com-

mand. Novels are her favourite performances, and she has collected such a number of these as would enable her to supply the whole stock of a circulating library. As soon as she was seated, I read to her this severe sentence upon novels, and desired her opinion upon the subject.

Pray, said she a little indignant, who is this profound judge? I should like to be acquainted with a man, who knows of the existence, nay, who has, himself, read one thousand novels. I have never been able to collect even the titles of three-fourths of that number, and have spared neither pains nor pence in the attempt.

This number, said I, is merely hypothetical; but why should you suppose him to have read all the thousand?

Because I am charitable enough to suppose him possessed of common justice and common sense;

and either of these would hinder him from judging without inquiry, of deciding without knowledge; and especially, would forbid him to pronounce so absolute and so severe a sentence without a careful and extensive examination of the subject.

I doubt much, said I, whether, in this case, he has read very closely or extensively. I am told, that he has little leisure for that kind of reading which the world, in general, has agreed to call mere pastime or amusement, and his taste leads him far away from such a library as yours.

'Tis a pity then, replied the lady, that he did not forbear to judge so severely and so positively. One in ten, that is one hundred in *the thousand* is the least that we novel-readers can allow him as a sample, by which to judge of the rest. If he has read this number impartially and carefully, let him then pronounce judgment, telling us, at the same time, by what shred he has judged of the piece, and then, though we may reject his decision as groundless and absurd, yet we shall not deny his right to deliver an opinion. Without a suitable examination, this surely is a most rash and culpable thing, thus to condemn, as labouring only for corruption and depravity, so great a number of that unfortunate class of men, called authors. Novelists, in general, write for the sake of a subsistence. Their end is not only innocent but laudable, and the means they employ is to gratify that passion of enlightened minds which loves to contemplate human life in the mirror which genius holds up to it.

Those who condemn novels, or fiction, *in the abstract*, (continued the lady) are guilty of shameful absurdity and inconsistency. They are profoundly ignorant of human nature; the brightest of whose properties is to be influenced more by example than by precept: and of human taste; the purest of whose gratifications is to view human characters and events, depicted by a vigorous and enlightened fancy....

They condemn every thing which has gained the veneration of the world in all ages. They who condemn novels *as they are actually written*, evince nothing but an early prejudice, which will not permit them to *examine* before they *judge*, or a casual bias in favour of particular pursuits, which always leads a narrow mind to condemn all other reading as frivolous or pernicious.

You are very severe methinks, said I. Are you really willing to maintain that *all* novels are ingenious and beneficial?

That would be the height of the ridiculous, she replied. I love poetry, and revere the poets; but I never dreamed that *all* the verse that ever was written or published is useful and good. I love books, and read not a little; but I do not imagine that *every thing printed* is necessarily full of entertainment or instruction. Neither can I refuse to teach a child to read, because he may possibly light upon something in the form of books trifling or pernicious. It would be just as wise to sew up his mouth, because he may possibly swallow a poisoned berry, or a brass pin: to break both his legs, because he may possibly walk under a penthouse when it is falling. As to prohibit him from reading every thing called a novel, because there are books under that denomination, which may possibly deprave the morals, or vitiate the taste.

But my good friend, said I, you cannot but be aware that your comparisons are out of place. Many serious people prohibit novels altogether, merely because a vast majority of them are bad; because the chances of hurt, from reading them, greatly exceed the chances of benefit.

I deny it, said the zealous lady. A profligate novel is an extreme rarity. To write *immoral* tales, whatever recluse pedants may say, is by no means the road to popularity. In every kind of composition, it is always a small proportion, and the smallest proportion that is excellent. The larger proportion is

indifferent or doubtful. The number of good novels, that is to say, novels that may be read with benefit and pleasure by persons of good morals and good taste, is very considerable. It is not true that the rest are particularly deficient in morality. The herd of romance-writers, are, for the most part, goaded by necessity into authorship. They seldom bring to the trade more than a good education, and good intentions; and the deficiency is not in the moral purpose of the work, but in the taste and genius displayed in the execution. If there are many insipid novels, it is because the whole number is very great. The man of taste easily discerns their defects, and lays them aside at the bottom of the first page. Boys and girls, and men and women whose judgments are no better than those of boys and girls, read and relish them. The food is suited to the palate, and they derive a pleasure from it which at least is innocent.

The number of good novels, I repeat, is very large. It is not a task of such mighty difficulty, to distinguish them from the still greater number which are trivial or insipid. A list is easily formed, and those who want a guide in the selection may easily find one: and even the trivial and injudicious are not without their use, since there are vast numbers whose judgment and education raise them just high enough to relish these meagre tales, and to whom sublimer fictions and austere studies are totally unfit.

They who prate about the influence of novels to unfit us for solid and useful reading, are guilty of a double error: for in the first place, a just and powerful picture of human life in which the connection between vice and misery, and between felicity and virtue is vividly portrayed, is the most solid and useful reading that a moral and social being (exclusive of particular cases and professional engagements) can read; and in the second place, the most trivial and trite of these performances are, to readers of cer-

tain ages and intellects, the only books which they will read. If they were not thus employed, they would be employed in a way still more trivial or pernicious. Pray, Crito, what do you think of the matter?

Why, my fair critic, you are a warm and zealous advocate; and, perhaps, defend your cause with a little more eloquence than truth. I cannot but say, however, that my fancy has received more delight, my heart more humanity, and my understanding more instruction from a few novels I could name, than from any other works; and that the merit of a score or two of these is, in my apprehension, so great, that they are the first and principal objects to which I would direct the curiosity of a child or pupil of mine.

I think, however, you assert a little rashly, when you say that a profligate novel is an extreme novelty. I could name half a dozen, French and English, in a trice, that deserves this character; but all that your cause requires is, that there are a great many specimens of fiction where merit is liable to no exception; that there are the most popular and current works of the kind, and, consequently most likely to fall into the hand of readers who take up books at random: and that guides to a right choice are always to be found.

WOODEN BUILDINGS.

I have heard very disastrous news to-day. A large part of the town of Norfolk has been destroyed by fire, and property to the value of near two millions has been consumed. The whole subsistence of some thousands has been swallowed up in a moment. They have been turned forth from their dwellings at an instant's notice, in a winter night. Their very cloaths, in many instances, denied them: their furniture, their moveables involved in destruction, or lost, or stolen, or shattered in removal; and even the source of future subsistence cut off to many in the destruction of goods

on the sale, or of houses on the rents, of which they live.

In the long and diversified history of human folly, there are few things more remarkable and more egregious than the custom of building houses of wood. It is almost impossible to count up the various evils which flow from this practice. It branches into such endless and innumerable channels that the most rigorous understanding would be overtasked in reckoning or tracing them.

The most obvious evils are those which arise from the sudden destruction of property, and the reduction to abject poverty of numbers thrifty or affluent; but these, the direct consequences, are by no means the only ones. The fear of death, according to the proverb, is worse than death itself; and the calamity of fire is little, compared with the terror of it, by which so many minds are incessantly haunted. Let us, likewise, reflect upon the injury which men incur in their health, in being summoned at unseasonable hours to a fire; perhaps at the hours dedicated to repose, in the depth of winter. How many lives have been shortened, and how many have been incommoded while they lasted, by unseasonable exposure to wet and cold.

And what a troublesome and expensive apparatus does the dread of fire give birth to. Here is a complicated engine to build and preserve: a house erected to cover it: officers appointed to drag it to the scene of destruction, and to manage it when there: eight or ten thousand leather-buckets: long hocks, and enormous ladders; one to pull down a roof, and the other to scale it.

If all this devastation was indured, all this danger and terror incurred, without any fault of our own, and all this cumbrous apparatus provided, to obviate a natural evil: an evil which the nature of things renders inseparable from human society, they would excite no admiration; but the truth is, that all these are the consequences of our own mad-

ness and infatuation. We build our houses of materials which a spark will consume, instead of such as fire can take no hold off. Instead of brick, stone, tiles, and slate, which are so much more stable and durable; which contribute so infinitely more to quiet, comfort, and warmth, and which not only give us absolute security from fire, but supersede every troublesome precaution, and lays to rest every tremor and inquietude; instead of these, we surround our beds with pine, oak, and cedar; and commit our property and our existence to the mercy of a random spark.

In a city that could not take, or could not diffuse fire the tolling laram or the midnight outcry, would never be heard. No associations would be formed to extinguish fires, or indemnify the sufferers: no engines would thunder along the streets: and no sleep would be disquieted by apprehensions. Neither negligence, nor ignorance, nor villainy would have it in their power to do *this* species of mischief: the easiest, most obvious, and most practicable mischief that can be committed.

When the benefits of one sort, and the disadvantages of the other sort of buildings, are so enormous and so manifest, what has induced mankind, in all ages, to build with wood? The superior cheapness of timber will not solve the riddle, because all mankind are not obliged to consult frugality, and small indeed is that number who abstain from luxuries because necessaries are cheaper. Man must have a roof to shelter him, and if he cannot build a stone-house, he must have a wooden one; but I repeat the number is very large, of those who can afford to consult not only safety, comfort, and convenience, but even elegance in their habitations, who yet cling as obstinately to wooden walls, wooden floors, and wooden roofs, as if different materials were impossible to be obtained.

But is timber in whole, or in part, cheaper than stone and brick? This question will depend on local cir-

circumstances for its answer. In this city (Philadelphia) for instance how is this question to be answered? It is surely worth while to form some estimate of this nature; and let it be taken into the account, that a bowl which costs sixpence, and lasts only a year, is twice as dear as one that costs a shilling and lasts four years.

EDDYSTONE.

I have been reading Smeaton's history of his light-house at Eddystone. There is a good deal in the book to instruct the architect; but not a little likewise to amuse and inspire the imagination. The situation of this tower rising directly from the waves, and far distant from any land; in the midst of a sea remarkably tempestuous, and beaten almost constantly by billows so enormous as to throw their foam far above the summit of the edifice, which, nevertheless, is a very lofty one, is such as to fire the fancy. The solitude of this mansion, ascending amidst the waste of waters, the seeming frailty, yet real stability of its foundation, the dreary uniformity of the surrounding scene,

Dark, illimitable, wastful, wild,

all conspire to feed and harmonize with melancholy and ferocious passions. The gloomily sublime, and the awfully magnificent are nowhere so amply and terribly unfolded as in the appearance of Eddystone in a storm.

I am the more interested by this description, because it has been my fortune to view this beakon by day and by night. I had a view of it in the morning on my voyage out, and at midnight, in a gloomy sky, on my return. The danger of too near an approach to the rocks on which it stands; the recollection that this tower was erected not to invite the wanderer to its shelter, but to warn him to keep off; the star-like brilliancy of the light at a distance, and its splendour and seemingly rapid motion when near, altogether con-

spired to fill me with a mixed emotion of terror, confidence, and wonder, which I can never forget. In the midst of an half pleasing tremor, and while I grasped a rope to keep my feet steady on the shifting deck, I found myself involuntarily muttering....

Let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Hewn out of peaked rock that laves
His foot with all the world of waves.

Smeaton anticipates the curiosity of the reader as to the means of persuading people to reside on this stormy and comfortless spot. A salary of about one hundred and twenty dollars a year, is, however, an adequate inducement, and there are some *lightmen* who have passed thirty years on this rock, without suffering their wishes or persons to stray from it more than a few weeks in the twelve months. As their contract is from month to month, they may be justly deemed their own masters, and their stay here must be accounted voluntary. Little can, indeed, be inferred from men's willingness to stay here as to the pleasures of the residence, since our motive to stay in one place is generally no other than the impossibility of changing it for a better; and we may, according to the mood we are in, indulge either our wonder at that pliability of temper, and that force of habit which enable men to find charms in a dwelling of this kind, or our compassion for that wretched lot, which cannot be improved by a change of abode.

DUELLING.

I have been reading a very amusing controversy in the public papers, which originated in a duel. I took it into my head to read it to the cynical Lysander, forgetting, for a moment, his inveterate animosity to duelling.

Lysander is neither tall nor strong; but he is agile and vigorous in proportion to his size; and can handle

a stick with a dexterity to which few are equal. He has always resorted to this weapon in resenting insults, and conscious of his ability to defend himself, he laughs at challenges. Duelling is a subject of perpetual declamation to him, and on which his eloquence is never tired, and his indignation never exhausted. On this occasion he, as usual, broke out into a philippic against *honour*, and ran volubly over all the usual topics against it, drawn from the impiety and immorality of revenge and from the folly of seeking vengeance in this way, supposing vengeance to be a reasonable or Christian passion.

Lysander has declaimed all his life on this subject without making a single convert. All the moral and religious writers of the age have taken up arms in the same cause, and employed in the warfare all manner of weapons. They have attacked duelling with argument and with jest, they have endeavoured to convince the judgment by Sylogisms, to seduce the passions by tales of terror and pity, and to gain over pride itself by loading honour and revenge with scorn and ridicule, and yet this universal conspiracy and strenuous combination against *custom*, has produced no effect. Custom, the god of this world, has still as many votaries as ever, and will slacken and disappear, merely through the caprice and instability of human nature. In no case is the tyranny of custom more conspicuous than in this. Nobody pretends publicly to justify; yet every body practices the rules of *honour*.

I have met with a couple of quarts, one upon duelling, and the other upon suicide. We are generally so fully convinced by our own reasonings, that no doubt the writer of these bulky volumes fondly imagined that after their publication, duelling and suicide would never more be heard of; and yet, how small a part even of the reading world ever heard of these books; and those who have prevailed upon themselves to travel through them, are not very

likely to recollect their contents in the hour of revenge or despair.

The legislature has come in aid of the moralist, and denounced heavy penalties against duelling. He that kills his antagonist in a duel, is guilty of homicide; and the exchange of challenges is punishable with heavy fines; and yet challenges are banded to and fro, without ceremony or reserve, and men continually shed each other's blood in phantastic quarrels with absolute impunity. The very makers and distributors of law, are the first to enter the lists; and the most violent and unquestionable breach of the duty of men, as moral, reasonable, and sociable beings, are daily observed with indifference or approbation.

Experience has, by this time, sufficiently proved, that duelling is proof against argument and jest, against religion and law; and those who employ their time in framing laws and declamations against it, had better turn their attention to subjects on which men are capable of acting up to their convictions.

For the Literary Magazine.

AGRICULTURAL ESSAYS. NO. II.

EVERY Farmer who had a mind in the least degree inquisitive, must be gratified by knowing something of the general nature of plants, and the history of vegetation: for such the following explanation is intended, for which I acknowledge myself to be chiefly indebted to the Georgical Essays of the ingenious and learned doctor Hunter, of York, in England.

The seed of a plant, after it has dropt from its receptacle, may be considered as an impregnated egg, within which the embryo plant is securely lodged. In a few days after it is committed to the earth, we may discern the rudiments of the future plant. Every part appears to exist in miniature. The nutritive juices

of the soil insinuate themselves between the original particles of the plant, and bring about an extension of its parts. This is what is called the growth of the vegetable body.

Seeds have two coverings and two lobes, or distinct parts. These lobes constitute the body of the grain, and in the farinaceous kind, such as wheat, rye, oats, &c. they are the flour of the grain. Innumerable small vessels run through the substance of the lobes, which, uniting as they approach the seminal plant, from a small chord to be inserted into the body of the germe or sprout. Through it the nutriment supplied by the lobes is conveyed for the preservation and increase of the embryo plant.

To illustrate the subject, let us, with Dr. Hunter, take a view of what happens to a bean after it has been committed to the earth.

In a few days generally the external coverings open at one end, and disclose to the naked eye part of the body of the grain. This substance consists of two lobes, between which the seminal plant is securely lodged. Soon after the opening of the membranes, a sharp pointed body appears. This is the root. By a kind of principle which seems to carry with it some appearance of instinct, it seeks a passage downwards and fixes itself into the soil. At this period the root is a smooth and polished body, and perhaps has but little power to absorb any thing from the earth for the nutriment of the germe.

The two lobes now began to separate, and the germe, or sprout, with its leaves may plainly be discovered. As the germe increases in size, the lobes are further separated; and the tender leaves being closely joined push themselves forward in the form of a wedge.

The leaves take a contrary direction to the root. Influenced by the same miraculous instinct, if we may be allowed the expression, they seek a passage upward, which having obtained, they lay aside their wedge-

like form, and spread themselves in a horizontal direction, as being the best adapted to receive the rains and dews.

The radicle, or small root, every hour increasing in size and vigour, pushes itself deeper into the earth, from which it now draws some nutritive particles. At the same time the leaves of the germe being of a succulent nature, assist the plant by attracting from the atmosphere such particles as their tender vessels are fit to convey. These particles, however, have not in their own nature a sufficiency of nutriment for the increasing plant.

The young animal enjoys the milky humour of its parent. The vegetable lives upon a similar fluid, though differently supplied. For its use the farinaceous lobes are melted down into a milky juice, which, as long as it lasts, is conveyed to the tender plant by means of innumerable small vessels, which are spread through the substance of the lobes; and these vessels uniting into one common trunk, enter the body of the germe. Without this supply of balmy liquor, the plant must inevitably have perished; its roots being then too small to absorb a sufficiency of food, and its body too weak to assimilate it into nourishment.

A grain of wheat contains within two capsules, a considerable share of flour, which, when melted down into a liquor by the watery juices of the earth, constitute the nourishment of the tender plant, until its roots are grown sufficiently large to absorb their own food. Here is evidently a storehouse of nutriment. And from that idea it is plain that the plumpest grains are the most eligible for seed.

For a more full illustration of this interesting subject, I must recommend the work from which this is *extracted to those who can procure it.

RURICOLA.

* Mentioned in the commencement of this essay.

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGH so many pens have been drawn to condemn this unnatural and inhuman method of deciding personal disputes; yet I conceive I shall do no harm if I add one to the number.

The first thing I shall endeavour to prove, is, that the custom is not a natural consequence of the causes which generally occasion duels: Revenge is the real motive which induces men to appeal to this bloody tribunal; suppose an insult given, or an injury inflicted, the injured party would acting from an immediate impulse of nature, seek immediate revenge and if the injury was great, he would probably sacrifice his enemy to his resentment. Those men who are but little refined, punish slight insults by corporal chastisement, an injury, if great, by death, if the fear of punishment do not deter them from shedding the blood of a fellow creature; but men of refined feelings, men of modern honour, who dread the laugh of fools, and the censures of madmen, unreasonably demand the same reparation for an insult as for an injury, even if the insult is in itself trifling; some petty observation displeasing in its nature though perhaps just in itself, some unguarded expression, perhaps, which escaped in a moment of conviviality and merriment, the offender is challenged to the field of honour, to prove his assertion or to give what is called honourable satisfaction. Shots are exchanged, one party is wounded, perhaps killed, and nothing more can be demanded. This is the general consequence of insults, and injuries without discrimination. It may be answered—the fear of thus being called to an account, acts as a restraint on the insolent; perhaps it does, but it should be remembered that these insults are not always intentionally given, and are not repaired by an immediate acknowledgment, only

because men are too proud to acknowledge an error or offer a reparation, lest their courage should be doubted; but what are we to think, when the greatest of injuries, such as are capable of firing every inflammable particle of the soul, and stimulating an insatiable desire of vengeance in the bosoms of men, are usually atoned for in the same manner? It is natural indeed, that men for a trifling injury seek a great revenge, but it is not natural for men, to be content with a trifling revenge, when they have suffered a great injury; did man act from an impulse of nature, would he challenge his enemy, who perhaps ruined him, his family, or blasted the brightest prospects of his life, who has perhaps seduced his sister, or his wife from the paths of virtue or conjugal fidelity, would he be satisfied by his enemy's exposing himself to the firing of his pistol, when he, perhaps, is himself exposed to the greatest danger? Would this honourable parade be a sufficient atonement for the injury he has suffered? No, no man would, I am certain. He would rather seek his destruction without injury to himself; he would lurk in ambush, take him by surprize, or pursue him to the earth's utmost verge, rather than leave his revenge ungratified. For the truth of this I appeal to experience,—I appeal to the well known customs of savage nations, who are not led to act differently either from motives of honour or religion? It is among these untutored people that we find the warmest friendships; and the most instances of the unrelenting spirit of revenge. Let us look back to the earliest periods and we shall find men acting in the same manner. Each man thought himself bound to avenge personal and family injuries, and generally gratified his revenge or perished in the attempt, but these men acted from motives of revenge only; they were unmix'd with any notions of honour, they did not think it necessary in order to gratify this passion to run an equal

chance with the enemy, but now custom enacts, that he who has suffered an injury or received an insult, shall call the offender to the field, and there decide their differences by the force of arms; is not this unreasonable and preposterous? Ought I, if I am injured, give my enemy an equal chance with myself? perhaps better skilled in the use of arms, he adds my death to the injuries I have already suffered, and thus completes his triumph, or if I wound him, is perhaps, a three years confinement to be my only reparation? Do men act thus in a state of nature? no a very different course is pursued, they become assassins, this is a humiliating confession, but yet, its truth cannot be disputed.

Let us next consider the effects it produces on society; there certainly has been a time, when human laws did not punish offenders against the common rights of mankind, when the security of man rested on his personal courage and prowess, and that of the weaker sex on that of their defenders, then force was necessarily repelled by force, it was then necessary that men should consider their strength their only protection; but, since the power of punishing offences and deciding differences, is by common consent, placed in the hands of government, the laws place men on an equal footing, none can injure another with impunity, the offender is justly accountable to the laws of his country, to laws made for the express purpose of deciding differences between man and man, to protect the weak from oppression, and to administer impartial justice, it is therefore the duty of men to sacrifice private resentments at the shrine of public good, and though human wisdom has been found unable to devise a remedy for every possible case of the kind, yet it is the duty of every man, to submit to a trifling injury, rather than to transgress those laws which are so evidently calculated to preserve the peace of society. The welfare

of every man, their families and their country demand this sacrifice, if men boast of refinement and generosity, is it not greater proof of it to forgive than avenge an injury? surely the generosity of his character shines with greater splendor in the former than in the latter case. Reflect ye men of honour, reflect a moment on the consequences of your conduct, your dispute ends in the death of your adversary, who has perhaps injured you so slightly that after an hour's reflection you would willingly have forgiven him, he perhaps is your friend, yet the false notion of honour you entertain, prevents your being the first to propose a reconciliation; when your enemy lies weltering in his blood, then are the mists of passion, prejudice and custom dissipated, and you see every thing in its true colours; when do you repeat your rashness; when you see an aged parent, whose only joy perhaps has fallen by your arm, or when the tears of a mother and sisters whose support depended on his exertions, when all these follow in mournful silence and inexpressible grief, the dear departed to the repositories of the dead, will not your conscience accuse you of murder; reflect on this; think that your friends may be doomed to suffer the same ills, and then say, whether in such a cause you ought to risk the production of so dreadful a catastrophe.

Considered in a religious view, should not the fear of future punishment restrain the rash duelist, from the perpetration of so dreadful a crime; disguise it as we will it is still murder in the fullest sense of the word, the parties (generally) with a view, each to destroy his antagonist, from motives of revenge, a passion of which the mild precepts of christianity forbids the indulgence, it inculcates the noblest virtues, the forgiveness of our enemies, let any one, advise another to assassinate his foe, and not risk his life in the event of a battle where his enemy has an equal

chance, and which cannot restore any thing he or his have lost by his enemy, would he not shudder at the proposal? would he not brand its author with infamy? would he not dread the vengeance of a justly offended God? he would; but strange inconsistency; he will meet his enemy, both armed with deadly weapons, and standing for ought he knows on the very brink of eternity, and in cold blood raise his weapon to take another's life, while he knows not, but that very instant may send him, with his guilt upon his head, into that eternity which his intentional (perhaps actual) crime has made so terrible.

But, says the duellist, shall I submit to an insult? shall I refuse a challenge? what would be the consequence? I should be called and treated as a coward; it would be said I had not sufficient courage to give my antagonist honourable satisfaction: what man can bear this? where is the man who would not prefer death, to life under the basest epithet? aye who would not indeed, if life alone was at stake, if "to be, or not to be" was the only question, but, remember there is another world; there is another tribunal, where human customs will not influence your just and unerring judge, where you will plead in vain, that you were obliged to fight or suffer disgrace; this argument is counterbalanced by another consideration, how many persons are doomed to suffer almost all the evils which afflict humanity, the privations of poverty, the pains of sickness, and the loss of friends and fortune, yet would these persons put an end to their existence, and plead in extenuation, that their miseries were greater than they could bear,—that they preferred death, to a life so fraught with woe; they would be thought rash and impious, to venture to fly thus in the face of Heaven, and commit a crime where death precludes repentance.

Another absurdity is this; if one who considers himself a gentleman,

injures one who is not considered such by the world; if from this person he receives a challenge; he does not in this case think himself bound to fight, because—he is not a gentleman; when even to judge by a bad rule, he has as just a right to demand satisfaction as any other person whatever. I shall now close these observations with a question: since the severest punishments have hitherto failed in the prevention of duelling,—would not a punishment of a disgraceful and ignominious kind, have more effect in putting a final end to this disgraceful and inhuman practice?—this, however I leave to the decision of legislators.

V ALVERDI.

Philad. Feb. 28, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILQUIST.

TIME tended, in no degree, to alleviate my dissatisfaction. It increased till the determination became at length formed of opening my thoughts to Ludloe. At the next breakfast interview which took place, I introduced the subject, and expatiated without reserve, on the state of my feelings. I concluded with intreating him to point out some path in which my talents might be rendered useful to himself or to mankind.

After a pause of some minutes, he said, What would you do? You forget the immaturity of your age. If you are qualified to act a part in the theatre of life, step forth; but you are not qualified. You want knowledge, and with this you ought previously to endow yourself.... Means, for this end, are within your reach. Why should you waste your time in idleness, and torment yourself with unprofitable wishes? Books are at hand....books from which most sciences and languages can be learned. Read, analyse, digest, collect facts, and investigate theo-

ries: ascertain the dictates of reason, and supply yourself with the inclination and the power to adhere to them. You will not, legally speaking, be a man in less than three years. Let this period be devoted to the acquisition of wisdom. Either stay here, or retire to an house I have on the banks of Killarney, where you will find all the conveniences of study.

I could not but reflect with wonder at this man's treatment of me. I could plead none of the rights of relationship; yet I enjoyed the privileges of a son. He had not imparted to me any scheme, by pursuit of which I might finally compensate him for the expense to which my maintenance and education would subject him. He gave me reason to hope for the continuance of his bounty. He talked and acted as if my fortune were totally disjoined from his; yet was I indebted to him for the morsel which sustained my life. Now it was proposed to withdraw myself to studious leisure, and romantic solitude. All my wants, personal and intellectual, were to be supplied gratuitously and copiously. No means were prescribed by which I might make compensation for all these benefits. In conferring them he seemed to be actuated by no view to his own ultimate advantage. He took no measures to secure my future services.

I suffered these thoughts to escape me, on this occasion, and observed that to make my application successful, or useful, it was necessary to pursue some end. I must look forward to some post which I might hereafter occupy beneficially to myself or others; and for which all the efforts of my mind should be bent to qualify myself.

These hints gave him visible pleasure; and now, for the first time, he deigned to advise me on this head. His scheme, however, was not suddenly produced. The way to it was circuitous and long. It was his business to make every new step appear to be suggested by my own reflections. His own ideas

were the seeming result of the moment, and sprung out of the last idea that was uttered. Being hastily taken up, they were, of course, liable to objection. These objections, sometimes occurring to me and sometimes to him, were admitted or contested with the utmost candour. One scheme went through numerous modifications before it was proved to be ineligible, or before it yielded place to a better. It was easy to perceive, that books alone were insufficient to impart knowledge: that man must be examined with our own eyes to make us acquainted with their nature: that ideas collected from observation and reading, must correct and illustrate each other: that the value of all principles, and their truth, lie in their practical effects. Hence, gradually arose, the usefulness of travelling, of inspecting the habits and manners of a nation, and investigating, on the spot, the causes of their happiness and misery. Finally, it was determined that Spain was more suitable than any other, to the views of a judicious traveller.

My language, habits, and religion were mentioned as obstacles to close and extensive views; but these difficulties successively and slowly vanished. Converse with books, and natives of Spain, a steadfast purpose and unwearied diligence would efface all differences between me and a Castilian with respect to speech. Personal habits, were changeable, by the same means. The bars to unbounded intercourse, rising from the religion of Spain being irreconcilably opposite to mine, cost us no little trouble to surmount, and here the skill of Ludloe was eminently displayed.

I had been accustomed to regard as unquestionable, the fallacy of the Romish faith. This persuasion was habitual and the child of prejudice, and was easily shaken by the artifices of this logician. I was first led to bestow a kind of assent on the doctrines of the Roman church; but my convictions were easily sub-

duced by a new species of argumentation, and, in a short time, I reverted to my ancient disbelief, so that, if an exterior conformity to the rights of Spain were requisite to the attainment of my purpose, that conformity must be dissembled.

My moral principles had hitherto been vague and unsettled. My circumstances had led me to the frequent practice of insincerity; but my transgressions as they were slight and transient, did not much excite my previous reflections, or subsequent remorse. My deviations, however, though rendered easy by habit, were by no means sanctioned by my principles. Now an imposture, more profound and deliberate, was projected; and I could not hope to perform well my part, unless steadfastly and thoroughly persuaded of its rectitude.

My friend was the eulogist of sincerity. He delighted to trace its influence on the happiness of mankind; and proved that nothing but the universal practice of this virtue was necessary to the perfection of human society. His doctrine was splendid and beautiful. To detect its imperfections was no easy task; to lay the foundations of virtue in utility, and to limit, by that scale, the operation of general principles; to see that the value of sincerity, like that of every other mode of action, consisted in its tendency to good, and that, therefore the obligation to speak truth was not paramount or intrinsic: that my duty is modelled on a knowledge and foresight of the conduct of others; and that, since men in their actual state, are infirm and deceitful, a just estimate of consequences may sometimes make dissimulation my duty were truths that did not speedily occur. The discovery, when made, appeared to be a joint work. I saw nothing in Ludlow but proofs of candour, and a judgment incapable of bias.

The means which this man employed to fit me for his purpose, perhaps owed their success to my youth and ignorance. I may have

given you exaggerated ideas of his dexterity and address. Of that I am unable to judge. Certain it is, that no time or reflection has abated my astonishment at the profoundness of his schemes, and the perseverance with which they were pursued by him. To detail their progress would expose me to the risk of being tedious, yet none but minute details would sufficiently display his patience and subtlety.

It will suffice to relate, that after a sufficient period of preparation and arrangements being made for maintaining a copious intercourse with Ludlow, I embarked for Barcelona. A restless curiosity and vigorous application have distinguished my character in every scene. Here was spacious field for the exercise of all my energies. I sought out a preceptor in my new religion. I entered into the hearts of priests and confessors, the *hidalgo* and the peasant, the monk and the prelate, the austere and voluptuous devotee were scrutinized in all their forms.

Man was the chief subject of my study, and the social sphere that in which I principally moved; but I was not inattentive to inanimate nature, nor unmindful of the past. If the scope of virtue were to maintain the body in health, and to furnish its highest enjoyments to every sense, to increase the number, and accuracy, and order of our intellectual stores, no virtue was ever more unblemished than mine. If to act upon our conceptions of right, and to acquit ourselves of all prejudice and selfishness in the formation of our principles, entitle us to the testimony of a good conscience, I might justly claim it.

I shall not pretend to ascertain my rank in the moral scale. Your notions of duty differ widely from mine. If a system of deceit, pursued merely from the love of truth; if voluptuousness, never gratified at the expense of health, may incur censure, I am censurable. This, indeed, was not the limit of my deviations. Deception was often

unnecessarily practised, and my biloquial faculty did not lie unemployed. What has happened to yourselves may enable you, in some degree, to judge of the scenes in which my mystical exploits engaged me. In none of them, indeed, were the effects equally disastrous, and they were, for the most part, the result of well digested projects.

To recount these would be an endless task. They were designed as mere specimens of power, to illustrate the influence of superstition: to give sceptics the consolation of certainty: to annihilate the scruples of a tender female, or facilitate my access to the bosoms of courtiers and monks.

The first achievement of this kind took place in the convent of the Escorial. For some time the hospitality of this brotherhood allowed me a cell in that magnificent and gloomy fabric. I was drawn hither chiefly by the treasures of Arabian literature, which are preserved here in the keeping of a learned Maronite, from Lebanon. Standing one evening on the steps of the great altar, this devout friar expatiated on the miraculous evidences of his religion; and, in a moment of enthusiasm, appealed to San Lorenzo, whose martyrdom was displayed before us. No sooner was the appeal made than the saint, obsequious to the summons, whispered his responses from the shrine, and commanded the heretic to tremble and believe. This event was reported to the convent. With whatever reluctance, I could not refuse my testimony to its truth, and its influence on my faith was clearly shewn in my subsequent conduct.

A lady of rank, in Seville, who had been guilty of many unauthorized indulgences, was, at last, awakened to remorse, by a voice from Heaven, which she imagined had commanded her to expiate her sins by an abstinence from all food for thirty days. Her friends found it impossible to outroot this persuasion, or to overcome her resolution even by force. I chanced to be one in a numerous company where she was present. This fatal

illusion was mentioned, and an opportunity afforded to the lady of defending her scheme. At a pause in the discourse, a voice was heard from the ceiling, which confirmed the truth of her tale; but, at the same time revoked the command, and, in consideration of her faith, pronounced her absolution. Satisfied with this proof, the auditors dismissed their unbelief, and the lady consented to eat.

In the course of a copious correspondence with Ludlow, the observations I had collected were given. A sentiment, which I can hardly describe, induced me to be silent on all adventures connected with my bivocal projects. On other topics, I wrote fully, and without restraint. I painted, in vivid hues, the scenes with which I was daily conversant, and pursued, fearlessly, every speculation on religion and government that occurred. This spirit was encouraged by Ludloe, who failed not to comment on my narrative, and multiply deductions from my principles.

He taught me to ascribe the evils that infest society to the errors of opinion. The absurd and unequal distribution of power and property gave birth to poverty and riches, and these were the sources of luxury and crimes. These positions were readily admitted; but the remedy for these ills, the means of rectifying these errors were not easily discovered. We have been inclined to impute them to inherent defects in the moral constitution of men: that oppression and tyranny grow up by a sort of natural necessity, and that they will perish only when the human species is extinct. Ludloe laboured to prove that this was, by no means, the case: that man is the creature of circumstances: that he is capable of endless improvement: that his progress has been stopped by the artificial impediment of government: that by the removal of this, the fondest dreams of imagination will be realized.

From detailing and accounting for the evils which exist under our present institutions, he usually proceed-

ed to delineate some scheme of Utopian felicity, where the empire of reason should supplant that of force: where justice should be universally understood and practised; where the interest of the whole and of the individual should be seen by all to be the same; where the public good should be the scope of all activity; where the tasks of all should be the same, and the means of subsistence equally distributed.

No one could contemplate his pictures without rapture. By their comprehensiveness and amplitude they filled the imagination. I was unwilling to believe that in no region of the world, or at no period could these ideas be realized. It was plain that the nations of Europe were tending to greater depravity, and would be the prey of perpetual vicissitude. All individual attempts at their reformation would be fruitless. He therefore who desired the diffusion of right principles, to make a just system be adopted by a whole community, must pursue some extraordinary method.

In this state of mind I recollected my native country, where a few colonists from Britain had sown the germe of populous and mighty empires. Attended, as they were, into their new abode, by all their prejudices, yet such had been the influence of new circumstances, of consulting for their own happiness, of adopting simple forms of government, and excluding nobles and kings from their system, that they enjoyed a degree of happiness far superior to their parent state.

To conquer the prejudices and change the habits of millions, are impossible. The human mind, exposed to social influences, inflexibly adheres to the direction that is given to it; but for the same reason why men, who begin in error will continue, those who commence in truth, may be expected to persist. Habit and example will operate with equal force in both instances.

Let a few, sufficiently enlightened and disinterested, take up their abode in some unvisited region. Let

their social scheme be founded in equity, and how small soever their original number may be, their growth into a nation is inevitable. Among other effects of national justice, was to be ranked the swift increase of numbers. Exempt from servile obligations and perverse habits, endowed with property, wisdom, and health, hundreds will expand, with inconceivable rapidity into thousands and thousands, into millions; and a new race, tutored in truth, may, in a few centuries, overflow the habitable world.

Such were the visions of youth! I could not banish them from my mind. I knew them to be crude; but believed that deliberation would bestow upon them solidity and shape. Meanwhile I imparted them to Ludloe.

(*To be continued.*)

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. V.

I TOOK up lately Goldsmith's Traveller, the favourite of every philosophical and poetical reader. The most charming part of this poem is, to me, that which relates to Switzerland. When I came to this I could not forbear pausing at each line, and indulging, at leisure, the thoughts which the sentiment, epithet or image suggested: perhaps these spontaneous meditations may possess the merit of novelty at least to some of my readers. The subject is unhackneyed, while at the same time, few performances in the English language are more read and more commended.

The poet turns his moralizing vision from the country of ancient virtue and modern effeminacy,

To survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race
display:

our poet is extremely liberal of his epithets, but, contrary to custom his epithets are always eminent for force and beauty. They are never added merely to fill up a chasm and

complete the measure, but are most luminous additions to their substantives. Instead of overloading or enfeebling they adorn and dignify their subject.

Where the *bleak* Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a *churlish* soil for scanty beard.

How much harmony and splendour are there in this couplet? a whole description is comprised in the epithet *bleak*, as applied to the people, and the same figure is beautifully reversed in the application of *churlish* to the soil. Is there not some little incongruity in the phrase of *treading a mansion*?

No product here the *barren* hills afford
But man and steel: the soldier and the sword.

The word *barren* in the first line is an exception to Goldsmith's customary accuracy; it is here a redundancy, and is every where too trite, indistinct and general for poetry. The repetition in the second line is beautiful and energetic.

No vernal blooms their *torpid* rocks array,
But winter *lingering* chills the lap of May.

Torpid is another example of an epithet, truly happy and poetical: and indeed the four phrases of the *bleak* Swiss; *churlish* soil; of *torpid* rocks; and *lingering* winter; are delightful samples of the power characteristic of poetry, by which it animates the dead and impassions the insensible, in the concisest and most rapid, and consequently the most cogent manner. I have, however, tried in vain to form a distinct image from the last line: perhaps a reader of more taste may not object to that confusion that arises from winter, *lingering*, which is making winter a person, and at the same time, *chilling*, which it can only perform in its original and unpersonified capacity. The same mistake, if it be one, is committed by the poet who, in order to describe the same circumstance, tells us that the buds of spring are—nipt by the *lagging* rear of winter's frost, nei-

ther am I pleased with the phrase, *lap* of May.

No zephyr fondly sues the mountains breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

No reader of taste, can fail of being enraptured by the image contained in the first of these lines, and both are, in all the requisites of poetry, very near perfection.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread
a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
tho' small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,

To shame the *meanness* of his *bumble* shed;

No *costly* lord the *sumptuous* banquet deal,

To make him loath his vegetable meal;

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,

Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,

Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;

With *patient* angle trolls the *finny* deep,
Or drives his *ventrous* plowshare to the steep;

Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way,

And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down *the monarch of a*

shed;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys

His children's looks, that *brigten* *as* *the blaze*;

While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,

Displays her cleanly platter on the board:

And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,

With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Among the resplendent beauties of this passage, there are two lines,

feeble and redundant. The costly lord with the *sumptuous* banquet, and the *meanness* of an *humble* shed: are both censurable, and in these respects, the pilgrim spoken of, is probably Goldsmith himself.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Impriests the patriot passion on his heart;
 And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Few of my readers, I trust, will refuse to share my admiration of this passage. I am particularly struck with the *beauty* of the similitude; nothing can be happier than the language and numbers in which it is conveyed. Some doubt, however, may be some fastidious critic, be expressed of the *propriety* of this comparison. Admitting that the mountaineer's attachment to his natal spot, is stronger than that of the tenant of the plain to the place of *his* nativity, which is a very questionable point, and even admitting that the peculiar features of a hilly country the tempest and the torrent, constitute this tie, they do not influence him as scaring sounds influence the child. The terror of these sounds makes the latter cling more closely to the mother's breast, but it is not the fear of the torrent and the whirlwind, that makes the Swiss cling closer to the mountain.

The poet thus proceeds to exhibit the influence of soil and climate, on the temper and manners of the Swiss.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:
 Yet let them only share the praises due....
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
 Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
 Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unquench'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till bury'd in debauch, the bliss expire.
 But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

After pausing to admire the beauty of these lines, the mind gene-

rally passes on to inquire into the theory the poet designs to inculcate, the justness of the reasonings by which he supports it, and the fidelity of his pictures to nature.

The poet appears to think that, barren states, such as Swisserland, create few wants and few wishes: that their pleasures are proportionably few, since pleasure arises from supplying wants; that from such land, the sciences that excite and supply desire, depart. That they know not how to fill the intervals of sensual pleasure with *finer* joy. Not only their joys, but their morals it seems, are slow. Love and friendship and the gentler morals, absent themselves from such rugged and are only found in milder skies. In short that civilization, with its vices, makes greater progress in fertile soils and mild climates, than in the barren and cold, and that this different influence, is exemplified in Swisserland and France.

After thus stripping the poet's sentiments of the embellishments of poetry, they appear to be remarkably crude, injudicious and erroneous. It is universally agreed, that the Swiss possessed, while an independant nation, more genuine refinement, more knowledge, more liberty, more of the gentler virtues, more sensibility of heart and fancy than their neighbours. Swisserland is composed of plains and valleys as well as hills, and as the manners of the nation are the same, or essentially the same in all its districts; it is impossible to prove that

certain sort of temper or manners is connected with particular soils or *phazes* of the country.

A barren soil will maintain fewer people than a fertile one, but the number of people that actually live upon it, and the degree of affluence and ease and refinement they enjoy, depend on other circumstances; on their religion, government, laws, their facility of commercial intercourse and their arts. The numbers which derive their subsistence from any soil, are proportioned to the quantity of product. The barren affords as plentiful a subsistence to a few, as the fertile does to many, the portion of each one, being the same, and as easily obtained in both cases. From the most fruitful soil, the bad cultivation of some nations, draws a less quantity of food, than the good cultivation of other nations draws from the sterile. The country too barren and irregular for tillage, is devoted to pasture and the shepherd's life, being easier than the tillers, ought, in itself considered, to be more favourable for improvement of the taste and sensibility, and accordingly the Swiss mountaineers possess more intellectual and moral pleasures than the husbandmen of Piedmont and Flanders.

What pity is it, that every poet is not a philosopher, that he, who is most capable of adorning and enforcing truth, does not most clearly discern it. No less a pity is it, that every philosopher is not a poet; that he who reasons in the soundest manner, does not speak or write in the most engaging stile.

REVEIW.

A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, first part; containing a Sketch of the Revolution and Improvements in Science, Arts, and Literature, during that

period....by Samuel Millar, A.M. &c. &c.

New-York, Swords, 1803, 2 vol. 8v.

THE origin and history of this work are detailed by the author in

his preface with a degree of modesty sufficient to apologize for defects much more glaring and important than are to be found in it. So great a plan as the author has adopted might well impress an ingenious mind with some degree of timidity and diffidence. To give concise views of the state of every branch of human knowledge, during so busy and enlightened an age as the last, in all the cultivated nations of mankind is one of the most arduous undertakings imaginable. It has been executed, however, by the present writer, with a degree of judgment and skill that has seldom been exceeded. Mistakes and omissions will, of course, be discovered in each department by adepts in that particular pursuit; but these bear a very small proportion to the whole, and our admiration is much more excited by the degree of accuracy with which it is executed than our taste is offended by its occasional errors.

The author has arranged the whole mass of human knowledge under four divisions; the first of which is only discussed in the volumes before us, and is comprehended under the general denomination of science, arts and literature. The rest, we are informed the writer does not propose to prosecute at present, being intimidated by the magnitude of his theme.

The following subjects occupy this portion of his work in the order in which they stand: mechanics, chemistry, natural history, medicine, geography, mathematics, navigation, agriculture, the mechanic arts, the fine arts, physiognomy, philosophy of the human mind, classical learning, oriental learning, modern languages, philosophy of language, history, biography, romances, novels, poetry, literary and political journals, literary societies, encyclopædies, education, nations lately become literary. These are introduced and closed by some general observations, and are distributed into those sub-divisions, of which they are naturally susceptible.

One of the most remarkable improvements of the recent century is the practice of reducing the whole body of human knowledge into a comprehensive and systematic order. General views of the origin, progress, and present state of each science have often been given, and these have been frequently digested into a natural or alphabetical method or series. The present work must be considered as a general history of this kind, limited by the boundaries of the eighteenth century. In the execution of this work, the writer has no doubt been chiefly indebted to other compilations, on a narrower or larger scale, and his judgment has been principally exercised in selecting and condensing the matter thus supplied. It cannot be denied that he has manifested great knowledge and industry, in the performance of his task, and evinces, in some instances, an independent judgment and original inquiries.

This work, as might naturally be expected, is executed in an unequal manner. The various departments of physics and mathematics, evince a more careful and intelligent hand than the sections which belong to topics of mere taste and fancy. On many subjects the writer may claim no inconsiderable praise, and on those on which he probably was but little informed, and was, consequently obliged to rely on the judgment of others; the pleas contained in his preface will obtain from every candid reader, a large share of allowance and excuse.

It will not be expected that we should enter into an analysis of a work in its own nature so summary and systematic, or into a laborious detail of its merits or its imperfections. It will suffice to observe, that every reader will obtain from this work, a great body of curious and valuable information, delivered in a very luminous method, and couched in a style remarkable for simplicity and perspicuity. While he reads with no view, perhaps, but to gain an historical acquaintance with the

age that is passed, he will find himself initiated in an agreeable and easy manner, into the general precepts of many sciences, and into the lives and characters of many eminent men.

We should be glad to extract as a specimen, the author's "recapitulation," but it is somewhat too long for our limits. The following statement of our own literary situation, as a people, shall content us. After detailing the state of science and literature in their various branches, in North-America, Mr. M. proceeds in the following manner:

"It must, however, after all, be acknowledged, that what is called a liberal education in the United States, is, in common, less accurate and complete; the erudition of our native citizens, with some exceptions, less extensive and profound; and the works published by American authors, in general, less learned, instructive, and elegant,* than are found in Great-Britain, and some of the more enlightened nations on the eastern continent. These facts, it is apprehended, arise not from any deficiency of talents in our country, nor from any inaptitude in its soil or atmosphere to promote the growth of genius; but from one or another, and, in some cases, from a combination of the following causes.

"1. Defective plans and means of instruction in our Seminaries of Learning.....The great majority of our colleges have very inadequate funds. The consequence is, that in most of them the professors are few in number, and have assigned to them too large a field of instruction.

* It is not meant to be denied that a few of the works published in America are as profound and instructive as any on similar subjects published elsewhere. It is simply intended to give a general character of American publications, liable to such exceptions as the mind of the well-informed reader will readily supply.

VOL. I., NO. VI.

Hence they can convey but very superficial knowledge of the various branches which it is made their duty to teach, and if well qualified themselves, which is far from being always the case, find it impossible to do justice to the pupils. In some instances, also, the trustees or governors of American colleges, either from their own ignorance, or in compliance with popular prejudice, have so contracted the time requisite for completing a course of instruction, as to render it necessary wholly to dispense with, or lightly to hurry over, some of the most important branches of knowledge.... Accordingly, in some of these institutions, mathematical science is unpopular, and the acquisition of as little as possible especially of the higher branches of it, enjoined on the student. In others, classic literature, and especially the Greek language,* is in low estimation, and not more studied than is indispensably necessary to obtaining a diploma. If well bred scholars ever issue from such seminaries, they must be formed by a degree of private and individual application rarely to be met with in youth.

2. Want of Leisure. The comparatively equal distribution of property in America, while it produces the most benign political and moral effects, is by no means friendly to great acquisitions in literature and science. In such a state of society, there can be few persons of leisure. It is necessary that almost all should be engaged in some active pursuit. Accordingly, in the United States, the greater number of those who pass through a course of what is called liberal education, in the hurried manner which has been mentioned, engage immediately after leaving college, in the study or business to which they propose to devote them-

* In some American colleges, we are told that no more knowledge of Greek is required in those who graduate Bachelor of Arts, than that which may be derived from the grammar and the Greek testament.

selves. Having run over the preliminary steps of instruction in this business, probably in a manner no less hurried and superficial than their academic studies, they instantly commence its practical pursuit; and are, perhaps, during the remainder of life, consigned to a daily toil for support, which precludes them from reading, and especially from gaining much knowledge out of their particular profession. Such is the career of ninety-nine out of an hundred of those in our country who belong to the learned professions. When the alternative either lies, or is supposed to lie between erudition and poverty, or comfortable affluence and moderate learning, it is not difficult to conjecture which side will be chosen; nor is it surprising that, in such a state of things, there should be less profound erudition, less elegant accomplishment in literature, than where a considerable number enjoy all the advantages of exemption from laborious duties, and all the accommodations of opulent leisure.

To this circumstance may be ascribed the superficial and unpolished character of many of our native publications. All that their authors, in many cases, want, to render them more replete with instruction, more attractive in manner and, of course, more worthy of public approbation, is leisure. But able only to redeem a few hasty hours for literary pursuits, from the employment which gave them bread they must necessarily, if they publish at all, send forth productions, from time to time, bearing all the marks of haste and immature reflection.

“3. Want of Encouragement to Learning.... Men cannot be expected to labour without the hope of some adequate reward. Genius must be nourished by patronage, as well as strengthened by culture. Where substantial emoluments may be derived from literary exertion, there, and there alone, will it be frequently undertaken to any considerable extent. Hence, in those countries where genius and learning are best

rewarded, there they are ever found to be most cultivated. In the United States, the rewards of literature are small and uncertain. The people cannot afford to remunerate eminent talents or great acquirements.... Booksellers, the great patrons of learning in modern times, are in America, too poor to foster and reward the efforts of genius. There are no rich Fellowships in our universities to excite the ambition of students; no large ecclesiastical benefices to animate the exertions of literary divines.* Academic chairs are usually connected with such small salaries, that they present little temptation to the scholar; and, finally, the state offers very inconsiderable motives for the acquisition of knowledge, and the exertion of talents. Its rewards are small, and its favour capricious. Can it be wondered, then, that those who have some acquaintance with books, and hold important stations, are more anxious to secure pecuniary advantages, and to place themselves in a situation independent of popular favour, than to make advances in literature, or to do honour to their country by the display of intellectual pre-eminence?

Besides, the spirit of our people is commercial. It has been said, and perhaps with some justice, that the love of gain peculiarly characterizes the inhabitants of the United States. The tendency of this spirit to discourage literature is obvious. In such a state of society, men will not only be apt to bend their whole attention to the acquirement of pro-

* The author would by no means be understood to express an opinion, that such immoderately lucrative places, either in church or in state, are, on the whole, useful, or desirable. He is persuaded that they are much more productive of mischief than of advantage. But that they often excite literary ambition, and afford, in many instances, convenient and useful leisure to literary characters, will scarcely be questioned by those who have paid any attention to the subject.

erty, and neglect the cultivation of their minds as an affair of secondary moment; but letters and science will seldom be found in high estimation; the amount of wealth will be the principal test of influence; the learned will experience but little reward either of honour or emolument; and, of course, superficial education will be the prevailing character.

Nor is it of less importance here to recollect, that the nature of our connection with Great-Britain has operated, and continues to operate unfavorably to the progress of American literature. Long accustomed to a state of colonial dependence on that enlightened and cultivated nation, we have also been accustomed to derive from her the supplies for our literary wants. And still connected with her by the ties of language, manners, taste, and commercial intercourse, her literature, science and arts may be considered as ours. Being able, therefore, with so much ease, to reap the fruits of her fields, we have not sufficient inducement to cultivate our own. And even when an excellent production of the American soil is offered to the public, it is generally undervalued and neglected. A large portion of our citizens seem to entertain the idea, that nothing worthy of patronage can be produced on this side of the Atlantic. Instead of being prompted to a more liberal encouragement of genius because it is American, their prejudices, on this account, are rather excited against it.*

* The writer in the Monthly Magazine, whose strictures on American literature were before mentioned, represents the inhabitants of the United States as having strong prejudices in favour of their own productions, and ridicules them for preferring American publications to all others. In this, as well as in most of his assertions, he discovers profound ignorance of the subject. The fact is directly the reverse. Americans are too apt to join with ignorant or fastidious foreigners, in undervaluing and decrying our domestic literature; and this circum-

“ 4. Want of Books....In the capital cities of Europe, the votary of literature is surrounded with immense libraries, to which he may easily obtain access; and even in many of the smaller towns, books on any subject, and to almost any number, may be easily obtained. It is otherwise in America. Here the student, in addition to all the other obstacles which lie in his way, has often to spend as much time and thought to obtain a particular book, as the reading it ten times would cost. Our public libraries are few, and, compared with those of Europe, small. Nor is this defect supplied by large private collections; these are also rare. And to render the evil still more grievous, the number of literary and enterprising booksellers is yet smaller. It is only within two or three years that we have begun to receive, with any kind of regularity or promptitude, the best British works as they issue from the press.

“ Such are some of the causes which have hitherto impeded the progress of American literature. Their influence, however, is gradually declining, and the literary prospects of our country are brightening every day. Letters and science are becoming more important in the public estimation. The number of learned men is becoming rapidly greater. The plans and means of instruction in our seminaries of learning, though by no means improving in all respects, are, in some, receiving constant melioration. The emulation of founding and sustaining a national character in science and learning begins to be more generally felt, and, from time to time, will doubtless be augmented. A larger proportion of the growing wealth of our country will hereafter be devoted to the improvements of knowledge, and especially to the

stance is one of the numerous obstacles which have operated to discourage literary exertions on this side of the Atlantic, and to impede our literary progress.

furtherance of all the means by which scientific discoveries are brought within popular reach, and rendered subservient to practical utility. American publications are every day growing more numerous, and rising in respectability of character. Public and private libraries are becoming more numerous and extensive. The taste in composition among our writers is making very sensible progress in correctness and refinement. American authors of merit meet with

more liberal encouragement; and when the time shall arrive that we can give to our votaries of literature the same leisure, and the same stimulants to exertion with which they are favoured in Europe, it may be confidently predicted, that letters will flourish as much in America as in any part of the world; and that we shall be able to make some return to our transatlantic brethren, for the rich stores of useful knowledge which they have been pouring upon us for nearly two centuries.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

YOUTH...No. I.

SCENES of my youth! O how shall I describe,
Your varying charms! In what gay hues,
In what transporting attitudes of life
Shall I pourtray your transitory forms!
The images of time forever gone,
Rush on my mind, and to the memory's eye
Flutter, and move in countless mazy rounds.
The child of sunshine happy with a toy,
The sportful cunning, and mischievous boy,
The school-boy whistling o'er the summer-fields,
Rise to delight my retrospective view:
But soon is clos'd their thoughtless wild career;
The roll of years, the rushing course of time
Stay not for man: But dissolution's wheels
Move onward with a wing'd impetuous speed,
Bearing the world and all the race of men.
The child that breathes its prattle in the air,
Youth full of vigour, manhood and old age,
Tread on this earth with an uncertain step,
And cannot call a day or hour their own:
Behind them all, death takes his unseen stand

And launches his unerring shaft: No power
On earth can stay its flight, or shield
The human mark, at which the archer aim'd.

Mark the gay youth, just starting in the world,
The Syren's music sounding in his ear,
Delusions beckon him on every side,
And lead his steps astray: temptations press,
And like the beating flood vex'd by the wind,
Threaten the ruin of his soaring mind.
His eye on fire drinks up the streams of day,
His panting bosom quaffs the balmy air,
And on the billows of tumultuous joy
His soul is toss'd. He looks with brow exulting
On the dark years of onward rolling time,
And eager rushes headlong in his race.
Thus the bold courser pamper'd in the stall,
When first he presses with his hoof the plain
And snuffs the air; with a shrill piercing neigh
His joy bespeaks, and over-leaping walls
Darts like an arrow from the hunter's bow,
Tramples the ground with thundering feet, and flings
On the rude winds the glory of his mane,

The mind of youth is prone to be seduc'd,
 On it impression easily is made:
 It like the wax yields to the figur'd seal,
 And bears the image which has been enstamp'd.
 Youth is a reed which waves beneath the breath
 Of kissing zephyr; or which hangs its head
 Beneath the weight of falling dews of morn.
 The rous'd up passions hear the tempter's call,
 Too apt to scorn the rein of all restraint
 They lend to artful tales a willing ear,
 And leave for fancy's paths, the ways of truth.
 Youth turns his eyes from sorrow's lonely haunts,
 To scenes of pleasures and of noisy mirth;
 He joins with ardour in the world's gay song,
 And kindles into rapture at the voice
 Of praise, of honour and of loud applause.

I. O.

SELECTED.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS POEMS OF COWPER.

A TALE.

IN Scotland's realm, where trees are few,
 Nor even shrubs abound;
 But where, however bleak the view,
 Some better things are found;
 For husband there, and wife may boast
 Their union undefil'd;
 And false ones are as rare almost,
 As hedge-rows in the wild:
 In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
 This hist'ry chanc'd of late....
 This hist'ry of a wedded pair,
 A Chaffinch and his Mate.
 The spring drew near, each felt a breast
 With genial instinct fill'd;
 They pair'd, and only wish'd a nest,
 But found not where to build.

The heaths uncover'd, and the moors,
 Except with snow and sleet;
 Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores,
 Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding place they sought,
 Till both grew vex'd and tir'd;
 At length a ship arriving, brought
 The good so long desir'd.

A ship!....Could such a restless thing,
 Afford them place to rest?
 Or was the merchant charg'd to bring
 The homeless birds a nest?

Hush!....Silent hearers profit most!....
 This racer of the sea
 Prov'd kinder to them than the coast,
 It serv'd them with a tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
 The tree they call'd a mast;
 And had a hollow with a wheel,
 Thro' which the tackle pass'd.

Within the cavity aloft
 Their roofless home they fix;
 Form'd with materials neat and soft,
 Bents, wool, and feathers mixt.

Four iv'ry eggs soon pave its floor,
 With russet specks bedight:....
 The vessel weighs.....forsakes the shore,
 And lessens to the sight.

The mother bird is gone to sea,
 As she had chang'd her kind;
 But goes the mate? Far wiser he
 Is doubtless left behind.

No!....Soon as from ashore he saw
 The winged mansion move;
 He flew to reach it, by a law
 Of never-failing love!

Then perching at his consort's side,
 Was briskly borne along;
 The billows and the blasts defied,
 And cheer'd her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight.
 His feather'd shipmate eyes,
 Scarce less exulting in the sight,
 Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
 And from a chance so new,
 Each some approaching good divines,
 And may his hopes be true!

Hail! honour'd land! a desert, where
Not even birds can hide;
Yet parent of this loving pair,
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye, who rather than resign
Your matrimonial plan;
Were not afraid to plough the brine,
In company with a man.

To whose lean country, much disdain
We English often show;
Yet from a richer, nothing gain
But wantonness and wo.

Be it your fortune, year by year,
The same resource to prove;
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
Instruct us how to love!

TO HEALTH.

ELDEST-born of pow'r's divine!
Blest Hygeia! be it mine
To enjoy what thou canst give,
And henceforth with thee to live.
For in pow'r if pleasure be,
Wealth, or num'rous progeny,
Or in amorous embrace,
Where no spy infests the place;
Or in ought that Heav'n bestows
To alleviate human woes,
When the wearied heart despairs,
Of a respite from its cares;
These and ev'ry true delight
Flourish only in thy sight.
And the sister Graces Three
Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,
Without whom we may possess
Much, but never, happiness.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY songster! perch'd above
On the summit of the grove,
Whom a dew-drop cheers to sing
With the freedom of a king.
From thy perch, survey the fields,
Where prolific nature yields
Naught that willingly as she,
Man surrenders not to thee.

For hostility or hate
None thy pleasures can create.
Thee it satisfies to sing,
Sweetly, the return of Spring,
Herald of the genial hours,
Harming neither herbs nor flow'rs.
Therefore man thy voice attends;
Gladly.... Thou and he are friends;
Nor thy never ceasing strains
Phœbus or the Muse disdains
As too simple or too long,
For themselves inspire the song.
Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
Ever singing, sporting, playing,
What has nature else to show,
Godlike in its kind as thou!

AN ENIGMA.

A NEEDLE small, as small can be,
In bulk and use, surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear;
For little, and almost for naught
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in a year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procur'd at little cost,
The labour is not light,
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their sev'ral tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The sheers another plies,
Who clips in lengths the brazen thread
For him, who, chafing every shred,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth repares, exact and round,
The knob, with which it must be
crown'd,
His follow'r makes it fast,
And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point, employs a while
The seventh, and the last.

Now therefore, Oedipus! declare
What creature wonderful and rare,
A process, that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado,
At last produces!.... Tell me true,
And take me for your pains!

SELECTIONS.

CHOCOLATE.

THE goodness of chocolate depends first, upon the quality of the cocoa. Of this there are three principal species: caracas, quayaquil, and that from the islands of St. Domingo, Martinique, Curraçoa, &c. The caracas is extremely dear, even in time of peace; and in the best years the pound is never sold for less than three francs. To make the chocolate the caracas is mixed with the quayaquil; two parts of the caracas and one of the quayaquil, make the first kind; two parts of the quayaquil, and one of the cocoa of the islands, make the second....and the simple cocoa of the islands, the third.

The goodness of chocolate depends, in the second place, on the care with which it is ground and roasted, on the proper proportion of the cocoa, the sugar, and the different aromatics, which enter into its composition, and on the attention with which it is worked to procure a better or worse mixture of the ingredients.

The characteristics of a good, unadulterated chocolate, are the following; a deep fresh colour; a fine, close, shining grain; small white streaks; an aromatic odour; a facility of dissolving in the mouth, with a sensation of freshness, to produce no appearance of glue in cooling, and to shew an oily cream on the top.

The general marks of a bad, adulterated chocolate, are; a black, pitchy colour; an insipid taste of syrup; a farinaceous, unequal, and coarse grain; a burnt smell while boiling; and lastly, a glutinous humidity, an aqueous solution, a gross and muddy sediment.

Chocolate is adulterated in several ways; first, by an unequal mixture of the different kinds of cocoa: for example, when a fourth of caracas, a fourth of quayaquil, and a half of cocoa of the islands, is sold for the

first kind, which ought to be composed of two-thirds of caracas and one of quayaquil; but the fairest manufacturers of chocolate find themselves compelled to adopt this means of adulteration whenever the price of good cocoa rises considerably, and the public will not pay more than the ordinary prices.

The noxious and blameable adulterations are the following: to express the cocoa oil, in order to sell its butter to the apothecaries and surgeons; then to substitute the grease of animals, to roast the cocoa to excess in order to destroy this foreign taste, to mix it with rice, meal, potatoes, honey, syrup, &c. A pound of caracas chocolate, costing here nearly three livres, you may easily conceive what must be the nature of that kind of preparation in most places of Europe. Besides, chocolate ought to be boiled in a particular manner, to possess all its power and flavour. The rule is, to take a cup of water to two ounces of chocolate. It is allowed to dissolve gently on the fire, and poured out as soon as it begins to rise. It is then made to boil again for a few minutes in the cup on hot coals.

 ACCOUNT OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, IN 1752.

All the necessary orders being given, the murderers, at the dead hour of midnight, took the stations assigned them; and the files of soldiers drawn up in the different streets and cross-ways, only waited for the expected signal to fall with fury on the protestants.

As the fatal hour drew nigh, Charles is said to have been goaded by the stings of remorse, and to have betrayed such fear and irresolution, that all the art of his mother was requisite to extort from him an order

to the assassins to begin their dreadful business. "Shall the occasion," said the blasphemous Catharine, "that God presents, of avenging the obdurate enemies of your authority, be suffered to escape through your want of courage? How much better is it to tear in pieces those corrupt members, than to rankle the bosom of the church, the spouse of our Lord?" This impious exhortation expelled from his bosom every sentiment of humanity, and, with eyes glaring with rage, he thus pronounced the horrid mandate.... "Go on then, and let none remain to reproach me with the deed." Having thus obtained her aim, Catharine anticipated the fixed hour of the signal, which was given by ringing the bell of the church of Saint German de L'Auxerrois.

The duke of Guise immediately issued forth, with a select party, to perpetrate the murder of the admiral, and meeting some protestants in the streets, who had been alarmed by the sound of the bell, a firing of pistols ensued, which being heard in the palace, Charles's terror and irresolution returned, and a message was dispatched by Catharine to countermand the duke of Guise, which she well knew would arrive too late, and be totally disregarded. Already had that princely assassin beset the admiral's lodgings, the gate of which being shut and guarded, would have required some time to force open; but Cosseins having demanded admittance in the king's name. La Bonne, who kept the keys, having no suspicion of what was going forward, admitted him, and was instantly stabbed. Some of the king of Navarre's Swiss soldiers flew to the inner gate, and endeavoured to barricade it. The noise awakened the admiral, who, unused to apprehension, believed it to be only some riot of the populace, which the guard would soon quell. But the clamour increasing, and several shots being fired in the court, he rose from his bed, and covered himself with his night-gown, when he was soon convinced, by his attendants, who hur-

ried to his chamber, that the worst was to be feared. Being few in number, and most of them only domestics, their pale looks and trembling gestures denounced the immediate fate they expected..... "This instant," exclaimed one of them, "God calls us to meet death." "It is enough," said Colligna, "that I know it." He leaned for some moments against the wall, while the minister Merlin prayed. Then, with a countenance undismayed, "Away," said he, "my friends, save yourselves if possible: now I have no need of your help; to that of God I have commended my soul. But let not your unprofitable stay be mourned by your wives and children, as a sad infelicity, occasioned by your attendance upon my exit." All but two of them, whose fidelity to their master rose superior to the fear of death, fled into the upper rooms of the house. In a few minutes the door was burst open, and a group of seven armed ruffians entered the apartment." Besme, a German, stepped before the rest, and flourished his sword, "Art thou Colligni?".... "I am," replied the admiral, with a steady voice, and firm countenance.... "and you, young soldier, ought to respect my grey hairs. But, come on," said he to Besme, "do what thou wilt, thou canst shorten my life but little." At that instant he received the villain's sword in his breast, which rather courted than shunned the blow, and a repetition of stabs soon deprived him of life, which he yielded up without uttering a groan. The assassins themselves were stricken with the invincible intrepidity of his spirit; and one of them, whose name was Attin, declared, that never had a man been seen to brave such a death, with so much magnanimity. His body was thrown from the window into the court-yard, where the duke of Guise waited to enjoy his dastardly triumph. Having wiped the blood from the face, he exclaimed, in a tone of exultation, "We have begun well, my friends, let us proceed to complete the rest with courage; it

is the king's command, we obey." Immediately the alarm bell of the palace was rung, and the populace were roused to spread the massacre. The admiral's body being found by these Parisian blood-hounds, it was maimed, gored, and dragged through the kennels, and, after serving at intervals as the pastime of their fury, for two days was suspended on the gibbet of Montfaucon. But neither the inhuman massacre of Coligni, nor the horrid indignities committed on his corpse, have, says Le Gendre, effected the smallest diminution of his fame, or tarnished in the least the merit of a character, illustrious for those qualities and virtues, which have formed the heroes and the patriots of all nations. The body of Coligni, half consumed with fire, was, under favour of the night, conveyed to the vault of the Montmorencies at Chantilly, and from thence transferred to the family vault at Chantillon.

The massacre continued, with unrelenting fury, among the protestant chiefs, who were assaulted by the assassins, when destitute of all means of defence, and were inhumanely butchered by a dastardly crew who had often fled before them in the field. The count de Rochefoucauld had passed the early part of the night with the king at the Louvre, where the pleasant sallies of his wit, and facetious humour had entertained the courtier, and disposed Charles to save him. Believing when the chief of the assassins knocked at the door, and said he had a message to deliver from the king, that it was some frolic intended by his majesty, he opened it, and spoke in a humorous strain to those who answered him by drawing their poniards, and plunging them into his bosom. Teligni, unsuspecting to the last, endeavoured now to escape over the roofs of the houses; but being discovered, he was dragged down, when the sweet engaging form which nature had given him, made a momentary impression on the assassins, who stood, with looks

of suspense, before they gave the fatal blow. At the same time perished the counts of Revel and Quellenec, with the barons de Lavardin, Boadisner, and Pluviaux, and others of distinguished valour, driven through the streets by the duke of Anjou's guards, and massacred in the view of the windows of the Louvre.

The king of Navarre and the prince of Conde were awakened, about two hours before day-break, by a band of soldiers, who rushed into their chamber in the palace, and insolently commanded them to dress themselves, and attend the king, unarmed. They were, by Gatharine's orders, led through vaults and dark passages, lined with troops, who shook their spears at them as they passed along. In the meantime, the cries from without were dismal and terrifying; while all that party of their friends and followers, who were invited to take their abode in the Louvre, were precipitated from the windows, or dragged forth in crowds to be assassinated in the court-yards. Here, Saint Martin, Pardaillan, Beauvois, and the gallant Piles, with many others, suffered death; while the indignant expressions of the last, as he cast a look on his murdered companions, were thus uttered aloud. "Are these the testimonies of the king's face; of the peace he hath sworn; and of all the gracious promises he hath made? But the Almighty God will revenge such monstrous perfidy." Leiran, besmeared with blood and desperately wounded, found his way into the queen of Navarre's chamber, and threw himself upon the bed of that princess, who ran forth screaming, and met with such objects in her way, as made her fall into fits, from which she was with difficulty recovered, and conducted by Nansey, captain of the guards, into the apartment of the duchess of Lorraine. Her husband, and the prince of Conde, after whom she inquired with great eagerness, had been introduced into the king's chamber; when they

were thus addressed by Charles, in a tone and accent fierce and imperious....“To-day, I revenge myself of my enemies, and such I may justly reckon you to be, who have supported them by the authority of your names, and your presence among them. Nothing but a respect to my blood deters me from inflicting the same punishment on you. But this regard hath its conditions. When I pardon your past conduct I require and insist upon your immediate renunciation of that impious faith which contradicts mine, and taught you to affront heaven, and insult my authority.” The king of Navarre’s answer was given in a low and embarrassed voice, but in terms that promised submission. But the prince of Conde boldly testified his discontent at the indecent violence used with them; complained of the breach of honour in this treatment; and declared, that his fear of death was not so great as to render him an apostate from his religion. Charles, provoked by his resistance, called him obstinate, seditious, a rebel, and the son of a rebel; and threatened that he should suffer the death of a traitor, if, in three days, he did not yield obedience. “Remember,” said the merciless tyrant, “it is Mass, Death, or Bastile.” Upon the apparent compliance of the king of Navarre, Charles granted him the lives of the count de Grammont, de Duras, and Bouchavannes; and a few others were saved at the earnest application of his sister of Navarre.

In a former part of our history we have shewn of what horrid acts of barbarity the Parisians, when instigated by hatred, bigotry, malice, or revenge, could be guilty. Their present rage and ferocity had nothing human in them. Wherever their ruffian bands were led by the municipal officers, their track was marked by violence, bloodshed and brutality: neither age nor sex was spared: pregnant women and helpless infants were alike sacrificed to their barbarous fury. Brion, the venerable preceptor of the prince of Conti,

was murdered, while clasped in the arms of his infant pupil: Francis Nonpar de Gaumont was massacred in his bed between his two sons, one of whom was stabbed by his side, but the other, concealing himself under the bodies of his father and brother, fortunately escaped. Brissonet, niece to the bishop of Meaux, a woman of exemplary manners, projected an escape from the city in disguise, with her young daughter in her hand, and followed by Epina, the minister, in the habit of a domestic; but being discovered in the attempt, and refusing to abjure her religion, she was stabbed with iron rods, and thrown half dead into the river, where, floating on the surface, the watermen pursued her as their pray, and put her to a slow and lingering death.

Upon the first noise of the tumult, a report was carried to that party of the protestant chiefs, who, by the advice of the Vidame of Chartres, had fixed their quarters in the suburbs of Saint Germain, that the populace had taken up arms. The sound of the bells, and the shouts of the mob confirmed the intelligence. Anxious and doubtful what might be the ground of the insurrection, they continued long in suspense, and from some persuasion that it was promoted by the Guises, against the will of the king, they were on the point of passing the river, in order to venture their lives in supporting his authority and defending their friends. The morning light, however, soon dispelled their error, and shewed them the river covered with boats full of soldiers coming to attack them, and Charles himself from the windows of the Louvre, firing his carabine upon some wretched fugitives; and scarce did time and astonishment permit them to escape with precipitation from their blood-thirsty pursuers.

For three days the massacre was continued with unabated fury: it is certain that the populace would have readily proceeded to the destruction of those who were said to favour the Hugonots, as well as of the

Hugonots themselves ; and that the queen-mother might have consummated her diabolical scheme, by instigating them to assault the Montmorencies, as friendly to the admiral ; but intimidated from proceeding so far, on account of the absence of the Mareschel Montmorenci, and other obvious reasons, she allowed the popular outrage to take its course. From the dread of it many Catholics were obliged to be on their guard ; and de Biron, who commanded in the arsenal, ordered two culverins to be placed at the gate, and put himself in the posture of defence.

After various instances of violence and slaughter committed upon the Catholics, and when the carnage became noisome, an order was published by the king, requiring all the citizens to retire to their houses, and not to stir from them under pain of death. What remained still to be executed was intended to be performed by a more regular process of the king's guards through the city. But the sanguinary rage of a ferocious people was more easily excited than restrained ; and the violence and plunder on the second day, nearly equalling those of the first, it only subsided by degrees. The destruction of above six thousand protestants, of which five hundred were nobility, may be reckoned the fatal issue of this dreadful massacre, which was called, by some, The Parisian Matins, as the massacre in Sicily, in 1281, had been denominated The Sicilian Vespers.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF
MR. COOPER, THE TRAGEDIAN.

IN America, where business is every one's occupation, but few remarkable characters have appearedand scarcely a biographer has been found to distinguish those few before the world. However congenial the mystery of money-making may be with a cheerful evenness of

temper, it is certainly inimical to genius ; and were the opulent loungeer would foster, the man of trade frowns on the efforts of imaginationour luxuries are exotic, our entertainments imported, our public spectacles more or less excellent as they approach the European models of which they are the distant imitations. The barrenness of our literary domain is not therefore to be wondered at ; nor where the soil, though so rank has hitherto been so uncultivated, should it surprise, that when a native plant has sprung up, its virtues have not been recorded, or when a foreign one transplanted here, has thriven, though its qualities may have been used or enjoyed, they have not been sufficiently made known, or justly appreciated. The writer of the following memoir, is among the earliest in this country to attempt the delineation of a living character, and the subjects of one of the most eminent of those whose walks of life have not been political, that have presented themselves to the biographer. The undertaking is made with that diffidence, which respect for the world's voice, and the magnitude of a biographical attempt inspire : the writer's motto is *Neminem libenter nominem, nisi ut laudem ; sed nec peccata reprehenderem, nisi ut aliis prodessem.*

Mr. Thomas Abthorp Cooper was born in 1777, of reputable parents : his father was a surgeon, and acquired considerable property in the East, under Warran Hasting's Indian administration....but of the greater part, if not all of this, the widow and children were at his death, defrauded and left destitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken out of friendship to his family, and in some sort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well known author of the Essay on Political Justice, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer. He is probably one of a very few, who have been apprenticed to authorship ; and as it is impossible to determine the bent and much more so the soundness and strength of a mind so young, it

is somewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's understanding should train a boy to write books, before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them....What Mr. Godwin's particular method of education was, we do not know; and though when his opinions are adverted to, it should seem it was not a system of restraint, yet when Cooper's readiness on most subjects is considered with his negligent habits for some years past, a belief cannot be impressed, but that the foundation laid, was, of its kind, a good one. He went through a regular course of the Greek and Latin classics, and was also instructed in the French and Italian languages.

Such a pupil to such a master must have been roused, and delighted by the French revolution..... Cooper was scarcely seventeen when his enthusiasm prompted him to relinquish the pen for the sword, and to seek a commission in the armies of the great republic. The just sprouting, sensitive and uncertain laurels of the author were blasted....civic and mural crowns, ovations and sabres d'honneur were much more glittering, and accordingly it was already determined he should engage for the banners of equality and confusion, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded the brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown in the cause of liberty. Then it was, he turned his attention to the stage, and communicated his wishes to his benefactor; they were received with coldness and regret, not till after some time assented to, and then with decided disapprobation. His intention however being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give some preparatory lessons. When he was thought prepared, many difficulties occurred, before a suitable place could be procured for his first appearance: at last Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auspices, and Edinburgh was concluded on. The writer of this sketch has heard Cooper describe, with great pleasure, his first interview with the

Scotch manager: he was at that time a raw country youth of seventeen. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of rustic foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his success. When he mentioned his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed from a polite smile to the stare of disappointment: Cooper had been prepared for young Norvel; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuses from the manager, and the chagrin of seeing some nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the season he continued with Stephen Kemble, without ever appearing. From Edinburgh he went with the company to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there he lived as dependent, inactive, and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a person to fill the part of Malcolm in Macbeth, he was cast to that humble character....in so inferior a sphere did he begin to move who is now become one of the brightest luminaries of the theatrical hemisphere. His debut was even less flattering than his reception from the manager had been. Till the last scene he passed through tolerably well, but when he came to the lines which conclude the play....

"So thanks to all at once and to each one

Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone,"

after stretching out his hands and assuming the attitude and smile of thankfulness, slight embarrassment checked him, and he paused, still keeping his posture and his look.... the prompter made himself heard by every one but the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, every instance of his silence naturally increasing ten-fold his perplexity....Muccuff whispered the words in his ear....Macbeth who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death to assist his dumb

successor, the prompter spoke almost to vociferation.... Each Thane dead or alive joined his voice.... but this was only "confusion worse confounded".... if he could have spoken the amazed prince might with great justice have said: "So thanks to all at once".... but his utterance was gone "vox faucibus hæsit".... a hiss presently broke out in the pit, the clamour soon became general, and the curtain went down, amid a shout of universal condemnation.

After this discomfiture, Cooper returned not a little humiliated to England.

His friends, Godwin and Holcroft, who were convinced that he possessed the requisites for a performer of eminence, sent him on a tour of improvement at the provincial theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius seemed still to preside over his wanderings. He appeared to the managers in whose corps he was enlisted, as a raw recruit who possessed no talents for the profession. Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferior rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter-carrier.... In this manner he murdered a few months starving on a paltry salary, and then, abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, travelled on foot to London.

Mr. Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of practice on provincial stages: Mr. Holcroft again took him in hand, and selected some of Shakspeare's most distinguished characters for his instructions. He made him recite passages, and would explain to him the nature of the characters, the situations in which they were placed, the passions by which they were influenced. Thus he taught him that great requisite of a performer.... to conceive the intention of the author, and enter into the feelings of the character. After some months close attention, in which the extraordinary talents of

the youthful pupil were rapidly evolved, he was thought ready for a public appearance. He accordingly at the early age of eighteen performed in one week the arduous characters of Hamlet and Macbeth, on the boards of Covent Garden, to overflowing houses, and with the most flattering applause.

On this subject we have heard that Mr. Tyler, at present of the New-York theatre, had belonged to one of the provincial companies in which Cooper had held a very humble station. Mr. Tyler forming other engagements with Mr. Henry, quitted the British for the American stage. Shortly after his arrival, he received a letter from one of his Thespian friends, who after regaling him with a variety of Green-room history, added, and now prepare yourself for astonishment. That identical Mr. Cooper who a few months ago was playing the very underling characters at our theatre and who appeared so extremely incompetent, is now performing Hamlet with applause at London!

After Mr. Cooper had met so favourable a reception from the London audience, he was offered a liberal engagement; but as he was not yet capable of sustaining a line of characters, he was expected to take such business as he was able to perform. This engagement he declined. "Aut Cæsar aut nullus" seems to have been already his motto and he refused any secondary situation. He accordingly retired to the country, where he employed himself in cultivating his dramatic talent.

Shortly after this period Mr. Wignell who had visited England for the purpose of raising a reinforcement for the Philadelphia company, heard of him. He immediately entered into a negotiation which was promptly concluded, and in a few days from its commencement Mr. Cooper was on the Atlantic voyaging to America.

The Philadelphians were slow at discovering his merits. His line of acting interfered with that of their

favourite performers, and as he had many careless and some dissipated habits, he was far from being a favourite. This was particularly evidenced at his benefit, for which there were only a few seats taken. This did not affect Cooper's pocket, for his benefit was guaranteed to a certain amount by his engagement with the manager. It however affected his pride, and he was determined to avoid the disgrace attendant on "a beggarly account of empty boxes." He therefore closed a bargain for sixty dollars with a man who owned the elephant. Play-bills were posted up in all directions, advertising, in letters of the largest size, that the elephant would be introduced on the stage; curiosity was all alive, and Cooper, aided by his elephant, was honored with an overflow.

When the winter campaign had closed, the company made a summer excursion to New-York. The circus was fitted up for the purpose, and the most admirable acting ever witnessed in America was then exhibited. Cooper, Fennel, Moreton, Harwood, and Bernard, were the most prominent male performers, and Mrs. Merry sustained the heroines in a style of great perfection. The season opened with *Venice Preserved*, in which Cooper, as Pierre, made an indelible impression on the audience. A coldness had for sometime subsisted between him and the manager, which induced a wish to change his situation. His engagement bound him in a penalty of about two thousand dollars, but this it was alleged had been already broken on the managers part. In short the sum was subscribed by a number of gentlemen, who engaged to advance it if necessary, and Mr. Cooper was transferred to the New-York theatre.

With the exception of one season, in which he was at Philadelphia where he also became a great favourite, Mr. Cooper continued in New-York, till January, 1803. He then received an invitation from

London. Kemble had quarrelled with Drury Lane Theatre, had left it and gone on a tour to the continent of Europe. Cooper was invited to come if he felt confidence for the attempt, and was proffered Kemble's situation if it should appear that he could sufficiently satisfy the town. He accordingly went, but does not seem to have succeeded in London equal to the expectation of his friends. His performances have been received with much applause, but the people there, having formed their tastes on the acting of Cooke and Kemble, or from his real inferiority to these gentlemen, did not consider him equal to their favorites. He has since been performing, for a few nights at Liverpool, with great eclat; it is rumoured that he has concluded an engagement with the manager of Drury Lane; but, many persons yet entertain hopes that he may yet be restored to the American stage.

Mr. Cooper is rather above the middle size, well proportioned, with a handsome and expressive countenance, fine form, intelligent eye, and a voice admirably adapted to the stage. He excels in the weightier characters of the drama; while, in those of a secondary nature, he is generally careless and indifferent. His performance is particularly distinguished for chasteness, character and energy.

REMARKS ON DARWIN'S TEMPLE OF NATURE.

This Poem does not pretend to instruct by deep researches of reasoning. "Its aim is simply to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of nature, in order as the author believes, in which the progressive course of time presented them."

It is divided into four cantos: the first treats on the production of life, the second on the reproduction of life, the third on the progress of the

mind, and the fourth on good and evil. The machinery of the poem is drawn from Eleusian Mysteries; as in them the philosophy of the works of nature, with the origin and progress of society, are supposed to have been explained by Hierophants to the initiated, by means of alligoric scenery, so in the present poem, the priestess of nature at the intercession of Urania, withdraws from the goddess the mystic veil which shrouds her from profane eyes, and unfolds to her votary the laws of organic life.

The theory which Dr. Darwin laid down in the first volume of *Zoonomia*, he has here illuminated with all the splendor of poetry: it is illustrated with additional observations, and supported with additional facts; in short, "The Temple of Nature" may be almost called *Zoonomia* in verse. We have read the poem with attention and delight; so accustomed as we are to behold the mental imbecility which old age induces, it is most grateful and consolatory when we contemplate those exceptions which occasionally present themselves, where the vigour of the mind outlives the vigour of the body, and where old age, which has relaxed the fibres of the outward man, and struck with infirmity and decrepitude his mortal frame, retires, baffled and disgraced, from an unequal conflict with his ethereal and immortal part.

The poem bears no mark of senility about it; the lamp of Darwin's genius burns brightly to the last; its light, if not at all times safe and steady, is ever beautiful and brilliant; and the Temple of Nature, in its darkest and most secret recesses, is partially at least illuminated by its rays.

The present poem if possible, is more carefully polished than the *Botanic Garden*: it presents some pictures of uncommon beauty; we could select several, but must content ourselves with one or two.... The epithets and the imagery em-

ployed in the following description of the den of despair are singularly appropriate:

"Deep-whelm'd beneath, in vast sepulchral caves,
Oblivion dwells amid unlabeled graves;
The storied tomb, the laurel'd bust o'erturns,
And shakes their ashes from the mould'ring urns....
No vernal zephyr breathes, no sunbeams cheer,
Nor song nor simper ever enters here;
O'er the green floor, and round the dew-damp wall,
The slimy snail, and bloated lizard crawl;
While on white heaps of intermingled bones
The nurse of melancholy sits and moans;
Showers her cold tears o'er Beauty's early wreck,
Spreads her pale arms, and bends her marble neck,
So in rude rocks, beside the Ægean wave,
Trophonius scoop'd his sorrow-sacred cave;
Unbarr'd to pilgrim-feet the brazen door,
And the sad sage returning smil'd no more.

The solitude, silence, and decay, here represented, are so many insignia of Oblivion; and her residence among "unlabell'd graves," together with her employment of o'erturning tombs of shaking their ashes....that last memorial!....from the mouldering urns, are very happily imagined. The note on the cave of Trophonius is worth inserting: "Plutarch mentions, that prophecies of evil events were uttered from the cave of Trophonius; but this allegorical story, that whoever entered this cavern were never again seen to smile, seems to have been designed to warn the contemplative from considering too much the dark side of Nature. Thus an ancient poet, who had never written a poem on the miseries of the world, to have been so miserably so unhappy as to destroy himself

When we reflect on the perpetual destruction of organic life, we should also recollect, that it is perpetually renewed in other forms by the same materials, and thus the sum total of the happiness of the world continues undiminished; and that a philosopher may thus smile again on turning his eyes from the coffins of Nature to her cradles."

After a picture of the triumphal car of Cupid,

.....In beauty's pride,
Celestial Psyche sitting by his side,

we have the following highly finished description in genuine Darwinian verse:

" Delighted Flora, gazing from afar,
Greets with mute homage the triumphal car;

On silvery slippers steps with bosom bare,

Bends her white knee, and bows her auburn hair;

Calls to her purple heaths, and blushing bowers,

Bursts her green gems, and opens all her flowers;

O'er the bright pair a shower of roses sheds,

And crowns with wreaths of hyacinth their heads....

....Slow roll the silver wheels, with snow-drops deck'd,

And primrose-bands the cedar spokes connect;

Round the fine pole the twisting woodbine clings,

And knots of jasmine clasp the bending springs;

Bright daisy links the velvet harness chain,

And rings of violets joins each silken rein;

Festoon'd behind, the snow-white lilies bend,

And tulip-tassels on each side depend.

....Slow roll the car.... the enamour'd flowers exhale

Their treasured sweets, and whisper to the gale;

Their ravelled buds, and wrinkled cups unfold,

Nod their green stems, and wave their bells of gold;

Breathe their soft sighs from each enchanted grove,

And hail the Deities of Sexual Love."

We have on more occasions than one given our opinion of Dr. Darwin's poetry: the present volume eminently exhibits all his beauties and all his faults. The Doctor overloads his lines with gold and silver, silks and velvets, corals and chrystals, and with orient pearls. He seems to fancy that a monarch is no longer a monarch than when he is seated on the throne, clothed in his robes of royalty, and encumbered with his rich crown of jewels! With him the king of Great Britain, plainly dressed like a private gentleman, is nothing compared to the king of Ava, whose limbs totter under the wealthy weight of his ornaments, and who, Major Symes assures us, is unable to mount his throne without the support and assistance of two pages! The last extract was not selected with any view to expose this taste for finery; but it will be observed, that the lines are almost so many threads of gold or silver: and although it happens that no orient pearl or random ruby is strung upon them, the poem is richly gemmed also with such European rarities. If it would not be thought captious and hyper-critical, that we should also object to the too frequent use of affected words: *nascent* and *renascent*, *volant*, *susurrant*, &c. &c. In short, the great fault of Dr. Darwin's poetry is its dazzling and excessive polish, and that "balancing of the line," as Mr. Headly calls it, which makes the first part of it betray the second.

But let us not be suspected of depreciating Dr. Darwin; his knowledge was various and profound; his imagination ardent and fertile; and his genius, ever on the wing, penetrated into the obscurest mysteries of organic nature.

In one of his notes we see that Dr. Darwin has revived the exploded doctrine of Spontaneous Vitality. As the subject is curious, we shall endeavour to compress his arguments. He begins by endeavouring to remove some prejudices

against the doctrine, arising from the misconception of the ignorant or superstitious; in the first place, that it is contradicted by Holy Writ, which says that God created animals and vegetables; as if there were not more dignity in our idea of the Supreme Author of all things when we conceive him to be the cause of causes, than the cause simply of the events we see.... In the next place, that it is applied to the production of the larger animals; but spontaneous vitality is certainly only to be looked for in the simplest organic beings, as in the smallest microscopic animalcules: and thirdly, that there is no analogy to sanction it; but this want of analogy equally opposes all new discoveries, as of the magnetic needle, the coated electric jar, and the Galvanic pile.

He then makes some preliminary observations: That the power of reproduction distinguishes organic being whether vegetable or animal, from inanimate nature. That the reproduction of plants and animals is of two kinds, which may be termed solitary and sexual: that the former of these, as in the reproduction of the buds of trees, and of the bulbs of tulips, of the polypus and aphid, appears to be the first or most simple mode of generation, as many of these organic beings afterwards acquire sexual organs, as the flowers of seedling trees and of seedling tulips, and the autumnal progeny of the aphid. By reproduction organic beings are gradually enlarged and improved; "thus (says he) the buds of a seedling tree, or the bulbs of seedling tulips, become larger and stronger in the second year than the first, and thus improve till they acquire flowers or sexes; and the aphid, I believe, increases in bulk to the eighth or ninth generation, and then produces a sexual progeny. Hence the existence of spontaneous vitality is only to be expected to be found in the simplest modes of animation as the simplest

ones have been formed by many successive reproductions."

From these preliminary observations, Dr. Darwin proceeds to experimental facts: "By the experiments of Buffon, Reaumur, Ellis, Ingenhouz, and others, microscopic animals are produced in three or four days, according to the warmth of the season, in the infusions of all vegetable or animal matter. One or more of these gentlemen put some boiling veal-broth into a phial, previously heated in the fire, and sealing it up hermetically, or with melted wax; observed it to be replete with animalcules in three or four days." "To suppose the eggs of these animals to float in the atmosphere, and pass through the sealed glass phial, is contrary to apparent nature, as to be totally incredible." Again: "In paste composed of flour and water, which has been suffered to become scescent, the animalcules called eels, *vibrio anguillula*, are seen in great abundance; their motions are rapid and strong; they are viviparous, and produce at intervals a numerous progeny: animals similar to these are also found in vinegar; *Naturalist's Miscellany*, by Shaw and Nodder, vol. II.... As these animals are viviparous, it is absurd to suppose that their parents float universally in the atmosphere to lay their young in paste and vinegar!

The *conferva fontinalis* of Dr. Priestly is a vegetable body which appears to be produced by a spontaneous vital process. Dr. Ingenhouz asserts, "that by filling a bottle with well-water, and inverting it immediately into a basin of well-water, this green vegetable is formed in great quantity; and he believes, that the water itself, or some substance contained in the water, is converted into this kind of vegetation, which then quickly propagates itself."

Mucor, or mouldiness, is another vegetable, the incipient growth of which Mr. Ellis observed by his

microscope near the surface of all putrifying vegetables or animal matter.

After having proceeded thus far, Dr. Darwin unfolds his theory of spontaneous vitality; it will be recognised as extremely similar to the theory of glandular secretions, laid down by Zoonomia, and afterwards applied to vegetable reproductions in Phytologia. As in animal or chemical combinations, one of the composing materials must possess a power of attraction, as the magnet, and the other an aptitude to be attracted, as a piece of iron: so in vegetable or animal combinations there must exist two kinds of organic matter, one possessing the appetency to unite, and the other the propensity to be united. Thus in the generation of the buds of trees, it is probable that two kinds of vegetable matter....one of them endued with this appetency to unite with the other, and the latter with this propensity to be united with the former....“ as they are separated from the solid system, and float in the circulation, become arrested by two kinds of vegetable glands, and are then deposited beneath the cuticle of the tree, and there join together, forming a new vegetable, the caudex of which extends from the pulmula at the summit to the radicles beneath the soil, and constitutes a single fibre of the bark;” so in the sexual reproduction of animals, certain parts, separated from the living organs, and floating in the blood, are arrested by the sexual glands of the female, and others by those of the male. Of these none are complete embryo animals, but form an embryo by their reciprocal conjunction. “ There hence appears to be an analogy between generation and nutrition, as one is the production of new organization, and the other the restoration of that which previously existed, and which therefore may be supposed to require materials somewhat similar. Now the food taken up by animal lacteals is previously prepared by the chemi-

cal process of digestion in the stomach; but that which is taken up by vegetable lacteals is prepared by chemical dissolution of organic matter formed beneath the surface of the earth. Thus the particles which form *generated* animal embryos are prepared from dead organic matter by the chimico-animal processes of sanguification and of secretion; while those which form *spontaneous* microscopic animals or microscopic vegetables are prepared by chemical dissolutions and new combinations of organic matter in watery fluids with sufficient warmth!”

Some microscopic animalcules are said to remain dead for many days or weeks, when the fluid in which they existed is dried up, and quickly to recover life and motion by the fresh addition of water and warmth; thus, the *chaos redivivum* of Linnæus dwells in vinegar, and in book-binder's paste: it revives by water, after having been dried for years, and is both oviparous and viviparous. *Syst. Nat.* Shell-snails have been kept in the cabinets of the curious in a dry state for ten years or longer, and have revived on being moistened with warmish water. *Phil. Tran.*...The hydra of Linnæus revives after having been dried, restores itself after mutilation, is multiplied by being divided, is propagated from small portions, and lives after being inverted. All these phenomena Dr. Darwin thinks would be best explained by the doctrine of spontaneous reproduction from organic particles not yet completely decomposed; and he is inclined to infer that “ organic particles of dead vegetables and animals, during their usual chemical changes into putridity or acidity, do not lose all their organization or vitality, but retain so much of it as to unite with the parts of living animals in the process of nutrition; or unite and produce new complicate animals by secretion, as in generation; or produce very simple microscopic animals, or microscopic vegetables,

by their new combinations in warmth and moisture."

This theory, then, assumes the principle of a perpetual and progressive improvement, by reproduction, in all animals and vegetables; it assumes also that this improvement produces an absolute change in the generating organs. Chemical dissolutions and new combinations of organic matter in watery fluids, with sufficient warmth, prepare particles, which in consequence of certain inherent and essential appetencies and propensities, unite with each other and form microscopic animalcules. This Dr. Darwin calls spontaneous vitality, and is the first link in the chain. Dr. Priestly's *conferva fontinalis*, the *fungi* which grow on rotten timber, in vaults, &c. the esculent mushroom, and the microscopic animalcules found in all solutions of vegetable or animal matter in water, although themselves spontaneously originating from the congress of decomposing organic particles, nevertheless possess the power of producing others like themselves by solitary reproduction without sex. *Mr. Ellis in Phil. Trans. V. LIX.* The next inferior kinds of vegetables and animals also, as the buds and bulbs raised immediately from seeds, the *lycoferdon tuber*, with probably many other *fungi*, and the *polypus*, *volvax* and *tania*, propagate by solitary generation only. This is the second link. "Those of the next order propagate both by solitary and sexual reproduction, as those buds and bulbs which produce flowers, as well as other buds and bulbs, and the apis, and probably many other insects; whence it appears that many of those vegetables and animals which are produced by solitary generation, gradually become more perfect, and at length produce a sexual progeny."

But the transition from solitary to sexual reproduction was too abrupt: a small intermediate link therefore was interposed, namely,

the hermaphrodite mode of reproduction; as in those flowers which have anthers and stigmas in the same corol: from this imperfection of state, some animals, as snails and worms, have not yet extricated themselves. As hermaphrodite insects, shell-snails, dew-worms, &c. are seen *reciprocally* to copulate with each other, it is suspected that they are incapable of impregnating themselves. For the final cause of this incapacity, see *Zoon. Vol. I. Sect. xxxix. 6. 2.* This is the third link. The most perfect order of animals are propagated by sexual intercourse only.* This is the last link: the master piece of Nature!

If such has been the progress of perfection in the formative organs of the animal and vegetable kingdoms...if the powers which certain species now enjoy, are the consequence of efforts uninterruptedly exerted through the lapse of countless ages, are we to infer, that the nobler animals, and MAN among them, were originally constituted with this primitive organic simplicity? All male quadrupeds, and the biped man, have breasts and nipples: the breasts at nativity are replete with a thin milky fluid, and the nipples swell on titillation. Are these, then, the frustrate vestiges of ancient structure? Was there a time in the juvenility of the

* "This however does not extend to vegetables, as all those raised from seed produce some generation of buds or bulbs previous to their producing flowers, as occurs not only in trees, but also in annual plants. Thus three or four joints of wheat grow upon each other before that which produces a flower"...analogously with the reproduction of aphides..."which joints are all separate plants growing over each other, like the buds of trees, previous to the uppermost; though this happens in a few months in annual plants, which requires as many years in the successive buds of trees, as is further explained in *Phytologia, Sect. IX. 3. 1.*"

world when Man propagated his species by hermaphrodite generation? This was the idea of Plato, and Dr. Darwin shrinks not from the inference. (See Note to Temple of Nature, cant. 2, l. 120. Addit. Notes on Spontan. Vital. on the reproduction: see also Zoon. vol. I. sect. xxxix. 4. 8.) But according to this theory, we must not stop here: reproduction by hermaphrodite sexuality is the *third* chain of the link: ages and ages must have rolled away before he had arrived at this stage of perfection. For the juvenility of the world, therefore, we must go back to its infancy, and from its infancy to its very birth: did Man, then, once propagate his species by solitary reproduction, by mutilation, by division, by offsets? and was his *origin* the spontaneous production of organic particles, uniting with each other in consequence of certain inherent and essential appetencies and propensities? Is Dr. Darwin prepared to allow this inference too? He shall speak for himself: "But it may appear *too bold*, in the present state of our knowledge on this subject, [reproduction] to suppose that all vegetables and animals now existing were originally derived from the smallest microscopic ones formed by spontaneous vitality; and that they have by innumerable reproductions during innumerable centuries of time, gradually acquired the size, strength and excellence of form and faculties, which they now possess; and that such amazing powers were originally impressed on matter and spirit by the Great Parent of Parents! Cause of Causes! *Ens Entium!*"

One question only remains to be asked, and to that the answer has this moment been given: how came these organic particles endued with such wondrous appetencies and propensities? "Such amazing powers were originally impressed on matter and spirit by the Great Parent of Parents! Cause of Causes! *Ens Entium!*"

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE
LATE DR. DARWIN.

Continued from page 388.

In the biographical sketch of a man, the incidents of whose private life are intrinsically unimportant, and acquire an interest only from the literary lustre which adorns his character, it may not be irrelevant to risk a few remarks on the nature of those claims from which his celebrity is derived.

There are three points of view in which the literary character of Dr. Darwin most obviously presents itself:....First, As a Medical Philosopher....Secondly, as a Philosophical Agricultor....And thirdly, As a Poet.

I. The pretensions of Dr. Darwin to high rank as a MEDICAL PHILOSOPHER will, of course, bottom themselves in the merits, numerous and solid as they are, of the great work which he gave to the world in the year 1794. In whichever point of view the ZOOLOGIA shall be considered, whether as a mere repository of curious natural and medical facts, or as a scheme and system of pathological and physiological disquisition, is probably matter of trifling import, so far as the reputation of its author is concerned. By either mode of appreciation it is, unquestionably, a noble effort of human labour or of human wit.

In a work, indeed, so varied, so complicated, so extensive, it is an easy task, and requiring no extraordinary powers of perception, to discover many lapses in the design and execution; but when we call to mind the vastness of the whole fabric, the bold originality of the plan upon which it is constructed, the curious nature and beautiful arrangement of the materials which compose it, the elegance of all its ornamental, and the solidity of very many of its useful parts, we cannot hesitate to assign to its contriver the merit of uncommon taste, uncommon perseverance, and uncommon skill.

To justify the panegyric which we have now ventured to pronounce, it may seem reasonable to expect that we should present to our readers an analysis of the system invented by Dr. Darwin, in order "to reduce the facts belonging to ANIMAL LIFE into classes, orders, genera, and species; and, by comparing them with each other, to unravel the theory of diseases." Such, however, is the extent of, and so diversified are the topics embraced by, his plan, that barely to enumerate the respective titles of the several sections into which it is broken, would be greatly to exceed the comparatively scanty limits within which, by the nature of our arrangement, we are of necessity confined. To the work itself we must and do appeal for our justification, confident, that although its illustrious author may have sometimes erred from excess of ingenuity, that however he may have been occasionally blinded by too great a love of system, the ZOOLOGIA will ever be considered as a production of transcendent merit.

Thy work is done! Nor Folly's active
rage,
Nor Envy's self, shall blot the golden
page;
Time shall admire....his mellowing
touch employ,
And mend the immortal tablet, not
destroy.

II. As a PHILOSOPHICAL AGRICULTOR Dr. Darwin must ever be entitled to the highest consideration in order to profit by the multitudinous experiments of Hales, Grew, Malpighi, Bonnet, Du Hamel, Buffon, Spallanzani, Priestly, &c. collected in the *Phytologia*, it is not necessary to take possession of the air built theory of vegetation which is there constructed, and securely inhabit it as an edifice whose solidity is equal to its elegance. Whether the analogy is in fact so close between the parts and functions of animal and vegetable beings;....whether the anatomy of

the one so strictly corresponds with that of the other, as to induce a belief that the latter are in reality an inferior order of the former, possessed of a brain, uterus, muscles, and complete nervous system, is an inquiry, which, however curious, must surely be subordinate, otherwise than as it may possibly lead to a more successful culture of those vegetable products which immediately or remotely are essential to the subsistence of man. And this does not always appear to be the case:....whether the ascent of sap is owing to capillary attraction, facilitated by an expansion of the gaseous fluids, or to certain irritative motions of the absorbents.... whether the spiral vessels of a vine are, in fact, the bronchia of Malpighi and Grew, or the nurture bearing absorbents of Darwin....whether the motions of the *Dionæa Muscipula*, the *Mimosa*, the *Hedysarum gyrans*, &c. are the exercise of a muscular power, or the effect of some external excitement acting on an irritable organ....whether as the leaves of vegetables are supposed to serve them as lungs, so the corol or petals of a flower are to be considered as a pulmonary organ belonging to the "amatorial parts," the anthers, and the stigmas....and whether the leaves of both are furnished with a venous and arterial apparatus, the one distributed over the upper surface, exposing its contents under a thin moist pellicle to the action of the light and air; the other receiving them thus oxygenated, and conducting them on the under surface to the leaf-bud in the one case, and to the anthers and stigmas in the other....these, and many other similar questions, however curious in themselves, and whatever physiological skill and delicate analogies may be displayed in the investigation of them, must, as before observed, be ever considered as subordinate in comparison with those grand and indisputable discoveries which the application of chemistry to agriculture has brought to light.

Comparatively speaking, therefore, a small portion only of the *Phytologia* is devoted to that fanciful system of vegetable physiology, in the illustration of which Dr. Darwin has displayed such a wantonness of conjecture, and apparently such a waste of ingenuity.

The second part of the *Phytologia* treats on the economy of vegetation: the first section is a very elaborate and interesting one on the growth of seeds, buds, and bulbs; in which a curious analogy, interspersed with much useful matter, is instituted between animal and vegetable propagation. A very important chapter succeeds on "Mammures:" this subject had already been treated by Mr. Kirwin, and the Earl of Dundonald, in a very masterly manner, but was not exhausted. The question which Dr. Darwin first asks himself is.... What is the food of vegetables? The embryo plant in the seed or fruit is surrounded with saccharine, mucilaginous, and oily materials, like the animal fœtus in the egg or uterus, which it absorbs and converts into nutriment; the embryo buds in deciduous trees are supplied with a saccharine, mucilaginous juice by the roots or sap-wood of their parent trees. Adult plants, having no stomach enabling them to decompose by a chemical process either animal or vegetable substances, must wait for the decomposition which is continually going on in those soils and climates, and those seasons of the year which are most friendly to vegetation. For the purpose of supplying adult vegetables with a larger portion of nourishment than they could obtain without our assistance, the philosophical agricultor first considers what kinds of matter are most prevalent, or most necessary in their composition: secondly, what of these substances they can absorb without previous decomposition: and lastly, how to expedite that process when it becomes necessary. A valuable section succeeds on draining and watering lands: here

some useful hints are thrown out for detecting the situation of springs, and for conveying away the water from those plains and morasses where there is no obvious channel for its escape: the benefits of flooding land are enlarged on; some necessary cautions introduced respecting the process, and suggestions made for the extension of the practice, not only by taking advantage of the natural falls of brooks and springs, and by occasionally damming them up to supply higher situations, but by the use of various machinery.

A section on the aeration and pulverization of the soil succeeds, in which the uses of fallowing are philosophically estimated, and the management of the wheat-crop enlarged on. The transplantation of wheat is here recommended in a very unqualified manner; we have ourselves tried it, on a scale of between four and five acres, with complete success.

The succeeding section treats on Light, Heat, and Electricity: under the last of these three heads one cannot but smile at the "profitable application of electricity" which is intimated to the gardener or the agricultor: as the oxygen or hydrogen gasses may exist in the summer atmosphere in a state of mixture, but not of combination, and as the electric spark or flash of lightning may combine them and produce water instantaneously, "it is probable that in dry seasons the erection of numerous metallic points on the surface of the ground, but a few feet high, might in the night time, contribute to precipitate the dew by facilitating the passage of electricity from the air into the earth; and that an erection of such points higher in the air, by means of wires wrapped round tall rods, like angle rods, or elevated on buildings, might frequently precipitate showers from the higher parts of the atmosphere." An interesting and valuable section on the diseases of plants, concludes the second part: these diseases are divided into

those which appear to originate from internal causes, those from the external elements, and those from the nidification or depredations of insects: to which is added, the destruction by vermin. Under the third head is given a very curious account of the aphid; together with various methods for destroying it; and the ingenious one is suggested of propagating its greatest enemy, the larva of the aphidivorous fly, and thus devouring one insect by the means of another.

The third part of the *Phytologia*, on agriculture and horticulture, is divided into six sections: the first treats on the production of fruits; in which the four methods are enlarged on of procuring fruit trees for the purposes of horticulture by seeds, by root-suckers, by planted scions, and ingrafted scions: the author next proceeds to shew how a tree may be necessitated to increase the number of flower buds, in preference to its leaf-buds. The means of perfecting, enlarging, and preserving fruit are then severally insisted on. The important subject of the production of seeds occupies the next section; in which rules are laid down for producing them early, and in great quantity...for ripening them...for generating the best kinds...for collecting good seeds and determining their goodness...for the preservation of seeds, and for sowing them advantageously. The two next sections treat one on the production of roots and barks, and the other on the production of leaves and wood: and the last contains a plan for disposing part of the vegetable system of Linnæus into more natural classes and orders. The plan here suggested, of adopting the situations, proportions or forms, with or without the numbers of the sexual organs, as criterions of the order and classes, is well worthy the attention of botanists. While the number of stamens and pistilla are subject to variation, both from luxuriant and deficient growth, implicit confidence cannot be placed on that

alone, as indicative either of an order or class. As the proportions and figures and purposes of the stamens and pistilla are immutable, Dr. Darwin imagines they would form a preferable standard, both for classical and ordinal arrangement.

But it is time that we should consider Dr. Darwin in his third character, namely as a POET. Dr. Darwin lately said to a friend, that in his poetical works his great aim was to present an object to meet the eye, and that he was not anxious to touch the heart. A more severe criticism could scarcely have been pronounced; there is, notwithstanding, a justness in the remark, which is not to be disputed, and we are happy that himself has relieved us from the pain of making it. It must be observed, however, in mitigation of the censure, that a Didactic Poem, and as such we must consider the "*Botanic Garden*," is rather addressed to the understanding than the heart: it is not to be expected that we should be fired at the description of an ardent *stamen*, or melt with sympathy at a languishing *pistillum*; where the author's own feelings were excited, he fails not to touch a corresponding chord. If an imagination of unrivalled richness...a felicity of allusion to whatever can throw lustre on his subject...to ancient mythology and modern discoveries...to the works of nature and of art; if these are some of the essentials of poetry, Dr. Darwin may certainly claim them as his own. No man, perhaps, was ever happier in the selection and composition of his epithets, had a more imperial command of words, or could elucidate with such accuracy and elegance the most complex and intricate machinery.

Who but Dr. Darwin would have thought of describing a porcelain-manufacture in *verses*; the enormous powers and curious construction of a steam-engine; the delicate mechanism of a watch; and the infinite complexity of a cotton-mill? There are many similar descrip-

tions to be found in the "Botanic Garden," are inimitable in their way; and that they do not "touch the heart," is attributable to the subject, and not to the poet: the sweet simple music of an old Scotch air is infinitely more affecting than the rapid complex movements of a modern concerto:....but a vagrant minstrel could compose the melody of the one, though it requires the scientific hand of a master to combine the various harmony of the other.

After all, we are quite ready to acknowledge that Dr. Darwin is not a poet who stands very high in our estimation; the ear is fascinated and seduced by the melliflence of his numbers, but there is a harlotry in his embellishments which is to us unchaste. His cadences are not sufficiently varied for a poem of such length as the "Botanic Garden;" indeed there is an evident mechanism in the construction of his lines which it is by no means pleasant to detect; one half of the verse is frequently a perfect equipoise to the other. We are even so fastidious and delicate as to be cloyed with the uniform sweetness of his versification: the current of Dr. Darwin's poetry is unruffled and serene; its surface smooth and polished;....Still as the sea ere winds were taught to blow;" but oftentimes we would gladly transport ourselves to where

"The rich stream of music winds along,

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong."

Dr. Darwin is particularly happy in some of his minor effusions: the beautiful little song "to May," is exquisitely finished; and it would be difficult to find thirty lines in the "Botanic Garden," to rival in dignity and pathos the "Address to Swilcar's Oak," introduced in the *Phytologia*, XVIII. 2. 16.

There is a noble and indignant eloquence poured forth in the translation of a few lines from the eighth satire of Juvenal, (*Stemmata quid faciunt*, &c. See *Zoon*, Vol. II. class iii. 1. 2.) which seems to

flow immediately from the heart. These, (particularly the two last) and some detached passages in the "Botanic Garden," possess a chasteness and simplicity of colouring, the want of which can never be compensated by the temporary lustre of any varnish: it is this artificial gloss, the too lavish use of this deceitful varnish, which displeases us with the poetry of Dr. Darwin. As a prose writer, Dr. Darwin was incorrect; his grammatical errors are numerous. He was even deficient in orthography: his faults in spelling were sometimes corrected by his son the attorney. He gave early evidence of a poetical genius and a philosophical turn of mind: whilst he held the appointment of Lord Exeter's scholarship, he distinguished himself by his poetical exercises, and acquired an uncommon facility in the composition of them. In the year 1758, he published in vol. L. of the *Philosophical Transactions*, "An attempt to confute the opinion of Henry Earl, concerning the ascent of vapour;" and "An account of the cure of a periodical hæmoptoe, by keeping the patient awake." This was followed by "Experiments on Animal Fluids in the exhausted Receiver."

Dr. Darwin printed in the *Derby Mercury*, an elegy written at Matlock, and addressed to Mrs. Darwin: another piece was inserted in the same paper, occasioned by the appearance of a most fatal distemper amongst horned cattle, at Calke, near Derby. It consisted of instructions to give an immediate stop to its rapid and alarming progress. A third article was written on occasion of the earthquake, which several years ago was felt at Derby, and in the surrounding country. In the year 1782, the Botanical Society of Litchfield published a translation of Linnæus's *Systema Vegetabilium*, the execution of which was principally confided to Dr. Darwin, one of its two principal members. The Doctor's other works have already

been mentioned in the course of his biographical sketch. He has left a poem entitled "The Shrine of Nature;" which is now in the press, and will shortly be published.

Next to Medicine, Mechanics and almost every branch of Natural History engaged his attention. He not only pursued those studies with great ardor and diligence himself, but also embraced every opportunity of cultivating and encouraging them amongst his numerous connections and acquaintance. Very soon after he settled at Derby, he instituted and established a philosophical society and library, both of which were in a flourishing condition at the time of his decease. The society, of which he was president, consists of members who reside in different parts of Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Leicestershire. He also took pleasure in encouraging works in natural history.

But though the learning, taste, and genius of Dr. Darwin were eminently displayed in these pursuits, yet there was one great end, to the attainment of which all his talents and views were earnestly and uniformly directed. He did not hesitate openly and repeatedly to declare in public company, that the acquisition of wealth was the leading object of all his literary undertakings! He once said to a friend: "I have gained 900*l.* by my Botanic Garden, and 900*l.* by the first volume of *Zoonomia*: and if I can every other year produce a work which will yield this sum, I shall do very well." He added; "Money, and not fame, is the object which I have in view in all my publications."

But Dr. Darwin was by no means insensible to the value of reputation. During the last years of his life, the love of fame was a passion which had great power over his mind; and the incense of praise was so very pleasant to him, that flattery was found to be the most successful means of gaining his notice and favour.

VOL. I.—NO. VI.

The conversation of Dr. Darwin abounded with very unequal sallies of wit; when he found himself engaged with a powerful antagonist in argument, he had sometimes recourse to ridicule, a weapon which he did not always handle with dexterity, for he was affected with an impediment in his speech which rendered his enunciation scarcely intelligible.

There are reasons for suspecting that Dr. Darwin was not a believer in Divine Revelation; but belief is a matter of necessity, not choice. The religion of a man is a private affair between himself and his Maker: we have nothing to do with it. A few days before his death, a gentleman to whom we are indebted for the materials of a considerable portion of these memoirs, endeavoured to discover whether he entertained a belief and expectation of a future state of existence, the Doctor was observed to speak with a considerable degree of sedateness on the subject, and remarked, that it was natural to extend our wishes and views beyond the present scene, and that it was right to pursue such measures as are likely to secure our happiness in another world; "but," "let us not hear any thing about hell."

In the foregoing sketch, the intention has been merely to state a few plain facts: the excellencies of Dr. Darwin have been noticed, and his errors exposed with equal openness: biographers, like jurymen, should deliver a verdict according to the evidence, uninfluenced by "fear, favour, or affection."

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. ADDINGTON.

Mr. Addington is the son of a physician of some eminence, who died about eleven years since, after having practised with equal celebrity and success. That gentleman, during the whole of his life, appears to have been a great philo-

tician, and to have studied with equal attention the constitution of a patient and the constitution of the state.

During the latter part of lord Chatham's life, the doctor lived in great intimacy with that nobleman: and such was the confidence subsisting between them, that when a negotiation was opened with the late earl of Bute, respecting his return to power, he acted as the plenipotentiary of the ex-minister.

It may be naturally supposed that this of course led to an intimacy between the families, and we accordingly find that the young Pitts and the young Addingtons, early in life, cultivated a friendship with each other, which received a fresh increase when Mr. Wm. Pitt became a member of the society of Lincoln's Inn, and Mr. Henry Addington entered his name as a student, and eat commons at the same hall.

The present premier possesses great influence, in consequence of the excellence of his character, and the high respect he had acquired during the time he acted as speaker. His majesty may be said to evince a personal attachment to him, and, if report be true, he has presented him with, and furnished for him, a house in Richmond Park, in order to be near him at all times.

In private life Mr. A. is particularly amiable. He is a sincere friend, an affectionate brother, a kind father, and a tender husband. Possessing an ample income, and being but little devoted to expense, he cannot be supposed to be instigated by the sordid wish of creating a fortune for himself; and, as his connections are all in affluent circumstances, he has no poor relations to provide for out of the public purse. On the other hand it remains to be proved, whether his abilities entitle him to rank as a first rate statesman; and a few years....perhaps a few months....will determine, whether the new minister be destined to confer glory or disgrace on the empire; to subvert or to restore the liberties of his country!

PICTURE OF ST. DOMINGO.

Havre-de-Grace, (F.) October 3, 1803.

Dear Friend,

AT the last time I had the pleasure of addressing you, under date of June, ultimo, the horrors of St. Domingo, and the dangers that surrounded me in my escape from that unfortunate colony was fresh in my mind: but at this present period those poignant sensations are in some measure blunted by the lapse of intervening time, and possessing feelings more harmonized, I will now proceed to fulfil my promise mentioned in my last. I mean that of giving you the details of the astonishing and unforeseen revolution that there took place.

You are well aware that I left France in May, 1802, and arrived at the Cape in the beginning of July following. A few months before that time, Le Clerc had landed his army for the purpose of reclaiming the blacks to the obedience of the French government. Toussaint had just been seized and sent over to France; the chiefs, his followers, had already made a voluntary submission: so that this political stroke on the part of the commander in chief, promised to the inhabitants of the island a return of peace and plenty, and to the trade of France, security and gain. Had this general not been diffident of his own talents and abilities, being placed in a country that opened to him an entirely new scene, and vested with powers of such momentous weight he would not have failed in effecting this grand object: but unhappily for himself...unhappily for the commerce of France, he suffered himself to be surrounded by some of the inhabitants of the place, and the chiefs of the army, whom he believed were better acquainted with the local circumstances and advantages to be gained, he communicated to them his plans, and opened before

them the means by which he proposed to effect the entire re-establishment of order in St. Domingo. These people, insincere in the cause which they appeared to wish to serve, once made acquainted with the general's projects, employed every means secretly to undermine his measures; so that the edifices he erected on one side, were sapped and thrown down on the other. Le Clerc, possessing a mind strong, though softened by sensibility, was not long before he perceived himself the dupe of this class of men; he saw his schemes thwarted and overturned, the evidence of which so forcibly preyed on his spirits, as soon to terminate his existence.

You are already informed of the horrors that calumny has belched out against him, I shall therefore pass them over in silence, immediately to proceed to that period, when Rochambeau, the hope of the colonials, or rather some of them, seized on the chief command of the island, now vacated by the premature death of the above general.

The partizans of Rochambeau who were in the mysteries of his iniquities, not knowing whether their friends in France would succeed with the government, to establish him in the chief command of the army of St. Domingo, proceeded to address petitions, in which they pictured this general to the first consul, as the only person capable of saving the colony from the state of annihilation with which it was threatened.

The multitude always blind and easily deluded, forgetting what Rochambeau had done at Martinique; forgetful of what he had even done at St. Domingo, under Santhonax, signed the petition, which was forwarded by express to the first consul; who had already, on the solicitations of the chiefs, the faction agitating at St. Domingo, had prepared in France; anticipated the wishes of the colonials, by conferring on Rochambeau, the chief command.

But what was the debut of this general when vested with the chief command? What were his first steps? He altered the plans of his predecessor; who had in view to open the campaign as soon as the arrival of the troops, promised him by the French republic, placed it in his power; he cantoned in detachments the forces that were already in the colony at the death of Le Clerc, and pursued the same measure with the reinforcement of 18000 men, that afterwards arrived: and if he made any sorties to attack the insurgents, they were partial and always inferior in numbers, as one is to twenty. By a conduct like this, in a climate, burning and obnoxious to the European constitution; he would have absorbed immense treasures and destroyed an army of one hundred thousand men, had they been at his disposal, without gaining an inch of ground from the insurgents.*

Business requiring my presence at Port-au-Prince, I had an opportunity of taking a near view of the bent of Rochambeau's intentions. The month of November, and the two succeeding ones, were destined to witness scenes the most horrid; scenes that bear the deepest tinge of barbarous atrocity. Seven or eight hundred blacks, and men of colour were seized upon in the streets, in the public places, in the very houses, and for the moment confined within the walls of a prison. Thence they were hurried on board the national vessels lying in the harbour, from whence they were plunged into eternity.

These horrid scenes were repeated at Leogane, at Petit-Guave, and

* It is well known that St. Domingo has cost France fifty-two thousand men, and one hundred and fifty millions of livres tournois, nearly thirty millions of dollars; an expenditure sufficient to have effected the conquest of all the Antilles, but which has only served to arm and strengthen those it was intended to subdue.

in the whole circuit of Jeremie; at that time commanded by D'Arbois, the friend and protege of Rochambeau: but before I proceed further in these details, I must place before you the only military expedition I saw, headed by this general.....it is as follows:

He sailed out of Port-au-Prince with one thousand men, almost all regular troops, and proceeded to Jacquemel, at that time blockaded by the insurgents; he raised the siege, threw in one hundred and twenty men, and marched direct to Petit-Guave, from whence it was supposed he would have proceeded to the south by land, where his army would have destroyed the seeds of insurrection that began to appear, and by the impression it would have made on the black tillers of the ground, hindered a renewal of the same: On the contrary, he left eighty men at Petit-Guave, partook of a ball and entertainment, he caused to be prepared, and then embarked for Jeremie, where he arrived the day following, and conferred with D'Arbois, whom he ordered to scatter in the different points of the coast, the remaining part of the detachment that accompanied him.

D'Arbois and his commander of Jeremie, and whose name will always be held in execration; this commander, I say, to whose charge Rochambeau had been pleased to add the towns of Baradiers, Petit-Trou, and L'Anseveau; appeared in these places to perform what he called his circuit of inspection, that is to deal out desolation and death; to carry on his plan of butchery: in like manner as he had done in the other parts annexed to his command. But it was at L'Anseveau that I was myself a witness of the most premeditated barbarity. He arrived there, as well as I remember, in Nivose, ultimo, accompanied by twenty men of the legion Polonoise, eight men of the artillery corps, one field piece, and twenty national dragoons of Jeremie, besides several aid-de-camps, four soldiers,

and the commandant at Petit-Trou, which closed his suite. The schooner Adelaide, followed him there. From the moment she was moored on the Fonds Blancs, in the outward harbour, covered by the guns of a small neighbouring fort, the orders for arrests were issued.

Immediately twenty men of colour amongst whom was the above mentioned commander and four men, belonging to Petit-Trou; several blacks, and one white from Nantes, whose name I well remember was Billiard, were all carried on board the Adelaide for the purpose of being sunk in a watery grave; but the captain of the vessel not taking the precaution to draw off to some distance from the shore, caused the town to participate in a scene, the horror of which stands unequalled.

At the still and solemn hour of midnight, when even the slumbering guard totters at his post, did the captain, or rather the executioner, begin to fulfil his duty, by executing the orders of the atrocious D'Arbois. The poor wretches on board, huddled and then tied together, at the sight of the lingering and dreadful fate that awaited them, struggled with their assassins, and all at once calling forth the most dreadful yells, roused the peaceful citizens by the noise, who entirely unacquainted with the cause, passed the remaining part of the night under arms, in horror and dismay. On the succeeding day, being informed of what had taken place on board the Adelaide, as they met, they looked at each other in silent horror; one saw painted on their furrowed countenances the presages of the fate they themselves had to expect.

Notwithstanding, the same scene was repeated on board the schoonerbut that the town might not experience the same alarm, she stood out to sea a small distance, consigned her load to the waves, and on the succeeding day returned to her former anchoring place.

These proceedings, that the most hardened mind cannot but contem-

plate with horror, and which lasted several days, cast the pangs of despair into the hearts of the people of colour in the different quarters, and dreading the same fate, they fled in bodies to the insurgents, and augmented the number.

Nevertheless, the ferocious D'Arbois was not satisfied; he was anxious to provoke a general insurrection in the south of the island. With this view he crossed the mountains with some of his satellites, and arrived at Aux-Cayes where he received information of three or four hundred men of colour that then crowded the prisons. He forthwith solicited the black commander of that place, La Plume, to suffer him to dispatch out of the way these poor wretches. La Plume, naturally humane, and possessing a soul timid and unprepared for such guilt, absolutely refused. What did D'Arbois then do? He quieted the fears of the black chief, by telling him to take no part in the affair, to leave it entirely to him, he would answer for the whole.

In two days he emptied the prisons of Aux-Cayes, and then returned triumphant to l'Anseveau; whose inhabitants the preceding eve had been sensibly struck at the sight of the bodies of the poor wretches, who, a few nights before, amidst all the horrors of howling despair, had been consigned to the waves, and that by their cries had made them pass a great part of the night under arms. The billows now washed these unfortunate victims to the shore, floating with their eyes, as it were, turned towards heaven, they seemed to demand vengeance on the author of their untimely death: A vengeance that called for the red-dened blasts of an avenging hand on the head of him who so deliberately provoked it. Conceive then what must have been the welcome this wretch met with here!

Soon after his alighting, he receives news that the insurgents are encamped on the plantation called Bourignau, four leagues distant from the town, and amounting to a consi-

derable number. Immediately the gay d'Arbois orders forty of the national guards to proceed to meet them, but the insurgents were already in motion and facing them, killed some and forced the remainder to retreat. The routed handful returns to l'Anseveau, spreads the alarm, and d'Arbois, informed of what passed, hurries the remainder of the national guard then in the town to oppose their approach to the city; but himself, foreseeing the event, mounts on horseback and rides off to Petit-Trou, situated four leagues in the opposite direction, as he said, to dine with the curate.

Scarcely had the dragoons proceeded a league on their way, when they are met by the insurgents, whose number was now considerably augmented; they were attacked, routed, and dispersed; some regained the town, a general alarm was sounded, and scarcely had the remaining inhabitants time to retreat to, and rally at a small redoubt, unprepared for resistance, when the insurgents, anxious to push their victory, rushed into the town... the artillery corps fired a few guns; the infantry joined by the inhabitants, opposed feebly with their musquetry, all was confusion; no leader to animate, rally and command, numbers overpowered them, and in a short time they were cut to pieces by the swords of the blacks.

D'Arbois, on receiving the news, brought him by one of the nine who escaped from this massacre, mounts his horse, accompanied by his satellites, and proceeds in haste to Jeremie, saying, they had a design on his person.

This unfortunate affair which almost cost the whole of the white population of the place, was a signal for a general insurrection in the south side of the island; it seemed to promise success to the blacks, who successively took possession of the different places belonging to that quarter.

I was myself amongst the very small number of those who escaped from l'Anseveau, and returned to

Port-au-Prince, with a view to terminate my affairs, in order to absent myself as soon as possible from this land of horror and desolation; but before I close this letter, I must add a few observations on a man, whose secret mission to this island was never fathomed or known.

This extraordinary character, styled an envoy from the government of Havanna, to the general in chief of St. Domingo, arrived at Port-au-Prince, in a Spanish corvette. He had no exterior mark of distinction, but he was received, treated, regaled, and feasted, with the most pointed marks of distinction.

In his honour were heard salutes from all the vessels, from all the armed posts, and from all the vessels of the state.

In his honour were prepared feasts at the government-house, feasts on board the commander of the station, La Touche Treville; feasts by the prefect d'Aure.

At each of these entertainments were heard to roar salutes from all the forts, posts and vessels, of the nation.

In his honour were given balls and tournaments, celebrated by the light of torches.

At his departure, after finishing so glorious a campaign, he was conducted on board the same vessel that brought him there, in a manner the most distinguished; and in his honour the forts, posts, and vessels, for the last time rent the skies with their thunder.

I often asked myself the question, who could this man be, that Rochambeau treated with such distinguished marks of respect? I never could satisfy myself....I never could be satisfied. I believe that he only, and his intimate friends, La Touche Treville, still more cunning than himself, can explain the mystery: with regard to myself from the display of shew and parade I witnessed on the occasion, I imagined him the envoy of princes, or the representative of mighty powers and potentates.

I could still longer dwell on these and other scenes that have risen horrid to my sight, since my return to this unfortunate spot; but I already exceed the bounds of a letter....shall therefore only add an adieu, and again advise you to remain snug on the continent where you are, as long as it presents you with the means of a livelihood, at least till the revolutionary tempest is entirely passed, for the calm we at this time enjoy, is possibly merely momentary: and certainly, it is the part of prudence, not to brave the threatened storm, as long as one can command the security of the port.

Your's sincerely,

STATE OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

If provisions are cheaper in France than they are in England, labour is proportionably paid for: so that the peasant, probably, is not better off here, where mutton and pork are two pence halfpenny or three pence per pound, and the quartern loaf is at eight pence or nine pence, than in England, where these, and every other article, are considerably higher. The advantages, however, to persons of fixed income, are obvious and great: the *exchange of coin* against England is not to be compared with the *exchange of provisions* in favour of France. I know nothing about the burden of taxation here; household is dear, however, and fuel is dear; whether these form a counterpoise to the advantage just mentioned, I am not able to say. To return to the peasantry:....

The French are incomparably better managers of their provision than the English. Nothing can possibly be more comfortable, more unsociable, more sulky, if I may so express myself, than the manner in which the labourers of England take their meals. Of the

country-labourers I speak, with whom I am a good deal conversant: with the domestic habits of city-workmen, manufactory-labourers, &c. I am totally unacquainted. It is the custom of countrymen to bring in their wallet a large hunch (as it is emphatically called) of coarse and stale brown bread: this is eaten for breakfast, sometimes with a parsimonious accompaniment of cheese or butter, but this relisher is not always afforded. At dinner the treasures of the wallet are brought forth, and in the depth of winter a cold heavy dumplin, of no mean magnitude indeed, is produced, in the centre of which is a lump of fat bacon, and perhaps a slice of apple! This however, does not fall to the lot of every one: many a labourer have I seen dine off a hard dry loaf, which he cheerlessly eats under a cart-shed to shelter him from the weather. The only comfortable meal which our labourers get, the only meal, at least, which gives me any idea of comfort, is their supper: after his day's work, if a man has a careful and industrious wife, he may expect to see a pot boiling over his fire when he goes home; he may expect something warm and nourishing for his supper; he may perhaps, afford himself a pint of beer....throughout the day his thirst is quenched at the pump, unless his master finds him a little beer.... and at last, indeed as that most simple and sweet song of the "Shepherd's Wife" says....

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
 As is a King in dalliance with a Queen,
 More wanton too;
 For Kings have many griefs their souls to move,
 While Shepherds have no greater grief than love.
 Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
 As doth the King upon his bed of down,

And sounder too;
 For cares cause Kings full oft their sleep to spill,
 While weary Shepherds lie and sleep their fill,
 Ah then....Ah then, &c.

The French cookery is the most economical in the world, and the lower classes of the people are not excluded from the comfort of it: a great deal of Indian wheat is grown, and this is said to thicken soups in a very profitable degree. About Geneva the bread, which the poor people eat, is made either from this wheat or from barley, which is cultivated on a very extensive scale in the neighbourhood of Mantua, whence it is exported to the town: the bread, which we have sometimes seen in the cottages, where we have stopt to boil a few eggs, has been dark in colour, and very harsh to the palate, but when softened in soup, may probably be nevertheless extremely nutritious and palatable.

Tea is a luxury but little known among the poor in the provinces of France: instead of it, however, they have abundance of coffee, a far greater luxury when so deliciously prepared as it is here. We have seen coarse-looking fellows sit round the kitchen-fire at a post house, drink their hot coffee, and eat their hot rolls, with a great deal of apparent, and no doubt of real enjoyment. We have occasionally stopt to change horses at the hour of dinner, and have seen a number of labourers....at Pont sur Ain, there could not be less than a dozen of them....collect together and call for their dinner, which the hostess had already prepared for them. To the water in which meat has been boiled, a large quantity of vegetables of various sorts, turnips, carrots, potatoes, garlic, &c. are added; large slices of bread, or some farinaceous substance, is inserted, and together with a proper proportion of pepper, salt, and herbs, form a soup which is thus

sociably eaten, and has the appearance at least of giving a comfortable meal to those who partake of it. Each peasant drinks his vin ordinaire de pays out of a separate glass; and, with all their abominable filth, the French may, in this particular, teach the English a lesson of cleanliness. In England, not merely at a harvest frolic and a sheep-shearing, but at the tables of most respectable and genteel persons we are in the habit of seasoning beverage with the copious saliva of half a dozen greasy mouths! But it is time to take leave of this subject, and proceed to my journal: one remark I shall make on the general appearance of the peasantry, and that is, that we see no fine old heads of either sex. We see many healthy children, many very beautiful girls, and fresh hardy-looking boys: but when the men and women approach to sixty years of age, we have very frequently had occasion to observe, that their complexions are sallow, and their faces shrunk and unhealthy. How is this to be accounted for? I shall not stop to inquire, but merely suggest two circumstances which it strikes me may possibly co-operate to produce it. Almost all the hovels, and indeed all the hotels, that it has been our fortune to rest at, are afflicted with smoky chimneys: in France every body takes snuff, and many, no doubt, in an immoderate degree. If the peasant and his family, residing in a dark and filthy room, are ever inhaling the suffocating particles of wood-smoke, and using, moreover, the vile stimulus of snuff, it is not very wonderful, that their countenances should prematurely become haggard and unhealthy. We have never seen a drunken man in France, but eau de vie is sold in almost every other shop: if it is habitually drunk by the labouring people, as one is forced to infer, from the frequency of its exposure for sale, a third and very powerful cause presents itself to account for the fact.

ACCOUNT OF THE CHAMELEON

By Mr. Reilly.

ABOUT the time I commenced my experiments, Mr. Pritchard, master of his majesty's ship *Prince*, presented me with a chameleon, that had been sent him by a gentleman from *Saffia* in *Barbary*, which extraordinary production of nature I remarked with particular attention every morning after fumigating. On the admission of atmospheric air I had this animal brought into the berth, and as regularly observed his colour change to a variegated black, which in no small degree excited my curiosity: unthinkingly, I one morning allowed it to remain in the berth during the fumigating process, which, I am sorry to say, ended its existence. I found, when it was dead, its colour was black, the reason of which I shall attempt to explain. As this animal is not known in England, I examined the comparative anatomy of the thorax and abdominal viscera, these being the only parts I dissected, having stuffed his body; which will fully account for the singular phenomenon that takes place in its changing to the same colour with the object placed before it. On opening to view the thorax and abdomen, there appears no mediastinum, but a thorough communication, without any intervening substance; the whole space of which is filled by three bladders, the middle and smallest of them may be called with propriety the oesophagus and stomach. It is firmly attached to the *os hyoides*, and terminates in the anus. The other two bladders are attached to the trachea, and in every respect perform the office of lungs: and the animal can at discretion fill itself out to a large size, by inflating these vesicles, which are extremely pellucid, and, when inflated, fill completely the whole of the abdominal cavity, where there is no other substance but these transparent

membranes and the change of colour that takes place is occasioned by the reflection of any other colour on these transparent membranes, as the skin of the animal is extremely thin, and between the cellular substance and the skin is a filamentary expansion of the membranes; which pellucid or transparent membrane serves as a lens or mirror to reflect the rays or colour when objects are placed before it. A very clear demonstration of this is, that when a collapse takes place, which is not unfrequent, it is not influenced by colour; and, on the contrary, when these bladders are full, its colour is influenced by the object placed in competition, but scarlet more particularly, from its being more vivid. I doubt much whether nature has designed this animal to live on food or not, from the following circumstance; that I have frequently given it flies, which it never appeared to swallow with avidity; and I believe, if it were possessed of the power of returning them, that it would have done so; and in dissecting it I found the whole of the flies unaltered in this middle space; and, as a farther proof, from the part of the cyst where the flies were, to its termination, was so closely filled with bezoar-mineral, that the most minute substance could not have passed. This, in my opinion, clearly proves that nature did not design it to live on food; or, if it had, that its faces were of the bezoar mineral.

The tongue of this extraordinary animal is seven inches long, and in appearance like the sucker of a pump, with two apertures. The expansion of the nerves is beautiful, having no muscular substance to cover their colour: I counted distinctly twenty-nine pair; they in every degree perform the office of muscles, and all motion is performed by them the same as by the muscles in other animals. The eyes are of a very particular structure; they are very prominent, with a small pupil; and the animal can look

forward with one, and back with the other, at the same time. Its colour, when not influenced by objects, is a bluish grey, beautifully variegated with small yellow spots; its body about seven inches long; its head about an inch and one half, handsomely helmeted; its tail about five inches long, which it makes as much use of as any of its legs, particularly when descending from heights; it is of the oviparous class, resembles much, only smaller and handsomer, the gauana of the West-Indies.

ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LIVERPOOL.

Miratur mollem Æneas, magalia quondam:

Miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.

Instant ardentes Tyrii. VIRG.

THE extraordinary increase of the town of Liverpool, which has been commensurate with the extension of its commerce, has of late years rendered it an object well worthy the attention of the enlightened traveller. The particular circumstances of its trade have frequently occupied the deliberations of the British legislature; and the literary reputation of some of its inhabitants has conferred upon it no small degree of lustre.

The streets of Liverpool present the appearances which usually occur in large towns. The carriages of the wealthy splash the humble pedestrian, and the splendid ornaments lavished upon youth and beauty form a striking contrast to the misery of aged poverty. But we do not here meet with the extreme squalidity, and the quantity of disgusting objects which deform the streets of manufacturing towns. Poverty is here decent in its appearance; and the lower classes of people, not being corrupted by the bare-faced licentiousness of crowded factories, wear tolerably healthy

countenances, and are in general orderly and civilized in their behaviour.

Liverpool is the child of commerce. It owes its existence and its prosperity to trade, and its inhabitants pay honour due to that activity to which it owes its elevation. With the exception of the customary proportion of professional men, almost every body resident in the town is employed in some department of traffic. Consequently, a gentleman, that is to say, a person not engaged in business, is out of his element in Liverpool. There he is, as it were, alone, in the midst of a crowd. He meets with no associates whose company will speed the heavy flight of time; and what is worse, he is held in very slight estimation in the public opinion. So strikingly is this the case, that many instances have occurred of merchants of the first consequence entirely losing their influence in the town on their retiring from business with large fortunes.

As commercial pursuits are in their nature hazardous, the annals of a town of such extensive commercial dealings as Liverpool may be naturally expected to exhibit most striking instances of the vicissitudes of fortune. It often happens that the servant rises while the master falls. To-day a man is a merchant, all spirit and enterprise, and living in splendor and luxury....to-morrow he is a bankrupt, humbly requesting the signature of his certificate, or soliciting for some scanty-salaried situation in the customs or excise. Families, which twenty or thirty years ago took the leads in the circles of Liverpool fashion, are now reduced, forgotten, and unknown. More fortunate or industrious characters have risen to supply their place, and shine for their day, in all probability never asking themselves, whether it is not possible that they may be in their turn eclipsed by future adventures. In Liverpool, the prophecy may at any given time be safely pronounced.... "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." In this

town, few families can count three opulent or successful generations.

In reference to these fluctuations in the circumstances of individuals and of families, it may be observed, that the mercantile inhabitants of Liverpool have been charged with the indulgence of a propensity to hazardous speculations. It is difficult to determine how far this charge is well founded, since it is difficult to define the limits beyond which speculation, the main-spring of commerce, is unwarrantable. The general prosperity of the town should seem to indicate that it ought at least to be confined to a few individuals. Nowhere does the unsuccessful trafficker meet with more lenity and forbearance than in Liverpool. This is not an indication of laxity of principle or viciousness of disposition. It is an universal canon that knaves are suspicious and unrelenting, while good men are open-hearted and merciful. If the mercantile character of Liverpool be tried by this test it will appear to considerable advantage.

They who make the acquisition of a fortune the main object of their exertions are, generally speaking, absorbed in attention to business; because it is a very evident and intelligent truth, that industry is the high road to wealth. The cultivation of the elegant arts tends too much to the unproductive consumption of time, and to the detraction of the mind from less amusing concerns, to be tolerated in a counting-house. Of course it frequently happens in Liverpool, as in all commercial towns, that men rise to affluence by mere dint of undeviating industry; and the cultivation of the mind, and the refinement of manners, do not keep pace with the accumulation of property. In Liverpool there is no court-end of the town, no permanent selection of society which has sufficient influence to give a tinge to the public character. Commerce is the soul of the place; and purity of pedigree, and liberality of education, are by no means indispensable requisites to the

participation of the best society which the town affords. Hence the general manners of the circles of mercantile fashion will not perhaps bear the minute and fastidious criticisms of Chesterfield. It is almost impossible for those who have spent the prime of their life in the unremonious bustle of the wharf and the ware-house to divest themselves of a certain *air de bourgeois*; and where lately acquired property is, by a kind of tacit compact, made the chief criterion of respectability, it would be idle to expect to meet with the high polish which at once graces and renders uninteresting the society of aristocracy.

But the people of Liverpool may challenge a comparison with the inhabitants of any town in the kingdom, with regard to the essence of true politeness, viz. friendly attention and hospitality. In Liverpool no man lives to himself. The selfish save-all, who after poring over his ledger all the morning, at noon hastily devours his unsocial steak at a chop-house, and then returns for his evening's amusement to his dungeon of a counting-house, a character which perpetually occurs in the metropolis, is here unknown. Conviviality is indeed a striking characteristic of the place. Its inhabitants feel a laudable disposition, not only to acquire, but to enjoy, the good things of life; and wherever this disposition prevails, it inevitably produces the cordial warmth of hospitality. It has been well observed, that "our very meals, our very cups, are tasteless and joyless, unless we have a companion to partake of them."

The hospitality of Liverpool renders it an agreeable place of resort to strangers. Military gentlemen find it a very pleasant station. It is enlivened by the amusements which usually diversify the occupations of large towns. The theatre is open during the greater part of the year. Public concerts are given every fortnight, in an elegant room appropriated to the purpose. Assemblies are held at stated periods.

Clubs and societies of various denominations and descriptions occur in every tavern, and the crowded discomfort of public-private routs occasionally vies with the folly of the metropolis.

The spirit of liberality which influences the inhabitants of Liverpool is not, however, exhausted in revelry and show. Every charitable institution, every scheme projected for the alleviation of human misery, meets with their ready and strenuous patronage.

The exertion of public munificence has long supported in this town the Blue-coat hospital, in which a considerable number of poor children are provided with clothes, lodging, board, and education....a remarkably well regulated infirmary, and a dispensary. Of late years, the marine society, several Sunday-schools, and a school of industry for the blind, have claimed, and have received, the public support.

Nor does the genius of commerce in this great emporium refuse to associate with the Muses. Various publications bear testimony that here literature has been cultivated with considerable ability. Several names might be enumerated of gentlemen, who, in the midst of the active concerns of this town, have found leisure to attend to the study of the polite arts. It is a remarkable fact, that the two works which have lately obtained the greatest share of public approbation (the life of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the life of Burns), issued from the Liverpool press. That a taste for reading is widely diffused through all ranks of the residents in this place, is evinced by the numerous list of subscribers to the Liverpool public library: and an inspection of the catalogue of that library will prove that this taste has been systematically directed to useful objects. The constitution of the Athenæum, of which an account was given in the Monthly Magazine for July, 1799, indicates an increasing maturity of literary taste; and the resort of the young men to the reading rooms of this institution,

after the hours of business, gives a good augury of the future accomplishments of the rising generation. When to this is added, that a plan for the extension of the old library has been eagerly adopted, and that proposals for the establishment of a botanic garden, now in circulation, have been countenanced by a respectable number of subscribers, ample proof has perhaps been adduced that letters are by no means neglected in Liverpool.

It is obvious that the public establishments which have been enumerated, cannot be supported without the united exertions of all sects and parties. It is highly to the honour of Liverpool, that its peace has very seldom been disturbed by the rage of religious bigotry, or the effervescence of political enthusiasm. Not that we shall find within its precincts that unanimity of opinion which is the result of passive ignorance. The dissenters of all denominations are numerous, and the opponents of his majesty's ministers are neither few nor silent. But it has so happened, that the exercise of the virtue of mutual forbearance has happily preserved Liverpool from those public acts of acrimonious hostility, which have at various times since the era of the French revolution troubled the quiet of other districts of the kingdom. This fact cannot be entirely the result of a fortunate concurrence of circumstances. It is the effect of various causes, among which may be enumerated the prudence and candour of the leaders of parties; the regular and constitutional manner in which the overt acts of support and of opposition to ministry have been conducted; the activity of the police; but, above all, the intermingling of interests, which necessarily results from the extension of commercial transactions. It has been observed with pride and satisfaction, that even immediately after the intemperate heat of a contested election, the merchants and tradesmen of different interests meet together at the exchange, and,

in the mutual accommodations of business, at once lose the remembrance of a dispute in which, but a day or two before, they had spared neither their personal exertions, nor their purses.

The public indignation has been so successfully excited against the African trade, the profit and infamy of which are almost monopolized by the town of Liverpool, that many will be apt to suppose that this unpopular branch of commerce must have some effect upon the manners of its inhabitants. But when it is considered how few out of a population of sixty-five thousand persons have any direct concern in this trade, it will be obvious that its influence on the habits of society cannot possibly be discernible. The merchant who buys and sells one thousand negroes, may be as sociable in his manners, and as humane in his general conduct, as the statesman who hires, or lets to hire, one thousand soldiers. A company of tradesmen may fit out an adventure to Africa; a cabinet may lay a plan to plunder a province: but the individuals of the company, and the members of the cabinet, will, in all probability, be found to differ little from the other men of their own station in the common intercourses of life.

MADAME RICAMIER'S BEDCHAMBER.

THE luxury of les parvenus; du, nouveaux riches, upstarts, or new gentry, is scarcely conceivablethe following is a description of the house of Madame Ricamier.

The drawing-room and *salle a manger* (eating-room) were not yet finished. The furniture prepared for each was rich. I did not think it particularly beautiful; but the bedroom and bathing cabinet exceeding in luxury every thing which I ever beheld, or even ventured to imagine. The canopy of the bed was of the finest muslin, the covering of pink satten, the frame of beautiful

mahogany, supported by figures in gold of antique shapes. The steps which led to this delicious couch were covered with red velvet, ornamented on each side with artificial flowers, highly scented. On one side stood, on a pedestal, a marble statue of *Silence*, with this inscription....

"Tutatur somnos et amores conscia lecti."

On the other, a very lofty gold stand, for a taper or lamp. A fine mirror filled up one side of the bed, and was reflected by one at the top, and another at the opposite side of the room. The walls were covered with mahogany, relieved with gold borders, and now and then with glass. The whole in excellent taste. The bathing cabinet, which adjoined, was equally luxurious. The bath, when not in use, forms a sofa, covered with kersey-mere, edged with gold; and the whole of this cabinet is as pretty as the bed-room. Beyond this room is the bed-chamber of *Monsieur*, plain, neat, and unaffected; and on the other side a little closet, covered with green silk, and opening on the garden, in which *Madame* sits when she amuses herself with drawing. To conclude, I find "the loves" which "Silence guards," and of which this Paphian seat is the witness, are those of January and May; for the wife is twenty, the greatest beauty in Paris, and the husband something less than sixty."

ACCOUNT OF THE TANGUN HORSE FOUND AT THIBET.

This species, which is indigenous to Bootan, has its title from the region in which they are bred: being called Tangun, vulgarly Tannian, from Tangustan, the general appellation of that assemblage of mountains which constitutes the territory of Bootan. The breed is altogether confined within these

limits, being found in none of the neighbouring countries; neither in Assam, Nipal, Thibet, nor Bengal. I am inclined to consider it as an original and distinct species: they are distinguished in colour by a general tendency to piebald: those of one colour are rare, and not so valuable in the opinion of the Booteea, but they are more esteemed by the English, and bear a higher price than the party-coloured, which are composed of the various shades of black, bay, and sorrel, upon a ground of the purest white. They are usually about thirteen hands in height, and are remarkable for their symmetry and just proportions; uniting, in an eminent degree, both strength and beauty. They are short bodied, clean limbed, and, though deep in the chest, yet extremely active. From this conformation they derive such a superiority in strength of muscle, when condensed by the repeated effort of struggling against acclivities, as can never be attained by a horse of a thin and light shoulder. It is surprising to observe the energy and vigour apparent in the movements of a Tangun. Accustomed to struggle against opposition, they seem to inherit this spirit as a principle of their nature; and hence they have acquired a character among Europeans, of being headstrong and ungovernable;.... though, in reality, it proceeds from an excess of eagerness to perform their task.

Indeed, some of those that come into our hands aged, have acquired habits of resistance, which it is rather difficult to modify or reform. These are chiefly to be attributed to the strong hand with which they are governed: I have seen a Tangun horse tremble in every joint, when the groom has seized both ends of a severe bit, and compressed his jaws, as it were, in a vice. Under the strongest impression of fear, they execute their labour with an energy unsubdued even by fatigue; and their willingness to work, added

to their comparatively small value, has drawn upon them a heavy share of the hardest services in Bengal, equal with that of the tallest and most powerful horses in India, both for the road and draught; yet, in the heaviest carriages, they are never seen to flinch, but often betray an impatience, and start forward with a spring, that sometimes surprises their driver. If they happen to have been unskillfully treated, they will not unfrequently bear against the bit with a force which seems to increase with every effort to restrain them. Sometimes, with less apparent cause on their side, they lean against each other, as though it were a struggle which of them should push his companion down; at other times, they lean with so great an inclination from the pole, that a person unacquainted with them would apprehend every instant, that they must either fall or the traces break. These are habits, indeed, which it requires the greatest patience to endure, and a long course of mild and good usage to subdue. By such means it is practicable to govern them; but to a person not endued with a very even temper, I would by no means recommend the contest; for, after all, strong and hardy as Tanguns are, they are less able to bear the heat of an Indian sun than any other breed, and they often fall victims to it when hard driven in very hot weather.

PRAYER SANCTIONED BY PHILOSOPHY... BY EULER.

BEFORE I proceed farther in my lessons on philosophy and physics, I think it my duty to point out to you their connection with religion.*

* I take the liberty, likewise, to restore the following passage, which M. de Condorcet, in his philosophical squeamishness, has thought un-

I begin with considering an objection, which almost all the philosophic systems have started against prayer. Religion prescribes this as our duty, with an assurance that God will hear and answer our vows and prayers, provided they are conformable to the precepts which he has given us. Philosophy, on the other hand, instructs us, that all events take place in strict conformity to the course of nature, established from the beginning, and that our prayers can effect no change whatever, unless we pretend to expect, that God should be continually working miracles, in compliance with our prayers. This objection has the greater weight; that religion itself teaches the doctrine of God's having established the course of all events, and that nothing can come to pass, but what God foresaw from all eternity. Is it credible, say the objectors, that God should think of altering this settled course, in compliance with any prayers which men might address to him?

But I remark, first, that when God established the course of the universe, and arranged all the events which must come to pass in it, he paid attention to all the circumstances which should accompa-

worthy of a place in his edition of the work.

"However extravagant and absurd the sentiments of certain philosophers may be, they are so obstinately prepossessed in favour of them, that they reject every religious opinion and doctrine which is not conformable to their system of philosophy. From this source are derived most of the sects and heresies in religion. Several philosophic systems are really contradictory to religion; but in that case, divine truth ought surely to be preferred to the reveries of men, if the pride of philosophers knew what it was to yield. Should sound philosophy sometimes seem in opposition to religion, that opposition is more apparent than real; and we must not suffer ourselves to be dazzled with the speciousness of objection."

by each event; and particularly to the dispositions, to the desires, and prayers of every intelligent being; and that the arrangement of all events was disposed in perfect harmony with all these circumstances. When, therefore, a man addresses to God a prayer worthy of being heard, it must not be imagined, that such a prayer came not to the knowledge of God till the moment it was formed. That prayer was already heard from all eternity; and if the Father of mercies deemed it worthy of being answered, he arranged the world expressly in favour of that prayer, so that the accomplishment should be a consequence of the natural course of events. It is thus that God answers the prayers of men, without working a miracle.

The establishment of the course of the universe, fixed once for all, far from rendering prayer unnecessary, rather increases our confidence, by conveying to us this consolatory truth, that all our prayers have been already from the beginning, presented at the feet of the throne of the Almighty, and that they have been admitted into the plan of the universe, as motives conformably to which events were to be regulated, in subserviency to the infinite wisdom of the Creator.

Can any one believe, that our condition would be better, if God had no knowledge of our prayers before we presented them, and that he should then be disposed to change in our favour, the order of the course of nature? This might well be irreconcilable to his wisdom, and inconsistent with his adorable perfections. Would there not, then, be reason to say, that the world was a very imperfect work? That God was entirely disposed to be favourable to the wishes of men; but, not having foreseen them, was reduced to the necessity of, every instant, interrupting the course of nature, unless he were determined totally to disregard the wants of intelligent beings, which, nevertheless, constitute the principal part

of the universe? For to what purpose create this material world, replenished with so many wonders, if there were not intelligent beings, capable of admiring it, and of being elevated by it to the adoration of God, and to the most intimate union with their Creator, in which, undoubtedly, their highest felicity consists? Hence it must absolutely be concluded, that intelligent beings, and their salvation, must have been the principal object in subordination to which God regulated the arrangement of this world, and we have every reason to rest assured, that all the events which take place in it, are in the most delightful harmony with the wants of intelligent beings, to conduct them to their true happiness; but without constraint, because of their liberty, which is essential to spirits as extension is to body. There is, therefore, no ground for surprise, that there should be intelligent beings, which shall never reach felicity.

In this connection of spirits with events, consists the divine providence, of which every individual has the consolation of being a partaker; so that every man may rest assured, that from all eternity he entered into the plan of the universe. How ought this consideration to increase our confidence, and our joy in the providence of God, on which all religion is founded? You see then, that on this side religion and philosophy are by no means at variance.

SWEDISH MODE OF TRAVELLING ON THE ICE, BY E. ACERBI.

WHEN a traveller is going to cross over the gulf on the ice to Finland, the peasants always oblige him to engage double the number of horses to what he had upon his arriving in Grislehamn. We were forced to take no less than eight sledges, being three in company,

and two servants. This appears at first sight to be an imposition on the part of the peasants; but we found, by experience, that it was a necessary precaution. The distance across is forty-three English miles, thirty of which you travel on the ice without touching on land. This passage over the frozen sea is, doubtless, the most singular and striking spectacle that a traveller from the south can behold. I laid my account with having a journey more dull and unvaried than surprising or dangerous. I expected to travel forty-three miles without sight of land over a vast and uniform plain, and that every successive mile would be in exact unison and monotonous correspondence with those I had already travelled; but my astonishment was greatly increased in proportion as we advanced from our starting-post. The sea, at first smooth and even, became more and more rugged and unequal. It assumed as we proceeded, an undulating appearance, resembling the waves by which it had been agitated. At length we met with masses of ice heaped one upon the other, and some of them seeming as if they were suspended in the air, while others were raised in the form of pyramids. On the whole they exhibited a picture of the wildest and most savage confusion, that surprised the eye by the novelty of its appearance. It was an immense chaos of icy ruins, presented to view under every possible form, and embellished by superb stalactites of a blue green colour.

Amidst this chaos, it was not without difficulty and trouble that our horses and sledges were able to find and pursue their way. It was necessary to make frequent windings, and sometimes to return in a contrary direction, following that of a frozen wave, in order to avoid a collection of icy mountains that lay before us. In spite of all our expedients for discovering the evenest paths, our sledges were every moment overturned to the right or the

left, and frequently the legs of one or other of the company, raised perpendicular in the air, served as a signal for the whole caravan to halt. The inconvenience and danger of our journey were still farther increased by the following circumstance. Our horses were made wild and furious, both by the sight and the smell of our great pelices, manufactured of the skins of the Russian wolves or bears. When any of the sledges was overturned, the horses belonging to it, or to that next to it, frightened at the sight of what they supposed to be a wolf or bear rolling on the ice, would set off at full gallop to the great terror of both passengers and driver. The peasant, apprehensive of losing his horse in the midst of this desert, kept firm hold of the bridle, and suffered his horse to drag his body through masses of ice, of which sharp points threatened to cut him in pieces. The animal, at last wearied out by the constancy of the man, and disheartened by the obstacles continually opposed to his flight, would stop; then we were enabled again to get into our sledges, but not till the driver had blindfolded the animal's eyes: but one time, one of the wildest and most spirited of all the horses in our train, having taken fright, completely made his escape. The peasant who conducted him, unable any longer to endure the pain and fatigue of being dragged through the ice, let go his hold of the bridle. The horse relieved from this weight, and feeling himself at perfect liberty, redoubled his speed, and surmounted every impediment. The sledge, which he made to dance in the air, by alarming his fears, added new wings to his flight. When he had fled to a considerable distance from us, he appeared from time to time as a dark spot which continued to diminish in the air, and at last totally vanished from our sight. Then it was that we recognized the prudence of having in our party some spare horses, and we were fully sensible of the danger that must attend a journey across

the gulf of Bothnia without such a precaution. The peasant, who was the owner of the fugitive, taking one of the sledges, went in search of him, trying to find him again by following the traces of his flight. As for ourselves we made the best of our way to the isles of Aland, keeping as nearly as we could in the middle of the same plain, still being repeatedly overturned, and always in danger of loosing one or other of our horses, which would have occasioned a very serious embarrassment. During the whole of this journey we did not meet with, on the ice, so much as one man, beast, bird, or any living creature. Those vast solitudes present a desert abandoned as it were by nature. The dead silence that reigns is interrupted only by the whistling of the winds against the prominent points of ice, and sometimes by the loud crackings occasioned by their being irresistibly torn from this frozen expanse; pieces thus forcibly broken off are frequently blown to a considerable distance. Through the rents produced by these ruptures, you may see below the watery abyss; and it is sometimes necessary to lay planks across them, by way of bridges, for the sledges to pass over.

The only animals that inhabit those deserts, and find them an agreeable abode, are sea-calves or seals. In the cavities of the ice they deposit the fruits of their love, and teach their young ones, betimes, to brave all the rigours of the rudest season. Their mothers lay them down all naked as they are brought forth, on the ice; and their fathers take care to have an open hole in the ice near them, for a speedy communication with the water. Into these they plunge with their young the moment they see a hunter approach; or at other times they descend into them spontaneously in search of fishes for sustenance to themselves and their offspring. The manner in which the male seals make those holes in the ice is astonishing: neither their teeth nor their paws have any share in this opera-

tion; but it is performed solely by their breath. They are often hunted by the peasants of the isles. When the islanders discover one of those animals, they take post with guns and staves, at some distance from him, behind a mass of ice, and wait till the seal comes up from the water for the purpose of taking in his quantum of air. It sometimes happens when the frost is extremely keen, that the hole is frozen up almost immediately after the seal makes his appearance in the atmosphere; in which case the peasants fall on him with their sticks, before he has time with his breath to make a new aperture. In such extremities the animal displays an incredible degree of courage. With his formidable teeth he bites the club with which he is assaulted, and even attempts to attack the persons who strike him; but the utmost efforts and resistance of these creatures are not much dreaded, on account of the slowness of their motions, and the inaptitude of their members to a solid element.

After considerable fatigue, and many adventures, having refreshed our horses about half way on the high sea, we at length touched at the small island of Signilskar. This island presents to the view, neither wood nor lawn, and is inhabited only by some peasants, and the officer of the telegraph which is stationed here for keeping up a correspondence with that of Grislehamn. It is one of those little islands scattered in this part of the gulf, which collectively bear the name of Aland. The distance from Grislehamn to Signilskar, in a strat line, is five Swedish miles, which are nearly equal to thirty-five English; but the turnings we were obliged to make, in order to find out the most practicable places, could not be less than ten English miles more. All this while we were kept in anxious suspense concerning the fate of our fugitive horse, and entertained the most uneasy apprehensions that he was either lost in the immensity of the icy desert, or buried perhaps in

the watery abyss. We were preparing to continue our journey through the isles on the ice, and had already put new horses to our sledge, when we spied, with inexpressible pleasure, the two sledges returning with the fugitive. The animal was in the most deplorable condition imaginable; his body was covered all over with sweat and foam, and was enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Still we did not dare to come near him; the excessive fatigue of his violent course had not abated his ferocity; he was as much alarmed at the sight of our pelices as before; he snorted, bounded, and beat the snow and ice with his feet; nor could the utmost exertions of the peasants to hold him fast have prevented him from once more making his escape, if we had not retired to some distance, and removed the sight and the scent of our pelices. From Signilskar we pursued our journey through the whole of the isles of Aland. In different parts of Aland you meet with post-houses, that is to say with places where you may get horses. You travel partly by land and partly over the ice of the sea. The distance between some of these islands amounts to no less than eight or ten miles. On the sea, the natives have used the precaution of fixing branches of trees, or putting small pines along the whole route, for the guidance of travellers in the night-time, or directing them how to find out the right way after falls of snow.

MESMERISM....FROM THE SAME.

THE Baron Silfverkielm was a very amiable man, who had past a great part of his life near the person of King Gustavus, had travelled, and seen much of the world. He was an excellent mechanic, amused himself with chemistry, possessed an admiral English electrical machine, made experiments, and was fond of reading and the study of belles-lettres. He was a man of no ceremo-

ny, and (which will not be believed by every one) a most famous magnetiser, and one of the greatest proficients among the disciples of Mesmer. I have seen the baron give proofs of his skill in animal magnetism, which, I confess, shook my incredulity a little, both in respect to the efficacy of his principles, and the existence of the magnetic fluid, or whatever else it may be called, which is supposed to operate upon individuals. The effect it produces cannot easily be attributed to ordinary causes, nor supported by reasons derived from the known laws of nature. Although he was unable to affect me with his magnetical powers, yet he wrought upon persons whose probity and good faith I am not at liberty in any degree to question. He repeated to me experiments he had made in different places, on different individuals, and in different circumstances; and I find myself satisfied as to the existence of some natural cause or principle which has hitherto remained unknown: it is wrapt up in obscurity, and is as yet inexplicable to the understanding. I am very far from attempting, after the baron's example, to account for it; though I think that a solution of this problem may be reserved for a period of higher improvement in the knowledge of nature, the study of which has been so successfully pursued, and so rapidly advanced, in the course of the present century. I saw my fellow-traveller, as incredulous as myself, fall into a profound sleep by the mere motion of the magnetiser's fingers; I heard him speak in his sleep, and reply to whatever questions I proposed to him; I saw him again wake by the simple motion of the magnetiser's fingers, while I was unable to rouse him from his somnolency, though I brought fire close to his hand, an experiment to which he was as insensible as a dead body. He awoke, after sleeping from five to six hours, remembering nothing of what he had said, denying obstinately that he had been asleep, and yielding with difficulty at last to

The authority of his watch, and the testimony of all those who had witnessed the circumstance. I might mention a number of facts relative to this subject, by which I should be able to prove, that in these trials there could be neither connivance nor imposture, nor previous arrangement; but this doctrine still lies too much under suspicion for me to dwell any longer upon it. I shall only add, that two English travellers, better informed, and, if possible, greater infidels than myself respecting mesmerism, happening to pass by Uleabourg at the same time, stopped a day, that they might observe some of the magnetical performances. From previous concert one of them was to assume the appearance of being affected; but at the moment when the magnetiser should seem confident that his art had taken effect, he who was to feign himself asleep, at a sign given him by the other, was to awake in surprise, and thus disappoint the credulity of the operator and his audience. The experiments accordingly began: one of them was unsusceptible of the magnetic impression, the other was actually affected, and his companion might make what signs he pleased; he was deaf, incapable of understanding any thing, and in such a languid and lethargic state, that every act of volition was entirely suspended. The two gentlemen will probably give some account of their travels, and possibly confirm the truth of my relation of these almost incredible experiments.

It is to be regretted, that the mesmerians in general have their minds so heated by the extraordinary, I had almost said supernatural, aspect of those phenomena, that they suffer themselves to be so hurried away by the imagination, as to mount the skies in order to find the physical cause of those effects among the clouds, instead of consulting and investigating nature in the practice of frequent experiments, and with that sobriety of mind which ought to be the faithful guide of philosophy in all

her inquiries into the causes of things. The imagination, fascinated and enslaved by the charm of something preternatural, tries, while bewildered with confused conceptions, to divine the meaning, the purpose, and the end of objects; and while it rambles about in the obscure and boundless regions of conjecture, the true spirit of inquiry loses the thread of its observations and of its analysis, and, bounding from one imperfect impression to another, is incapable of stopping to observe, compare, and judge: this was the infirmity of the good baron. He fancied to himself, that the soul of the person asleep was transported to regions of which the human mind in conjunction with the body, can form no idea. He went into particulars still more ridiculous, and asserted, for instance, that there all the souls were dressed in white, and that they enjoyed in that scene of delights such agreeable sensations as surpass all conception. He believed, that in that state of sleep they foresaw future events; and that their souls being exalted to a higher sphere of perception, they could see many things that are invisible to the material organs of our imperfect vision. Instead of interrogating the sleeper as to the nature of his feelings during his torpor; instead of trying to sound the condition of his physical faculties, or questioning him as to intelligible objects, his queries were always concerning the white robes, the paradise, and those elysian fields where, according to his theory, the souls are in the fruition of every species of pleasure, are perfectly at ease and clothed in their *robe de chambre*. He was desirous to receive intelligence from his ancestors, his great grandfather, or his late father; and they very kindly in general, sent him their compliments by the mouths of those couriers in white jackets.

From the manner in which I have stated my remarks, the reader will be able to judge of the light in which I viewed this subject. Having succeeded in our researches concerning

the electrical fluid, and what is called galvanism, I think it not impossible but we may discover some other fluid or material substance, which shall have its particular laws, relations and affinities. I am of opinion, that in animal magnetism we meet with appearances which cannot be traced to the imagination as their cause, nor indeed to any cause known or stated by the enemies of this doctrine. The French academicians themselves, in their report on animal magnetism, shew, perhaps, that they bestowed upon it neither the time nor the candour and impartiality which a subject so difficult, and so much entangled in the grossest prejudices, had a right to obtain from them. Upon the whole, I conclude that we are still entirely in the dark as to this unknown cause, which, though we cannot as yet assign to it any name or determinate qualification, is not on that account less possible.

BEAR-HUNTING IN FINLAND.

THE favourite weapon of the Finlander in hunting the bear, is an iron lance fixed at the end of a pole. At about the distance of a foot from the point of the lance is fixed a cross-bar, which prevents the instrument from penetrating too far into the body of the bear, or passing through both sides. When the Finlander has discovered where the bear has taken up his winter quarters, he goes to the place and makes a noise at the entrance of his den, by which he endeavours to irritate and provoke him to quit his strong hold. The bear hesitates and seems unwilling to come out; but continuing to be molested by the hunter, and perhaps by the barking of his dog, he at length gets up and rushes in fury from his cavern. The moment he sees the peasant, he rears himself upon his two hind legs ready to tear him to pieces. The Finlander instantly puts himself in the attitude of defence; that is to say, he brings

back the iron lance close to his breast concealing from the bear the length of the pole, in order that he may not have time to be upon his guard, and consequently to parry with his paws the mortal blow which the hunter means to aim at his vitals. The Finlander then advances boldly towards the bear, nor does he strike the blow till they are so near each other, that the animal stretches out his paws to tear his antagonist limb from limb. At that instant the peasant pierces his heart with the lance, which, but for the cross-bar, would come out at his shoulder; nor could he otherwise prevent the bear from falling upon him, an accident which might be highly dangerous. By means of the cross-bar the animal is kept upright, and ultimately thrown upon his back; but what may seem to some very extraordinary, is, the bear, feeling himself wounded, instead of attempting with his paws to pull out the lance, holds it fast, and presses it more deeply into the wound. When the bear, after rolling upon the snow, ceases from the last struggles of death, the Finlander lays hold of him, and calls for the assistance of his friends, who drag the carcase to his hut; and this triumph terminates in a sort of festival, where the poet assists, and sings the exploits of the hunter.

BATHING IN FINLAND.

ALMOST all the Finnish peasants have a small house built on purpose for a bath: it consists of only one small chamber, in the innermost part of which are placed a number of stones, which are heated by fire till they become red. On these stones, thus heated, water is thrown, until the company within be involved in a thick cloud of vapour. In this innermost part, the chamber is formed into two stories for the accommodation of a greater number of persons within that small compass; and it being the nature of heat and vapour to ascend, the second

story is, of course, the hottest. Men and women use the bath promiscuously, without any concealment of dress, or being the least influenced by any emotions of attachment. If, however, a stranger open the door, and come on the bathers by surprize, the women are not a little startled at his appearance; for, besides his person, he introduces along with him, by opening the door, a great quantity of light, which discovers at once to the view their situation, as well as forms. Without such an accident they remain, if not in total darkness, yet in great obscurity, as there is no other window besides a small hole, nor any light but what enters in from some chink in the roof of the house, or the crevices between the pieces of wood of which it is constructed. I often amused myself with surprizing the bathers in this manner, and I once or twice tried to go in and join the assembly; but the heat was so excessive that I could not breathe, and in the space of a minute at most, I verily believe, must have been suffocated. I sometimes stepped in for a moment, just to leave my thermometer in some proper place, and immediately went out again, where I would remain for a quarter of an hour, or ten minutes, and then enter again, and fetch the instrument to ascertain the degree of heat. My astonishment was so great that I could scarcely believe my senses, when I found that those people remain together, and amuse themselves for the space of half an hour, and sometimes a whole hour, in the same chamber, heated to the 70th or 75th degree of Celsius. The thermometer in contact with those vapours, became sometimes so hot, that I could scarcely hold it in my hands.

The Finlanders, all the while they are in this hot bath, continue to rub themselves, and lash every part of their bodies with switches formed of twigs of the birch-tree. In ten minutes they become as red as raw flesh, and have altogether a

a very frightful appearance. In the winter season they frequently go out of the bath, naked as they are, to roll themselves in the snow, when the cold is at 20 and even 30 degrees below zero.* They sometimes come out, still naked, and converse together, or with any one near them, in the open air: If travellers happen to pass by while the peasants of any hamlet, or little village, are in the bath, and their assistance is needed, they will leave the bath, and assist in yoking or unyoking, and fetching provender for the horses, or any thing else, without any sort of covering whatever, while the passenger sits shivering with cold, though wrapped in a good sound wolf's skin. There is nothing more wonderful than the extremities which man is capable of enduring through the power of habit.

The Finnish peasants pass thus instantaneously from an atmosphere of 70 degrees of heat, to one of 30 degrees of cold, a transition of a hundred degrees, which is the same thing as going out of boiling into freezing water! and, what is more astonishing, without the least inconvenience; while other people are very sensibly effected by a variation of but five degrees, and in danger of being afflicted with rheumatism by the most trifling wind that blows. Those peasants assure you, that without the hot vapour baths they could not sustain as they do, during the whole day, their various labours. By the bath, they tell you, their strength is recruited as much as by rest and sleep. The heat of the vapour mollifies to such a degree their skin, that the men easily shave themselves with wretched razors, and without soap.

NATURE OF THUNDER BY EULER.

LET a bar of metal, say of iron, be placed on a pillar of glass, or any other substance whose pores

* I speak always of the thermometer of a hundred degrees, by Celsius

are close, that when the bar acquires electricity it may not escape or communicate itself to the body which supports the bar; as soon as a thunder-storm arises, and the clouds which contain the thunder come directly over the bar, you perceive in it a very strong electricity, generally far surpassing that which art produces, if you apply the hand to it, or any other body with open pores, you see bursting from it, not only a spark but a very bright flash, with a noise similar to thunder; the man, who applies his hand to it, receives a shock so violent that he is stunned. This surpasses curiosity, and there is good reason why we should be on our guard, and not approach the bar during a storm.

A professor at Petersburg, named Richmann, has furnished a melancholy example. Having perceived a resemblance so striking between the phenomena of thunder and those of electricity, this unfortunate naturalist, the more clearly to ascertain it by experiment, raised a bar of iron on the roof of his house, cased below in a tube of glass, and supported by a mass of pitch. To the bar he attached a wire, which he conducted into his chamber, that as soon as the bar should become electric, the electricity might have a free communication with the wire, and so enable him to prove the effects in his apartment. And it may be proper to inform you, that this wire was conducted in such a manner as no where to be in contact but with bodies whose pores are close, such as glass, pitch, or silk, to prevent the escape of electricity.

Having made this arrangement, he expected a thunder-storm, which, unhappily for him, soon came. The thunder was heard at a distance; Mr. Richmann was all attention to his wire, to see if he could perceive any mark of electricity. As the storm approached, he judged it prudent to employ some precaution, and not keep too

near the wire; but happening carelessly to advance his chest a little, he received a terrible stroke, accompanied with a loud clap, which stretched him lifeless on the floor.

About the same time, the late Dr. Lieberkuhn and Dr. Ludolf were about making similar experiments, and in that view had fixed bars of iron on their houses; but being informed of the disaster which had befallen Mr. Richmann, they had the bars of iron immediately removed, and, in my opinion, they acted wisely.

From this you will readily judge, that the air or atmosphere must become very electric during a thunder-storm, or that the ether contained in it must then be carried to a very high degree of compression. This ether, with which the air is surcharged, will pass into the bar, because of its open pores, and it will become electric, as it would have been in the common method, but in a much higher degree." Mr. E. concludes his explanation of the phenomena of thunder and lightning with these observations in letter 38, and then proceeds to state the possibility of preventing and averting the effects of thunder in letter 39.

Thunder then is nothing else but the effect of the electricity with which the colours are endowed; and as an electrified body, applied to another in its natural state, emits a spark, with some noise, and discharges into it the superfluous ether, with prodigious impetuosity; the same thing takes place in a cloud that is electric, or surcharged with ether, but with a force incomparably greater, because of the terrible mass that is electrified, and in which, according to every appearance, the ether is reduced to a much higher degree of compression than we are capable of carrying it by our machinery.

When, therefore, such a cloud approaches bodies, prepared for the admission of its ether, this discharge must be made with in-

credible violence: instead of a simple spark, the air will be penetrated with a prodigious flash, which, exciting a commotion in the ether contained in the whole adjoining region of the atmosphere, produces a most brilliant light: and in this lightning consists.

The air is, at the same time, put into a very violent motion of vibration, from which results the noise of thunder. This noise must, no doubt, be excited at the same instant with the lightning; but you know that sound always requires a certain quantity of time, in order to its transmission to any distance, and that its progress is only at the rate of about a thousand feet in a second; whereas light travels with a velocity inconceivably greater. Hence we always hear the thunder later than we see the lightning: and from the number of seconds intervening between the flash and the report, we are enabled to determine the distance of the place where it is generated, allowing a thousand feet to a second.

The body itself, into which the electricity of the cloud is discharged, receives from it a most dreadful stroke; sometimes it is shivered to pieces; sometimes set on fire and consumed, if combustible; sometimes melted, if it be of metal; and, in such cases, we say it is thunder-struck; the effects of which, however surprising and extraordinary they may appear, are in perfect consistency with the well-known phenomena of electricity.

A sword, it is known, has sometimes been by thunder melted in the scabbard, while the last sustained no injury; this is to be accounted for from the openness of the pores of the metal, which the ether very easily penetrates, and exercises over it all its powers, whereas the substance of the scabbard is more closely allied to the nature of bodies with close pores, which permit not to the ether so free a transmission.

It has likewise been found, that of several persons, on whom the thunder has fallen, some only have

been struck by it; and that those who were in the middle suffered no injury. The cause of this phenomenon likewise is manifest. In a group exposed to a thunder-storm, they are in the greatest danger who stand in the nearest vicinity to the air that is surcharged with ether; as soon as the ether is discharged upon one, all the adjoining air is brought back to its natural state, and consequently those who were nearest to the unfortunate victim feel no effect, while others, at a greater distance, where the air is still sufficiently surcharged with ether, are struck with the same thunder-clap.

In a word, all the strange circumstances, so frequently related, of the effects of thunder, contain nothing which may not be easily reconciled with the nature of electricity.

Some philosophers have maintained, that thunder did not come from the clouds, but from the earth, or bodies. However extravagant this sentiment may appear, it is not so absurd, as it is difficult to distinguish, in the phenomena of electricity, whether the spark issues from the body which is electrified, or from that which is not so, as it equally fills the space between the two bodies; and if the electricity is negative, the ether and the spark are in effect emitted from the natural or non-electrified body. But we are sufficiently assured that, in thunder, the clouds have a positive electricity, and that the lightning is emitted from the clouds.

You will by justifiable, however, in asking, if by every stroke of thunder some terrestrial body is affected? We see, in fact, that it very rarely strikes buildings, or the human body; but we know, at the same time, that trees are frequently affected by it, and that many thunder-strokes are discharged into the earth and into the water. I believe, however, it might be maintained, that a great many do not descend so low, and that the electricity of the clouds is very fre-

quently discharged into the air or atmosphere.

The small opening of the pores of the air no longer opposes any obstruction to it, when vapours or rain have rendered it sufficiently humid; for then, we know, the pores open.

It may very possibly happen, in this case, that the superfluous ether of the clouds should be discharged simply into the air; and when this takes place, the strokes are neither so violent, nor accompanied with so great a noise, as when the thunder bursts on the earth, when a much greater extent of atmosphere is put in agitation.

CRITICISM ON KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

A COMPLETE translation of Klopstock's *Messiah* into English is devoutly to be wished. It may probably be expected from the hand of SIR HEABERT CROFT. He projects a prose-translation line for line, and has enjoyed so much of the author's acquaintance as occasionally to have consulted him about the meaning of those obscurer passages, which even Germans interpret with faltering. Such a version would not however preclude the wish for a *metrical*, polished, and less anxiously verbal translation: but I cannot in recommending to the future translator, the adoption of five-foot couplets, or heroic verse, as our most customary metre is called. So much English poetry has been written, since Dryden, in this form, that all possible structures of line are familiar, and all sources of variation exhausted; every cadence is an echo, every pause expected, every rhyme foreseen. It bestows therefore, even on novelty of thought, a flat featureless mein, an insipid treachy sameness, a terse quotidian triviality, very unfavourable to impression, and wholly impervious to peculiar and characteristic sallies of

genius and originality. The use of heroic verse, for rendering the work of a mannerist, is like adding to wine milk, which turns hock or sherris into the same undistinguishable posset. How much more of variety there is in the Homer of Cowper, or in the Tasso of Fairfax, than in the couplets of Pope, and Hoole. Had Macpherson versified all Ossian, like the specimen in his preface, would he have detained to the end our attention so delightfully? To a majestic simplicity of style, to the sublime of thought only, heroic verse seems peculiarly fatal....consult the rhyme book of Job....it is more insufferable than the Alexandrines of a French tragedy.

The very metre employed in the original *Messiah* is no less adaptable to the other Gothic dialects than the German. In all of them stress makes quantity. An emphatic syllable is long; an unemphatic syllable, short. The scanner has to consider neither the articulation of the vowels, nor the position of the consonants; two accented syllables form his spondees; one accented and two unaccented, his dactyls. With such feet Klopstock composes *Hexameters*, carefully putting a dactyl in the fifth place, unless a peculiar heaviness of cadence is requisite; and indulging frequently in the licentious substitution of trochees to spondees, not only the sixth place, as was common among the ancients, but in any other. This form of line is usually fluent to rapidity: it invites and favours a frequent use of compound words, which abound in Klopstock, and which, like every peculiarity of a great master of song, ought in a version carefully to be retained. Such compounds, especially when they consist of two monosyllables, would read harsh in English, is rhymed, or even in blank verse; and would appear to clog the iambic step with spondaic ponderosity. Hexameter is therefore better adapted than the metres in use to transfer with faithfulness

the manner of this writer. Take the passage already produced in rhyme, as a specimen.

So at the midnight hour draws nigh to
the slumbering city
Pestilence. Couch'd on his broad-
spread wings lurks under the ram-
part
Death, bale-breathing. As yet un-
alarmed are the peaceable dwellers;
Close to his nightly-lamp the sage yet
watches; and high friends
Over wine not unhallow'd, in shelter
of odorous bowers,
Talk of the soul and of friendship,
and weigh their immortal duration.
But too soon shall frightful Death, in
a day of affliction,
Pouncing, over them spread; in a
day of moaning and anguish....
When with wringing of hands the
bride for the bridegroom loud wails;
When, now of all her children bereft,
the desperate mother
Furious curses the day on which she
bore, and was born....when
Weary with hollow eye, amid the
carcasses totter
Even the buriers....till the sent Death-
angel, descending,
Thoughtful, on thunder-clouds, be-
holds all lonesome and silent,
Gazes the wide desolation, and long
broods over the graves, fixt.

Perhaps some other writer will throw this fine picture into blank verse so well, as to convince the public, that the beauties of Klopstock can be naturalized without strangeness, and his peculiarities retained without affectation; that quaintness, the unavoidable companion of neologism, is as needless to genius, as hostile to grace; the hexameter, until it is familiar, must repel, and, when it is familiar, may annoy; that it wants a musical orderliness of sound; and that its cantering capricious movement opposes the grave march of solemn majesty, and better suits the ordinary scenery of Theocritus than the empyreal visions of Klopstock.

Yet these considerations can all be enfeebled. The unusual in metre, as in style, must appear strange,

affected or quaint at first, but with each successive act of attention this impression by its very nature diminishes; it arising solely from want of habit. When the latent utility and adequate purpose of innovation comes at length to be discerned, the peculiarity commonly affords an additional zest. The employment of hexameters would obey this general law. Use would render their cadence soothing. All supposed association between metre and matter is in a great degree arbitrary, and is commonly accidental. The first classical and popular work produced in a given measure decides the reputedly appropriate expression of that measure. Double rhymes, which are thought to have a ludicrous effect in English, are in every other modern language essential for sublime composition. Anapæstic metre would have passed for elegiac, if Shenstone, Beattie, and the plaintive poets, had not been interrupted in the use of it by the author of the election-ball. If Penserose and Hudibras scan alike: and hexameters may again, as of old, serve both for an Iliad and a Margites. In short, the matter not the form, constitutes the essence of a work of literary art; and where the matter is fine, the form will soon be supposed to have contributed to its spirit, and to its beauty. The adoption of hexameter would afford that sort of delight which arises from the contemplation of difficulty overcome. It would necessarily introduce many novelties of style; and variety is the grand recipe of gratification. It would banish, from metrical reasons, half the established phrases and hacknied combinations of the rhymers's dictionary. It would arouse the industry of the composers, who, not finding a ready made acquaintance of substantives and epithets well paired and rhythmically drilled, would have to contrive fresh unions, and would often accomplish happier matches. While some withering words would drop from the foliaceous tree of our lan-

guage; the light green leaves of many a new and fairer sprout of expression would spread abroad, and fresh blossoms of diction unrimple their roseat petals.

When Klopstock published the first five books of his *Messiah*, hexameter was assailed by the critics as a most unnatural costume for the German Muse: the poet persevered, and the nation is converted. Why should not his future translator anticipate a similar success?

It may be doubted however if the most fortunate Englisher of Klopstock would obtain that national popularity and gratitude, that recognition of his work as a perpetual classic, which Mickle, beyond our other epic translators, seems to have attained. Klopstock's *Messiah*, why should it not be owned? will appear dull in English; because it is really so in German. The plan was not struck out at a single effort; it is all piece-meal soldering, instead of being melted in one cast. It wants distinctness, proportion, cohesion. The fable is consequently deficient in interest. Where there is no wholeness, there can be no care for the one great end. Nor does all the topical application of the poet overcome this constitutional imperfection of his work. The crucifixion and the resurrection ought to have been the focuses of expectation, the centres of attraction along the whole orbit of his cometary course: they are lost sight of in favour of a galaxy of minute anecdotes, and a zodiac of mythological apparitions. What the action wants of extent as to time, the poet has endeavoured to supply by extent as to space, and beckons spectators from every cranny of the universe. He seems aloof and adrift in a crowded atmosphere of spirits and angels, where every little group is gibbering, and occasionally veers to look at the execution that is going on: but his mortal astonishment, instead of selecting the mightier business for record, thinks every character in the throng worth describing, and gets

bewildered in the infinitude of his task. No epopœa exists, out of which so many passages and personages could be cut without mutilation. Distracted by the multiplicity of subordinate objects, curiosity excited concerning each is inconsiderable. That headlong participation in the pursuits of the heroes, which bawls aloud along with Hector for fire, is nowhere felt in the *Messiah*. Every secondary incident should have found a place only in as much as it tended to advance or retard, or influence, the grand catastrophe. An anxiety about the chief business of the poem might thus have been inspired. Now, the parts withdraw attention from the whole: one sees not the forest for the trees. Instead of bearing down on the point for which he is bound, and sailing with full canvas toward his main destination, Klopstock is continually laving: beautiful or sublime as the islands and rocks may be which he thus brings into view, they indemnify not his forgetting the voyage. One as willingly begins with the second book as with the first: one as willingly stops after the eighth canto as after the tenth. The thousand and one episodes of the second half of the poem have interrupted many a reader, and one translator, in his determination to travel to the end. The multiplicity of the pietistical rapsodies would weary even Saint Theresa.

(To be Continued.)

THE POSSIBILITY OF PREVENTING, AND OF AVERTING, THE EFFECTS OF THUNDER.

It has been asked, whether it might not be possible to prevent, or to avert, the fatal effects of thunder? You are well aware of the importance of the question, and under what obligation I should lay a number of worthy people, were I able to indicate an infallible method of finding protection against thunder.

The knowledge of the nature and effects of electricity, permits me not to doubt that the thing is possible. I corresponded some time ago with a Moravian priest, named Procopius Divisch, who assured me that he had averted, during a whole summer, every thunder-storm which threatened his own habitation and the neighbourhood, by means of a machine constructed on the principles of electricity. Several persons, since arrived from that country, have assured me that the fact is undoubted, and confirmed by irresistible proof.

But there are many respectable characters, who, on the supposition that the thing is practicable, would have their scruples respecting the lawfulness of employing such a preservative. The ancient pagans, no doubt, would have considered him as impious, who should have presumed to interfere with Jupiter, in the direction of his thunder. Christians, who are assured that thunder is the work of God, and that Divine Providence frequently employs it to punish the wickedness of men, might with equal reason alledge, that it was impiety to attempt to oppose the course of sovereign justice.

Without involving myself in this delicate discussion, I remark that conflagrations, deluges, and many other general calamities, are likewise the means employed by Providence to punish the sins of men; but no one, surely, ever will pretend, that it is lawful to prevent, or resist, the progress of a fire or an inundation. Hence I infer, that it is perfectly lawful to use the means of prevention against the effects of thunder, if they are attainable.

The melancholy accident which befel Mr. Richmann at Petersburg, demonstrates, that the thunder-stroke which this gentleman unhappily attracted to himself, would undoubtedly have fallen somewhere else, and that such place thereby escaped: it can therefore no longer remain a question whether it be possible to conduct thunder to one

place in preference to another; and this seems to bring us near our mark.

It would, no doubt, be a matter of still greater importance, to have it in our power to divest the clouds of their electric force, without being under the necessity of exposing any one place to the ravages of thunder; we should, in that case, altogether prevent these dreadful effects, which terrify so great a part of mankind.

This appears by no means impossible; and the Moravian priest, whom I mentioned above, unquestionably effected it; for I have been assured, that his machinery sensibly attracted the clouds, and constrained them to descend quietly in a distillation, without any but a very distant thunder-clap.

The experiment of a bar of iron, in a very elevated situation, which becomes electric on the approach of a thunder-storm, may lead us to the construction of a similar machine, as it is certain, that in proportion as the bar discharges its electricity, the clouds must lose precisely the same quantity; but it must be contrived in such a manner, that the bars may immediately discharge the ether which they have attracted.

It would be necessary, for this purpose, to procure for them a free communication with a pool, or with the bowels of the earth, which, by means of their open pores, may easily receive a much greater quantity of ether, and disperse it over the whole immense extent of the earth, so that the compression of the ether may not become sensible in any particular spot. This communication is very easy by means of chains of iron, or any other metal, which will, with great rapidity, carry off the ether with which the bars are surcharged.

I would advise the fixing of strong bars of iron, in very elevated situations, and several of them together, their higher extremity to terminate in a point, as this figure is very much adapted to the attrac-

tion of electricity. I would, afterwards, attach long chains of iron to these bars, which I would conduct under ground into a pool, lake, or river, there to discharge the electricity; and I have no doubt, that after making repeated essays, the means may be certainly discovered of rendering such machinery more commodious, and more certain in its effect.

It is abundantly evident, that on the approach of a thunder-storm, the ether, with which the clouds are surcharged, would be transmitted in great abundance into these bars, which would thereby become very electric, unless the chains furnished to the ether a free passage, to spend itself in the water, and in the bowels of the earth.

The ether of the clouds would continue, thereafter, to enter quietly into the bars, and would, by its agitation, produce a light, which might be visible on the pointed extremities.

Such light is, accordingly, often observed, during a storm, on the summit of spires, an infallible proof that the ether of the cloud is there quietly discharging itself; and every one considers this as a very good sign, of the harmless absorption of many thunder-strokes.

Lights are likewise frequently observed at sea, on the tops of the masts of ships, known to sailors by the name of Castor and Pollux; and when such signs are visible, they consider themselves as safe from the stroke of thunder.

Most philosophers have ranked these phenomena among vulgar superstitions; but we are now fully assured, that such sentiments are not without foundation; indeed they are infinitely better founded than many of our philosophic reveries.

ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN
CONVENTION TO THE PEOPLE
OF THE UNITED STATES.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

THE American convention for
promoting the abolition of slavery,

and improving the condition of the African race, assembled for the purpose of deliberation upon such matters as relate to the design of their institution, believe it their duty to address you at this time: not with a view to descant upon the horrors of slavery, or its incompatibility with sound policy, with justice, with morality, and with the spirit and doctrines of christianity: for besides that the circumscribed nature of such an address necessarily precludes lengthy animadversion, these are topics which have been so repeatedly and ably discussed, as to leave little room for additional argument or new illustration. The feelings and the judgment have been often addressed with all the strength of reason and the powers of eloquence, and although prejudices may blind the eyes of some, and avarice close the avenues of sensibility in others, we derive consolation from the assurance, that the wise and the good, the liberal and the considerate of all classes of the community, lament the existence of slavery, and consider it as a dark stain in the annals of our country. We do not even hesitate to believe that many who hold slaves by demise, acknowledge the injustice of the tenure; but perplexed in the contemplation of the embarrassment in which they find themselves, they are ready to exclaim, "What shall be done with them?" We would willingly include these among the number of our friends, and intreat them to unite in the removal of an evil so justly and almost universally deplored.

A principal object of our concern, is to rouse the attention of the public to the continued...may we not say...increasing necessity of exertion. We fear many have taken up an idea, that there is less occasion now than formerly, for active zeal in promoting the cause of the oppressed African: but when it is remembered that there are about nine hundred thousand slaves in this country! that hundreds of

vessels do annually sail from our shores to traffic in the blood of our fellow men! and that the abominable practice of kidnapping is carried on to an alarming extent! surely it will not be thought a time for supineness and neglect. Ought not rather every faculty of the mind to be awakened? and in a matter wherein the reputation and prosperity of these United States are so deeply involved, is it possible that any can remain as indifferent and idle spectators?

The gross and violent outrages committed by a horde of kidnapers, call aloud for redress. We have reason to believe, there is a complete chain of them along our sea coast, from Georgia to Maine. Like the vulture, soaring in apparent indifference, while watching for his prey, these shameless men, disguised in the habiliments of gentlemen, haunt public places, and at night seize and carry off the victims of their avarice.....The convention are informed of some of their insidious manœuvres. They generally have vessels moored in small rivers and creeks, and after stealing the unprotected, they decoy by stratagem and allure by specious offers of gain, such free persons of colour as they find susceptible of delusion.....Others residing near the sea coast, are continually purchasing slaves in the middle states, to sell at an advanced price to their compeers in infamy. For the victims of this shocking business, they find a ready market among the southern planters. The design of this detail, must be obvious: it is to excite the vigilance of every friend to humanity and to virtue, in the detection and punishment of these monsters in the shape of men.

To complain of injustice, or petition for redress of grievances, cannot be mistaken for rebellion against the laws of our country..... We lament therefore the existence of statutes in the state of North Carolina, prohibiting individuals the privilege of doing justice to the

unfortunate slave, and to their own feelings, by setting him at liberty; and we learn with the deepest regret, that the state of South Carolina has recently repealed the law prohibiting the importation of slaves from Africa into that state. Such appears to be the melancholy fact; but we cannot restrain the involuntary question.... Is this possible? Is the measure of iniquity not yet filled? Is there no point at which you will stop? Or was it necessary to add this one step, to complete the climax of folly, cruelty, and desperation? Oh legislators! we beseech you to reflect, before you increase the evils which already surround you in gloomy and frightful perspective!

Beholding with anxiety the increase rather than diminution of slavery and its dreadful concomitants, we earnestly request the zealous co-operation of every friend to justice and every lover of his country. It is an honourable, a virtuous and a humane cause in which we have embarked. Much good has already been effected, but much remains to be done; and, under the divine blessing, may we not confidently hope, that in proportion to the sincerity of our motives, and the temperate, firm, and persevering constancy of our exertions will be our success, and peaceful reward. Those who live contiguous to the sea ports, in particular, we wish may be stimulated to vigilance, that none of those shameful acts of atrocity adverted to, may elude deserved punishment: and our fellow citizens of the eastern states are respectfully invited to pay attention to the clandestine traffic in slaves carried on from some of their ports. Such daring infractions of the laws of our country require prompt and decisive measures.

Many aspersions have been cast upon the advocates of the freedom of the Blacks, by malicious or interested men; but, conscious of the rectitude of our intentions, and the disinterestedness of our endeavours, we hope not to be intimi-

dated by censure from performing the part assigned us. We frankly own, that it is our wish to promote a general emancipation; and, in doing this, it is our belief that we essentially promote the true interests of the state: Although many inconveniences may result from a general liberation of the People of Colour; yet those which flow from their continuance in slavery must be infinitely greater, and are every day increasing. It is, therefore, in our estimation, desirable that this object should be brought about with as much speed as a prudent regard to existing circumstances, and the safety of the country will admit: But in all our endeavours for its accomplishment, we hope to move with care and circumspection. We pointedly disavow the most distant intention to contravene any existing law of the states collectively or separately....We will not knowingly infringe upon the nominal rights of property, although those rights may only be traced to our statute-books; and while we desire to be supported in our endeavours to defend the cause of the oppressed, we hope that discretion and moderation will characterize all our proceedings. We feel with others the common frailties of humanity, and, therefore cannot expect an exemption from error. The best intentions are sometimes inadvertently led astray; a lively zeal in a good cause may occasionally overleap the bounds of discretion: although therefore individuals may in some instances, have suffered their zeal to exceed knowledge, yet we repeat, that the line of conduct which we approve, and which is consonant with the spirit and design of our institutions, is in strict conformity with a due submission to existing laws, and to the legal claims of our fellow citizens. On this ground we think we have a just claim to the countenance and support of all liberal minds....of all who delight in the real prosperity of their country, and in the multiplication of human happiness.

We conclude in the expression of a hope that the Supreme Disposer of events, will prosper our labours in this work of justice, and hasten the day, when liberty shall be proclaimed to the captive, and this land of boasted freedom and independence, be relieved from the opprobrium which the sufferings of the oppressed African now cast upon it.

By order of the Convention,
MAT. FRANKLIN, President.
Attest....OTHN. ALSON, Sec'y.
Philadelphia, Jan. 13th, 1801.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN NEW JERSEY.

The legislature of New Jersey, on the 15th February passed a law for the gradual abolition of slavery. It enacts that every child born of a slave after the 4th day of July next, *shall be free*, but shall remain the servant of the owner of the mother, in the same manner as if such child had been bound to service by the overseers of the poor, males until the age of 25, and females until the age of 21....provides for the registry of the birth of all such children within nine months after such birthand gives liberty to the owner, at any time within one year from the birth, to *elect* to abandon his right to any such child, the owner being, nevertheless, liable to maintain the child until one year old, and thereafter the child to be considered as a pauper, and liable to be bound out to service as other poor children, males until the age of 25, and females 21....but while the child remains a pauper, and until it shall be bound out, it is to be maintained by the town, at the *expense of the state*, not exceeding the rate of three dollars per month... the owner not abandoning the child within the year, to be considered as having *elected* to retain the child, and liable to its maintenance during the respective periods of service limited by the act.

REPORTS TO CONGRESS.

The Secretary of the Treasury's Report to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

THAT at the close of the year 1801, the unexpended balance of the disbursements made out of the treasury, for the payment of the principal and interest of the public debt, which was applicable to payments falling due after that year, as ascertained by accounts rendered to the treasury department, amount to - - - *Dollars 1,085,997 60*

That during the year 1802, the following disbursements were made out of the treasury, on the same account, viz

I. There was paid on account of the reimbursement and interest of the domestic funded debt, the sum of - - - - -	4,618,021 39
II. On account of domestic loans obtained from the bank of the United States, viz.	
On account of the principal - - - - -	1,290,000
Ditto interest, - - - - -	162,025
	<u>1,452,025</u>
III. On account of the domestic unfunded debt, viz.	
On account of the debts due to foreign officers - - - - -	7,994 92
Ditto certain parts of the Dutch debt - - - - -	14,966 84
	<u>21,961 76</u>
IV. On account of the principal and interest of the Dutch debt, including repayments in the treasury - - - - -	3,359,992 3
Amounting altogether to - - - - -	<i>Dollars 9,453,000 18</i>

Which Disbursements were made out of the following funds, viz.

I. From the funds constituting the annual appropriation of seven millions three hundred thousand dollars, for the year 1802, viz.	
From the fund arising from interest on the debt transferred to the commissioners of the sinking fund - - - - -	326,449 92
From the fund arising from payments into the treasury, of debts which originated under the late government - - - - -	888 79

From the fund arising from dividends on the capital stock, which belonged to the United States, in the bank of said states	- -	33,960	
From the fund arising from the sales of public lands, being the amount of monies paid into the treasury, in the year 1802,	- -	79,575	52
From the proceeds of duty on goods, wares, and merchandise, imported, and on the tonnage of ships and vessels,	- -	6,739,125	77
		<u> </u>	7,300,000
II. From the proceeds of duties on goods, wares, and merchandise, imported, and on the tonnage of ships or vessels advanced in part and on account of the annual appropriation of seven millions two hundred thousand dollars, for the year 1803	- -	745,807	40
III. From repayments in the treasury, on account of remittances purchased for providing for the foreign debt, viz.			
Repayment of the purchase money	- -	109,120	
Damages and interest recovered	- -	10,471	78
		<u> </u>	119,592 78
IV. From the proceeds of two thousand, two hundred and twenty shares capital stock of the bank of the United States,	- -	1,287,602	
		<u> </u>	<u> </u> <i>Dol.</i> 9,453,000 18
That the above disbursements, together with the above-mentioned balance which remained unexpended on the 1st of January, 1802, and amounted altogether to	- - -		10,538,907 78
Ten millions five hundred and thirty-eight thousand nine hundred and seven dollars, and seventy-eight cents, have been accounted for in the following manner, viz.			
I. There was repaid in the treasury, during the year 1802, on account of protested bills, or advances made for contracts which were not fulfilled	- -	109,125	
II. The sums actually applied during the same year, to the payment of the principal and inter-			

est of the public debt, as ascertained by accounts rendered to the treasury department amount to seven millions seven hundred and seventy-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-four dollars and seventy cents, viz.

I. Paid in reimbursement of the principal of the public debt	3,638,744	63	
II. On account of the interest and charges on the same,	4,134,110	07	
			7,772,854 70
III. The balance remaining unexpended at the close of the year 1802, and applicable to payments falling due after that year, as ascertained by accounts rendered to the treasury department, amounted to			2,656,933 08
Two millions six hundred and fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and thirty-three dollars and eight cents			10,538,907 78

That during the year 1803, the following disbursements were made out of the Treasury, on account of the principal and interest of the public debt, viz.

I. There was paid on account of the reimbursement and interest of the domestic funded debt, a sum of			4,568,176 68
II. On account of domestic loans obtained from the bank of the United States, viz.			
On account of the principal	500,000		
Ditto ditto interest	82,300		
			582,000
III. On account of the domestic unfunded debt, viz.			
On account of debts due to foreign officers		12,123	31
Ditto certain parts of the domestic debt		12,073	43
			24,196 74
IV. On account of the principal and interest of the foreign debt, including repayment in the treasury			2,153,348 17
Amounting altogether to			7,327,721

Which disbursements were made up of the following funds, viz.

I. From the funds constituting the annual appropriation of seven millions three hundred thousand dollars for the year 1803, viz.		
From the fund arising from interest on the debt transferred to the commissioners of the sinking fund, as per statement (N)	-	401,365 5
From the fund arising from payments into the treasury, of debts which originated under the late government, as per statement (O)	-	135 46
From the fund arising from the sales of public lands, being the amount of monies paid into the treasury in the year 1803, as per statement (P)	-	158,949 65
From the proceeds of duties on goods, wares, and merchandise imported, and on the tonnage of ships and vessels	-	5,993,752 44
Amounting altogether to	-	6,554,192 60
Which sum of	-	6,554,192 60
together with the sum advanced during the year 1802, on account of the appropriation for the year 1803, and amounting, as above stated, to	-	745,807 40
Make in the whole the annual appropriation of dollars, for the year 1803	-	7,300,000
II. From the proceeds of duties on goods, wares, and merchandise imported, and on the tonnage of ships or vessels advanced in part, and on account of the annual appropriation for the year 1804		753,236 40
III. From repayments in the treasury, on account of remittances purchased for providing for the foreign debt, and of advances made to commissioners of loans, viz.		
Repayment of the purchase money, and advances	-	13,117 48
Damages and interest recovered	-	2,218
	-	15,335 43
IV. From the monies appropriated by law for paying commissioners to agents employed in the		

purchase of remittances for the foreign debt, being the amount paid at the treasury during the year 1803, for that object

4,957 1

7,327,721 59

That the abovementioned disbursements, together with the above stated balance of dollars which remained unexpended at the close of the year 1802, and with a further sum arising from the profits made on remittances made to Holland, by the way of London, which is estimated at

- - - 2,656,933

- - - 11,200

Dollars, 9,995,854 67

And amounting altogether to nine millions nine hundred and fifty thousand eight hundred fifty-four dollars, sixty-seven cents, will be accounted for in the next annual report, in conformity with the accounts which shall then have been rendered to the treasury department.

That in the mean while, the manner in which the said sum has been applied, is from the partial accounts which have been rendered, and from the knowledge of the payments intended to be made both in Holland and in America, estimated as follows, viz.

I. The repayments in the treasury have amounted to - - - 13,117 43

II. The sums actually applied, during the year 1803 to the payment of the principal and interest of the public debt, are estimated as follow, viz.

I. Paid in the reimbursements of the principal of the public debt - - - 4,528,196 74

On account of interest and charges on the same , 3,903,144 11

Amounting altogether to - - - 8,481,340 85

III. The balance remaining unexpended at the close of the year 1803, and applicable to the payments falling due after that year, is estimated at

- - - 1,551,396 34

Dollars, 9,995,857

That no purchases of the debt of the United States have been made since the date of the last report to congress.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has transmitted to Congress, a statement of goods, wares, and merchandise, exported from the United States for one year, prior to the first day of October, 1803. The goods, wares and merchandise of domestic growth or manufacture, included in the statement, are estimated at forty-two millions two hundred and five thousand nine hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars; and of those of foreign growth or manufactures at thirteen millions five hundred and ninety-four thousand and seventy-two dollars.

The exports to Great Britain and her colonies, it appears, has increased immensely for the last year. It is stated, that eleven millions six hundred and two thousand four hundred and fifty-seven dollars of domestic produce of America, has been exported to England, Man, and Berwick alone. While the exports to all France, and her colonies, amount only to four millions nine hundred and thirty-two thousand one hundred and ninety-three dollars.

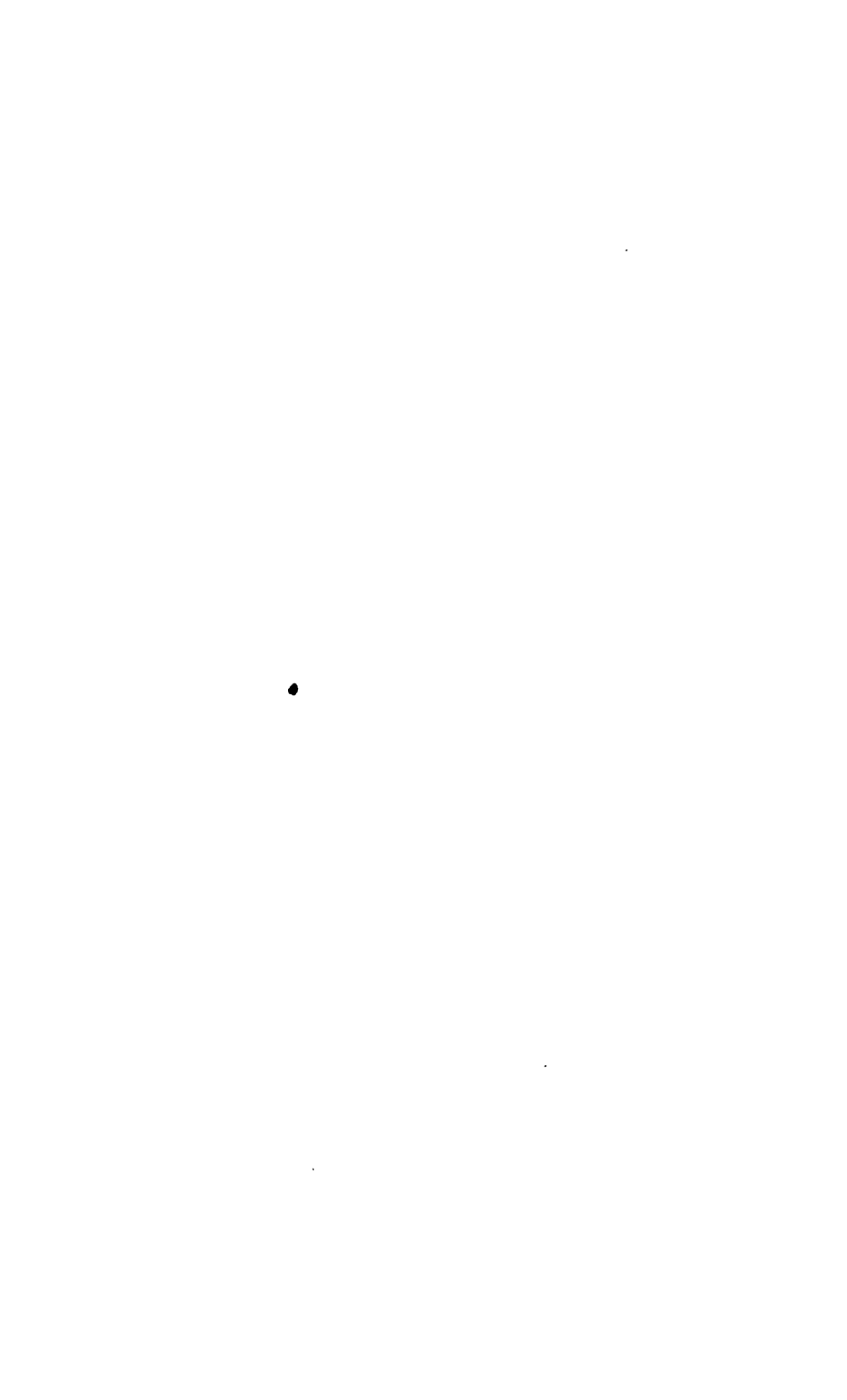
It will also be observed that the exports from the state of New-York exceed that of any other state in the union by upwards of two millions.

The following is a summary of the value of the exports from each state:

	<i>Domestic.</i>	<i>Foreign.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
New-Hampshire,	443,527	51,093	494,620
Massachusetts,	5,399,000	3,369,546	8,768,566
Vermont,	89,540	27,940	147,450
Rhode-Island,	664,230	611,366	1,275,596
Connecticut,	1,238,388	10,188	1,248,571
New-York,	7,626,831	3,191,556	10,813,387
New-Jersey	21,311		21,311
Pennsylvania	4,021,214	3,504,496	7,525,710
Delaware,	186,087	240,466	426,153
Maryland,	3,838,396	1,371,022	5,209,418
Virginia,	7,229,967	184,376	7,414,346
N. Carolina,	926,308	26,296	952,614
S. Carolina,	6,863,343	947,765	7,811,108
Georgia,	2,345,387	25,488	2,370,875
Territory of the United States,	1,301,832	32,476	1,343,308
<i>Dollars,</i>	42,205,961	13,594,072	55,800,033

SALARIES OF PUBLIC OFFICERS.

The Secretary of State....Five Thousand Dollars.
 The Secretary of the Treasury.... Five Thousand Dollars.
 The Secretary of War....Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars.
 The Secretary of the Navy....Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars.
 The Attorney-General....Three Thousand Dollars.
 The Comptroller of the Treasury.... Three Thousand Five Hundred Dollars.
 The Treasurer.... Three Thousand Dollars.
 The Auditor of the Treasury....Three Thousand Dollars.
 The Register of the Treasury....Two Thousand Four Hundred Dollars.
 The Accountant of the War Department....Two Thousand Dollars.
 The Accountant of the Navy Department....Two Thousand Dollars.
 The Post-Master General....Three Thousand Dollars.
 The Assistant Post-Master General...One Thousand Seven Hundred Dollars.
 payable quarterly....to continue for three years from January 1, 1804.



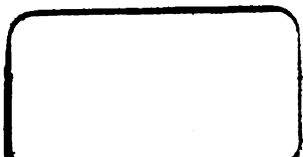


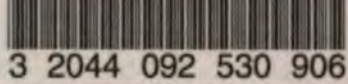
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