THE

# Druid;

*A SERIES OF*

## MISCELLANEOUS



## ESSAYS.

*ADDWYN I DDRAGON*
*DDAWN Y DERWYDDON.*

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# THE DRUID.

## No. I.

*"With sudden horror rock'd the trembling ground,*
*And distant thunder shook the vast profound,*
*When from a cave a venerable form*
*Stalk'd forth, announced by the preluding storm.*
*About his limbs a snowy garment roll'd,*
*Floats to the wind in many an ample fold;*
*His brow serene a rich tiara bound,*
*And loose his silver tresses stream'd around.*
*In his right hand a golden harp declared*
*The sacred function of the* DRUID BARD."

PYE'S ALFRED, P. III. v. 143—152.

WHEN the stranger is solicitous to obtain a favourable reception from that part of society among whom he aspires to be conversant, it is necessary that his first appearance be divested of the character of intrusion by the recommendations of friendship, or by an ingenuous account of himself, accompanied by a candid avowal of his intentions. Mankind, indeed, are generally impressed with a desire of knowing something of those who present themselves to their notice, and propriety has rendered it necessary that an attempt

should be made to gratify so laudable a curiosity. On the present occasion, therefore, a prefatory address will be expected.

The Druid observes, with regret, that oblivion has nearly obliterated every memorial of his Order, even in the land consecrated, of yore, by the celebration of their ancient rites. He also feels that he is unknown among the progeny of a people, who reverenced his forefathers as the faithful instructors that inculcated those sublime lessons which elucidate the origin of being, the economy and organization of objects, the duties of society, and the rules and institutions affecting the interests and independency of Man. He honestly avows, however, that he is most desirous of acquiring the attention of his compatriots to the subjects of his diversified studies, while he pledges himself that his utmost efforts shall be exerted to win their approbation, support, and esteem. But he will leave the tendency of his simple doctrines to unfold the motives which have induced him to renounce the obscurity of a peaceful seclusion, and to develope the views by which he has been prompted to assume a character that will lead him to encourage and applaud the actions of the virtuous, and to point out, to disapprobation and infamy, the conduct of the worthless and the bad. To accomplish this purpose, he will endeavour to maintain an appropriate character, and this will include that of a moralist, a monitor, and a minstrel. He will, therefore, offer to the attention of the public, as the subject of the present theme,

*THE RESPONSE*

OF THE

## SEER OF GLEN-MYVYR.

Gwython was the son of Doeth, presider in the circle of Bel *. In Glen-Myvyr, within the bosom of the Caledonian hills, was raised the mystic temple of the Divinity, and the abode of the sage stood in an adjacent dale. On a green sloping eminence, a circle of gray stones marked out the consecrated ground. It was surrounded with lofty oaks, the thick foliage of which threw around it a solemn shade. Not distant were heard the murmurs of a mountain stream. The spot was wild and sequestered; but it was lovely, interesting, and serene. It solemnized the soul, and fostered contemplation. Youth delighted to ramble amid its shadowy glens, and age to meditate upon the knotted roots of its moss-grown trees, or in the peaceful retreats of its secluded caves.

In this solitary haunt of peace and innocence, the childhood of Gwython passed away. His youth was a gently-flowing stream of happiness and tranquillity. It was the season of lore and of glee. The initiatory rites of Barthrin †, at length, gave to his

* Bel.—Many of the primitive nations directed their adorations to the Supreme Being, under the name Bel, Beli, or Baal, in honour of whom they observed the first of May as a high festival.

† Barthrin denominates the mysteries of Bardism, or the gradations of tuition preparative to the confirmation of a novice in the character of an approved Bard.

eager hands the harp of melodious song. Upon its strings soon trilled the warblings of joy, while his swelling voice arose in praise of the chiefs of Alban. The minstrelsy of valour, of patriotism, and of truth were the delight of his rising years; and it became the charm and the solace of his ripening age. With the burst of day would his matin hymns melt among the mountain echoes; and, as the dew, his grateful strains steal symphonious to those of the nightingale, lone harbinger of eve, and the mellow harmonist of the star-bright hour.

It was even. The sun was sinking in the west; and his ruddy beams were flitting on the darkening hills. The breeze was playful and cool, and scented by the fragrance of flowers. Genial was the air, and sweet, exhilarating the spirits, while health sported on the wings of the gale. Upon the rustling boughs were perched the songsters of the wood; and echo, in melodious responses, replied to their warbles of love. The fields were loaded with the bounty of Nature, and richly variegated by the golden tints of autumn. The scene was all-grateful and charming, when the son of Doeth was entering the Vale of Myvyr. Slowly he penetrated into the thicket of a silvan dell, and traced the secret windings of his dusky path. Pensive and serene, he strode along, in silence, ruminating on the changes of things and of man. When he pondered the past he admired, and when he reviewed the scenes of departed times, he was delighted, as with the delusive pictures of a morning dream.

On the margin of a murmuring brook he beheld a stone, gray with age. It was the Stone of Celvan, the secret dweller, renowned afar for his wisdom in the days of a distant age. He brushed the dew from its hoary sides. He sat down. Being soon lulled into solemn musing by the melody of the grove and the tinkling of the crystal rill, he sunk into contemplation, forgetful of all around him. He reflected on the brevity and vicissitudes of human life. A cloud of dubious sadness played upon his brow. His breast heaved with emotion. He sighed. Raising an eye of devotion, with a mien of reverence, he exclaimed, "Father of Nature! give me the power of judging aright,—grant me the knowledge of things!"

The sound of his voice had not died among the rocks, when a beam of light burst through the trees of the wood; and a form stood before him. It was the form of an adorer of Deon *, in the days of old. His countenance was calm and gentle, but majestic. In his left hand was the white rod of power: in his right, the branch of health, and the harp of Barthgan †. A pure robe, the emblem of truth, covered his venerable head; and, pending from his shoulders, fell in flowing

* Deon.—The ancient Celtic philosophers often applied this epithet to the Deity. The term signifies, the distributer, the giver, he that sets aright, with an allusion to the sovereign wisdom and power.

† Barthgan, the science of bardism, bardic song, poetry.—The Arch-Druid, besides his other insignia, was distinguished by a long white rod, or wand, which he carried in his hand, as an emblem of his office.—The branch of peace was the mistleto, or all-heal, a parasitic plant, described by the Botanists under the name Visca.

folds nearly to the ground. His mien was grand and awful, but it was courteous and amiable. With a voice, sweet and solemn, he thus addressed the son of the chief of Glen-Myvyr: "Son of the race of Alban! thy desire is the desire of virtue, and thy prayer will be heard. Years have revolved, and generations past away, since the heads of the people first hearkened to my voice: but their abode is no longer with the sons of men. They are now become gliders on the blue clouds, and their dwellings are in the land of souls. Like thee I have been young, and have panted for knowledge, and the words of the wise were sweet in mine ears. Instruction is now offered thee. Adore the Supreme. And, while attending to the voice of age, let the experience of departed times teach thee wisdom. Listen and admire, while I unfold to thy imitation the precepts of Derwythoni*, the faith of the men of Alban, before the race of Rhuvain had disturbed the peace of the sea-surrounded Isle.

"Pants the soul of Gwython for the hunter's fame, and the warrior's renown; or sighs it for the sweets of peace, the secrets of knowledge, and the lore of wisdom? Let him be attentive to the maxims of the sage who have past away—of the good who have instructed the men of primeval times. They will teach the heart to know the intricacies of itself, and to adore the goodness and greatness of Deon, the Life of every Being, and the Source of every Thing. Know thyself, son of

* Derwythoni, the primeval theology, Druidism.—Rhuvain was the name given to Rome by the aboriginal Britons.

Doeth, and thou shalt approach nearer to the knowledge of the mysterious One.

" Is thy desire for the meed of song, the generous boon of Beli, splendid giver of worth and renown? Let, then, thy ardent wish arise for the celestial Awen *, that its genial inspiration may pervade thy aspiring soul. Accustom thine eye to scan the exhibitions of Nature, expand thy heart to feel her influence, and cherish the magnanimity which can boldly dare to inculcate the maxims that Nature approves. For this purpose let thy thoughts be graceful, appropriate, and luxuriantly diversified, ennobled by vigour, fancy, and knowledge, and supported by learning, memory, and mental endowment. By complacency, ingenuity, and originality, cultivate social acquaintance: and, by amiable conduct, skill in science, and pure morals, be thy aim to ensure praise. Let thy song be the faithful record of heroical achievements to prompt the people to illustrious feats of fame, a lay of ethical instruction painting the paths of virtue, and a harmonious formulary of the adorations of the tribes, when they acknowledge the beneficence of the Supreme, when they implore his gracious favour, and when they deprecate his wrath from offending men. Be it thy intention and thy duty, to commend philanthropy, to benefit mankind, and to do the will of Deon, the best and

* Awen simply means, that endowment of the mental faculty which directs it to a particular object, but it is generally used by the ancient bards as signifying the Muse, the gift of poetry, consisting of genius, fancy, and taste.

most benevolent of beings, whose ways are the delight of the wise, and whose goodness is the guardian of the upright and the valiant. Be thy practice the picture of thy doctrines, that they may win attention, imitation, and applause; and thus shall thine be a didactic strain to the roamers among Alban's hills of green.

"While a parent's love watches over the opening of thy youthful mind, let its precepts excite within thy breast a desire for virtue. As the bosom of the tender flower expands to imbibe the morning dew, so the heart uncloses itself to receive instruction from the lips of those it loves. Truth is the fairest ornament of the young, and a beauteous crown on the head of silver hairs. Therefore scorn falsehood; it is baneful and vile, and the vice of little souls. Fortitude is the noblest bias of the mind; let it, therefore, be cherished with vehement desire, and endeared to the breast of pride. It will guide thee, my son, through the storms of danger, and the mazes of difficulty. It will foster patriotism, the glory and the guardian of the land of thy progenitors. Be rectitude the director of thy paths, and integrity the delight of thy bosom. Let not the stranger declare his name within thy dwelling, and be thy abode a place of repose to the wanderer of the desert. Respect the chiefs of the people, honour the men of years, and let the Ones * in white inspire thee with reverence. Let thy adorations arise on the rays of the morning sun, and thy homage ascend amid the

* The Ones in white mean, those that presided in religion, the Druids, who wore white robes, emblematic of purity, virtue, and truth.

beams of the west. So shall peace attend thy steps, and happiness be the solace of thy years, while a sojourner amid the dusky woodlands of thy native hills. Placid also shall be thy course to the land of bliss: no storm shall darken around thy departure, and the fair ones of delight shall hail thy approach towards the high halls of the brave and virtuous, the ever-green bowers of the beauteous Ocean-Isle *."

The Bard now attuned his harp to the tones of his sonorous voice, and the loves of Aldrud and Vinvena, arose symphonious to the melody of its trembling strings. And thus it burst on the raptured ear of Gwython, while he gazed in admiration on the form of the Seer.

Aldrud, the son of Selwyn, was chief of Arthrin, land of the breezy hills. A hundred groves gave shade and beauty to his spacious valleys, all fair and fruitful, and washed by the waters of innumerous streams. Among the dales of his mountains browzed a thousand deer, and the caves of his rocks were the impervious retreats of the tusky boar. A hundred youthful chieftains followed his steps in the chase, or raised their steely lances beside the aged warrior in the deathful toils of the field. In his hall hung the shields of a countless race, amid the spoils of a thousand years. Strong was the arm of Selwyn, and his generous heart firm as the adamantine base of rocky Lummon. But

* Ocean-Isle—The ancient Celtic theologues placed their paradise in an Island surrounded by tempests, and far removed into the Western Ocean. It was described as abounding with every object of desire and happiness, and named Flath-Innis, the Isle of the Noble Ones.

his soul, though stern in danger, would melt at the tale of woe, and his feet were swift to the relief of the unhappy, to the help of the feeble ones.

As a young oak on the brow of a silvan height, so grew the son of the mighty Selwyn. His sire foresaw his renown, and exulted in the fame of his race. Fleet were the feet of Aldrud on the rocks of roes, and daring his arm in the chase of the mountain boar. Proud beat his heart and high heaved his breast of desire, when his left hand received the shield of Cadvan, and his right the ruddy lance of Rhuon. He sighed for the sound of war, and panted for glory on the crimsoned plain. At the shrine of Beli his vows were heard; and the first of his battles raised his name above those of little men. Beneath the warrior's sword sunk the mighty, and it was stained with the blood of the proud. Its flash was fleet and resistless as the lightning of heaven: before it fled the foes of the Land of Hills, when the rage of the chief was terrible. From the fields of the slain he returned in triumph, while the sounding of his buckler was responded by the fierce eagles of the sky. In the hall of peace he listened to the lays of renown, and the mighty deeds of his arm arose in the song of bards.

But the soul of Aldrud heeded not the voice of praise: it was on other hills, in the streamy land of his love. The hero had seen Vinvena in all her charms, and he loved the daughter of Hoen, the courteous lord of Din-Londra's towery halls. His portly form and magnanimous soul assailed the heart of the gentle maid, and he became "the dweller of her secret sigh."

In the pride of youth, and flushed with exultant hope, the princely chief of Arthrin was hastening to the bowers of his bride. Around him were the youth of his race, and he rejoiced in the strength of his land. Stately was his step along the side of the woody mountains, and majestic his mien as he strode through the lone valleys, by the margins of their floody streams. Upon his head gleamed a burnished helm, in his hand shone a deathful lance of steel, and upon his arm was braced the bossy shield of his sire. As a vigorous hart brushes through the brakes of the wood, or adown the sloping sides of the heathy hills, to meet the bounding roe, the mate of his joyous youth, so the valiant Aldrud, hale and hopeful, hasted to the haunts of his love. He hasted to the arms of Vinvena, to receive the fair of Din-Londra from her parent's hand.

To the hall of his love the hero came; but silence reigned around it. The towers were blackened by fire and defaced with ruin. No voice was heard within them, save that of the hollow wind murmuring in dismal moanings through their chinky walls. The courts were forlorn and dreary, for its chief had fallen by the foeman's guile, and his people were slain by the hand of the perfidious. Sad grew the heart of Aldrud; but it heaved with resentment. His cheek of love became red with rage, and his blue eye beamed with the blaze of ire. He struck his moony shield to arouse some dweller in secret, that his afflictive tale might direct his course to the treacherous foe, and brace his brawny arm for vengeance. Forth from the ruined

pile came slowly a hoary man, bent with a load of years, and tottering over the staff of age. His silver tresses whistled in the gale of spring, and he sighed as he heavily moved along. Upon the youth he bent the glistening eye of tears, while his faltering tongue detailed the ills of his lord, and the death of his people.

"From Lochlyn's * land the cruel rovers came. To the sea of storms they gave their black-bosomed ships, and their broad sails rattled amid the tempests of the foaming ocean. Bescreened in the darkness of night, and urged by the lust of blood, the ruthless prowlers sought Din-Londra's peaceful dwelling. As the eagle of heaven, fierce and remorseless, darts on his wareless prey, so rushed the myrmidons to the deaths of thousands. Their savage yells resounded, drear and horrible, through the towers of our chief, and destruction stalked, triumphant, over the havoc of his lordly race. They consumed with fire the halls of heroes, and the blaze of a thousand trophies illumed the murky bosom of the midnight sky. Long ere the dawn arose, their blood-stained vessels bounded on the face of the surgy deep, and their careering prows swept through the sea-green billows to the slaughter of the sons of other lands."—

"It is thine, O Father Deon!" exclaimed the impassioned Aldrud, "to judge the right. Give thy inspiration to this breast, and invigorate this arm to avenge the wrong—the wrong of innocence and the insult of love!" He said; and with hasty steps retraced the lonely paths of the wild.

* Lochlyn—a name given to the regions on the shores of the Baltic.

To the place of his fathers came the youth of the saddened soul, where he struck his responsive boss, and upraised the clang of war. His people knew the terrible alarm, and rushed from afar at the call of the valiant. In a hundred ships they dash through the reeling waves, nor heed the hissing of the tumultuous main. They seek Lochlyn of tempests, and their prows are towards the land of the ruthless ones. Stern and musive, Aldrud stands; he stands in silence amid the sons of the ocean. His thoughts are on the loves of Vinvena, while he sighs over the untimely fall of the maid.

Through the wavy billows of a sounding bay the ships of heroes glide to the gulfy shore. The leader of the throng bounds upon the foamy beach, beneath the lowering brow of a stupendous rock, and his warriors rank around him. Boldly he scales the cliffy sides of the threatening steep, and with stedfast ken surveys from afar the woody vales of the stranger's land. The sons of his strength await below; they see the daring of their lord, and glory in the fame of Arthrin's gallant chief. He gains the topmost peak of the hill of crags, and reposes from his toil on the side of a huge and hoary stone. Anon, bursts upon his ear the hum of a distant crowd. It was a train of Lochlyn's sons, the votaries of bloody Odin *, conducting a victim, the lorn

* Odin was the fierce war-god of the Northmen, who immolated human victims upon his altars, and adored him under many appellations characteristic of his sanguinary nature.—Among the Scandinavians, every family had its Rock of Execution, whence the aged, the diseased, the women, and the slaves, were hurled headlong, as victims devoted to Hela, the hateful president of the infernal regions.

captive of war, to the Rock of Death. Serene and dreadless, on its fateful summit sat the youthful darer, and beheld the approach of the cruel. In front of the dreadful band was led a daughter of distress, and a hundred voices raised the song of blood. But firm was the step of the devoted, and proud her lofty mien. Upon the cold gale of the north danced her golden ringlets as, dauntless, she strode in the march of woe. She was doomed to atone for the sins of a hated race, to be precipitated to the dreary regions of Hela's dark domain.

The hideous sight appalled the lonely chief as he bent his watchful eyes on the ruthless train. Firmer he seized his quivering lance, and his sword of steel shook in his wrathful grasp. The band of blood draw near.—As the lightning of the sky sweeps along the blue welkin and strews the forest in ruin, so rushed Aldrud on the direful crowd. He beheld the thongs of the ignoble on the lily hands of Din-Londra's fair. As the boar of the mountain shakes the oak in autumn and its spoils fall around, so sunk the bloody ones beneath the warrior's hand. His people hear the din of the conflict, and they haste to the harvest of fame. The ground is drenched with the gore of thousands, and the shouts of the triumphant arise. Before the brave of Arthrin flee the children of unholy Odin, and their carnage bestains the execrable precincts of his grove. Through its darksome shades crackles the vengeful fire, and consumes his fane of skulls.—

Proud in his gliding ship the generous Aldrud gives Din-Londra's daughter to the embrace of her sire. A

song to the praise of Deon, the defender of the good, melts on the rustling air. With the voice of joy they hail the hills where their fathers dwelt. They rejoice in the fame of their chief, and the harps of a hundred bards celebrate his heroism at the feast.—The tear of joy was in the eye of Vinvena when she sunk into the warrior's arms. Their name is high in Arthrin, and DinLondra's sons exult in the glory of the lovely.

## No. II.

*" Should e'er Ambition's towering hopes inflame,*
*Let judging reason draw the vail aside;*
*Or, fir'd with envy at some empty name,*
*Read o'er the monument that tells—He died."*

OGILVIE'S ODE TO MELANCHOLY, St. 17.

TO fix the mind upon objects within the power of fortune is both weak and improvident. It is possible that what has been acquired may be lost, and even enjoyment may be lessened by care or embittered by sorrow. The pleasure, likewise, arising from fruition seldom compensates the toil and solicitude by which it has been obtained. An eager pursuit after a particular object, by engrossing its faculties, also, dissipates and embarrasses the mind, and at the same time endangers our tranquillity and happiness. It is, therefore, vain, and ignoble, and unwise, to allow the attention to be

diverted from acquirements that are momentous and permanent, by others that are by nature uncertain and transitory. Intellectual attainments can only be made our own. For this reason, and because they smooth the path of duty and point out the road to immortal felicity, they alone are to be deemed worthy of the exertions of a rational mind.

Ambition, when it exists as the desire of applause bestowed upon the execution of something great, or excellent, or beneficial, is, doubtless, one of the noblest passions of the human heart. It then prompts to laudable enterprise, it excites to deeds of benevolence, it stimulates to the practice of virtue, and it calls forth the achievements of magnanimity and patriotism. But however honourable may be its intentions, and however amiable its designs, they are not exempted from change and disappointment. Vicissitude is the lot of humanity, and the state assigned to terrestrial things. The career of youth may be commenced with prosperity, and a series of fortunate events may promise a happy consummation; but, at the very time when the soul is congratulating itself upon the prospects of felicity, the darkling clouds of misfortune begin to gather around it. The lowering gloom of adversity darkens, deepens, and expands; till, amid the burst of its storm, happiness, and even existence, is overwhelmed in the gulf of misery. Of this melancholy observation, the truth is strongly depicted in the scenes of life, and of its wide and general application the following affecting narrative exhibits a lively and interesting picture.

Don Emmanuel de Souza* was, from 1588 to 1590, governor of Diu, a Portugueze settlement in India, where he amassed immense wealth. On his return to his native country, the ship, in which were his lady, the beautiful Leonora de Sa, all his riches, and five hundred men, his sailors and domestics, was dashed to pieces on the rocks which form the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the crew, only escaped, and with difficulty saved a few arms and a scanty stock of provisions.

As they marched through the rude uncultivated desarts of Southern Africa, some of these forlorn and unhappy beings died of famine, of thirst, and of fatigue; others, who wandered from their companions in wretchedness, in search of water, were murdered by the sanguinary barbarians, or destroyed by the wild beasts of the woods. The horror of this miserable situation was most dreadfully aggravated to the tender Leonora. Added to her own privations and personal sufferings, which must have been anguishing and exquisite, she was doomed to be a daily witness of the wants and the woes of her delicate babes, without being able to mitigate or relieve them. But the distress of her breaking heart was rendered intolerable by the knowledge of the agonizing situation of her doating husband, who now began to betray the perturbation of his mind by discovering fits of insanity. They arrived, at last, at a lone hamlet inhabited by a horde of predatory Ethio-

* This shipwreck and deplorable catastrophe is the subject of an affecting poem, by Jerome de Cortereal, a Portugueze poet.

pians, exhausted with want, wretchedness, and fatigue. At first, they met with a hospitable and courteous reception, under which was masked an ungenerous and malignant design. De Souza, partly stupified with grief and thrown off his guard by their perfidious favour, at the desire of the barbarians, yielded up to them the arms of his company. No sooner was this done than the savages stripped naked the whole of the miserable sufferers, left them destitute of subsistence, and exposed to the mercy of the prowlers of the desart. The misery of the delicate and exposed Leonora was increased by the brutal insults of the base and unfeeling negroes. Her husband, unable to prevent or lessen her calamities, could only behold and commiserate them. After having travelled nearly three hundred leagues, her limbs swelled, and her wounded feet bled at every step. Her strength being at last exhausted, she sunk down, amid the parched and pathless wild, and with the sand covered herself to the neck, to conceal her uncloathed and emaciated body. In this dreadful situation she beheld two of her children expire. Death, soon after, relieved her from such unparallelled distress. Her husband, who had long been enamoured of her beauty, received her last breath in a distracted embrace. Immediately after, he snatched his third child into his arms, and, uttering the most lamentable cries, rushed into the closest thicket of a neighbouring wood. The wild beasts were soon heard to growl over their prey.—

Of the whole four hundred who escaped the waves, only twenty-six arrived at another Ethiopian village, the inhabitants of which, in consequence of their inter-

course with other nations and commerce with the merchants of the Red Sea, were more humane and civilized. From this place, they found a passage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the calamitous fate of their companions.

This most impressive episode has attracted the splendid genius of Luis de Camoëns, the epic poet of Portugal, who has made it the subject of a pathetic and sublime description. With inimitable effect he has put it into the mouth of the Spirit of the Cape of Tempests*, in a terrific address to the daring Gama, on his voyage to the discovery of India.

"The howling blast, ye slumbering storms prepare,
A youthful Lover and his beauteous Fair,
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
Themselves escaped, despoil'd by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands.
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
Shall now no more a hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
Through dreary wilds where pilgrim never trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,

* The Cape of Good Hope was so named by the first discoverers.

The hapless Lover and his Bride shall stray,
By night unsheltered, and forlorn by day.
In vain the Lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.
Her tender limbs and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parch'd by the sun, and shrivel'd by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpast,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.—

*Mickle's Camoëns' Lusiad, B. V. v.* 487—415. *n.*

## No. III.

*"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;*
*And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy*
*The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,*
*To meditation due, and sacred song?"*

THOMSON'S SUMMER, v. 66—69.

SWEET is the breath of Morn, says the sublimely descriptive Milton, her rising sweet, with charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun, when first on this delightful land he spreads his orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower, glistering with dew.—Such, among many others, are the incitements exhibited by the face of Nature to prompt mankind to Early Rising.

IT is generally allowed, that this patriarchal habit is most abundant in advantages conducive both to health

and happiness. To recommend it is, therefore, a popular subject, and has been a theme of genius applauding the practice of the wise in every age. The following observations on the pleasure and usefulness attending it, solicit the regard of those who have become enamoured of indolence, and are ignorant of the gratification they forego, by indulging sloth and inaction.

The exercise of Early Rising confirms a sound constitution, and is a certain indication of industry. It applies to every situation in life. What advantages does the mechanic, or man of business, derive from it? It invigorates the body and animates the mind; and strength contemplates labour and exertion with joy. Each begins his assigned work betimes, and it advances beneath his hand. His task is completed at an early hour, and he enjoys repose from his toil, amid the society of his friends in the evening, with an exquisite relish, which receives a zest from the approbation of a virtuous mind.

But there are some whose business is pleasure, and whose sole concern is self-gratification. Now, these of all men are frequently the most unfortunate in their choice of the means whereby to accomplish so desirable an end. What can be supposed to be more pregnant with solace and variety than the face of Nature beautified by all the blushing charms of the dawn? It is exuberant in objects clothed with loveliness, and decorated with every diversity that contributes to beguile solicitude and enliven delight. Let such, then, whose only labour is to *Enjoy Life*, hasten from the couch of indolence and inactivity, and pursue betimes the course of energy and enterprize. If no domestic arrangement

require their attention, let them seek the fields and trace the beauties of the spring. They will see in the daisy's blush an emblem of modesty, and a picture of elegance and delicacy in the lily's tender bloom. They will hear the effusions of gratitude in the wild-bird's song, and receive a lesson of industry from the ceaseless application of the provident bee.

Vegeto was young, gay, and handsome. His mind was enlightened by education, and his manners polished by intercourse with refined society. His heart bounded with health, and his eye sparkled with animation and hilarity. He was amiable, vigorous, and accomplished, but his modes of life had prevented him from becoming acquainted with the advantages of Early Rising. Accident had made him acquainted with Amanda, who was lively, beautiful, and good. The occurrence gave birth to a new sensation in his mind. He became restless and unaccountably volatile; and, among his other eccentricities, he was seized with a fit of loving a walk in the morning. During one of his early rambles he strayed into a solitary valley, the sides of which were covered with woods, and its bosom laved by a limpid rill. On its banks he met the fair Amanda, whose picture might have represented the Goddess of Morning, for sweetness and beauty. The interview must have been more than agreeable, for it confirmed the newborn exertions of the youth; and, either the loveliness of the scene, the charms of his companion who afterwards became his wife, or the vivacity of the heart produced by air and exercise, drew from him, on his return, the following lines descriptive of

### *THE MORNING.*

How bright beams the sun from behind the high mountain,
O'er slumbering Nature diffusing the day!
All crystal and clear gleams the fall of the fountain,
In the red mellow rays on its waters that play.

Delightful and mild are the breezes of morning,
Soft fanning the bosom of each blooming rose,
And fragrant the wild flowers the green mead adorning,
Where the lone bourn in secret meandering, flows.

Now gay are the groves, and the fresh buds are shining,
With dew-drops bespangling the shrub and the thorn,
And blithely the birds, on the green boughs intwining,
In notes of sweet melody welcome the morn.

The song of the lark through the white cloud ascending,
Is soothing amid the light mists of the air.
O'er Nature contentment and peace are extending,
And Hope plants a smile on the brow of Despair.

Turn to the man of genius, and consider the enjoyments he derives from Early Rising. If he sit down to study, he rejoices in the exhilaration of his mind which is vigorous and happy. He proceeds with success and vivacity. His ideas are clear, his conclusions just, and his diction perspicuous. He is not tormented with drowsy languor, or the feeble imbecility of sloth. By his own mind his exertions are approved, and this gives a brilliancy to the playful wit and conviviality which conclude his joyous day.

But let us follow the good man, or the philosopher, in his morning walk. What are his thoughts and observations on the objects among which he wanders? He sees the dewy plants and flowers opening their glistening leaves, and reviving in the beams of the sun. The hum of the diligent bee is heard by him; he beholds it flitting from flower to flower, and delighting in its luscious toil. He receives a lesson of activity and industry, and he resolves to copy the perseverance of the bee. The song of the lark, and the carols of birds perched on the springing branches sweetly melt on his ear. He catches a glow of gratitude from the little harmonists, his tributary aspirations ascend to the Sovereign of Nature, his soul expands in devotion, and his heart becomes rapt with feelings of ecstacy and joy. Turning his contemplative eye to the nobler works of creation, he admires their order and beauty, and beholds, in their construction and economy, the obvious exercise of almighty wisdom and power. Meditation beguiles his thoughts from the scenes of time. They sweep from the terrestrial to more exalted spheres—they bound to the Creator's throne. To the author of his being he commends his cares, he unfolds his weaknesses, and discloses his wants. Hope exhilarates his breast, joy lightens his countenance, and serenity and confidence become the pledge of future felicity.—So exquisite are the enjoyments of a mind, tutored by Science and attuned to Virtue, and at the same time impressed with a sense of rectitude and religion.

## No. IV.

*"And wilt thou then, O generous maid,*
*Such matchless favour show,*
*To share with me, a banish'd wight,*
*My peril, pain, or woe?*

*"Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store*
*To crown thy constant breast;*
*For, know, fond hope assures my heart*
*That we shall soon be blest."*

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH, FIT II. St. 7 and 8.

THE blackbird fills the grove with his loud melody, while the sweet warblings of the linnet steal, with a charming sweetness, between the breaks of his song. It is thus with the votaries of the Muse. Their strains are as diversified as those of the songsters of the wood. The general object of all is to please. They excel, who delight and instruct—who gain attention, and by powerfully influencing the passions, improve the mind. There are, who contemplate with rapture the high branching arms of the majestic oak, while at their side may be those, who admire the blush of the daisy and dwell with delight on the hawthorn's bloom. The superior departments of poetry, in like manner, possess their attractions and are received with applause, while the humble strain plays around the heart and commands the tribute of simplicity receiving pleasure from truth.

This arises from the susceptibility of taste to receive congenial impressions. The Epic owes its influence to imitation and embellishment: the Pastoral, while it lisps the language of Nature, points the finger of feeling and the eye of observation to the pictures it describes.

The different classes of poetry are as various as the subjects it inculcates, or the affections upon which it is intended to operate. There are, the epic or heroical, the didactic or moral, the satirical, the bucolic or pastoral, the elegiac, the amorous or what consists of love verses, the hymnic, and, besides some other kinds, what may be denominated the narrative, consisting of the ballad and the tale. This latter species of versification is of ancient use. The Athenians used it with much success, and Solon, their great legislator, propagated his institutions among the lower orders by clothing them in popular verse. In our own country, this kind of composition has long been a favourite branch in the poetical department. The people delight in the song, the ballad, and the metrical tale. If some of these are deficient in elegance, many abound with a nobler grace. They are strong incentives to prowess and military valour, they foster a manly love of freedom and independency, they draw forth a desire for honourable renown, and they cultivate humanity, delicacy, and feeling, by acting upon the tender passions and rousing the energies of the unvitiated mind.

These observations point to the following Piece, the production of a female pen. The simplicity of its structure, in language and arrangement, it is hoped, will please; and the sentiments it breathes cannot fail

to interest. It is submitted as a picture, exhibiting a contrast of manners, and delineating the progress of the tender passion in a delicate and generous mind. It will not mislead the affections; and, as it may innocently amuse, it will not be disregarded by such as imitate Nature, and respect those feelings which Nature excites.

*THE HEIR OF*

## STRATH-GARTNEY.

A TALE.

"Ah! why, poor youth, thy ruin'd frame,
Thy raiment why so torn,
Thy limbs deep wounded, bare, and lame,
Thy aspect all forlorn?

"Thy mien would better birth bespeak,
Has fortune proved unkind?
The roses wither'd on thy cheek
Betray a troubled mind.

"And, why thy eye so sunk and wild
Do swelling tears now fill?"—
The youth replied, "I'm sorrow's child;
They call me crazy Will.

"But Will has seen a better time,
Though destined now to rove:
His hands are stain'd with ne'er a crime;
His heart but dared to love.

" As blackbird chanting on the spray,
With voice so sweet and shrill,
I once was happy, blithe, and gay,
Though now I'm crazy Will.

" When set to dine, I drank the wine,
The sack, and hydromel;
Now water clear is fitter cheer,
And better suits poor Will.

" My food the berry from the thorn,
And with the birds of air,
I'd treat the human race with scorn,
Except for Anna fair."—

" Where's Anna," now the stranger cries,
" Is she another's bride?"—
The fire flash'd fierce in William's eyes,
His cheeks the crimson dyed.—

" No, no—but, hark! the thunder's roll—
I see a yawning vast;—
The howling tempest tears my soul,—
My brain whirls in the blast."—

" Poor Youth! I've touch'd a tender part,
But, trust me, I would fain
Restore to peace thy wounded heart,
And sooth thy every pain."—

With doubting look he answer'd, " sure
'Twould baffle all your skill;
For none on earth can ever cure
The love-cross'd, crazy Will.

" But now I fear too long we stand;
The sun has pass'd his noon."—
The stranger kindly press'd his hand—
" We must not part so soon.

" Dear Youth! your name I fain would know,
And place where you abide;
And if I cannot cure your woe,
I'll better fare provide."—

The youth replied, " your words so kind
Would tempt me to impart
The secrets of a troubled mind,
And open all my heart.—

" My father was a man of wealth,
And true to Stewart's line,
Which caused him leave his home by stealth,
And e'en his name resign.

" Nine seasons o'er my youthful head
Had scarce their changes run,
When with my parent thus I fled:—
I was his only son.

" No vassals tend us as we stray'd,
Nor pages wait our call;
Our garments changed to homely plaid,
To me seem'd wonder all.

" And far we wander'd many a day,
O'er waste and dreary wild:
My father cheer'd me by the way,
And all my cares beguiled.

" Where Greenwood's scenes unite to charm,
We reach'd a lovely spot;
And here we hired a little farm,
And rear'd an humble cot.

" The ivy weaves around its sides
A robe of glossy green;
And wheresoe'er a root divides,
A rose is placed between.

" The woodbine mantles round the door,
With shade so sweet and cool;
And neatly pave the cottage floor
Pure pebbles from the pool.—

" My father now a shepherd see,
Conceal'd from all his foes,
Enjoy the fruits of industry,
Contentment and repose.

"Each morn he'd tend his fleecy care,
And, when the day was done,
Would to his peaceful home repair,
And there instruct his son.

"All day through flowery dells I ranged,
And garlands gay would twine,
Unmindful of my fortune changed,
No future care was mine.

"Till Anna fair I chanced to meet,
Alone by Greenwood-Hall;
No opening flower was half so sweet;
She far excell'd them all.

"Her form, her features, all divine,
With wonder fill'd my breast,
Nor did she seem displeased with mine
Nor shunn'd when I caress'd.

"She look'd so pleased, so sweetly smiled,
Her tale so artless told;
For Anna, then, was but a child,
Scarce turn'd of seven years old.

"Now hand in hand we daily roam
In search of fragrant flowers,
Reluctant aye we think of home,
And leave the silvan bowers.

" And oft I felt a pang to part
I ne'er before had known:
I long'd to fold her to my heart,
And call her all my own.

" Our hearts, as if for one design'd,
Like woodbine on its tree,
The older grown, the closer twin'd—
'Twould break to set them free.

" How unperceived the seasons flew!
Nine rapid years fast sped:
At length the Squire suspicious grew;
And all our pleasures fled.

" At wonted hour I sought the plain;
My bosom fill'd with care;
I watch'd for Anna's steps in vain;
No Anna wander'd there.

" Next day she came with heavy heart,
And told me all her woe,
That we must now forever part:
Her father will'd it so.

" Within a woodland's mossy cave
We sought a lone retreat,
Where to our grief full vent we gave,
And plighted vows repeat.

" Unseen, we thought, by every eye,
And no intrusion fear'd:
But ah! the subtile Squire was nigh,
And all our converse heard.

" Red, red with rage his visage grew;
In words of wrathful scorn,
He vow'd to make us dearly rue
That e'er we had been born.

" I little cared his threats to me,
But for my Anna's sake;
For, O! I fear'd his cruelty
Her gentle heart would break.

" Now home I went, my soul was sad;
No more the vale I ranged;
No songsters there could make me glad;
E'en nature's face was changed.

" My sire me to a distance sent,
Reluctant all to go,
Though well I knew his kind intent,
Was to divert my woe.

" My path was waylaid by a band
Of ruffians hired to kill:
They seiz'd and tied me foot and hand,
Though me they owed no ill.

" They gagg'd my mouth, and on the ground,
All gasping to get breath,
Thus savage-like they left me bound
To meet a lingering death.

" A dreary night and day I pass'd;
All hope was far removed;
I thought each hour would prove my last;—
Yet Anna still I loved.

" A shepherd found me in this plight,
Whose flock had distant stray'd,
And, moved with pity at the sight,
He hasten'd to my aid:

" And to his lowly cot me bare,
All helpless and unknown,
And tended me with kindly care
As I had been his own.

" My limbs benumb'd, and swell'd, and sore,
Required a time to rest:—
But time nor rest can e'er restore
The quiet of my breast.—

" Now to our home again I haste,
To lean my weary head:—
The flocks were gone,—the cottage waste,—
And, ah! my father fled.

" 'Twas then that reason dropp'd the rein;
My blood ran cold and chill;
A burning fever seiz'd my brain,
And left me crazy Will."—

The stranger heard in mute surprise,
Till when the youth was done;
Then clasps him to his breast and cries,
" Art thou Strath-Gartney's son?

" That manly form full well I know
So like my long-loved friend:—
I've tidings glad to cure thy woe,
And make thy sorrows end.

" Your father sought you o'er the plain,
Unwearied, night and day,
And when his labour proved in vain,
To grief became a prey.

" He knew his en'mies' baleful hate,
Which caused him first to roam;
But now, regardless of his fate,
He boldly ventured home.

" Soon was he seized by watchful foe,
Whose wrath no time could cure,
But sought, in death or overthrow,
To make his ruin sure.

"His well-known worth the king beheld,
And seal'd his pardon free;
His title only he withheld,
And that conferr'd on thee.

"Thy father's friend, as such I'm sent,
My sovereign's servant too;
By both on the same errand bent,
And that 's in search of you.

"O that I could restore thy rest,
And cause thy sorrows cease;—
How will it wound thy parent's breast,
To see thy broken peace!"—

In thoughtful silence William stood,
His bosom heaved a sigh,
When, in a solemn pensive mood,
He utter'd this reply.

"There grows a flower in Greenwood bower,
Far sweeter than a rose,
Had I the power to gain that flower,
'Twould all my mind compose."—

To Greenwood-Hall the stranger hies,
So stately and so fair;
Its turrets rise to meet the skies;
And guide his footsteps there.

His courtly mien, and grand attire
A welcome kind insure,
Where gaudy shew can more inspire
Than humble worth when poor.

He Greenwood's haughty squire address'd,
In words of graceful ease;
Though little favour'd in his breast,
'Twas policy to please.

"I have a friend, a baron bold,
Who has one son and heir,
He profers all his lands and gold
With him to Anna fair."

The squire was glad, and answer'd kind;
It fill'd his heart with joy,
For much he fear'd, with constant mind,
She loved a shepherd boy.—

He guides the stranger to a bower,
Beneath a skirting wood,
Where Anna often spent an hour,
In pensive solitude.

Her face, her form, her modest mien,
The stranger well approved:
Her like before he ne'er had seen,
Nor wonder'd William loved.

He now, with words of courtesy,
Address'd the blushing fair;
"A noble youth makes suit to thee,
A baron's only heir.

"If virtue pure, and manly grace,
With form surpassing fair,
May in your bosom win a place,
Then, Lady, place him there.

"He knows your worth, he saw you fair,
His heart of you approves;
Your answer kind will ease his care;
For you he dearly loves."—

Like sunny beam through April shower,
So shone fair Anna's eye;
She struggled hard to summon power,
And then made this reply:

"In pity to my hapless fate,
I pray your suit remove,
The object of a father's hate
His daughter 's doom'd to love.

"I love him much, I've loved him long,
And love him ever will,
I know for me he suffer'd wrong,
And fear he suffers still.

"Each spot wherever he appear'd,
Remembrance still endears;
Each flower that by his hand was rear'd
I water with my tears.

"To sooth his care, O happy lot!
A shepherd though he be,
With William I'd prefer a cot
To lord of high degree.

"By mutual vow he holds my heart,
So faithful and so true,
No power on earth our loves can part,
No fortune make me rue."—

"O lady sweet, yet condescend,—
I beg it on my knee—
That you for once admit my friend,
Then seal your own decree.

"Your constancy I much admire,
So must Sir William too,
His visit may appease thy sire,
And service prove to you."—

Fair Anna paused and heaved a sigh,
Then bow'd a meek consent.
The stranger thank'd her courteously,
And fast from Greenwood went.

The squire still watching Anna's eye,
Six anxious days had pass'd,
When from the tower he chanced to spy
The stranger come at last.

Who now return'd, and by his side,
A youth of lordly mien;
They both on stately coursers ride,
Their pages dress'd in green.

Their steeds were harness'd rich in gold,
So splendid their attire,
That all with wond'ring eyes behold,
Nor least surprized the squire.

Straight to the hall their course they bend,
Where lovely Anna stood,—
"Here, Lady, I have brought my friend,
And hold my promise good.

"O kindly listen to his suit,
And let him comfort prove;
He seems so thoughtful and so mute,
I fear he 's sick of love.

"For I have warn'd him of the fate,
Which may his hopes destroy,
That you, to all his wealth and state,
Prefer a shepherd boy."—

From Anna's cheek the roses flew,
She stood like lily-flower,
Bent with the weight of morning dew,
Or eve's refreshing shower.

Till William clasp'd her in his arms
And said, " O love him still,
Sir William doating on thy charms,
Is just thy shepherd Will."

ÆOLINE.

## No. V.

*" O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!*
*Needful austerities his will restrain;*
*As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.*
*As yet, his reason cannot go alone;*
*But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.*
*His little heart is often terrified;*
*The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;*
*Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;*
*His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there."*
YOUNG'S COMPLAINT, NIGHT VIII. v. 249—257.

THE pernicious effects of too much indulgence to children are, in general, obvious to all but the over-fond parent. The neglect of a little salutary discipline, during the period of youth, proves indeed, very fre-

quently the bane of happiness throughout every after-stage of life. It is, however, an evil which proceeds not from corrupt dispositions, but is rather what might almost be called an amiable weakness. Yet it ought to be carefully guarded against, even for the sake of the objects so dearly beloved.

We seldom fail to find a child losing the regard of every one else, just in proportion as he receives improper indulgence from his parents. He, of course, becomes untoward, haughty, and petulant; and is in danger of growing up, like Esau, with a hand raised against every one, and every one's hand upraised against him. Accustomed to the gratification of all his desires, he can ill brook control or disappointment, and is apt to become impetuous upon every occassion of restraint and provocation, either real or imaginary.

The lasting influence of these intemperate early habits too often mars the happiness of social connexions. From them proceed the turbulent and overbearing husband, and the self-willed, undutiful wife. It is, therefore, the duty of the guardians of youth, as they love them and prize their future prosperity, to guard against this fatal error. They ought, also, to watch over, and study, the different dispositions of their minds, and to endeavour, accordingly, to arrange their mode of individual treatment.—

Evaline was the only daughter of respectable parents. Engagements in an extensive business kept her father much from home, and her mother was of a weakly and delicate constitution. Evaline was their all,

and their affection for her knew no bounds. She was, therefore, brought up with every indulgence which this excess of fondness could draw forth. She early contracted an intimate friendship with Agnes, the daughter of a widow lady who had been left with a numerous family, and lived in the immediate neighbourhood. Agnes was educated with ideas very different from those of her young friend, having been, of necessity and from principle, taught the profitable lesson of industry and frugal economy, and to consider health and intellectual powers as given for higher purposes than the amusement of the possessor. The mispending of time and the misapplication of these precious endowments, was impressed upon her mind as being a source of never-failing unhappiness and calamity to the infatuated abusers of such inestimable blessings. As she had learned, from experience, that useful employment constitutes pleasure and is pregnant with advantage, it prevented time from appearing tedious; and ennui was only known to her by name.

The two friends were nearly of an age, and happened to be married much about the same time. Agnes was united to a deserving man, whose dispositions exactly coincided with her own. They had not wealth, but enjoyed a competency, and were contented and happy. Evaline became the wife of a worthy man, possessed of an ample fortune. He was enamoured of her beauty, which, in a great measure, blinded him to her foibles, although these were but too obvious to others. Her conduct after marriage, however, proved

so glaring, that his eyes, though reluctantly, were at last opened. Dress, equipage, and visiting, engrossed all her thoughts and attention. Her disappointed husband fondly cherished the expectation, that time and reflection might bring round a reform; but in this he found himself greatly mistaken. In due time she brought him a son. He now hoped that the career of folly would be at an end, and flattered himself that her attention would naturally be turned to an object so interesting. But no change in the lady's conduct took place. She soon informed him that a nurse must be provided for the child, because she would undergo neither the fatigue nor the confinement which the discharge of that duty required. He ventured to expostulate, but was upbraided with an unfeeling disregard of her happiness.

She next became the parent of a lovely daughter, without being diverted from her injurious propensities by a concern for her tender charge. Matters were daily growing worse; and, although she saw her husband unhappy, she did not wish to consider herself the cause. As she could not endure the want of company, she became less select in her choice and more extravagant in her follies, until the tongue of censure, at length, began to exaggerate them into enormous crimes. Her husband could no longer remain silent; and, as she did not choose to be admonished, a very unpleasant altercation took place. In the course of this, she branded him with want of affection, and questioned his ever having entertained for her the regard which he professed. She supposed his motives from the beginning were

mercenary; and that now, having obtained her fortune, he began to discover his dislike of her person. She had, however, been always accustomed to gratify and follow her own inclinations, and had never, even when a child, met with either check or remonstrance from those who had a much better title to apply them, had they thought such interference necessary. She concluded with adding, that he might spare himself the pain and trouble of expressing them, as she was not disposed either to listen to his dictates, or attend to his admonitions. To the last part of her speech he made no reply, but throughout the remainder of the day appeared thoughtful and reserved; and, when he addressed her, it was with a studied civility which she could not help feeling. Next morning he ordered his horse; and, having put a paper into her hand and told her that he would not return until the following day, he mounted, and rode off. She hastily broke the seal and read the following

*LETTER.*

My Dear Evaline, for such you still are in despite of your errors and my sufferings, I do not yet consider you wicked, although I much fear you are on the highway to ruin and infamy. As I, therefore, feel myself unequal to the task of combating the evil effects of your early habits, I have now resolved to restore you to the charge of those under whose auspices they were formed. I shall give you these three reasons by which

I have been influenced in forming this resolution. The first is, that your ruin may not be accomplished while under my protection; the second, a dread of the evil consequences your giddy example may have upon our little ones; and the third, a desire of mutual peace.—Alas! how soon have my high-formed hopes of conjugal felicity passed away like a morning cloud, and left me forlorn and wretched! My house is become a scene of riot, and the beloved of my bosom cannot spare an hour's attention to a fond husband and his helpless children.

I SHALL, however, satisfy you that my motives in forming the connexion have been every thing but mercenary. You shall carry back the full sum I received as your dowry; and, as you set a much higher value upon it than I do, to this shall be added another not unworthy of your acceptance. Although your improvidence and profusion might soon have put it out of my power, I have still enough for my own wants, and wherewith to educate my children in the way I approve. With these wrecks of my blasted prospects, I shall retire to some peaceful seclusion; where, by devoting my whole attention to the formation of their youthful minds, I will endeavour to guard them against those habits, by the effects of which I am now overwhelmed with distress. The plan of your departure I expect will be arranged before my return; and may you ever be happier than is your sorrowful but affectionate

HUSBAND.

Evaline was thunder-struck. She had no idea of matters being brought to such a crisis. While she could not repress a sensation of conscious shame, she, at the same time, knew not how to act, as it would be so humiliating to make the matter known to any of her fashionable acquaintance. She now thought of Agnes, who, since her marriage, had been by her forgotten and neglected. She instantly set out to call upon her early friend, and found her busily engaged in the management of her family, with a lovely child in her arms and another standing at her knee. Agnes received her with unaffected kindness; and, after repeated efforts, learned from her the object of her visit, and was permitted to read the letter. This being done, she remained silent until her friend, having urged her to speak her mind freely, begged her counsel and advice. "My dear Evaline," said Agnes hesitatingly, "then I must say, I think you are to be blamed—very much to be blamed."—"Well then," replied Evaline, in faultering accents, "allowing that to be the case, what would you advise me to do?"—"Just," answered Agnes, "the only thing you now can do to re-establish yourself in the regard of your husband and in the esteem of the world, and to secure your own happiness and honour. You ought to receive your husband on his return, with every mark of penitence and submission. You ought to make a thousand concessions, though he do not require them. But you must first resolve firmly within yourself, that your future life shall be devoted to make atonement to him for the errors of the past."—"But do you think," replied Evaline, with the tears

streaming from her eyes, " that he can receive me with forgiveness, or love me as formerly?"—" Yes," said Agnes, " I think he will. His affection seems to be still within your reach; but one step farther might put it for ever out of your power. Do but read that letter dispassionately, and see what an affectionate husband you have rendered unhappy."—

Evaline was silent, and appeared much humbled. She took an affectionate leave of Agnes; and, returning home, secluded herself to ponder over the past, and to prepare her mind for future conduct. Upon a serious retrospection, she felt extremely dissatisfied. The longer she considered her own imprudences, an increasing respect for her husband gradually arose in her mind, and she now anxiously longed for an opportunity of making those concessions, to which she at first felt so much reluctance. Her husband returned, and, before the repentant Evaline had completed an acknowledgment of her errors, she was inclosed in an embrace of forgiveness and love. She has now become as remarkable for conjugal affection, maternal solicitude, and every social virtue, as she had formerly been for levity and extravagance. Agnes is her confident and counsellor. She is a tender mother, and a dutiful wife. " Her husband is known in the gates, her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her." —And, in the words of the elegant Thomson,

" They flourish now in mutual bliss, and rear
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round."

Æ.

# No. VI.

*" O if the fav'ring gods*
*Direct this arm, if their high will permit*
*I pour a prosperous vengeance on the foe,*
*I ask for life no longer, than to crown*
*The valiant task. Steel then, ye powers of heaven,*
*Steel my firm soul with your own fortitude,*
*Free from alloy of passion. Give me courage,*
*That knows not rage; revenge, that knows not malice;*
*Let me not thirst for carnage but for conquest:*
*And conquest gain'd, sleep vengeance in my breast,*
*Ere in its sheath my sword."*

MASON'S CARACTACUS, Arviragus loq.

THE great and the good alone merit everlasting renown. Events may combine, however, to throw a lustre over names which would otherwise have remained unremembered and unknown. To this fortuitous circumstance is to be ascribed the celebrity which accompanies the character of Hamlet, prince of Denmark. An occurrence of his life has been seized by the matchless Shakespear; and, upon that, his magic pen has raised a structure which might have immortalized a less exalted theme. Without this, the illustrious avenger might still have remained a popular hero in the traditionary tales of Scandinavia; and his actions, obscured by splendid fables, have slumbered for ages in

the secluded pages of Saxo*, the sprightly historian of the achievements of the Northmen.

The character of Hamlet, when stripped of the fairy robe of the bardic loom, and divested of the less airy mantle wherein it has been enshrouded by the fabler's hand, possesses much interest and displays a fine combination of wisdom, magnanimity, and virtue, that ensures admiration and commands esteem. In this view, a biographical sketch of the generous Dane may be acceptable to such as are unacquainted with the scenes of his checkered and eventful life.

Hamlet, or according to Saxo, Amleth, was the son of Horwendil governor of Jutland, and Gertrude daughter of Ruric, who reigned over Denmark, in an age long antecedent to the introduction of Christianity into that country. Horwendil, having succeeded his royal father-in-law, fell by the ambitious hands of his brother Fengo, who married the queen and ascended the polluted throne. The prince, to avoid

* Saxo, from his extensive erudition, surnamed Grammaticus, was born of an illustrious Danish family, about the middle of the twelfth century. He was provost of the cathedral church of Roskild, and warmly patronized by the learned and warlike Absalon, the celebrated archbishop of Lunden, at whose instigation he wrote the History of Denmark. This work, consisting of sixteen books, begins from the earliest accounts of the Danish Annals, and concludes with the year 1156. It is written in Latin; and, considering the barbarous age in which he lived, is in general extremely elegant, but rather too poetical for history. It was printed at Soroe, in 1644, by Stephens, in two volumes, folio, the last of which is occupied by annotations of the editor. Saxo died sometime between the years 1156 and 1160. *See Stephens' Prolegomena to the Notes on Saxo, p. 8—24; Holberg, vol. I. p. 269; and Mallet's North. Antiq. Vol. I. p. 4.*

the fatal consequences of the usurper's jealousy, affected imbecility, and counterfeited the most extravagant exhibitions of folly. He is, however, represented as entertaining a strong abhorrence of falsehood; and, while constantly framing the most absurd and evasive answers, he artfully contrived never to deviate from the truth. The parricide, notwithstanding, suspected the reality of his madness, and endeavoured by various methods to discover the real state of his mind. With this view, he ordered his companions to leave him in a retired spot, where a young woman had been placed in his way, with a design to extort from him a confession that his folly was affected. Hamlet would have fallen into the snare, if a friend had not secretly given him intelligence of this treachery. Having carried the woman to a more secret place, he acknowledged to her the deception, and required her promise not to betray him. To this she readily assented, and faithfully observed the obligation. His answers to the questions put to him upon his return, while they consisted of the most artful subterfuges, seemed evidently to mark a disordered understanding. Upon another occasion, Fengo, concluding that Hamlet would not conceal his sentiments from his mother, concerted a meeting between him and the queen. Having ordered one of his minions to conceal himself, and, unknown to both, listen to their conversation, he departed from Elsinore, at that time the Danish capital. The courtier, at the proper time, repaired to the queen's apartment, and hid himself under a heap of straw which, in the earlier ages, was spread

over the floors of the great, as an article of refined luxury. Upon entering the cabinet, Hamlet, suspecting the presence of some spy, began, after his usual affectation of folly, to imitate the crowing of a cock, and to shake his arms like wings. While jumping about in this ridiculous manner he discovered the traitor under the straw; and, having instantly dispatched him, threw out his body to the hogs.

The prince now avowed to the queen that he only personated a fool, and then entered into a spirited expostulation against her unnatural and flagitious conduct and connexion. Interrupting his mother, who had begun to bewail the folly of her son, "Why," he says, "do you endeavour to conceal an atrocious crime, by an insincere condolence of my insanity; deplore, rather, your own errors and infamy, and be concerned to lament the depravity of your own mind.—On what has now past, be silent."—The queen remained mute, but was recalled to virtue by his stern admonitions.

Fengo, after his return to Elsinore, sent Hamlet into England under the care of two officers, and requested the king by a letter to destroy him. The prince discovered and altered the perfidious epistle, and the two false attendants were, immediately on their arrival, put to death by the English king. Hamlet, while in England, gave many astonishing proofs of a most transcendent understanding, and received a promise of obtaining the princess in marriage from her father. At the end of the year, he returned to Denmark, and as a report of his death had been spread and preparations

were making for his funeral, the court was greatly alarmed by his unexpected appearance. Some time afterwards, he invited the principal nobles to an entertainment, and having made them intoxicated, slew the whole and burnt the palace to the ground. During this transaction, he repaired to Fengo's apartment, and upbraided him with the murder of his father, whose death he now came to avenge. The guilty usurper instantly started up and seized a sword, but soon fell by the vengeful hand of the injured prince.

When the populace had assembled, on the next morning, to view the ruins of the palace, Hamlet summoned the remaining nobles, and in a long, energetic address, explained the motives of his conduct, and proved his uncle to have been the assassin of his father. He concluded in the following emphatic words; "Tread upon the ashes of the monster, who, polluting the wife of his murdered brother, joined incest to parricide; and ruled over you with a most oppressive tyranny. Receive me as the minister of a just revenge—as one who felt for the sufferings of his father, and of his people. Regard me as the person who has purged the disgrace of his country, extinguished the infamy of his mother, and freed you from the despotism of a wretch whose crimes, if he had lived, would have daily increased and terminated in your destruction. Acknowledge my services; and, if I have merited it, present me with the crown. Behold in me these advantages—no degenerate person—no parricide, but the rightful successor to the throne, and the pious avenger of a

father's murder. I have rescued you from slavery—restored you to liberty—re-established your glory. I have destroyed a tyrant, and triumphed over an assassin. My recompense is in your hands. You can estimate the value of my services; and, in your virtue, I rest my hopes of reward."—This speech had the desired effect. The assembly melted into tears of joy; and, with applausive acclamations, unanimously proclaimed him king.

Soon after his elevation, Hamlet sailed into England, and ordered a shield to be made on which were represented the principal actions of his life. The king received him with feigned demonstrations of joy; and, having falsely assured him that his daughter was dead, recommended him to repair to Scotland, and make his adresses to Hermetruda the dowager-queen, who was remarkable for her cruelty and chastity, and had such an aversion to marriage, that not one of her suiters had ever escaped falling a sacrifice to her vengeance. This insidious advice was given that he might fall in the attempt. In spite of every difficulty, however, and by the assistance of his shield, which inspired the lady with a favourable opinion of his wisdom and valour, he obtained her in marriage, and returned with his bride into England. Being informed by the English princess to whom he had formerly been betrothed, that her father meditated his assassination, he avoided his fate by wearing armour under his robe; and, having slain the king in battle, sailed into Denmark, where he soon after fell in combat by the hand of Vigleth, the son of

Ruric, who had seized the government in his absence.—Hamlet, adds the historian Saxo, was a prince, who, if his fortune had been equal to his deserts would have rivaled the Gods in splendor, and in his actions would have exceeded the labours of Hercules. *Vide Saxonis Grammatici Historiæ Danicæ, Libri XVI. Cura Steph. Joh. Stephanii; Soræ* 1644, *Tom. I. p.* 49—59.

Adjoining to a royal palace, which stands about half a mile from Cronberg in Elsinore, is a garden, named *Hamlet's Garden*, and said, by tradition, to be the very spot where the murder of his father was perpetrated. The house is of modern date, and situated at the foot of a sandy ridge near the sea; the garden occupies the side of the hill, and is laid out in terraces rising one above another. *See Coxe's Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, Vol. V. p.* 89.

Many curious observations might be made upon the ingenuity and creative imagination of the immortal Shakespear, in a review of the foregoing sketch. The young woman who was placed to betray the prince, must have been the original of Ophelia, and the faithful friend, would suggest the good Horatio. The traitor among the straw is discovered in Polonius, and the poet's beautiful closet-scene, is rivaled only by the equally fine description of the historian. The ghost of old Hamlet is the offspring of the bard's magic powers. Shakespear seems to have taken the hint of his splendid tragedy from a translation of Belleforest, a French author's History of Hamlet, a work altered from Saxo, and embellished by fancy.

Y.

## No. VII.

*"Sylphs! your bold myriads on the withering heath*
*Stay the fell Syroc's suffocative breath;*
*Arrest Simoöm in his realms of sand,*
*The poison'd javelin balanced in his hand;—*
*Fierce on blue streams he rides the tainted air,*
*Points his keen eye, and waves his whistling hair;*
*While as he turns, the undulating soil*
*Rolls in red waves, and billowy desarts boil."*

DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN, P. I. C. IV. v. 63—70.

WIND, which is a sensible stream of air, is as various in its qualities and effects as any other of the phenomena of nature. According to the gradual increase of its force, it has been distinguished by different epithets. These are, a breeze, a gale, a gust, a storm, a tempest, a whirlwind, and a tornado or hurricane. The breeze proceeds with a pleasant glide, and is moderate and gentle in its course: the gale is a breeze of increased velocity and power. By a gust is meant a blast of moving air of sudden and violent action: the storm displays a vehement airy commotion, forceful and boisterous; and the tempest exceeds the storm by an augmented assemblage of impetuosity and destruction. The whirlwind sweeps with the tempest's force, and rages with a peculiar strength in its irresistible eddies. The hurricane includes the storm, the tempest, and

the whirlwind, accompanied by every attribute of terror and devastation, which aërial perturbation is capable of producing.

Such distinctive appellations, however, have only been applied to discriminate the various gradations of power exhibited by the profluent air *. There are others, of which the intention is, to denominate the range and action of particular winds, but more frequently to point out their pestilential and baneful influence. As those of a hurtful description are less known and familiar to the inhabitants of this genial region, the present inquiry will be directed towards giving, in brief sketches, an account of the causes, phenomena, and effects of those singular and dreadful exhibitions of Nature.

The noxious winds are chiefly confined to the sterile climes of the East, and have been described by travelers under various names. The Simoom is a hot-wind which, periodically, blows in the desarts of Africa, and other extensive arid regions. It proceeds in a track of about twenty yards in breadth, and its elevation seldom exceeds twelve feet. A terrific redness of the air precedes its approach, which may be

* Air—Common atmospherical air is a compound fluid completely inclosing the terraqueous globe. Its physical properties, are invisibility, fluidity, want of taste and smell, gravity, and elasticity; its chemical, the power of promoting combustion, and of maintaining the life of animals that respire it. One hundred parts of it are composed of 22. 57 of oxygen or the gas that supports vitality, and 77. 43 of azote, nitrogen, or that gas which suppresses combustion and extinguishes life.

occasioned by the eruption of flame from a distant volcano, in these vast and impenetrable wastes of sand. It appears to be a stream of electricity attended with noxious air, and conducted across the parched wilds by the attraction of some humid rocks, and always leaving behind it a sulphurous and suffocating sensation. Its effects on vegetative and animal life are instant and dreadful. By the preluding appearances of the sky, however, those who are accustomed to traverse these dreary solitudes, can readily distinguish its fatal advance; when the only hope of escape is in falling down with the face flat upon the ground, and continuing as long as possible without drawing in the breath. Should the affrighted wanderer inhale the noxious vapour in a considerable quantity, instantaneous suffocation ensues; and the least inspiration of it contaminates the lungs, and leaves the sufferer oppressed with asthma, and saddened by dejection and melancholy.

Bruce of Kinnaird, the celebrated traveler, who experienced the pernicious effects of the Simoom, in his journey through the Desart, gives of it the following picturesque description. "At eleven o'clock, while we contemplated with great pleasure the rugged top of Chiggré, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to solace ourselves with plenty of good water, Idris our guide cried out with a loud voice, 'Fall upon your faces, for here is the Simoom!' I saw from the south-east a haze come, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compresssed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth; and was

about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly; for I scarce could turn to fall upon the ground with my head to the northward, when I plainly felt the heat of its current upon my face. We all lay flat upon the ground as if dead, till Idris told us that it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze which I saw was indeed passed, but the light air that still blew was of a heat to threaten suffocation. For my part I found distinctly in my breast, that I had imbibed a part of it, nor was I free of an asthmatic sensation till I had been some months in Italy, at the Baths of Poretta, nearly two years afterwards*." Such is the terrible influence of the Simoom; and, although the severity of the blast seem to have passed over them instantaneously, yet it continued to blow so as to exhaust the solitary travelers, till twenty minutes before five o'clock in the afternoon. Its duration, therefore, through all its stages, continued nearly six hours, and left them in a state of the utmost lassitude and despondency.

The Kamsin, or hot-wind of the desart, is a tainted stream of air, probably, of the same volcanic origin. It is common in Egypt, where observation has discovered that it prevails most frequently in the fifty days preceding, and subsequent to, the equinox. Hence it has been distinguished by the general name of the *Wind of Fifty Days*. Travelers, particulary Volney,

* Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia, Edinburgh Edition, 1804, 8vo. Vol. VI. p. 462.

have described it, as being singularly inimical to vegetation and animal life. The heat of the Kamsin is so excessive and intolerable, that it has been compared to that of an oven at the moment of drawing out the bread. When it begins to blow, the atmosphere assumes an alarming and tremendous aspect. The sky, at other times so clear in that sunny region, becomes dark, lowering, and oppressive; the sun loses its splendour, and becomes of a violet colour; and the air, although cloudless, is thick and gray, and loaded with an extremely subtile and insinuating dust. This wind, always light and rapid, is not at first remarkably hot, but gradually becomes so while it continues. All animated bodies soon discover it by the changes it produces in them; and the lungs, which a too rarified air no longer expands, contract, and experience much uneasiness and pain. Respiration is frequent and difficult; the skin, parched and dry, and the body consumed by an internal heat. In vain is recourse had to large draughts of water; nothing can restore respiration. In vain is coolness sought for; all bodies in which it is usual to find it, deceive the hand that touches them. Marble, iron, water, notwithstanding the sun no longer appears, are hot and painfully ardent.

When the Kamsin blows, the inhabitants of the towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses; the streets are then deserted, and there reigns everywhere a dreary gloom and the dead silence of night. The inhabitants of the desarts retire to their tents, and to pits dug in the earth, where they remain till the

termination of the destructive heat. Sad is the fate of the lonely traveler whom the Kamsin surprises remote from shelter: he must suffer all its horrible effects, and these sometimes are mortal. The danger is most imminent when it blows in sudden gusts, the rapidity of the wind then increasing the heat to such a degree as to cause speedy death, which is a real suffocation. The lungs, being empty, become convulsed; the circulation is destroyed, and the blood driven, in a full current, towards the head and breast, produces a hemorrhagy at the nose and mouth after death.

The Kamsin is most fatal to those of a full habit, and to such as have the tone of their muscles destroyed by fatigue. To avoid its deadly consequences, it is found to be useful to stop up the nose and mouth with cloth; but the most successful preventative is that practised by the camels when out in the desart during the existence of this wind. These sagacious animals bury their noses in the sand, and there retain them till the blast be passed. He is wise who imitates their example.

When death ensues in consequence of inhaling this unwholesome vapour, the corpse remains a long time warm, swells, turns livid, and soon becomes putrid. Plants and shrubs, also, by its extreme aridity, are withered and stripped of their leaves and foilage, while water sprinkled upon a floor, or on the ground, in a few minutes evaporates. The emanations from animal bodies, that have died in consequence of it, when inhaled, crisp the skin, close the pores, and excite that feverish heat which is the constant effect of suppressed perspir-

ation. Such are the mortal effects of the Kamsin, the scourge of the Lybian desarts *.

The Harmattan is a remarkable periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa towards the Atlantic Ocean. From the subsidence of a white powder its origin has been ascribed to volcanic eruptions from some remote inland mountains. It comes on, indiscriminately, at any hour of the day, at any time of the tide, or at any period of the moon. It sometimes continues only during one day, generally five or six; but has been known to last sixteen, and usually returns three or four times every season. It blows with a moderate force, and is always attended by a fog or haze, so dense as to render not very distant objects invisible. The sun appears through the gloom only at noon, and then is of a pale red, exciting no painful sensation in the eye. At the same time, a copious subsidence of minute particles from the misty air, makes the grass and skins of the negroes assume a white appearance.

The Harmattan is accompanied by an extreme dryness, which injures or destroys vegetables of every kind. The grass withers, and becomes like hay; and the most vigorous evergreens feel its pernicious influence. The branches of the lemon, orange, and lime trees droop, their leaves becomes flaccid, decay, and are scorched so as to be easily reduced to powder. Its parching effects are likewise evident on the external parts of the human body. The eyes, nose, lips, and

* See Volney's Travels in Syria and Egypt, Vol. I. Chap. 4.

palate, are rendered dry and uneasy; and drink is frequently required, not so much to satisfy thirst as to remove a painful aridity at the root of the tongue. The nose and lips become sore and even chapped; and, though the air be cool, yet there is a troublesome sensation of a prickling heat on the skin. If the wind continue a few days, the cuticle peels off, first from the hands and face, and afterwards from the whole body.

By Mr Norris*, a gentleman who had frequent opportunities of observing its singular properties and effects, the Harmattan is said to be salubrious and highly conducive to health. Those labouring under fluxes, fevers, and similar diseases, or weakened by evacuations for the cure of them, often recover during its prevalence, when the progress of epidemics and infection is generally intercepted. It also heals ulcers and cutaneous eruptions, which is probably effected by its yielding no moisture to the mouths of the external absorbing vessels, by which the action of the other branches of the absorbent system is increased to supply the deficiency.

After much preceding wet weather, however, and when its track is over an extensive region containing much fenny land, the Harmattan becomes loaded with corrupt and infectious exhalations from putrid marsh-

* See his paper upon the subject, in The Philosophical Transactions, Vol. LXXI. Article, *An Account of the Harmattan.*

es, and then it is malignant and fatal to the health of mankind.

The Samiel * is another extraordinary hot-wind of powerful and pernicious action. It is peculiar to the Desart of Arabia, and usually blows from the north-west, during the months of July and August. It is said to continue with all its violence, to the very gates of Bagdat, but never to affect any person within the walls. In some years it does not appear; in others it blows six, eight, or ten times, seldom continuing more than a few minutes at once, and passing with the apparent velocity of lightning. Its approach is preceded by a thick haze, which appears like a cloud of dust rising out of the north-western horizon, while the rest of the air is clear and divested of clouds. The Arabian and Persian travelers, immediately upon observing this prelusive appearance, throw themselves with their faces to the ground, and continue in that position till the wind has passed, when it leaves behind it a strong sulphureous smell. Its career is so rapid, that if they be not careful to take this precaution, and thus receive the complete action of the destructive air, the consequence is instant death.

When the Samiel has blown over, the most alert of the wanderers of the desart get up, and look around them for their companions. If they see any lying mo-

* See Ives' Voyage from England to India, in 1754; Dr Lind's Essay on the Diseases incidental to Europeans in Hot Climates, Part II. Chap. I. page 135-6; and Analytical Review for February, 1790.

tionless, they take hold of a limb and forcibly jerk it, and if it separate from the body, it is a sure proof that the wind has had its full force. If, on the contrary, it do not come away, it is an equally certain sign that life remains, although by every appearance the person seem to be dead. In that case, they immediately cover him with clothes, and administer some warm diluting liquor to cause a perspiration, which is certainly but slowly induced, and counteracts the qualities of the poisonous wind. The Samiel is so well known in the vicinity of Badgat and Bassora, that the very children speak of it with apprehension and dread. It is, perhaps, the same as that described by M. de Beauchamp under the name of Seravansum, or, *Hot-Wind of the Wilderness*, which burns the face, impedes respiration, strips the trees of their leaves, advances rapidly in a straight line, and frequently kills people in six hours.

The Sirocco * is a periodical hot-wind, blowing from the south-east, during the spring months, in Dalmatia, Italy, and the Island of Sicily. It is probably the remains of the Kamsin or some other of the African poison-winds, but greatly deprived of its aridity and malignant influence by its passage over inland waters and the intervening sea. The usual period of its continuance, which is without rain, is twenty days, and it generally ceases at sunset. It is prejudicial to vegetation, by parching the buds and destroying the

* Fortis' Travels in Dalmatia, p. 277; and Brydone's Tour in Sicily and Malta, Vol. I. Letter XXIX. p. 104, 190-7.

foliage; but, to its influence are ascribed, a plentiful fishing and a luxuriant harvest on the mountains. It usually sets in with a whirlwind; and the air is then thick and oppressive, occasioning a violent perspiration, an unpleasant languor, and a general depression of spirits. To shun its effects, people shut up themselves in their houses, and by an incessant sprinkling of water, endeavour to maintain a cool temperature of the air. By observing this precaution, its baneful influence is easily avoided. D.

## No. VIII.

*"Hence, Pagan dreams! Too oft poetic youth*
*In Grecian robe hath stalk'd on British plains;*
*With hackney'd fiction deck'd the song of truth,*
*And pranced with freedom's air in classic chains."*
GISBORNE'S POEMS, Elegy on Mr Mason, p. 141.

CHRISTIANITY, above every other system of faith, is calculated to promote the interests and happiness of man. There is nothing great, or good, or beneficial, or admirable, or sublime, or heavenly, with which it does not make him acquainted. In the Scriptures, the sacred depository of its doctrines, are unfolded, to his veneration, the character and goodness of the Incomprehensible Being, by whom the universe was called into existence, and by whose omnipotence

it is upheld in order and beauty. There, also, he discovers the origin of things, and the entrance of the human race upon the stage of time. By them he is, likewise, taught the divine original of that immortal spirit which animates his frame, and directs his mind in its researches after knowledge, wisdom, and bliss.

The Scriptures abound with maxims, the most wise and appropriate, for the guidance of conduct. They require the discharge of no duty without, at the same time, pointing out the means that forward its performance, and exhibiting to its accomplishment the reward of immortal felicity. They are abundant in examples of dignity and virtue;—they direct to the paths of true honour, and the unerring way to fame and greatness;—they detail, with sympathetic feeling, the error of primeval man;—and they enable his ruined progeny to contemplate, with exultation and confidence, that stupendous event which consummated the divine benevolence, and won an everlasting triumph to the Messiah's reign.

But the Scriptures, while they pledge a blissful reward to the wise and virtuous, denounce the most dreadful and irresistible judgments against the profane and impious,—the worthless and the profligate,—against those who deride virtue, exult in wickedness, and contemn the omnipotent.

Exclusively of their moral tendency, however, the inspired writings are supremely excellent as authentic records of the achievements of the first nations, as beautiful pictures of manners, and as elegant and sub-

lime specimens of language in all its applications and forms. "I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures," says an exalted scholar *, "and am of opinion, that they contain, independently of a divine original, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected, within the same compass, from all other books that were ever composed in any age, or in any idiom."—

Among the other illustrious characters who have written by divine inspiration, Isaiah maintains a conspicuous place. Being of royal consanguinity, he became conversant with men of the highest rank, of the greatest abilities, and of the most polished elocution. His style is, therefore, noble, nervous, sublime, and florid; his thoughts profound, and his expressions lofty. His book, besides in many other passages of equal grandeur and eloquence, contains, in the thirty-third and thirty-fourth chapters, a most remarkable prophecy. This forms an entire, regular, and beautiful Poem, consisting of two distinct parts. Of these, the first contains a tremendous denunciation of destruction against the enemies of Christianity; and, in consequence of this event, a complete restoration is promised, in the second, to the Church of God.

The Prophet introduces the subject by a most impressive exordium, wherein he invokes universal nature

* Sir William Jones.—See the Memoirs of his Life, Writings, and Correspondence, by Lord Teignmouth; London Edition, 1807, 8vo. p. 454–5.

to the observation of these great events. He then proclaims the decree of Jehovah concerning the extirpation of those nations against whom "his wrath is kindled;" and amplifies this act of destructive vengeance by a very admirable selection of splendid and awful imagery. He first exhibits a truly martial picture of the slaughter and havoc that follow a victory; and then, taking a bolder flight, grandly illustrates his description with representations drawn from the Mosaic chaos, displaying, as it were, the total subversion of the universe. A different image immediately succeeds: a solemn sacrifice, of numerous victims, is celebrated; Jehovah himself takes a part in this magnificent scene, and every circumstance is brought directly before the eyes. The haughty, ferocious, and insolent chiefs of Bozra, Idumea, and other nations inimical to God, are denoted by various figures of goats, rams, bulls, and other different animals. A succession of new and picturesque images are borrowed from the overthrow of Sodom to demonstrate the consummation of the same portentous event. This is, also, prefigured by the scenery of a vast and solitary desart, the description of which the prophet afterwards improves, diversifies, and enlarges, by the addition of several important circumstances of certain analogy and connexion.

The second part is constructed upon similar principles, and exhibits a beautiful contrast to the preceding scene. The imagery possesses every advantage of ornament and variety; and, like the other, is of extensive application. The meaning, however, is plain

and perspicuous. In the first, the poetical figures are chiefly derived from Sacred History; in this, they are almost entirely taken from the objects of Nature. The divine glory and majesty are portrayed by the beauty of Lebanon, Carmel, and Sharon; while, by the watering and cultivation of a barren and rocky soil, are denoted the divine grace and spiritual endowments. The prophecy may, therefore, be regarded as alluding, in many places, to the first coming of the Messiah; but it is evidently one of those which are not yet completely fulfilled, and of which the greater part, at least, is still deposited in the secret counsels of the Most High *.

Of this singularly beautiful and sublime specimen of Hebrew poesy, the following metrical imitation is given in the hope that, to some readers, it may not be unacceptable.

## I.

Attend ye people! let the tribes draw near!
Be earth attentive! all its dwellers, hear!
The universe, and every varied race,
Creation's sons, the habitants of space!

Lo! on the nations is Jehovah's ire,
Upon their armies burns his fury's fire:
They are devoted, ne'er to rise again;
To havoc giv'n, and number'd with the slain.

* See Bishop Lowth's New Translation of Isaiah, Vol. I. p. 103-7; Vol. II. p. 230-7; and his Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, Vol. II. p. 70, 80.

The slaughter'd ones, innumerous, strew the ground,
Their mangled corses taint the air around;
The copious carnage swells a crimson flood,
And the high mountains melt in streams of blood.

As from the vine the sere leaf drops away,
Or blighted fig falls from the bending spray,
So shall the host celestial be dissolved,
The empyrean like a scroll convolved.
For bared in heaven is the avenging brand
That gleams tremendous in Jehovah's hand.
Lo! it shall burst, in judgment, to the fate
Of Edom's race, and people of his hate.

Abundant deaths Jehovah's falchion sate,
It pamper'd is with marrow of the fat,
With gore of goats, and blood of slaughter'd lambs,
And with the fatness of the reins of rams:
For victims bleed in Bozra's destined plain,
In Edom's fields are hecatombs of slain.
And the wild goats with them shall prostrate fall;
The bullocks, and the bulls together, all:
With their own blood be drench'd their native land,
And fat shall, there, enrich the dusty strand.
For, of the Lord, this is the vengeful day,
When Zion's guardian shall her ills repay.

Her streams to pitch, her dust to sulphur turn;
As blazing pitch, shall Idumea burn.

By night or day its flame shall never die,
Her volumed smoke shall cloud the swelt'ring sky.
From age to age the drear deserted clime
No man shall pass while glides incessant Time.
The hedge-hog, there, and pelican shall roam,
The owl and raven find a genial home.
The line of ruin o'er her, wide, shall pass,
Her parched plains, the plumb of emptiness.
Her kingdom's glory lost they shall deplore,
And all her princes fail for evermore.
Emblossom'd thorns shall deck her palace' walls,
The rank weed carpet her embattled halls;
And, there, shall dragons join in fell resort,
The ostrich' daughters find a lonely court.
The jackal, there, the mountain-cat shall meet,
And satyr fierce his savage fellow greet;
There, shall the screech-owl rear a place of rest,
The night-bird lay, and brood within her nest,
With shelt'ring wing o'ershade her young ones, there,
And mated vultures in dire groupes repair.

Consult, and read Jehovah's book of fate,
These all are there, no female lacks her mate.
Jehovah's mouth hath giv'n the high command,
His spirit call'd the congregated band;
Their lot for them, cast hath his hand divine,
Their portion meted by the measuring line;
And they the land shall occupy for ay,
From race to race, while ages fleet away.

II.

The waste, the desart shall with gladness beam,
The wilderness with gay luxuriance teem:
It flourish shall, as blooms a beauteous rose;
The streamy plain be glad where Jordan flows;
Of Lebanon the beauty, shall it fill,
Of Carmel's height, and Sharon's rosy hill:
These shall Jehovah's matchless grandeur see,
Their glory's source, and God's excellency.

Be stout, ye feeble; firm, ye tottering throng;
Ye faint of heart, be dauntless, be ye strong:
Behold your God! come will his vengeance due;
He will avenge; God will deliver you.
Then vision bright the sightless eye shall cheer,
Be op'd to sound the unattending ear.
Leap shall the lame, as skips the mountain roe,
And from the dumb, harmonious anthems flow.
For gushing streams shall wash the banks of sand,
And torrents roll along the desart land.
Each glowing clime shall spread its rippling pool,
The thirsty soil its fountains bubbling cool:
And in the dens where hideous dragons lay,
There, shall the grass, the reed, the bulrush play.

The highway there, shall be a holy way;
No foot impure along the road shall stray:
There walking, He shall lead the lone with care;
No silly pilgrim can be wilder'd there.

No lion fierce shall haunt the heavenly path,
Nor beast of prey bestain its sides with death;
None shall be there; but, free from doubt and woe,
There, the redeem'd shall walk, secure and slow.
Yea, shall return Jehovah's ransom'd race,
And come, with triumph, to his Holy Place.
Perpetual joy shall on their foreheads be,
Their gladness great, and pure their ecstacy.
No sighing there, nor grief shall cloud the soul,
While sweeps the car of Time, and countless ages roll.

K.

## No. IX.

*"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee*
*Jest and youthful Jollity,*
*Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,*
*Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,*
*Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,*
*And love to live in dimple sleek;*
*Sport that wrinkled Care derides,*
*And Laughter holding both his sides."*

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO, v. 25—32.

EMOTIONS of delight originate in causes remarkably different. The contemplation of what is beautiful, or useful, or generous, or good, excites very pleasing sensations in the mind. There is also a kind of agreeable feeling, which arises from the observation

of what is droll, wild, waggish, or ludicrous. We fondly cherish all those ideas that contribute to the incitement of mirth, and dwell with congratulation upon the objects which furnish occasion of joy. Our endeavours, at the same time, are employed with an equal solicitude to withdraw the attention from whatever tends to lessen or annihilate our pleasurable enjoyments. But there must be the absence of care, of pain, of grief, and there must be a congeniality of feeling, a lively hilarity, and a naturally joyous propensity toward gladsome affections in the heart, before a person be capable of relishing the sensations of gayety, gladness, and glee.

The mirthful part of mankind are, doubtless, very amiable. They diffuse a cheerfulness through society, give a sprightliness to conversation, and furnish innocent festivity with a fascinating zest. It requires, however, to render the frolicsome disposition acceptable, that its sallies be only attempted at proper seasons, applied to fit objects, and employed on suitable occasions. A ludicrous narrative or a ridiculous frolic will sometimes produce the effect of dissipating the gravity of a very demure or serious mind, which, when thus overcome, not unfrequently yields to a levity of equal excess to its former solemnity. Genuine humour will, indeed, make the benevolent, the compassionate, the philosophic, the sage, regard with insuppressible enjoyment even the distressful embarrassment and confusion of those whom they venerate and love. Let us

inquire into the nature of humour, and endeavour to trace the influence of its displays upon the mind.

The term Humour, as expressive of that disposition of mind which inclines a person, by the exhibition of grotesque imagery, to excite merriment or jocularity, has been said to be peculiar to our own language. In its original signification, it denominates moisture in general; and, in a restricted sense, the moisture of animal bodies. As the temper of the mind is supposed to depend upon the state of the corporeal fluids, humour has come to be regarded as similar in import with temper and disposition. As it is something, however, which is capricious and whimsical, and may either be agreeable or disagreeable, it is more properly to be denominated the disease of a disposition. The indulgence of petulancy or sullenness procures a man the character of ill-humoured, while frequent fits of cheerfulness obtain him to be reckoned a good-humoured and pleasant being.

In the present acceptation of the word, Humour is often used to point out that quality of the imagination, which bears a strong resemblance to wit. This, however, expresses something more designed, concerted, and artificial: humour, is more wild, loose, extravagant, and fantastical. It comes upon a man by fits, which he can neither command nor restrain, and is not at all times perfectly consistent with true politeness. It has been regarded as more diverting than wit; but wit is certainly more dignified, and gives an airy agreeableness to the propriety of a just sentiment, and a

keenness to the edge of a merited satire. The object of the former is seldom directed farther than to excite or gratify a momentary sally of mirth, the latter has been used with success in correcting the follies and vices of mankind. For this purpose it is proper to mingle with reprehension, the smiles of good nature, the pleasantries of ludicrous association, and the picturesque sketchings of a sportive fancy. Humour is agreeable, when it is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and the common occurrences of life. It is proper, when it never outsteps the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth—when its figures neither divert by distortion, nor amuse by aggravation. It is excellent, when it copies life with so much fidelity that its inventions can hardly be detected,—when its exhibitions have so much of an original air, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of the imagination.

It is the practice of humorists to seize some story or historical narration, and, adopting only the leading circumstance, to found on it a series of fictions, of a nature entirely whimsical and ludicrous, but which take effect by a kind of agreeable extravagance and the creation of a grotesque imagery ingrafted upon the subject. It is, indeed, the essence of genuine humour to dwell upon and enlarge to definite dimensions those parts of character which are susceptible of ridicule and laughable association, and it is the more appropriate, if the sly simplicity of its strokes be inflicted with a seem-

ing unconsciousness of intention, while it renders them more exquisite to attentive and sagacious observers.

Hilario was a youth of much humour and frolic; but his jests were always delicate and agreeable, and his wildest pranks, though sufficiently ludicrous, were playful and harmless. When his father, who was a worthy man of a sedate disposition, used to remind him that his mirth might betray him into levity, or his waggery terminate in mischief, he seldom failed to repay the admonition with an apologetic narrative, in general abundantly droll. Among others the following, founded upon an incident which occurred to the good old man in his youth, never failed to dissipate his gravity, and to amuse the company, who well knew its application. I must relate to you, my dear father, he would say, the love-adventure of your ancient friend Sereno, who is almost as good and as grave a man as yourself; and thus he began:

"Sereno, you know, after he had been for some time settled in the world, discovered, as many others had done before him, that a good wife would be a help meet for him. After a little consideration upon the subject, he found out that he had actually fallen in love with Placidia, an amiable young lady of dispositions very similar to his own. As he was rather a diffident man, he felt considerably embarrassed when he came to that part of the business which was to disclose his intentions to the fair one herself. In frequent attempts he failed. His modesty and irresolution always occasioned his allowing the favourable moment to pass. A

friend, however, succeeded at last in obtaining his secret from him, and at the same time promised every assistance in his power to forward the match. For this purpose he invited to his house a number of young folks to a tea-party, among whom were the lady and her admirer, by delay and disappointment now made deeply enamoured. When tea was served, the beaus of course were all alert in the service of the ladies. Sereno, as his kind host had previously concerted, was seated just beside her whom he wished to be near; and, in his own calm deliberate way, proceeded to hand her a cup. As mischief would have it, however, something, no matter what, caused his hand to give a sudden jerk, when a pretty large drop of very hot tea was spilt upon the lady's robe of thin muslin. Whether it proceeded from her fear lest the grave beau should prostrate himself at her feet, or whether the tea penetrated farther than it ought to have done, is uncertain. Whatever, I say, was the cause, the fair sufferer was obliged to voice the monosyllable Oh! in a tone neither so soft, so low, nor so sweet as she afterwards, perhaps, could have wished. The modest youth was greatly disconcerted, and to conceal his embarrassment turned round to snuff the candle. Rare, says the poet, are solitary woes. He cut too deep; and, to his extreme vexation, out went the light and left the company in obscurity, for they did not place two candles upon the table when Sereno was young. Confused and in considerable trepidation, he rushed to the fire to relight the extinguished taper; but, instead of

using a piece of paper, he held it out to a brisk fire, into the middle of which, to his utter consternation, it suddenly dropped, and a splendid illumination ensued. To this was added the harmonious concert of a favourite puppy, which happened to be in the way of the melting grease as it issued from the grate in various directions, together with the bawling of frighted females, who were in terror lest the house should be set on fire, and convert the business into a tragedy. But the meek man's mortifications did not terminate here. In the middle of his perplexity he resolved to leave the room, and accordingly went to take up his hat; but misfortune seldom deserts the unhappy. Instead of his own, he seized the hat of a gay lady, and this was sprucely ornamented with a towering plume and the proper quantity of ribbons. Inconscious of his capital embellishments, he hasted to the door, and would soon have found himself upon the street had not a boy's marble arrested his progress on the stair. Having, in a luckless moment, set his foot upon this fatal object, a sudden slip produced a rapid descent of his centre of gravity, and made an unoffending part salute the boards with such a hard and weighty thump as to alarm the whole house. Every body ran to see what could be the matter. To the surprise of some and the wicked amusement of others, here was found poor Sereno, sitting with less composure upon his countenance than usual, whatever might be the chevaleresque appearance it derived from the fair one's hat and feathers.—This scene of misadventures, however, proved of advantage

to the good man in the end. Not long after, he found an opportunity of soliciting the forgiveness of the mild Placidia for the pain and alarm he had occasioned her; but, while he was endeavouring to lay the blame upon the unsteadiness of his hand, he muttered something about the agitation of his heart. This had nearly led him into another predicament, when his kind friend extricated him by making the lady acquainted with the worthy man's intentions. The grand point was now gained; and, in due time, the excellent pair were united in love and in matrimony.—They are now happy in their mutual esteem and affection, and are particulary fortunate in having a son, who is as waggish as they themselves are benevolent and wise."

E.

## No. X.

*" O'er the dear urn, where glorious Wallace sleeps,*
*True* VALOUR *bleeds and patriot Virtue weeps.*
*Son of the lyre, what high ennobling strain,*
*What meed from thee shall generous Wallace gain!*
*Who greatly scorning an Usurper's pride,*
*Bared his brave breast for liberty, and died."*

LANGHORNE'S GENIUS AND VALOUR, v. 255—260.

" LOOK at that," said Angloscotus pointing to a particular spot of a Map of the Globe which lay upon the table before us—" look at that little spot, and tell me

what ideas the contemplation suggests." Inconsciously my eye was directed toward the place. This was a small inclustered groupe. It was the British Isles. I felt that it was the land of my forefathers; and, while a glow of pride suffused my countenance, the thrill of exultation pervaded my breast. We began to compare the little Land of the Ocean, in extent, power, wealth, and renown, with the other kingdoms of the world. In regard to the first, when placed in comparison with the other nations, it resembled the inconsiderable speck of a convolving cloud amid the wide expanse of the sky. But it required no reflection to discover that her power was mighty and extended to the remotest lands—that her wealth was immense and matchless,—and her fame interminable in its course as the unmeasured path of the billow of the boundless deep, or the unbridled career of the gale of heaven.

From a review of these facts a wide and various inquiry naturally originates, "Whereon is founded, and what hath produced the excessive splendour of Britain, the First of the Nations and Queen of the Seas?—It hath, doubtless, arisen from her local situation—from her natural resources—and from the superior energies of her exalted progeny, directed by wisdom and fostered by magnanimity; and this shall be the subject of the present speculation.

What, then, is Magnanimity? It is the aggregate of every sublime and generous virtue that can invigorate or ennoble the heart of human-kind. It is Fortitude. By this is meant—that firm and serene

habit of the mind, which either tempers its fears, or enables it to encounter calamity and danger with equanimity—that lofty principle by which the soul is fortified to suffer with resignation, or conducted to enterprise with the calmness of confidence and the ardour of zeal. In peril and misfortune, it is the inspirer of good hopes, the source of expedients, and the parent of tranquillity. It is, indeed, the vigour of heroism, and the energy of wisdom—the virtue of the valiant, and the excellency of the good and the great.

Genuine Fortitude does not consist in that constitutional courage, which has rendered some men bold and dreadless in the most atrocious attempts, and is only the rashness of a fool or the hardihood of a ruffian. The one is the offspring of reason and reflection, which incites to the best and noblest achievements; and, filling the mind with cheerfulness and composure, fits a man to act without confusion, anxiety, or trepidation. The other is the child of an ardent temper, inspired by temerity and cherished by inconsideration.

Human life is so full of uncertainty and so liable to disaster, that, without Fortitude, there can be little enjoyment or felicity. Being, therefore, necessary to the support of virtue and a proper discharge of duty, it is chiefly by condition and event that its exercise is produced or its operation required. Observation, indeed, by scanning the motions of mind, may discover the existence of this inborn principle; but, until it be commoved by an impulsive cause, the appropriate traits which demonstrate its character may remain latent and

inert. It is, also, by the absence of such excitements, that many a spirit of ethereal temper has been doomed to wane within the breast of its inconscious possessor.

As a mental quality, Fortitude involves every magnanimous attribute. These may be recognised in the various epithets which denominate the more generous affections. That virtue may be termed courage, which suppresses fear in perilous action and animates to intrepidity amid the dangers of arduous enterprise,—patience, which enables us to undergo affliction, or disappointment without repining or regret,—forbearance, which resolves the mind to endure indignity, contumely, or oppression, without resentment or malice,—and constancy or resolution, which encourages perseverance amid difficulties, and firmness in pain and distress. Under each of these heads, the influence of this manly affection upon conduct, will afford matter of consideration in several essays; and what remains of this, shall, therefore, be directed to the regard of the former distinction, namely that of active Fortitude, or Courage.

Fortitude has been regarded as synonymous with courage: the former, however, is more general and always includes an assemblage of virtues; the latter is peculiar and may be a vice. Virtuous courage is the exertion of fortitude; vicious, is only temerity or fierceness. Constitutional vigour may generate hardiness in the human heart, and habit confirm it into courage; but true fortitude is the genuine production of piety and moral goodness. Existing only as an inconsiderate regard to consequences, or as a daring contempt of danger, cour-

age dignifies brutes and is the generous passion of irrationals. "Hast thou given the horse strength?" says the Eastern Sage, "hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him—the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with his fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off—the thunder of the captains and the shouting*."

Courage is necessary to the support of a dignified character in the faithful discharge of the duties of civil life. As a mental trait it is absolutely indispensable in the warrior, and in this application it is recognised in several epithets of nearly the same signification. It is expressed by the terms valour, heroism, prowess, bravery, and others descriptive of a gallant spirit. The display of this being only required in certain situations and by the occurrence of particular incidents it is then that the proper exertion of vigour is to be honoured with the appellation of true courage. In repelling personal insult; in redressing our own, or the wrongs of those we love and esteem; and in discharging the difficult duties of justice and patriotism, it is, perhaps,

* Job, Chapter XXXIX. v. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25.

not easy to distinguish between the intrepid activity of genuine courage, and the ardent impulse of revenge. But the heart that beats to honest valour is never vindictive, and the arm directed by duty is only terrible to the wicked, the noxious, and the oppressive. The vanquished is no longer the foe of the brave; but every energy of his soul is exerted against the enemies of his race, the invaders of his rights, and the assailers of the independency of his country. There is a dignified sublimity in the picture of a magnanimous veteran endeavouring to infuse a generous intrepidity into the mind of a spirited youth. It is attempted by allusions to the deeds of his progenitors, and the feats of his own achievement, which contain a display of the noblest heroism, to be equaled, in modern days, only by the vigorous gallantry of a British warrior. "We sat," says the Bard of Selma, "and heard the sprightly harp at Lubar's gentle stream. Fingal himself was next to the foe; and listened to the tales of bards. His godlike race were in the song, the chiefs of other times. Attentive, leaning on his shield, the king of Morven sat. The wind whistled through his aged locks, and his thoughts are of the days of other years. Near him, on his bending spear, my young, my lovely Oscar stood. He admired the king of Morven: and his actions were swelling in his soul. "Son of my son," begun the King, "O Oscar, "pride of youth! I saw the shining of thy sword and "gloried in my race. Pursue the glory of our fathers, "and be what they have been; when Trenmor lived, "the first of men, and Trathal the father of heroes.

"They fought the battle in their youth and are the "song of bards. O Oscar! bend the strong in arms; "but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many "tides against the foes of thy people; but like the gale "that moves the grass to those who ask thine aid. So "Trenmor lived; such Trathal was; and such has "Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injur- "ed; and the weak rested behind the lightning of my "steel.—O Oscar! be thou like the age of Fingal. "Never seek the battle nor shun it when it comes *."

Courage cannot exist but in a disinterested mind. It is ever actuated by a supreme disregard of private advantage, and is most arduous in the pursuits of patriotism. When the path of duty is pointed out, and an object of public benefit exhibited to its enterprise, true courage instantly proceeds to weigh the difficulties that may retard the progress of action, to calculate the means necessary to accomplish the end, and to ascertain the dangers that impend its execution. It then enters upon the attempt with the circumspection of wisdom, and the inflexible but ardent persistency of grand and consummate heroism. Such a character was displayed by Wallace, the Scottish patriot, when his more numerous enemies dispatched two friars to his camp with the proffer of terms. "Return," said the intrepid Chief, "and tell your masters, that we came not here "to treat, but to assert our rights, and to set Scot-

* Ossian's Poems, Fingal, Book III. towards the end.

"land free: Let them advance, they will find us pre-
"pared *."

The heart of the valiant, however, is not insensible to the meed of applause, nor disregardful of the honours that express the worth and dignity of a well-earned renown. He contemplates the trophies of his prowess with the exultation of honest pride, and regards them as incentives to more energetic exploits. The brave consider the acquisition of fame, only as an obligation whereby they become devoted to the general weal; and, inspired by this exalted spirit, they live —they act—and they die.

It has been said that temerity or fierceness may be misrepresented as courage. Every day's experience demonstrates the truth of the observation. What else is that spirit, by fools and wretches denominated honour, which impels a man to provoke danger without a cause, or to murder his friend for a trifle. This is the frenzy of ignorance and the rage of brutality—the bluster of cowards and the malice of ruffians. It is the disgrace of true honour, and the bane of civilized society, condemned alike by the brave, the wise, and the good.

The history of human action exhibits illustration of the finest displays of splendid valour, directed to the accomplishment of the noblest purposes, and successful in the best of designs. Courage, however, may be degraded by the impression of ignoble manners; and, being susceptible of influence from degenerate opin-

* Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland, 8vo. Ed. Vol. I. p. 274-5.

ion, may deviate into an affection, the proper definition of which, perhaps, is magnificent pusillanimity. It is this that sometimes hurries the brave headlong into ruin, when adversity obscures his prospects, and his indignant spirit yields to the imperious dictates of despair. Under such a storm sunk Durgetti *, an illustrious and accomplished Oriental princess, whose magnanimous spirit deserved a better fate. This Queen, who was famous for her beauty and her virtues, reigned over the small territory of Gurrah, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Her kingdom was populous and flourishing, and had never been subjected to the dominion of strangers. By Mohammed Akbar the Mogul emperor, whose renown was equal to his ambition, permission was given to Asaph, a warlike omrah, to subdue her country. A war ensued, which was terminated by a sanguinary action. In this, Durgetti, like a bold heroine, clothed in armour, with a helmet upon her head, mounted in a castle upon an elephant, with her bow and quiver lying by her side, and a burnished lance in her hand, led on her own troops. Her little army, however, being unequally opposed, was very soon broken by the enemy. The prince Biar, her gallant son, after having exhibited prodigies of valour, was slain in her presence. Her people fled, and she was left in the field with only three hundred men. She remained, however, unaffected by her desperate situation, and stood her ground with un-

* See Dow's History of Hindostan, Vol. II. p. 244-5-6-7.

daunted fortitude, till she received an arrow in her eye. While endeavouring to extricate it, part of the steel broke short, and remained in the wound. In the mean time, another arrow passed through her neck, which she also drew out; but, nature sinking under the pain, a dimness swam before her eyes, and she began to nod from side to side of the howdar *. Recovering from her faintness, she rejected, with a splendid disdain, the proposal of Adhar, a brave officer of her household, who had requested permission to carry her off the field. "It is true," said she, "we are overcome in war, but shall we ever be vanquished in honour? Shall we for the sake of a lingering ignominious life, lose that reputation and virtue which we have been so solicitous to acquire? No: let your gratitude now repay that service for which I lifted up your head, and which I now require at your hands. Haste, I say; let your dagger save me from the crime of putting a period to my own existence."—Adhar burst into tears, and begged to be permitted to carry her into a place of safety. While he hesitated, she suddenly leaned forward, seized his dagger, and, plunging it into her bosom, expired.—Six Indian chiefs, upon their elephants, still stood firm, and, ashamed of being outdone by a woman, dedicated their lives to the revenge of the queen.

* A wooden tower mounted up on the back of an elephant.

## No. XI.

*" Teach her, in Truth's unerring scales to weigh*
*Each thought, each precept, ere she mould the lay!*
*Truth's vestal priestess, next her heart be worn*
*The awful gem by Egypt's* pontiff borne:*
*And though, with plumes from Fiction's wing, she twine*
*A votive wreath, to grace her Godhead's shrine,*
*Ne'er may her hand, in Fancy's heedless glow!*
*The wreath on Error's semblant altar throw!*
*Then, though she fail to purchase outward fame,*
*Yet inward conscience shall applaud her aim."—*

WALKER'S DEFENCE OF ORDER, P. I. v. 201—210.

**TRUTH** is an exhibition conformable to fact and consistent with the nature of things. It is opposed to falsehood, a representation morally not true, because it expresses that which is not thought—and physically not true, because it conceives what does not exist. The attributes of Truth are veracity and reality: the one is moral, the other physical truth. Any deviation from it, viewed in either of these respects, is highly reprehensible; and, opposition to it is a state of guilt originating in a want of integrity and consummated by crime. There are some minds that would revolt from the charge of falsehood, which, however, do not ob-

* " The chief priest of the Egyptians," says Ælian, " wore a figure round his neck, made of a sapphire stone, and the figure was called TRUTH."

serve error in equivocation nor delinquency in deceit. But, whether by evasion, hypocrisy, treachery, or perfidy we mislead or betray, we commit an outrage upon truth, and seldom fail to fall into a maze of obliquities which involves a multitude of embarrassments or overwhelms with distress. Candour, ingenuousness, sincerity, rectitude, and honour, are therefore, the best guides of conduct, and the purest incentives to action. They enable man to surmount the difficulties of life, and smooth his path to the mansions of peace.

Eugene was returning from the Continent; where he had been, during seventeen years, engaged in the service of his country, and had boldly faced death and danger in all their various forms. He was now within view of his paternal inheritance, which had long been the property of his ancestors. When Eugene went abroad, his father was its possessor; but he had, some years before, followed his predecessors to that home whither all must descend, and whence none ever return. The mansion was still inhabited by a beloved sister and her family, who were all very dear to him. Besides these, no other object had a particular place in his heart.

Having arrived within a short mile of home, he took the pathway through a romantic valley, which had often been the scene of his youthful amusements, and, afterwards, the retirement wherein he had cherished a sincere but eventful passion. Recollection now saddened his heart, and his thoughts became melancholy. The valley was still the same, save where his eye

discovered a little cottage reared on an eminence, and surrounded by a miniature pleasure-ground, laid out in a stile of elegant, but attractive, simplicity. He paused; and, leaning down upon a mossy bank, gave way to a train of heart-rending recollections. Reader! wouldest thou know the cause of his grief? Listen, then, to the story of the unhappy Caroline, and mark the fatal effects of one single deviation from candour by having recourse to deceit.

Caroline was the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whose possessions were more extensive than those of Eugene's father. An unfortunate difference had long subsisted between the two old gentlemen, and was, by the father of Caroline, carried to such a height, that he forbade all communication with any of the other family. Eugene, who was destined for the army, was at this time attending the military schools, and far distant from this scene of discord. He had, now, for some time held a commission with tolerable prospects of preferment, when his regiment was ordered on foreign service. Previously, however, to their departure, he obtained leave to spend a short period with his friends at home. His appearance and manners were well calculated to captivate and prepossess in his favour: his accomplishments, indeed, were many, and those not merely external. He had seen and admired Caroline when a child; and now, by accident, met with her in all the bloom of matured beauty. A mutual attachment was the consequence.—

It has often been observed that opposition, in such

cases, rather tends to forward than to frustrate the progress of the tender passion. The father of Caroline was violent and imperious, and learned with contemptuous indignation, that his so much admired daughter was secretly receiving the addresses of Eugene, the son of a man he avowedly hated. The ardour of his temper led him to treat her with great severity, in so much that he insisted upon her solemnly declaring that she would never marry Eugene, under pain of his utmost displeasure and execration. Caroline evaded a direct answer in the best manner possible, and only begged a few days to make up her mind to comply with his desires. Her resolution was already formed. This she immediately communicated to her lover, and gave her consent to have the marriage-ceremony privately performed. She would then give her father the required promise that she should never marry Eugene.

Prudent deliberation is scarcely to be expected of young persons in love, and particularly in such a situation as that of Eugene. Indeed, this seemed to him to be the only expedient to prevent his forever losing the object of his heart's affection. The greatest caution and secrecy was necessary in the execution of this design ; and they got it accomplished beyond their most sanguine expectations. The only persons in the secret were Caroline's maid and the gardener, her admirer and intended husband. Eugene brought from a considerable distance the license, and a person properly qualified who, in the presence of these two witnesses, pronounced their indissoluble union.

The spirit which supported Caroline during the prosecution of their purpose, now that it was completed, began to sink. What, at the same time, added to her dejection, was her husband's receiving orders to join his regiment, now about to embark. Her father observed an alteration in her countenance, and was not quite sure how to interpret it. She, however, soon dissipated his doubts, by making a solemn declaration that she never should marry Eugene, whose departure from the country would soon put an end to his fears.

The fond pair now solaced themselves with the reflection that their union was complete; and, although the embarkation was delayed for several months, they both deemed it prudent, under present circumstances, that Eugene should not return. A correspondence, however, was regularly conducted between them through the medium of their faithful confidents.

Before the departure of her husband, Caroline found herself in a situation which would render concealment very difficult. She had, in a feeling manner, informed him of this circumstance; and, on the very day appointed for his sailing, she received from him a most kind and sympathising answer. In this, he conjured her in the most earnest manner to be careful of herself for his sake; and, in case she should find it necessary, to leave her father's house. He inclosed ample means, at the same time, for her support, until such time as he should again be able to hear from her.

With this letter in her bosom, she retired to an ar-

bour in the garden; and, on contemplating its contents, she became extremely affected, as it placed, in her immediate view, her husband's long absence and her own critical situation. Her mind was so deeply engaged, that her father approached unperceived; and, her appearance at the time exciting his suspicions, he snatched the letter from her hand. He eagerly cast his eyes over it, and finding himself so completely deceived, rage choaked all utterance; and, such was the fatal effect of his violent temper, that he sunk at her feet in a fit of apoplexy, and with a loud groan expired Words cannot express the feelings of the distracted Caroline. The sufferings of her father were soon over: her own lasted a few weeks, when she followed him to a premature grave. She had, however, sufficient presence of mind to conceal the letter; and the cause of his unexpected death was thus forever hid from the world.

The very first letters which Eugene received from Britain conveyed to him the melancholy intelligence of the death of his beloved Caroline, and also that of her father. He was given to understand, that the shock which she received from witnessing the sudden fate of her parent had occasioned her own. Seven months had only elapsed from the period when they had been united until they were thus forever separated by her untimely end.

Eugene was for some time inconsolable, and incapable of attending to his duty. He afterwards, however, entered upon it with redoubled energy, and seemed willing to court the grim king of terrors, by

performing feats of daring valour. But death shunned his approach. He seemed alike regardless of fame and fortune, while both, as if by contrariety, followed his steps. But his strength of constitution proved unequal to his exertions, and his health was fast declining before he could be induced to revisit his native country.—Such was the retrospective train of his melancholy reflections as he approached the scenes of his departed joys.—He now arose from the verdant bank; and, with a saddened heart and a lingering pace, reached the habitation of his friends.

He was received with heartfelt joy, by all the family, which he found considerably increased during his absence. Of his sister's two children which were born before he went out of the country, Alfred, the eldest, was prosecuting his studies at the University, and Emmeline, then an infant, was become a beautiful girl of seventeen. Their joy, however, was not a little marred by Eugene's extreme dejection, and visible ill health. Emmeline, in particular, was most affected by it; and, with tears streaming from her lovely eyes, hung about his neck and caressed him with all the affection of a daughter. Eugene would press her to his bosom, while he sighed over his blasted prospects. It was concerted between his sister and niece to have a little party and ball on the following evening; and, if possible, to surprise him into better spirits. Cards of invitation were accordingly issued to all their neighbouring acquaintance. Emmeline hesitated, however, before she could venture to solicit per-

mission to ask her own most dear and intimate friend. This was the daughter of the inhabitants of the cottage which had attracted the notice of Eugene on entering the adjacent valley. She was nearly of the same age as Emmeline; and her superior beauty was the admiration of all who beheld her. From infancy the hearts of the amiable pair had been united in more than ordinary friendship. To this, the parents of Emmeline had never objected; but of late, when Alfred was at home during vacations, they had become rather uneasy on account of his particular predilection for the cottagers' fair daughter. They also had often cautioned Emmeline against promoting it; but, as he was now absent, her request was readily granted. With joy, therefore, she hastened to carry the invitation herself.

Next morning Eugene happened to inquire of his brother-in-law, who it was that inhabited the romantic cottage overlooking the valley. He was informed that it was occupied by a decent industrious family, whom all their neighbours esteemed for their propriety of conduct; and that they were noticed by many of a much higher rank in society than themselves. He then mentioned his fears concerning his son's attachment, but freely acknowledged, at the same time, the superior beauty and accomplishments of their daughter. He, likewise, observed that, if her own dispositions had not been uncommonly good, she must have been spoiled by the excessive indulgence and fondness of her parents, who seemed rather to adore than to love her.

Eugene sighed over the recital, and again sunk into his former pensive silence.

In the afternoon the party began to assemble, but he did not appear to enter into the spirit of it, and could rather have dispensed with this instance of his sister's kind and well-meant attention. Several very pretty young ladies, besides matrons and gentlemen had entered the room without seeming to arouse him any farther than good-breeding required, and even the cottage beauty passed him entirely unobserved. It is true he was then engaged in conversation with the only acquaintance he had yet recognised. Her entrance was not, however, unnoticed by the company. They had all often seen her before, but there was, at this time, something in her appearance which particularly attracted their observation. Her dress was plain and simple, and her fine glossy auburn hair flowed in profusion over her snowy brow and neck. It was also tastefully twisted in a band with real pearls, and fixed at one side by a diamond clasp of great value. Upon her bosom, suspended by a massy gold chain, hung the picture of a handsome young officer in full uniform. Unaccustomed to public parties and naturally extremely modest, the scrutinizing eyes of so many observers filled her with confusion, which Emmeline seeing, she kindly seated herself beside her timid friend, and thus contributed very much to her relief. In the mean time, they were agreeably surprised by the entrance of Alfred, who had left the town some days sooner than they expected, and arrived thus

opportunely to meet his uncle. His eagle eye of love, at first glance, discovered his interesting favourite; nor did the picture escape his eager view. Conjecture, instantly, pointed it out as that of a more favoured rival; and his confusion must have betrayed him, had it not passed for surprise at the unexpected meeting of his uncle. Scarcely, however, had he received the embrace of his affectionate relation, than, casting a wild and disordered look at the unintending object who occasioned it, he abruptly left the room and sent for his sister. Emmeline, afraid lest he had been taken ill, flew to the apartment into which he had retired. His agitation and incoherent inquiries concerning her friend not a little alarmed her, and she could give him no information respecting the picture, for she had never seen or heard of it before. As he seemed so deeply interested, however, she offered to return, and, if possible, obtain some intelligence, which she should immediately communicate to him. With this intention, she hastened back to the company.

The artless cottager had observed Alfred's perturbation when he left the room, but ascribed it to a very different cause. Her idea was, that he had changed his mind with regard to her, and that he was dipleased at seeing her there. This impression operated so forcefully upon her mind, scarcely yet recovered from the confusion which her entrance had excited, that she soon became quite sick; and, just as Emmeline returned, she was sinking from her seat in a faint. Emmeline exclaimed, my dear Caroline!—and flew to her sup-

port. The sound thrilled through the heart of Eugene, and he started up to learn to whom it was applied. What was his emotion, when he fixed his eyes on the form of his beloved and lamented Caroline at the time she became his wife, and decorated with his own picture and other ornaments which he had on that occasion presented to her. His eyes became dim, and in a tremulous voice he exclaimed, Who—Who—, but the sound died upon his lips, and he sunk speechless by her side. The cries of Emmeline alarmed and brought in Alfred who, now regardless of all the beholders, caught Caroline in his arms, and uttered the wildest expressions of love, grief, and despair. A flood of tears at length came to her relief, and tended much to restore her, when all present seemed anxious that she would clear up the mystery, and satisfy them with regard to the cause of so much distress. In this respect, however, she was as ignorant as themselves, and the developement was to be sought in some other source.

Eugene had no sooner recovered from the state of insensibility into which surprise had thrown him, than he earnestly requested his brother-in-law to accompany him to the cottage. By the way, a thousand ideas crowded upon his mind. He hoped, he feared, he knew not what or why. Upon entering, he instantly recognised in the cottagers, Susan the confidential maid of his lamented Caroline, and the gardener her husband. An explanation immediately followed, by which he learned that his dear wife had been so much shocked by the sudden death of her father, of which she accused her-

self as the cause, that it brought on the premature birth of a daughter. Finding herself to be dying, and having little reason to expect that the child should survive, she had, in a most impressive manner, enjoined Susan to secrecy; and, in case it lived, to rear it as her own till such time as its father might return, when he would be able to shield it from the obloquy to which it must necessarily be subjected by the circumstances of its birth. Susan had, thus, strictly obeyed the dying commands of her justly regretted lady.

With mingled sensations of grief and joy, Eugene listened to the particulars of the death of one, whose life was dearer to him than his own. He was agreeably affected by the confirmation of the lovely young Caroline being a pledge of his early love, and thus miraculously spared to him. He now cordially thanked the faithful pair for their generosity, and eagerly hasted back to the mansion, there to feast his longing eyes with a view of his sweet and amiable daughter. It was not long till he clasped her in an embrace of paternal love; and, while pressing her to his bosom, he felt a glow of renovating life thrill through his heart, which soon became visible on his countenance and his frame. Henceforward, he daily recovered his health and spirits; and, with heartfelt satisfaction, promoted a union which joined the hand of his now rich as well as lovely Caroline with that of his excellent nephew Alfred, whose disinterested affection he had witnessed when she was only the supposed daughter of the humble cottagers. Æ.

## No. XII.

*" First an all-potent all-pervading sound*
*Bade flow the waters—and the waters flow'd*
*Exulting in their measureless abode,*
*Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,*
*Above, beneath, around ;*
*Then o'er the vast expanse primordial wind*
*Breath'd gently, till a lucid bubble rose,*
*Which grew in gentle shape an egg refin'd :*
*Created substance no such lustre shows,*
*Earth no such beauty knows.*
*Above the warring waves it danc'd elate,*
*Till from its bursting shell with lovely state*
*A form cerulean flutter'd o'er the deep,*
*Brightest of beings, greatest of the great :*
*Who, not as mortals steep,*
*Their eyes in dewy sleep,*
*But, heav'nly-pensive, on the Lotos lay,*
*That blossom'd at his touch and shed a golden ray."*

Sir W. Jones' Hymn to Narayena, v. 37—54.

SUPERSTITION degrades the human mind, and prepares it for the observance of useless and immoral rites, and the accomplishment of frivolous and baneful practices. As it discovers an evident influence upon individual character and conduct, so it never fails to modify economy and government when its ascendancy becomes impressed upon the manners of society and

the customs of nations. It is, doubtless, the genial parent of folly fostered by credulity, and the teeming source of error and vice, cherished by ignorance and prolific of crimes and cruelty.

Few of mankind are altogether exempted from the operation of this malevolent affection. It lisps in the language of the eloquent; and, while it sullies the fame of the great, it impairs the merit of the good and debases the excellence of the wise. In the warbles of the lyre, it glows and attracts; and, in the tale of passion and delight, it captivates and deceives. Being heady and bold in the dogmas of the philosopher, the theologue, and the moralist, it is imperious and confounds; and, when partial and ardent in the narratives of action and renown, it blinds, misleads, and betrays. Hence have arisen innumerable reveries respecting the descent of sages and heroes, the origin of religions, and the peopling of climes. Few, however, are willing to deduce the objects of their applause and veneration from an obscure or ignoble stem. Systems, therefore, although fraught with foolery and degraded by falsehood, are ascribed to sources, reverend from their sublimity and awful from their power. Under the same impulsive influence, the spark of patriotism, too, has been kindled to illumine the path of vanity amid the mazes of fancy, obliquity, and pride.

While many thus, inconsciously, betray the latent existence of this ungenerous principle in the mind, others demonstrate their resignation under its predominancy by the absurdity of their creeds and the flagitious

result of their forms. In illustration of this general position, it might not be uninteresting to direct the attention to a survey of such notices as have been collected concerning the pagan ritual and idolatry of the primeval nations. The subsequent observations, in prosecution of this design, will be directed to a detail of what sketches remain on record to illustrate the rites anddoctrines of the votaries of Buddha, an Oriental divinity, whose worship prevails over the kingdoms of Ava and Siam, and other parts of the vast continent of Hindostan, together with the Island of Ceylon, which is believed to have been the seat of his appearance and the cradle of his faith. The detail, if it represent the exhibition of the simple ceremonies of an artless race, will, at least, delineate human weakness in a shape neither repulsive nor unamiable. Instead of contemplating the stern observances, which sanctify cruelty by the mask of expiatory immolation, or of regarding that splendid mummery which astonishes ignorance and bewilders the weak, the mind will be led to compare the traditions and precepts of Buddha with the histories and doctrines of the True Religion, the source of which is universal benevolence and love.

Buddha, according to the oriental legends, is said to have visited the Island of Ceylon * at three different

* Ceylon is an island in the Indian Ocean, between 5° 49′ and 9° 50′ N. latitude, and between 79° 30′ and 81° 50′ E. longitude, being situated at the entrance of the Bay of Bengal. Its name would indicate that it had early been considered as a seat of religious ceremonies. By the Greeks and Romans, it was called Taprobane: in the Sanscrit tongue it is denominated Tapobon, the wilderness of prayer, the place of the

periods. At his first appearance, it was inhabited by demons, whom he expelled; at his second, he left the impression of his foot on Adam's Peak, a romantic mountain in the south-eastern part of the isle, where it still remains; at the third, he consecrated sixteen different places for the purposes of divine worship. One of these is now overflowed by the sea, and snakes produced there are considered as objects of adoration; another is an inaccesible cavern in the vicinity of the Peak; and all the rest are occupied by pagodas and consecrated fanes.

The circumstances of the birth of Buddha are related in the Poojawallia, or Book of Adorations, written in the language of the Cingalese, a numerous people in Ceylon. In this, he is represented as having descended from the celestial regions, to have been miraculously conceived and born, and to have appeared upon earth as an instructor of religion and virtue, and a mediator between mankind and the divinity. They relate that he existed as a god in heaven; and that, at the request of the ethereal spirits, he consented to visit this earth in the form of a man. "Before he quitted the Empyreum," says the mythological legend, "four uncommon symptoms, about his person, warned him

hallowed groves, whither pious pilgrims repaired from the remotest parts of Hindostan, to offer gifts and adorations to the mysterious God. By the natives, it is named Lanca, the Holy Isle. The appellations, Serendib of the Arabians, Sielendiba of Cosmas Indopleustes, Zeilan and Ceylon of modern times seem to refer to the character of the people, and represent the place as being the Isle of a leonine race.

of his approaching change. The garment he wore, and which had hitherto been spotless, appeared to be sullied: his garland of perpetually blooming flowers began to fade: the brightness of his visage became dim: a profuse perspiration issued from all his pores; and he vanished from the heavens as a taper is extinguished by the wind.

"A QUEEN, in whose womb the miraculous conception took place, dreamed an extraordinary dream, which she related to her king. He, anxious to obtain an interpretation, convened a large assembly of sages, who unanimously declared, that one of the celestial order had left the empyreal regions, and that the child, to be born of the queen, should appear a new deity among men.

"ON that day when he was conceived, the earth was astonished with a blaze of wonders. Ten thousand worlds trembled, and the brightness of light shone round about them. Ten thousand blind received sight. Ten thousand dumb spake. Ten thousand deaf heard. The flames of hell, which blazed through thirteen hundred and sixty thousand worlds, were completely extinguished. The persons who suffered torment in these flames were relieved from pain, and felt as if they had been plunged into a refreshing stream. The hungry were fed. The beasts and birds, that formerly devoured each other, played together as friends. The sick were cured of their diseases. The hatred of men was turned into love and friendship. The horses neighed. The elephants and lions uttered sounds of joy. The robes

of the gods and their servants fell from their shoulders. Six splendid colours beamed toward different points. The wind wafted odours. Rain fell in ten thousand worlds. All places of the earth were washed. The fowls of the air descended, and walked upon the ground without fear. The rivers overflowed their banks. The forty thousand seas of the ten thousand worlds became smooth as a lake and wholesome to drink as a running brook, and flowers began to spring and to bloom on their borders. The trees of every kind put forth their blossoms, which filled the atmosphere with their fragrance, and fell, afterwards, like a shower of rain upon the earth.

"After nine months and fifteen days, the queen was seized with the pains of labour while walking in a garden. Having reclined under a tree, called bogaha *, covered with blossoms, she stretched out her hand to lay hold of one of the branches, and the branch stooped down to meet her. And the prince was born with-

* The Bogaha, Ficus Religiosa, or Tree of Buddha, is held in great veneration both in Ceylon and on the Continent of India. It acquires the utmost elegance and gracefulness of form, grows to an immense size, has a smooth bark, and is, perhaps, the most completely beautiful of all the trees which adorn the wide garden of Nature. The leaves are particularly handsome, being exactly of the form of a heart, and having a long pointed extremity, and a long foot-stalk. When full-grown, they measure upwards of six inches in breadth and eight in length, including the tapering point, which is two inches. The first grows without stalks adhering to the branches. The bogaha is accounted the most sacred of trees in India; and is held in such high estimation in the country of Candy, that the form of its leaves is only allowed to be painted upon furniture employed exclusively for the gratification of the king. It is ranked in the Polygamia Class of Plants.

out spot or blemish."—Such is the account of some of the portentous accompaniments of the birth of Buddha, and which can scarcely be read without suggesting the existence of a resemblance between them and some prophecies of the Christian Scriptures. To trace the origin of the tradition to its probable source might be a theme of equal interest and instruction; but this is not the place for an inquiry so vast and so complicated.—

The precepts of Buddha direct a belief in the existence of One Supreme Being, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. His religious rites are performed in hallowed retirements and with little splendour, the essential part of the ceremonies being the offering of gifts. The Buddhists are prohibited from killing any animal whatever, from the meanest insect up to man; and from drinking any liqour, or eating any drug, of an intoxicating quality. They hold the river Mahavillaganga in the same veneration as the Ganges is by the Hindoos of Bengal. Its water is considered to be effectual in washing away sin: but dead bodies are never thrown into it.

The temples of Buddha are chiefly buildings of a small size, having tiled roofs and plain stone walls, the inside of which together with the ceilings, are covered with historical paintings in miniature, and other ornaments in gaudy colours. In every complete temple there is one colossal statue of Buddha, in a sleeping posture, before which are hung curtains of printed cotton, and only drawn aside when occasion requires. The Buddhists never form images of the supreme creator.

A large cupola, raised upon a broad base, stands a near companion to every temple and is said to contain some sacred relic. The priests wear a long yellow garment thrown over one shoulder, girded round the waist, and reaching down to the ankles. The hair of their heads is entirely shaved off, and they walk about without any covering except a round flat umbrella in their hands, or shaded by a talipot leaf carried by attending servants. Before they are received into the priesthood they are obliged to make a solemn renunciation of the world, and to profess a life of celibacy. Their wants are supplied by the people, and the most beautiful females of the country attend them in their houses without wages. They enjoy their lands free of taxes, and are honoured to such a degree that wherever they go the people bow down before them, but they bow to none. When they wish to marry they may renounce their order, the ceremony attending which is, the pulling off their coat, throwing it into a river, and afterward immersing themselves in the stream.—Such are the doctrines of Buddha *, the Ceylonese Messiah; and such the traditions, the rites, and the faith of his votaries, as far as they have been discovered by the investigations of European research. Y.

* See An Historical Relation of the Island of Ceylon in the East Indies, by Robert Knox, a captive there for nearly twenty years; London, 1681: and a Description of Ceylon, by the Rev. James Cordiner late chaplain to the garrison of Columbo, 2 vols. 4to. London, 1807.

# No. XIII.

*" Say, who is she, in whom the noble graces,*
*The engaging manner, dignity, and ease*
*Are join'd with manly sense and resolution ?"*
THOMSON'S ALFRED, ACT II. SCENE III. v. 177–9.

BIOGRAPHY, while it records the details of individual action, not unfrequently exhibits a picture of popular manners and a delineation of national character. It, thus, becomes an agreeable source of amusement and a vehicle of useful instruction. When its displays require the imitation of whatever is delightful, or beneficent, or excellent, they attract the observant attention of the virtuous; and, if they depict what is ignoble, or destructive, or vicious, by genuine imagery, they place a beacon before the eyes of those whom similar propensities may have misled or betrayed. The subsequent sketch, with a view to please and inform, will relate the facts and events which marked the fortunes of a magnanimous female and an illustrious queen—Septimia Zenobia, the celebrated princess of Palmyra, and wife of Odenatus, Emperor of the East.

As the narrative, however, will direct the attention to three different topics, and each of these not uninteresting, it may be convenient to allow them a separate consideration. This, then, will include the topography of Palmyra, an account of Odenatus, and the story of Zenobia.

Palmyra * was the capital of Palmyrene, a country on the eastern boundaries of Syria. By the Arabs who, in modern times, sojourn around it, the ruined city is denominated Theudemor, a name which has induced the ingenious to regard it as the same with that which Solomon † beautified, and distinguished by the characteristic appellation of Tadmor in the Wilderness. Whoever might have been the founder of the place, both the terms by which it is now known, seem to point out its having abounded with palm trees, to afford shade to the dwellers of that sunny land. It was situated in a populous region, at the convergence of two hills, and beyond the point where they approach. The adjacent heights supplied it with water, and the ruins of its aqueducts still remain. It seems to have been a place of some importance antecedently to the days of Solomon, who must have converted it into the emporium of an extensive commerce carried on by his subjects with India and the Persian Gulf. It was occupied by Nabuchadonosor the Babylonian, before he laid seige to Jerusalem, and during the subsequent

* Pliny, Lib. V. c. 21. and VI. c. 26, 30, where it is represented as being situated in a rich soil, among pleasant streams, and totally separated from the rest of the world by a vast sandy desart. The celebrated traveler, Bruce, from such observations as he was enabled to make, concluded the latitude of Palmyra to be 33° 58′ N. and its longitude 37° 9′ E. from Greenwich. He took a draught of the ruins, divided into six angular views, upon large paper, which, on his return he presented to the king, in whose magnificent Collection they now are.

† Wood's Ruins of Palmyra, folio, London, 1753, and Volney's Travels in Syria and Egypt, Vol. II. Chap. XXX.

greatness of the Parthians and Romans, it suddenly rose into a powerful and splendid city.

The authentic history of Palmyra does not commence till after the captivity, in A.D. 260, of Valerian the Roman emperor by the Persians. It is first mentioned, indeed, as a place which Mark Antony attempted to plunder, upon pretence that it had not observed a just neutrality between his own nation and the Parthians. Under Odenatus, whose services against the Persians procured him to be recognised, by Gallienus the Roman emperor, as his colleague in the East, the Palmyrenians acquired their independency; and their city, being frequented by the caravans of the oriental merchants, became a considerable seat of traffic daily increasing in splendour and wealth. By the fall of Zenobia it was overwhelmed in ruin, and from being a grand commercial emporium, and a retreat of learning and the arts, it gradually sunk into a miserable groupe of mud-walled hovels erected amid the most magnificent ruins in the world.

Since the age of Mahomet, the fortunes of Palmyra have attracted little notice. At that period it was considered a place of some importance and strength. In the twelfth century, its population is said to have included two thousand Jews; but, in 1751, when it was visited by Mr Wood, its humble occupants consisted of about thirty families of Arabs, whose huts were constructed in the court of a once spacious temple. These people are well-shaped, and their women, though very swarthy, have good features. They paint

the ends of their fingers red, their lips blue, and their eyebrows and eyelashes black. Their ornaments are large rings of gold or brass in their ears and nostrils; and, although wearing veils, they do not so scrupulously conceal their faces as most of the other oriental females. They appear to be a healthy, robust, and happy race.

The ruins of the City of Palms consist chiefly of temples, palaces, porticoes, and funeral monuments. These had been executed in Grecian architecture, and lie scattered over a surface of many miles. The most remarkable of the whole, and occupying a square of two hundred and twenty yards, are the remains of a stately temple of the Sun. It had been surrounded by a lofty wall, built of square stones and adorned with pilasters, both in the interior and exterior; and these amount to sixty-two on each side. Within the court, are the ruins of two rows of very noble marble pillars, thirty-seven feet high, with capitals of the most exquisite workmanship. These seem to have been numerous, going round the whole court, and supporting a double piazza; of them, however, only fifty-eight remain. The walks on that side of the portico, which fronts the castle, must have been very spacious and beautiful. At each end of this line are two niches for statues with their pedestals, borders, supporters, and canopies, carved with extreme propriety and elegance. The space within this inclosure, now occupied by the miserable huts of the inhabitants, was an open court, in the middle of which stood the Solar Temple, en-

compassed by another row of pillars, of a different order, and fifty feet in height. These are all demolished to the number of sixteen. The whole space contained within the pillars is fifty-nine, by twenty-nine yards, of which one half constituted the site of the temple. This points north and south, having, in the middle of the western side, a most magnificent entrance, on the ruins of which are carved some vines and clusters of grapes, in an inconceivably bold and masterly imitation of nature. Immediately above the door, are a pair of wings, either of an eagle or a cherub, extending over the whole breadth; but the body to which they belonged is totally effaced. The north end of the building is adorned with the most curious fret-work and bas-relief; and, in the middle, there is a dome or cupola about ten feet in diameter. The windows, which are not large, are narrower at the top than below. North of this place, is an obelisk, fifty feet high and twelve in circumference, consisting of seven large stones, besides its capital and the wreathed work about it. At the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, to the east and west of this, are two others with the fragment of a third, forming, perhaps, a part of what had originally been a continued row. About one hundred paces, in front of the middle obelisk, is a splendid entry to a piazza, forty feet broad, half a mile in length, and inclosed with two rows of marble pillars, each twenty-six feet high, and four in diameter. The upper end is shut in by similar pillars, standing less distant. A little to the left are the ruins of a stately building, which

had been erected of excellent marble, and finished in a style of superior elegance. The pillars which supported it, are of one entire stone, measuring twenty-two feet in length, and nearly nine in circumference. In the west side of the piazza are several openings for gates into the court of the palace, each of which was adorned with four porphyry pillars, standing two on each side in the front of the gate facing the palace. These were thirty feet long, and four and a half in diameter; but, excepting one, are all overturned. On the east side, stand a great number of marble pillars, the most of which are mutilated. At a little distance are the remains of a little temple, unroofed, and having the walls defaced. Before the entry, which looks to the south, is a piazza supported by six pillars, two on each side of the door and one at either end. The pedestals of those in front have been filled with inscriptions * in the Greek and Palmyrenian languages; but they are now rendered totally illegible.

Among the ruins of this once splendid city are many sepulchres, ranged on each side of a hollow way, toward the north part of the city, and extend more than

* See Universal Ancient History, Vol. II. p. 176, 258, 273–8; Philosophical Transactions, Nos. CCXVII and CCXVIII.; An Explication of the Inscriptions at Palmyra hitherto published, by John Swinton, of Christ-Church, Oxford; Barthelemy's Reflections on the Palmyrene Alphabet, Paris, 1754; and The Ruins of Palmyra, or Tadmor in the Desert, by Wood, Bouverie, and Dawkins, who traveled there in 1751, and published the result of their observations, in 1753, in the form of an atlas of 57 copperplates, 16, by 12 inches, printed on imperial paper. They are admirably executed; the drawing is correct and masterly, and the engraving elegant and exquisitely finished.

a mile. They are all square towers, four or five storeys high; but, though alike in form, differ greatly in magnitude and splendour. The outside is of common stone, the floors and partitions of marble. There is a walk across the whole building, just in the middle; and the space on each side is formed into six divisions by thick walls, forming niches capable of receiving the the largest bodies, of which six or seven are piled upon one another. Such was the state of the ruins of the City of Zenobia, according to the survey of the latest travelers in that interesting region. During the lapse of years, however, they must be subjected to diminution from the wasteful influence of age and decay, and to destruction from the malignant ignorance of the rude hordes that roam around them.—An account of Odenatus, the enterprising prince under whom Palmyra assumed a temporary independency will now invite the attention, and may be so far entertaining as it unfolds the progressive success of a vigorous mind.

The origin and birth of Odenatus has not been detailed by the pen of history. It is only known, that from an obscure and private station he became the husband of Zenobia, and Emperor of the East. Being naturally of a daring and ardent spirit, he early inured himself to bear fatigue and to encounter danger. While prosecuting the pursuits of pleasure and amusement, in the hunting of wild beasts, he accustomed himself to the labours of a military life. He was a faithful friend and intrepid ally of the Romans, in support of whose interests he employed the resources of

his kingdom with energy and success. When Valerian had been taken prisoner by Sapor king of Persia, Odenatus warmly interested himself in his cause, and solicited his release, by writing and sending presents to the conqueror. The haughty monarch was incensed at this liberty, tore the letter, and commanded the accompanying presents to be thrown into a river. In order, at the same time, to punish Odenatus, who had the impudence, as he called it, to pay homage to so great a monarch as himself, he directed that prince to appear before him, on pain of being devoted to instant destruction with all his family, if he dared to refuse. Odenatus contemned this insolent summons, and prepared to oppose force to force.

In the contest which succeeded, the fortune of the Palmyrenian monarch was equal to his expectation and the justice of his cause. He soon obtained some considerable advantages over the troops of his enemy, whose queen he took prisoner, together with a great and valuable booty. His splendid victories over the Great King, whom he twice chased to the gates of Ctesiphon, the Persian capital, laid the foundation of his future fame and power. In all these expeditions he was emulated by the heroical Zenobia, and the armies which they commanded, and the provinces they saved, acknowledged no other sovereign than these invincible chiefs. The senate and people of Rome observed their services with gratitude, and revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor, whose insensible son, Gallienus, accepted Odenatus for his legitimate colleague in the em-

pire, giving the title of Augustus to his children, and that of Augusta to his magnanimous consort and queen.

Odenatus, invested with new honours and greater power, resolved to signalize himself more conspicuously by conquering the barbarians of the north. Having made a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, he returned in triumph to the city of Emesa in Syria. Victorious in war, he was there cut off by domestic treason; and his favourite amusement of hunting was the cause, or at least the occasion of his death. His nephew, Mæonius, presumed to dart his javelin before that of his uncle; and, though admonished of his error, repeated the same insolence. As a monarch and as a sportsman, Odenatus was provoked; took away his horse, a mark of ignominy among the oriental nations, and chastised the rash youth by a short confinement. The offence was soon forgotten; but the punishment was remembered. Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle, in A. D. 267, in the midst of a great entertainment. But the murderer obtained only the pleasure of revenge by this bloody deed. He had scarcely time to assume the Imperial title, before he was sacrificed by Zenobia * to the memory of her husband.

* Trebellius Pollio, in Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores Sex, folio, Paris, 1620. The beginning of Pollio's history is lost: part of the reign of Valerian, and the Lives of the two Gallieni, with those of the Thirty Tyrants, are the only fragments remaining. The author flourished in the beginning of the fourth century. See also Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, in vo; and Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Vol. II. Chap. XI. p. 28, 29.

Europe has produced many illustrious women, who have sustained with glory the weight of empire. Nor has our own country, so abundant in heroes and feats of splendid heroism, been destitute of such distinguished and illustrious characters. But Zenobia is, perhaps, the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed upon her sex by the climate and manners of the East. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, and boasted the blood of Cleopatra, whom she equaled in beauty, and far surpassed in virtue and valour.

Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion, having teeth of a pearly whiteness, and fine large black eyes, sparkling with uncommon fire, but tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious, and her manly understanding was strengthened by study. Under the tuition of the sublime Longinus *, she became skilled in the Latin tongue, and understood, in perfection, the Greek, the

* Dionysius Cassius Longinus was a celebrated Athenian philosopher and critic. He became preceptor and minister to Zenobia, but his zeal and spirited activity in her cause proved, at last, fatal to him. When Aurelian subdued Palmyra, in A. D. 273, he was sacrificed to the fury of the Roman soldiers. He exemplified the truth of his doctrines by the magnanimity and resolution which he displayed at his death. Longinus has rendered his name immortal by his critical remarks on ancient authors; and his Treatise on the Sublime gives the world reason to lament the loss of his other valuable compositions. —The best editions of his works are, that of Tollius, 4to. Trajecti ad Rhenum, 1694; and that of Toup, 8vo. Oxon. 1778. Vide Lempriere in vo.

Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato; and had drawn up, for her own use, an epitome of oriental history. Zenobia was, indeed, a princess of extraordinary virtue and energy, being, at the same time, beautiful, chaste, learned, valiant, enterprising, and wise.

This most accomplished woman, having given her hand to Odenatus, soon became the friend and the companion of a hero. He was passionately fond of hunting, and the manly sports of the field. He pursued with ardour the wild beasts of the desart—bears, panthers, and lions; and the eagerness of the queen was equal to his own. By such vigorous exercises, she inured her constitution to fatigue, and her mind to danger. Disdaining the use of a covered carriage, she generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of her troops. Her judgment and activity were not inferior to her resolution; and the success of Odenatus must, in a great measure, be ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude.

By the death of Odenatus, whose assassins Zenobia instantly sacrificed to indignant justice, that authority, which the Roman senate had granted him only as a personal distinction, was at an end. With the assistance of his most faithful friends, she, however, immediately filled the vacant throne; and, during more than five years, governed, with wisdom and vigour, Palmyra, Syria, and the East. When Rome and her effeminate emperor, Gallienus, disapproved of her as-

sumption of the sovereign power, she opposed the Roman troops, and compelled Heraclianus, one of their generals, who had been sent against her, to retreat with the loss of his army and reputation. Pursuing her success, the intrepid heroine over-ran Egypt, and after a long and obstinate siege, took Bruchium, the citadel of Alexandria, and entirely destroyed it. Probus, the commander of the Roman troops, in that province, to avoid falling into the hands of the victorious queen, dispatched himself with his own sword.

The wisdom of Zenobia's political administration was equal to her vigour in the field. Unbiased by the little passions that perplex a female reign, her steady government was guided by most judicious maxims of policy. If it were expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment: if it were necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy might be accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. The neighbouring states of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia, dreaded her enmity, and solicited her alliance. Her dominions extended from the banks of the Euphrates to the western frontiers of Egypt, then, a fertile, populous, and flourishing kingdom. The emperor Claudius, who had succeeded Gallienus, acknowledged her merit, and was content that while he pursued the Gothic war, she should assert the dignity of the Empire in the East. If ever Zenobia erred in policy, ambition now betrayed her to assume a false dignity, and to enter into a labyrinth of rashness, difficulty, and

danger. Presuming on the existing embarrassments of Rome, she appears to have conceived the design of erecting not only an independent monarchy, but one hostile to the former allies of her state. She began, at this period, to assume the grandeur of a queen, imitating the pomp and magnificence of the Persian monarchs, and causing all who presented themselves before her, to fall prostrate after the manner of the Oriental courts. With this stately pomp she blended the popular manners of the Roman emperors, giving magnificent entertainments, and joining in scenes of festivity with the officers of her army. On her three sons * she bestowed a classical education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the regalia of empire and robed in the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the power of a sovereign, and the splendid title of Queen of the East.

The glorious career of Zenobia was now hastening towards its termination. By the death of the great and excellent Flavius Claudius, the supreme power devolved upon Aurelian, a prince of stern manners and consummate valour. He was the son of a Sirmian peasant; and, from the place of a common soldier, rose, by regular gradations, to be head of the vast Roman empire. In every station he distinguished himself by

* Their names were Timolaus, Herennianus, and Vaballathus, of whom the two former are supposed to have died before the overthrow of their country. Upon the last, Aurelian bestowed a small province of Armenia, with the title of king. Several of his medals are still extant. Vide Le Nain de Tillemont Hist. des Emp. 4to. Paris, 1700, Tom. III. p. 1190.

matchless intrepidity, rigid discipline, and successful conduct. By the emperor Valerian, who invested him with the consulship, he was styled, in the pompous language of that age, the Deliverer of Illyricum, the Restorer of Gaul, and the Rival of the Scipios. He was adopted by Ulpius Crinitus*, a senator of high rank and merit, who gave him his daughter in marriage; and, with his ample fortune, relieved the honourable poverty which Aurelian had preserved inviolate.

Being admitted to that dignity, by the senate and army, to which his predecessor had recommended him, Aurelian entered upon his administration with energy, prudence, and a rigid attention to justice. By his severe discipline he rendered his troops obedient, frugal, and laborious; and, having suppressed the feeble efforts of a rival, repelled the predatory Goths, vanquished the Alemanni, and subdued two usurpers, he prepared, in A. D. 272, to annihilate the pretensions and power of the Queen of the East. Passing over into Asia at the head of his legions, he reduced to obedience or received the submission of Ancyra, Tyana, Antioch, and other places, and reconciled the minds of the Syrians to the Roman government, either by an unexpected mildness of conduct, or by the terror of his arms.

Zenobia would have ill-deserved her reputation, had she indolently permitted the army of her enemy to

* The ceremony of his adoption, which was performed at Byzantium in the presence of the emperor and the chief officers of the state, is described in Aureliani Vita ap. Hist. August. p. 213.

advance within a hundred miles of her capital. From Tyana, Aurelian led his troops straight to Antioch, in the neighbourhood of which he defeated the Palmyrenian forces, in an engagement the success of which he owed more to a stratagem than to the superior bravery of his men. Zenobia retired to Emesa with her army, consisting of seventy thousand men. By her presence she animated the soldiers, and on Zabdas, an officer of great courage and experience, who had already signalized himself by the conquest of Egypt, she devolved the execution of her orders. Aurelian led on, to a second attack, the hardy veterans whose valour had been severely tried in the Alemannic war, and, in a well-fought action, was again victorious. This defeat obliged the heroine to retreat to Palmyra, the last resource of her waning power. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and intrepidly declared, that the last moment of her reign and her life should be the same.

Aurelian immediately invested the City of Palms; and, by repeated assaults, endeavoured to carry it. Proving unsuccessful, however, in all his efforts, he began to batter it with every warlike engine known in that martial age. Animated by the example of their courageous queen, her people repulsed the aggressors with showers of arrows, darts, and stones. The emperor, at length, becoming quite tired of the toils and fatigues of so long a siege, wrote a letter to Zenobia, promising her honourable terms, and exhorting her to submit. To this she returned the following spirited answer. "No man

" ever, before you, made such a demand. It is not " by letters, but by valour, that you must induce me " to submit. You cannot but know, that Cleopatra " chose rather to die than live under Augustus, not- " withstanding the great promises he made to her. I " expect daily the Persians, Saracens, and Armenians, " who are all hastening to my relief. What will, then, " become of you and your army, whom the robbers of " Syria have put to flight? You will then lay aside " that pride and presumption, with which you command " me to surrender, as if you were the conqueror of the " universe *."—

The haughty Roman, though picqued by the scorn of this reply, was not to be deceived from his purpose. He immediately ordered a general assault to be made upon the place; in which, however, he was repulsed with great loss, and obliged to give up the attempt. He was more fortunate, some days after, in an attack he directed against the Persians, who were coming to the assistance of the besieged; and, by menaces and promises, prevailed upon her other allies to join him against the queen whom they expected to assist. Zenobia, being thus disappointed, and despairing of being able to hold out much longer with her own forces, resolved to withdraw privately from the city into Persia, and there, in person, to solicit more powerful supplies. Accordingly she set out, at midnight, with a small retinue on fleet dromedaries, carrying away part of her

* Aureliani Vita in Hist. August. p. 218. and Un. Ant. Hist. Vol. XV. p. 455.

jewels and treasures. Aurelian, however, was too alert to permit such a prize to escape. Having received timely notice of her flight, he detached a party of light horse to intercept her progress. These, coming up with her when about to cross the Euphrates in a boat, seized and carried her back to the conqueror, who, from that moment, began to consider himself sole lord of the East. The city of Palmyra * soon after submitted, and was treated with a lenity as unusual in the Roman commander as it was unexpected by the citizens.

Aurelian, having thus recovered and settled the eastern provinces, returned by Chalcedon and Byzantium into Europe, carrying with him his illustrious captive. His triumph, however, was degraded by an ignoble vengeance, and his renown sullied by the perpetration of cruelty. To these ungenerous passions he sacrificed several patriots of Palmyra, because the wisdom of their counsels had governed the weakness of their queen's sex, and their vigour prolonged the obstinacy of her resistance. Of this number was the celebrated Longinus, whose fame will survive that of the ruthless tyrant who condemned him. When the Syrian queen was brought into the victor's presence, he stern-

* Aurelian had only reached Thrace on his homeward route, when the Palmyrenians revolted, put the Roman governor and garrison to the sword, and proclaimed Antiochus, one of the royal line, their sovereign. The emperor, on receiving this intelligence, hasted back into Syria, and, arriving before Palmyra ere the inhabitants had any notice of his march, took the city by assault, and put all the citizens, without distinction of age or sex, to the sword. Id. ibid.

ly asked, how she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome? Her answer displayed a prudent mixture of respect and firmness. "Because," said she, "I disdained to consider as Roman emper-"ors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknow-"ledge as my conqueror and my sovereign *."

But the humiliation of Zenobia did not terminate with her degradation from empire. She was compelled, by her ignominy, to swell the triumph of the stern Aurelian. Since the foundation of Rome, no general had, perhaps, so nobly won this high honour; and it was celebrated with superior pride and magnificence. The pompous exhibition was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the North, the East, and the South. These were followed by sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusement of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were disposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. There were four royal chariots—the first, which had belonged to Odenatus, was entirely covered with silver, gold, and jewels—another, equally rich, was a present to Aurelian from the king of Persia—the third was Zenobia's own chariot—and the fourth, which was drawn by four stags, had been taken by the emperor from a Gothic prince. The ambassadors of the

* Trebellius Pollio in Hist. August. Scrip. Sex, p. 199.

most remote nations, all remarkable for the singularity or richness of their dresses, displayed the fame and power of Aurelian, who exposed, likewise, to the public view the presents he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. His victories were, at the same time attested by the multitude of captives *, who, marching with their hands tied behind their backs, augmented this extraordinary procession. Each people was distinguished by a peculiar inscription, and ten Gothic heroines were honoured with the appellation of Amazons: But every eye, disregarding the crowd of captives, was fixed upon the humbled Tetricus a Roman senator who had assumed the purple, and the Queen of the East. This unfortunate prince, as well as his son, whom he had created Augustus, was dressed in Gaulic trowsers, a saffron tunic, and a robe of purple. Next to them marched Zenobia, whose uncommon beauty, noble stature, and majestic mien, attracted the eyes of the spectators, and seemed to eclipse the emperor himself. Her beauteous figure was confined by fetters of gold. A slave, robed in the most rich and gaudy attire, supported the golden chain which encircled her neck: and she was so loaded with pearls, pre-

* These consisted of Goths, Alans, Roxolans, Sarmatians, Franks, Suevians, Vandals, Alemans, Blemyes, Auxumites, Arabians, Eudæmonians, Indians, Bactrians, Iberians, Saracens, Armenians, Persians, Palmyrenians, Egyptians; together with some Gothic women whom Aurelian had taken fighting in the armour and habit of men.—Flavius Vopiscus describes this triumph with much minuteness in Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores Sex, p. 220. He wrote, about A. D. 303.

cious stones, and other splendid decorations, that she was often obliged to halt, being ready to faint under the intolerable weight of her jewels. She was followed by the triumphal chariot of the conqueror, behind which were ranged the senate and the people of Rome with their various standards. The victorious legions closed the rear. They were equipped in rich and splendid armour, with crowns of laurel on their heads, and branches of palm-trees, the symbols of victory, in their hands. In the Capitol, Aurelian sacrificed to Jupiter, the four stags that had drawn his chariot, after which he proceeded to the palace, attended by immense crowds of the Roman people, who gratified his pride by loud shouts of gratulation and applause. The next and several following days were enlivened by plays, races in the circus, shews of gladiators, combats of wild-beasts, sea-fights in the Naumachia, and all sorts of public festivities and entertainments. So grand was the Triumph of Aurelian, in which the illustrious Queen of the City of Palms was compelled to act so conspicuous a part.

However Aurelian might indulge his pride by the humiliation of his magnanimous captive, he afterwards treated her with a generous clemency, which was seldom exercised by the ancient conquerors. He gave to Zenobia lands and possessions in the neighbourhood of Tibur *, sufficient to maintain her in a princely rank. On that estate she lived, like a Roman matron, with

* Now Tivoli upon the banks of a small river which falls into the Tiber, and about twenty miles north-east from the city of Rome.

her daughters, one of whom the emperor is said to have married, while her mother became the wife of an illustrious Roman senator. The rest were united to persons of the first quality in the city. Her descendants lived at Rome in great magnificence towards the end of the fourth century; and Zenobius *, the venerable bishop of Florence, who was contemporary with St. Ambrose, is believed to have been a descendant of her family.—Such were the interesting scenes which occupied a considerable portion of Zenobia's eventful life, and such the instructive vicissitudes, whereby her various fortune may engage the intention of a reflective mind.

Aurelian did not long survive this scene of splendid magnificence. Conscious of the character in which nature and experience had enabled him to excel, he again took the field a few months after his triumph. His object was to punish the Persian monarch who, exulting in the shame of Valerian, still braved with impunity the offended majesty of Rome. At the head of a valiant and well-disciplined army he had proceeded on his expedition to the vicinity of Byzantium, when he was assassinated, in October A. D. 274, by Mucapor, a general whom he had always loved and trusted. He died regretted by the army, detested by the senate, but universally acknowledged a warlike and fortunate prince, the useful, though severe, reformer of a degenerate state.

M.

* Baronius is of this opinion, ad Ann. Dom. CCLXXIV. Vide, Cardinalis Baronii Annales Ecclesiastici, folio, 12 Tom. Romæ, 1580.

## No. XIV.

*" I saw the virtuous man contend*
*With life's unnumbered woes ;*
*And he was poor—without a friend—*
*Press'd by a thousand foes.*

*" I saw the Passion's pliant slave*
*In gallant trim, and gay ;*
*His course was Pleasure's placid wave,*
*His life a summer day.—*

*" And I was caught in Folly's snare,*
*And join'd her giddy train—*
*But found her soon the nurse of Care,*
*And Punishment, and Pain.*

*" There surely is some guiding Power*
*Which rightly suffers wrong—*
*Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—*
*But Virtue, late and long !"*

STANZAS BY CAMOENS, LD. STRANGFORD'S TRANS. p. 49.

PASSIONS and appetites have been implanted in men by their Maker for the wisest and best of purposes. Divested of these, they would become inanimate, useless beings, without excitement to action, and insensible to objects of laudable and virtuous desire. As, however, they have been placed within the human breast to excite emulation, to promote inquiries of im-

provement and beneficence, to foster a well-regulated ambition, and to stimulate the energies of the soul, it becomes a concern of the highest importance to provide for them a rational control and a wise direction. If they be allowed to gain an ascendancy over the mind, its liberty is annihilated, and it sinks, overwhelmed, beneath the weight of the most degrading and perilous slavery. But, if they be subjected to rules of order, morality, and religion, they are made to answer the nobler purposes to which, by the will of Heaven, they have been intended. It is then, that they become the pleasing source of uncontaminated enjoyment, of intellectual pleasure, and of grateful piety. Thus the proper government of the passions becomes a duty as indispensable as it is delightful to an upright mind.

In the heart of every human being there exists some predominant passion to which all others are subordinate. With diligence, therefore, it behoves him to apply himself to the discovery of that desire, by which he is chiefly influenced. In this research he will acquire a knowledge of his peculiar propensities together with the discovery of his own imperfection and weakness. He must not, however humiliating the inquiry, pause at this part of his progress. He must, assiduously and closely, scrutinize the most secret recesses of his soul, and regulate his conduct by the result of his observations. These will soon compel him to confess his imbecillity, and, perhaps reluctantly, induce him to look around for directive aid. Amid the objects of creation this is not to be found. While, therefore, he

commences the difficult task of subduing his passions by subjecting them to the dictates of prudence and the rules of enlightened reason, let him uplift the humble eye of a suppliant to the Omnipotent, and implore the help of HIM, who is abundant in goodness and mighty to save.

NATURE is content with little, but luxury knows no bounds. The necessary wants of man are simple and easily satisfied; but, by an indulgence of the passions, imaginary and artificial desires are created, and he becomes involved in a maze of incessant embarrassments during his search after something wherewith to gratify them. Without suppressing industrious activity, or restraining laudable enterprize, let the youthful and the vigorous endeavour to cherish contentment, to cultivate moderation, and to acquire temperate habits. From these a pleasure will be derived which refines the mind, invigorates the body, improves property, renders man superior to fortune, and places him out of the reach of adversity. The mind thus attempered will become the seat of exquisite felicity—of that happiness which only satiates but never cloys—and of that virtue which is the parent of regular passions, of sweet resignation, of happy youth, of vigorous old-age, and of long life free from many an hour of langour, remorse, and pain.

FROM a review of the honour and advantages to be derived from a rational subordination of the passions, let the attention be directed to the consequences of an unfettered gratification of licentious desire. By its

powerful influence, many an unhappy being has been led, in triumph, in the train of error and infamy; and, in defiance of the most disastrous consequences, has been impelled by his headlong appetites to persist in the quest of sensual indulgence. Unlessoned by experience, which should have taught him to know the fatal end of an unbridled career, he proceeds on his course, and is only convinced of its preposterous folly by the completion of his mortification, disappointment, and misery.

Among the other fell passions that disturb and degrade the human heart, that of anger is neither the least unruly, nor the least conspicuous. By a sage of older times it has been denominated madness; and surely he is mad, who is the child of wrath and whose soul is the seat of rage. Like the other turbulent passions that assail our feeble nature, this ought, though difficult and painful the contest, to be combated by a resolute and vigorous exertion of our powers and resources at our entrance upon the stage of life. At that period, pleasure, interest, business, power, honour, fame, and all the follies and all the corruptions of this world, combine to allure the mind from the paths of rectitude. But, on him who, in the beginning of his days, "has kept himself unspotted from the world," all its subsequent attractions, all its magnificence, wealth, and splendour, will make little impression. A mind that has become habituated to discipline, restraint, and self-command, will have nothing to apprehend from the most powerful temptations. Knowing well its own

strength and its own weakness, such will ever be upon its guard; and, while it places an humble confidence in the omnipotence of the divine goodness to support it, and looks forward to an eternity of happiness as the reward of its well-doing, what is there that can shake its constancy or corrupt its fidelity?

This paper may now be instructively concluded by an example of neglect to acquire the habit of a strict and constant self-government. It will exhibit the picture of a soul which aspired to give laws to the World, without having been able to control its own vehement and wrathful propensities. It is the story of Alexander *, who, in a fit of intoxicated rage, murdered one of his ablest warriors and most faithful servants—Clitus, his familiar friend and foster-brother, who had saved his life in a sanguinary engagement.

"It happened in the following manner: the king had some Grecian fruit brought him from on board a vessel, and as he greatly admired its freshness and beauty, he desired Clitus to see it and partake of it. It happened that Clitus was offering sacrifice that day; but he left it to wait upon the king. Three of the sheep on which the libation was already poured, followed him. The king, informed of that accident, consulted his soothsayers, Aristander and Cleomantes the Spartan, upon it; and they assured him it was a very bad omen. He, therefore, ordered the victims to be

* See Langhorne's Plutarch's Lives, London Edition, 1805, Vol. IV. p. 192-3-4-5.

immediately offered for the health of Clitus; the rather, because three days before he had a strange and alarming dream, in which Clitus appeared in mourning, sitting by the dead sons of Parmenio. However, before the sacrifice was finished, Clitus went to sup with the king, who that day had been paying his homage to Castor and Pollux.

"After they were warmed with drinking, somebody began to sing the verses of one Pranicus, or, as others will have it, of Pierio, written in ridicule of the Macedonian officers who had been beaten by the barbarians. The older part of the company were greatly offended at it, and condemned both the poet and the singer; but Alexander, and those about him, listened with pleasure, and bade him go on. Clitus, who by this time had drank too much, and was naturally rough and forward, could not bear their behaviour. He said, "It was not "well done to make a jest, and that among barbarians "and enemies, of Macedonians who were much better "men than the laughers, though they had met with a "misfortune." Alexander made answer, "That Clitus "was pleading his own cause, when he gave cowardice "the soft name of misfortune." Then Clitus started up, and said, "Yet it was this cowardice that saved "you, son of Jupiter as you are, when you were turning your back to the sword of Spithridates. It is by "the blood of the Macedonians and these wounds that "you are grown so great, that you disdain to acknowledge Philip for your father, and will needs pass yourself for the son of Jupiter Ammon."

"IRRITATED by this insolence, Alexander replied, "It "is in this villainous manner thou talkest of me in all "companies, and stirrest up the Macedonians to mu- "tiny; but dost thou think to enjoy it long?" "And "what do we now enjoy?" said Clitus; "what reward "have we for all our toils? Do we not envy those "who did not live to see Macedonians bleed under Me- "dian rods, or sue to Persians for access to their king?" While Clitus went on in this rash manner, and the king retorted upon him with equal bitterness, the old men interposed, and endeavoured to allay the flame. Meantime Alexander turned to Xenodochus the Cardian, and Artemius the Colophonian, and said, "Do not the "Greeks appear to you among the Macedonians like "demigods among so many wild beasts?" Clitus, far from giving up the dispute, called upon Alexander "To "speak out what he had to say, or not to invite free- "men to his table, who would declare their sentiments "without reserve. But, perhaps," continued he, "it "were better to pass your life with barbarians and "slaves, who will worship your Persian girdle and "white robe without scruple."

"ALEXANDER, no longer able to restrain his anger, threw an apple at his face, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristophanes, one of his guards, had taken it away in time, and the company gathered about him, and entreated him to be quiet. Their remonstrances, however, were vain. He broke from them, and called out, in the Macedonian language, for his guards, which was the signal of a great tumult. At the same

time he ordered the trumpeter to sound, and struck him with his fist, upon his discovering an unwillingness to obey. This man was afterwards held in great esteem, because he prevented the whole army from being alarmed.

"As Clitus would not make the least submission, his friends, with much ado, forced him out of the room: but he soon returned by another door, repeating in a bold and disrespectful tone those verses from the Andromache of Euripides:

> Are these your customs? Is it thus that Greece
> Rewards her combatants? Shall one man claim
> The trophies won by thousands?

Then Alexander snatched a spear from one of his guards, and meeting Clitus as he was putting by the curtain, ran him through the body: he fell immediately to the ground, and with a dismal groan expired.

"Alexander's rage subsided in a moment; he came to himself; and, seeing his friends standing in silent astonishment by him, he hastily drew the spear out of the dead body, and was applying it to his own throat, when his guards seized his hands, and carried him by force into his chamber. He passed that night and the next day in anguish inexpressible; and when he had wasted himself with tears and lamentations, he lay in speechless grief, uttering only now and then a groan. His friends, alarmed at this melancholy silence, forced themselves into the room, and attempted to console him: but he would listen to none of them, except Aris-

tander, who put him in mind of his dream and the ill omen of the sheep, and assured him that the whole was by the decree of fate. As he seemed a little comforted, Callisthenes the philosopher, Aristotle's near relation, and Anaxarchus the Abderite, were called in. Callisthenes began in a soft and tender manner, endeavouring to relieve him without searching the wound. But Anaxarchus, who had a particular walk in philosophy, and looked upon his fellow-labourers in science with contempt, cried out, on entering the room, "Is this "Alexander, upon whom the whole world have their "eyes? Can it be he who lies extended on the ground, "crying like a slave, in fear of the law and the tongues "of men, to whom he should himself be a law and the "measure of right and wrong? What did he conquer "for, but to rule and command, not servilely to submit "to the vain opinions of men? Know you not," continued he, "that Jupiter is represented with Themis "and Justice by his side, to show that whatever is "done by supreme power is right?" By this, and other discourses of the same kind, he alleviated the king's grief, indeed, but made him withal more haughty and unjust. At the same time, he insinuated himself into his favour in so extraordinary a manner, that he could no longer bear the conversation of Callisthenes, who before was not very agreeable on account of his austerity."

## No. XV.

*" Among the heathy hills and ragged woods*
*The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;*
*Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,*
*Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.*
*As high in air the bursting torrents flow,*
*As deep-recoiling surges foam below,*
*Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,*
*And viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.*
*Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,*
*The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.*
*Still through the gap the struggling river toils,*
*And still below, the horrid cauldron boils."*—

BURNS' WORKS, Lond. Edit. 1809, Vol. III. p. 363–4.

NATURAL Beauty exhibits many subjects of interesting contemplation. Its simple traits become pleasing by a kind of agreeable attraction, while its grander features overawe by their sublimity or astonish by the vastness of their forms. Combined with such influence are those associations which delight the wanderers of the wild, and the roamers in secluded and lonely retreats—which furnish that exquisite enjoyment discovered by many, while they trace the bold lineaments of picturesque scenery, displayed in the combination of rocks, and groves, and dells, and lakes, and roaring torrents.—A description of such a picture, rude, remote, and romantic, is attempted in the subjoined

*EPISTLE.*

My Dear Friend,

Being, as you well know, a great admirer of natural scenery, I took an opportunity, some time ago, when at Dingwall in Ross-shire, to engage in a little excursion, the result of which afforded me abundant gratification. As I am hopeful that an account of it may be agreeable to you, I shall proceed in the detail with all possible brevity.

Having, on frequent occasions, heard the Altgrande mentioned as a stream that flowed through a country singularly romantic, I resolved, in company with an intelligent acquaintance, to visit the interesting spot. In completion of this design, we traversed the banks of the river, from its mouth to the sources whence its infant waters proceed, and are thereby enabled to give you the topography of a scene, little known but delightfully picturesque and wild.

The Altgrande* originates in the collected springs which descend the sides of Ben-Rannach, Ben-Glas, and the north-eastern declivities of Ben-Uais. In the valley between the two last mentioned mountains these waters form Loch-Glas, a beautiful inland lake, situated at the distance of six miles from the sea. It is

* This stream takes its name from two Celtic words, Alt, signifying a brook or torrent, and Granda, what is deformed, rugged, or shaggy.—The Inn at Drummond will accommodate the Tourist who may choose to visit the romantic alpine scenery on the banks of that impetuous stream.

of considerable depth, five miles long, and nearly one in breadth. Except in severe frosts, it never freezes, and is abundant in trouts of an excellent flavour, though not of a large size. Flowing out of the extremity of this lake at Balnacoul, the river, receiving many tributary streamlets in its course, passes Assint, and then taking an eastern direction, falls into the Bay of Cromarty, at the bleachfield of Culcairn.

The banks of the Altgrande, are thickly covered with shrubs and trees, which greatly adorn its steep and rugged sides. It is, at all times, a tumultuous current; but, when it becomes swollen by the melting of snow upon the surrounding mountains or by great falls of rain, it rushes down with resistless rapidity, overflowing its margins, inundating the adjacent fields, and sweeping before it every obstacle to its impetuous career. About two miles from its source, the bed of the river is much contracted by the sides of a rock, rugged, vast, and stupendous, named Craig-Grande, through which with difficulty it urges its boisterous way. The channel, here, is a profound chasm formed by two opposing precipices, abrupt and elevated. Through this gloomy and dreadful abyss, the river toils away, over a space of more than two miles. The entrance into the terrific gully is distinguished by a bold rock jutting into the stream, whereby its breadth is greatly diminished. From this place, it rolls, and roars, and rages, and labours onward, with excessive vehemence and velocity for about thirteen hundred yards, when a sudden projection of the crag again confines its course

and produces a view which, upon a spectator from the impending cliffs, has a very impressive and sublime effect. Thus interrupted, the angry waters are thrown into a state of violent gurgitation, and, writhing, foaming, floundering, dashing around, beat the obstructing barrier with a force inconceivably powerful and furious. Strengthening as it struggles, the torrent now darts erect, and, with a bounding rush, shoots through a winding passage on the opposite side, then rough, reeling, and resistless, bounds along.

Beyond this obstructive bar, the chasm through which the river now proceeds, greatly increases in depth and straitness. In many places, the stream is hid from the view by the thick umbrage of trees and the beetling sides of the precipitous rocks with which its channel is confined. About four hundred yards farther down, a slight wooden bridge has been thrown over the abyss, at a place where its width does not exceed fifteen feet. From this an intrepid observer will be gratified with a view beneath him, supremely grand and impressive. The combination unites a display of scenery at once picturesque and sublime—awful and astonishing. The gray rocks are steep and rugged, while their dark cliffs and caverns, into which the sun never penetrated, teem with the dreary silence of gloom and horror. Ingulfed at the depth of one hundred and thirty feet below, the labouring stream emits a hoarse and hollow murmur, which is increased by the undulating sounds of many descending rills. This savage association is, however, finely contrasted with thick

groves of pines, which majestically climb the sides of a beautiful eminence that rises immediately from the brink of the tremendous chasm. Throughout the remainder of its course the river is less interrupted; and, after crossing the public road between Drummond and the parish church, where a very neat well-finished bridge is thrown over it, falls into the Frith of Cromarty, a fine arm of the sea.

Leaving the Inn at Drummond, we proceeded in our return to Dingwall, by a charming road, commanding many delightful views, and embellished with much romantic scenery. Upon the left hand expands the Bay of Cromarty, and beyond, is the village of Ferntosh celebrated for excellent whisky. Trees and shrubs of various kinds cover the rising grounds upon the left, relieving the eye and giving an agreeable diversity to the landscape. Among other objects of notice there is, on that side, a perpendicular rock of considerable elevation, covered with brushwood, which conceals the natural cascade of a mountain rill. Beside this, there is an artificial grove, having seats planted around with flowers, and some romantic decorations fixed on the face of the rock, the whole throwing a picturesque air over this pleasant rural retreat.

But our attention was more engaged by an account of the remains of a venerable Druidic temple situated upon the top of an eminence, and we therefore resolved to visit it. The places devoted to sacred worship by the primeval priests of our progenitors were simple, but, at the same time, very expressive of the

exalted ideas they entertained, and wished to convey, of the Divinity. They adored the Sovereign Creator beneath the wide expanse of the sky, and the spot consecrated to their devotions was defined by circles of unhewn stones, placed upright and at certain intervals. Of a similar construction is that which we visited. It is situated about half a mile west from the mansion of Mountgerald, nearly five hundred yards north from the road, and consists of one row of twelve large erect stones so disposed as to form two conjoined ovals. Of these, the areas are equal, being thirteen feet from east to west, and ten in the centre from south to north. The stones are of various length, seldom exceeding five feet, except that at the west end of one of the areas, which rises eight feet above the surface of the earth. In the middle of this oval, is a flat stone, which probably had been used as a *cromlech* or sacrificial altar, consecrated to the rites of departed days.

The rising ground, which contains the ruins of this druidic fane, is surrounded by three concentric circles, the lowest of which encompasses the base and measures about eighty paces; another is thirty feet higher, and is fifty paces; and the third is only thirty-five, being the most elevated.—By a consideration of this singular arrangement, we were disposed to ascribe this remarkable relic of antiquity to that class of remains which research and learning have ranked, with the utmost probability, among the labours of the votaries of Druidism. It must not, however, be denied, that ingenuity has given them a place among the rude fabrics constructed

by a Gothic people for the purposes of deliberative convention, where the wisdom of the chiefs was inculcated, and the judgment of the tribes ascertained. But, to whatever uses this and similar constructions may have been devoted, they are to be regarded by us, as the reverend seclusions, wherein our fathers convened for the exercise of piety, the administration of justice, or the ascertainment of counsel and the promulgation of law.

I am, &c.

TRIALLAN.

## No. XVI.

*" Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,*
*Of Irish swains potatoe is the chear ;*
*Oats for their feasts, the Scottish shepherds grind,*
*Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind,*
*While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,*
*Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize."*

GAY'S SHEPHERD'S-WEEK, No. I. v. 83—88.

INCREDIBLY various have been the ridiculous pursuits of men in their researches after the pleasures of enjoyment. On this roll of folly stands, in a place not unconspicuous, the TULIPOMANIA, or that passion which once agitated a great part of Europe and still continues to interest many individuals, in acquiring

varieties of that species of plants from which the term is derived. As an account of its rise and progress is curious, in this place, a brief sketch of it, taken from a popular work, may tend to amuse.

The greater part of the flowers which adorn our gardens have been brought to us from the Levant. A few have been procured from other parts of the world; and some of our own indigenous plants, that grow wild, have, by care and cultivation, been so much improved as to merit a place in our parterres. Our ancestors, perhaps, some centuries ago paid attention to flowers; but it appears that the Orientals, and particularly the Turks, who in other respects are not very susceptible of the inanimate beauties of nature, were the first people who cultivated a variety of them in their gardens for ornament and pleasure. From their gardens, therefore, have been procured the most of those which decorate ours; and among these is the tulip.

Few plants acquire through accident, weakness, or disease, so many tints, variegations, and figures as the tulip. When uncultivated and in its natural state, it is almost of one colour; has large leaves and an extraordinary long stem. When it has been weakened by culture, it becomes more agreeable in the eyes of the florist. The petals are then paler, more variegated, and smaller; the leaves assume a fainter or softer green colour: and this masterpiece of culture, the more beautiful it turns, grows so much the weaker, so that, with the most careful skill and attention, it can scarcely be transplanted, and even scarcely kept alive.

That the tulip grows wild in the Levant, and was thence brought to us, may be proved by the testimony of many writers. Busbequius saw them on the road between Adrianople and Constantinople; Shaw found them in Syria, in the plains between Jaffa and Rama; and Chardin on the northern confines of Arabia. The early blowing kinds, it appears, were brought to Constantinople from Caval, and the late blowing from Caffa; and on this account the former are called by the Turks *Cavalá lalé*, and the latter *Caffé lalé*. Caval is a town on the eastern coast of Macedonia, of which Paul Lucas gives some account; and Caffa is a city in the Crimea, or peninsula of Gazaria, as it was called, in the middle ages, from the Gazares, a people very little known.

Though florists have published numerous catalogues of the species of the tulip, botanists are acquainted only with two, or at most three *, of which scarcely one is indigenous in Europe. All those found in our gardens have been propagated from the species named after that learned man, to whom natural history is so much indebted, Conrad Gesner, the Linnæus of the sixteenth century, who first made the tulip known by a botanical description and a figure. In his additions to

* Modern Botanists distinguish seven species of the Tulipa, the *Sylvestris*, which grows in Britain, in other parts of Europe, and in Siberia; the *Suaveolens*, in the south of Europe; the *Gesneriana*, in Cappadocia and Russia; the *Biflora*, on the desarts of the Volga; the *Breyniana*, at the Cape of Good Hope; the *Celsiana*, in the East; and the *Clusiana*, in Persia.

the works of Valerius Cordus, he tells us, that he saw the first in the beginning of April, 1559, at Augsburg, in the garden of the learned and ingenious counsellor John Henry Herwart. The seeds had been brought from Constantinople, or according to others from Cappadocia. This flower was then known in Italy, under the name of tulipa, or tulip, which is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to it on account of its resembling a tulbent or turban.

Balbinus asserts, that Busbequius brought the first tulip roots to Prague, from which they were afterwards spread all over Germany. This is not improbable: for Busbequius says, in a letter written in 1554, that this flower was then new to him, and it is known that besides coins and manuscripts he collected also natural curiosities, and brought them with him from the Levant. Nay, he himself says, that he paid very dear to the Turks for these tulips; but I do not find he any where says that he was the first who brought them from the East.

In the year 1565 there were tulips in the Garden of Mr Fugger, from whom Gesner wished to procure some. They first appeared in Provence, in France, in the garden of the celebrated Peyresc, in the year 1611.

After the tulip was known, Dutch merchants, and rich people at Vienna, who were fond of flowers, sent, at different times, to Constantinople for various kinds. The first roots planted in England were sent thither from Vienna, about the end of the sixteenth century,

according to Hakluyt. He is, however, wrong in ascribing to Clusius the honour of having first introduced them into Europe; for that naturalist only collected and described all the then known species.

These flowers, which are of no farther use than to ornament gardens, which are exceeded in beauty by many other plants, and whose duration is short, and very precarious, became, in the middle of the last century, the object of a trade, such as is not to be met with in the history of commerce, and by which their price rose above that of the most precious metals. An account of this trade has been given by many authors; but by all late ones it has been misrepresented. People laugh at the Tulipomania, because they believe that the beauty and rarity of the flowers induced florists to give such extravagant prices: they imagine that the tulips were purchased so excessively dear, in order to ornament gardens; but this supposition is false, as I shall shew hereafter.

This trade was not carried on throughout all Europe; but in some cities of the Netherlands, particularly Amsterdam, Harlem, Utrecht, Alkmar, Leyden, Rotterdam, Hoorn, Enkhuysen and Meedenbliek; and rose to the greatest height in the years 1634, 35, 36 and 37. Munting has given, from some of the books kept during that trade, a few of the prices then paid, of which I shall present the reader with the following. For a root of that species called the Viceroy, the aftermentioned articles, valued as expressed below, were agreed to be delivered.

| | florins. |
|---|---|
| 2 lasts of wheat | 448 |
| 4 ditto rye | 558 |
| 4 fat oxen | 480 |
| 8 fat swine | 240 |
| 12 fat sheep | 120 |
| 2 hogsheads of wine | 70 |
| 4 tons beer | 32 |
| 2 ditto butter | 192 |
| 1000 pounds of cheese | 120 |
| a complete bed | 100 |
| a suit of clothes | 80 |
| a silver beaker | 60 |
| Sum | 2500 = £250 Ster. |

These tulips afterwards were sold according to the weight of the roots. Four hundred perits * of Admiral Liefken cost 4400 florins; 446 ditto of Admiral Von der Eyk, 1620 florins; 106 perits Schilder cost 1615 florins; 200 ditto Semper Augustus, 5500 florins; 410 ditto Viceroy, 3000 florins, &c. The species Semper Augustus has been often sold for 2000 florins; and it once happened, that there were only two roots of it to be had, the one at Amsterdam and the other at Harlem. For a root of this species, one agreed to give 4600 florins, together with a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete harness. Another agreed

* A perit is a small weight less than a grain.

to give twelve acres of land for a root: for those who had not ready money, promised their moveable and unmoveable goods, house and lands, cattle and clothes. A man, whose name Munting * once knew, but could not recollect, won by this trade more than 60,000 florins in the course of four months. It was followed not only by mercantile people, but also by the first noblemen, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf-diggers, chimney-sweeps, footmen, maid-servants, old clothes-women, and others. At first, every one won and no one lost. Some of the poorest people gained in a very few months houses, coaches and horses, and figured away like the first characters in the land. In every town some tavern was selected which served as a 'Change, where high and low traded in flowers, and confirmed their bargains with the most sumptuous entertainments. They formed laws for themselves, and had their notaries and clerks.

When one reflects seriously on this trade, one will readily perceive, that to get possession of these flowers, was not the real object of it, though many have represented it in that light. The price of tulips rose always higher from the year 1634 to the year 1637; but had the object of the purchaser been to get possession of the flowers, the price in such a length of time must have fallen instead of risen. "Raise the prices of the production of agriculture, when you wish to reduce them,"

* Naauwkeurige beschryving der aardgewassen, door Abraham Munting, Leyden en Utrecht, folio, 1696.

says Young; and in this he is undoubtedly right, for a great consumption causes a greater reproduction. This has been sufficiently proved by the price of asparagus at Gottingen. As it was much sought after, and large prices paid for it, more of it was planted, and the price has fallen. In like manner plantations of tulips would have in a short time been formed in Holland, and florists would have been able to purchase flowers at a much lower price. But this was not done; and the chimney-sweeper, who threw aside his besom, did not become a gardener, though he was a dealer in flowers. Roots would have been imported from distant countries, as asparagus was from Hanover and Brunswick to Gottingen; the high price would have induced people to go to Constantinople to purchase roots, as the Europeans to Golconda and Visapour to procure precious stones: but the dealers in tulips confined themselves to their own country, without thinking of long journeys. I will allow that a flower might have become scarce, and consequently dearer; but it would have been impossible for the price to rise to a great height, and continue so for a year. How ridiculous would it have been to have purchased useless roots with their weight of gold, if the possession of the flower had been the only object! Great is the folly of mankind; but they are not fools without a cause, as they would have been under such circumstances.

During the time of the Tulipomania, a speculator often offered and paid large sums for a root which he never received, and never wished to receive. Another

sold roots which he never possessed or delivered. Oft did a nobleman purchase of a chimney-sweep tulips to the amount of 2000 florins, and sold them at the same time to a farmer; and neither the nobleman, chimney-sweep, or farmer had roots in their possession, or wished to possess them. Before the tulip season was over, more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke, and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when Semper Augustus was not to be had, which happened twice, no species perhaps was oftener purchased and sold. In the space of six years, as Munting tells us, more than ten millions were expended in this trade, in only one town of Holland.

To understand this gambling traffic, it may be necessary to make the following supposition. A nobleman bespoke of a merchant a tulip root, to be delivered in six months, at the price of 1000 florins. During these six months the price of that species of tulip must have risen or fallen, or remained as it was. We shall suppose, that at the expiration of that time the price was 1,500 florins; in that case, the nobleman did not wish to have the tulip, and the merchant paid him 500 florins, which the latter lost and the former won. If the price was fallen when the six months were expired, so that a root could be purchased for 800 florins, the nobleman then paid to the merchant 200 florins, which he received as so much gain; but if the price continued the same, that is, 1000 florins, neither party gained or lost. In all these circumstances, however, no one ever

thought of delivering the roots or of receiving them. Henry Munting, in 1636, sold to a merchant at Alkmar, a tulip root for 7000 florins, to be delivered in six months; but as the price during that time had fallen, the merchant paid, according to agreement, only ten per cent. "So that my father," says the son, "received 700 florins for nothing; but he would much rather have delivered the root itself for 7000." The term of these contracts was often much shorter, and on that account the trade became brisker. In proportion as more gained by this traffic, more engaged in it; and those who had money to pay to one, had soon money to receive of another; as at faro, one loses upon one card, and at the same time wins on another. The tulip dealers often discounted sums also, and transferred their debts to one another; so that large sums were paid without cash, without bills, and without goods, as by the *Virements* at Lyons. The whole of this trade was a game at hazard, as the Missisippi trade was afterwards, and as stock-jobbing is at present. The only difference between the tulip-trade and stock-jobbing is, that at the end of the contract the price in the latter is determined by the Stock-exchange; whereas in the former it was determined by that at which most bargains were made. High and low priced kinds of tulips were procured, in order that both the rich and the poor might gamble with them; and the roots were weighed by perits, that an imagined whole might be divided, and that people might not only have whole, but half and quarter lots. Whoever is surprised that such a

traffic should become general, needs only to reflect upon what is done where lotteries are established, by which trades are often neglected, and even abandoned, because a speedier mode of getting fortunes is pointed out to the lower classes. In short, the tulip-trade may very well serve to explain stock-jobbing, of which so much is written in gazettes, and of which so many talk in company without understanding it; and I hope on that account, I shall be forgiven for employing so much time in illustrating what I should otherwise have considered as below my notice.

At length, however, this trade fell all of a sudden. Among such a number of contracts many were broken; many had engaged to pay more than they were able; the whole stock of the adventurers was consumed by the extravagance of the winners; new adventurers no more engaged in it; and many becoming sensible of the odious traffic in which they had been concerned, returned to their former occupations. By these means, as the value of tulips still fell, and never rose, the sellers wished to deliver the roots *in natura* to the purchasers at the prices agreed on; but as the latter had no desire for tulips at even such a low rate, they refused to take them or to pay for them. To end this dispute, the tulip-dealers of Alkmar sent in the year 1637 deputies to Amsterdam, and a resolution was passed on the 24th of February, that all contracts made prior to the last of November, 1636, should be null and void; and that, in those made after that date, purchasers should be free on paying ten per cent. to the vender.

The more disgusted people became with this trade, the more did complaints increase to the magistrates of the different towns; but as the courts there would take no cognizance of it, the complainants applied to the States of Holland and West Friesland. These referred the business to the determination of the provincial council at the Hague, which on the 27th of April declared, that it would not deliver its opinion on this traffic until it had received more information on the subject; that in the mean time every vender should offer his tulips to the purchaser; and, in case he refused to receive them, the vender should either keep them, or sell them to another, and have recourse on the purchaser for any loss he might sustain. It was ordered also, that all contracts should remain in force till farther enquiry was made. But as no one could foresee what judgment would be given respecting the validity of each contract, the buyers were more obstinate in refusing payment than before; and venders, thinking it much safer to accommodate matters amicably, were at length satisfied with a small profit instead of exorbitant gain: and thus ended this extraordinary traffic, or rather gambling.

It is however certain, that persons fond of flowers, particularly in Holland, have paid, and still pay, very high prices for tulips, as the catalogues of florists shew *.

* In the year 1769, the dearest kinds in England were *Don Quevedo* and *Valentinier*. The former sold at two guineas and the latter at £2 12 6. In the German catalogues none of the prices were so high. In those published of late in London, the highest rates for tulips were, from 10, 20, 30, to 40 pounds sterling each.

This may be called the lesser Tulipomania, which has given occasion to many laughable circumstances. When John Balthasar Schuppe was in Holland, a merchant gave a herring to a sailor who had brought him some goods. The sailor, seeing some valuable tulip roots lying about, which he considered as of little consequence, thinking them to be onions, took some of them unperceived, and ate them with his herring. Through this mistake the sailor's breakfast cost the merchant a much greater sum than if he had treated the Prince of Orange. No less laughable is the anecdote of an Englishman who traveled with Matthews. Being in a Dutchman's garden, he pulled a couple of tulips, on which he wished to make some botanical observations, and put them in his pocket; but he was apprehended as a thief, and obliged to pay a considerable sum before he could obtain his liberty.

Reimman and others accuse Justus Lipsius of the Tulipomania; but if, by this word we understand that gambling traffic which I have described, the accusation is unfounded. Lipsius was fond of scarce and beautiful flowers, which he endeavoured to procure by the assistance of his friends, and which he cultivated himself with great care in his garden; but this taste can be by no means called a mania. That he might relax and refresh his mind, worn out by study, he amused himself with the cultivation of his garden and of flowers, and particularly of tulips, the roots of which he was at great pains to procure from all parts of the world, by means of Dodoneus, Clusius, and Boisotus,

men singularly well skilled in horticulture, and by others of his friends. Thus employed, at a distance from civil tumult, with a cheerful countenance and placid eye, he sauntered through his plants and flowers, contemplating sometimes one declining, sometimes another springing up, and forgetting all his cares amid the pleasures which these objects afforded him. Other learned men of the same age were fond of flowers, such as John Barclay * the celebrated author of Argenis, Pompeius de Angelis, and others, who would probably have been so, even though the cultivation of flowers had not been the prevailing taste. It however cannot be denied, that learned men may be infected with epidemical follies. In the present age, many have become physiognomists, because physiognomy is in fashion; and even animal magnetism has met with partisans to support it †. The subjects infected with the Bibliomania, a rage for scarce books, are no less numerous and eminent. A noble Marquis, at the sale of the late Duke of Roxburgh's library, gave the enormous sum of £2260 for a copy of Boccaccio's Decameron. It was printed in 1471 and is a small folio volume!

* He rented a house near the Vatican, with a garden, in which he had planted the choicest flowers, and those chiefly which are not propagated from seeds or roots, but from bulbs. These flowers were not known about thirty years before, nor had they been ever seen at Rome, but lay neglected in the Alps. Of those kinds, which have no smell, but are esteemed only on account of their colours, Barclay was remarkably fond, and purchased their bulbs at a great price. *Erythræi Pinacotheca*, Lipsiæ, 1712, 8vo. Vol. iii. p. 623.

† Beckman's History of Inventions and Discoveries, translated by Johnston, London, 1797, Vol. I. p. 36—51.

## No. XVII.

*"The soul of man was made to walk the skies,*
*Delightful outlet of her prison here!*
*There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties*
*Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;*
*There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,*
*In full proportion let loose all her powers,*
*And, undeluded, grasp at something great."*

YOUNG'S COMPLAINT, NIGHT IX. v. 1018—1024.

IN the soul of man there exists a certain principle which inspires him with a dread of oblivion, and incessantly prompts him to aspire to immortality. By this, his wishes are formed and his actions are regulated. It likewise enables him to cultivate the laudable desire of becoming eminent in the pursuits which reason and religion approve, while it acts as a faithful monitor, counteracting the inclinations that would mislead him into habits of error and depravity. Originating from the same source, his observation leads him to distinguish the coeval race into two grand classes, and to court the society and imitate the actions of those who constitute the association which he approves. The one order includes the children of virtue in whom conscious rectitude is present as the pledge of future happiness. The other consists of those unhappy beings, who, amid the enjoyment of sensual gratification and the completion of their intemperate desires, are perpetually sub-

jected to self-reproach, and annoyed by the painful presentiments of a retributory hereafter, wherein they must be subjected to wants not to be relieved and to wretchedness never to be alleviated.

The belief and the practice of all nations, in every age, attest the truth of this observation. Convinced, therefore, by constant experience of the restricted and transitory nature of human existence, and excited by its influence upon the mind, men have ever been anxious to define what they believed would be the everlasting repository of their being and their bliss, as a state replete with each object of virtuous desire, in a place teeming, agreeably to their conceptions, with every congenial accompaniment. To those, also, in whom the predominancy of folly and vice may have produced dissimilar habits and practices, the same discriminative propensity has adjudged a co-existent condition supremely the reverse. To such an abode of permanent felicity the term HEAVEN, in our language, has been applied, and, to the other, that of HELL, the dismal residence of ever-during misery, of want, and of woe.—

The Mythology of every race has been eloquent in the definition of these very different abodes. As, however, the belief of primeval nations is extensively various respecting their Place of Bliss, the present speculation will be confined to a descriptive sketch of the future dwellings of the virtuous, as defined by the classic philosophers, and by the priests of our ancestors, the Gothic and Celtic people of earlier times.

HEAVEN, by the ancients denominated Elysium, and Elysian Fields, is the repository of the souls of the good after death, where they enjoy perpetual felicity and reap the repose to which their benevolence to mankind and their exploits during life seemed to entitle them. By some mythologists this delightful retreat was placed in the Fortunate Islands *, situated off the coast of Africa, in the Atlantic Ocean. Others consider them to have existed in Leuce, a small triangular island in the Euxine Sea, between the mouths of the Danube and the Borysthenes, and famed as the spot where Achilles celebrated his nuptials with Helen, and shared the pleasures of the place with the manes of Ajax, one of the bravest Greeks who conducted the Trojan war. Lucian assigns them a place in the vicinity of the moon, and Plutarch fixes their locality in the centre of the earth, while Virgil declares them to be situated in Italy.

IN whatever portion of space the Elsysian Fields may be represented to exist, they are always described as abounding with every object of desire and delight. The happiness of the inhabitants was unalloyed and complete, their pleasures innocent and refined. They solaced themselves in bowers forever green, or strayed

* They are supposed to be the Canary Islands of the moderns.—When they had been described to Sertorius in the most fascinating colours, that celebrated general is said to have expressed a wish to retire thither, and to remove himself from the noise of the world, and the dangers of war. Plutarch's Lives by Langhorne, London Edit. 1805, Vol. IV. p. 345.

through delightful meadows or umbrageous lawns, scented with the sweetest odours of fragrant flowers, and washed by the waters of rivulets ever tranquil and pure. The air was wholesome, temperate, and serene. An incessant melody pervaded the groves, produced by the choral warblings of every songster of the wood. The blissful dwellers were also cheered by the enlivening radiance of another sun, and the silver lustre of other stars. There, departed heroes exercised themselves in congenial amusements; they mimicked the toils of war and the labours of the chase, and regaled themselves amid visionary orgies, listening to songs of renown. Sages, there, expatiated on moral and philosophic themes; while to every inmate of that happy clime there were objects to satiate the most varied longings of virtuous desire.

Such embellished descriptions, however, are only popular charms intended to lure unreflecting minds. The genuine opinions of the sages of old respecting the future residence and felicity of the good may be better ascertained from the pen of Cicero, whose name will be co-eval with wisdom and his renown with the race of men. In that beautiful episode, known by the appellation of Scipio's Dream, wherein under the character of Æmilianus, he relates his own sentiments regarding a future state. He imagines an interview between Masinissa a veteran Numidian prince and the young Roman, who gives such an account of it as the following.

I accost Masinissa. The old man clasps me in his

arms and bathes me with his tears. He raises his eyes to heaven and exclaims: "Thou, Sun! and ye, Celestial Deities! accept my thanks. I receive, before I die, in my kingdom and my habitation, the illustrious heir of the most virtuous man and the matchless commander, who still survives in my remembrance."—

During the night, my mind being occupied with the conversation of Masinissa, I dreamed that Africanus appeared before me. I trembled, overpowered with respect and dread. Africanus exhorted me to be of good cheer, and carried me with him to the summit of the empyrean, to a place glorious and fair, and brilliant with stars. He thus addressed me: "Look down and behold that city. It is Carthage. I compelled her to submit to the Roman people: in two years thou wilt raze her to the ground, and merit, by thine own achievements, the name of Africanus, which as yet thou only inheritest from me. Know, for thy encouragement in virtue, that there is a place in heaven set apart for the just. What on earth is denominated life, is but death. Existence commences only in the everlasting mansions of souls, and thither we cannot arrive without piety, religion, justice, respect to our parents, and devotion to our country. Learn, above all, to despise the recompenses of mortals. Thou here seest how small is the earth—how small a space the most extensive kingdoms occupy on the globe, which thou canst scarcely discern—how many desarts and seas divide the nations from each other. What then should be the object of thy ambition? Has the fame of Rome ever

reached the summits of Caucasus or the banks of the Ganges? How many nations in the east, in the west, in the north, and in the south, will never hear the name of Africanus? And as for those that now pronounce it, how long will they continue to speak of him? They will soon be no more. In the convulsions of empires, in those great revolutions which time brings about, my memory will be irrecoverably lost. O my son! think, then, only of those divine sanctuaries where thou wilt hear that harmony of the spheres, with which thine ears are at this moment charmed. Aspire only to those eternal temples prepared for great souls and for those sublime geniuses who, during life, exalted themselves to the contemplation of celestial things.—Africanus ceased to speak and I awoke.

Having briefly conducted a survey of the classic delineation of Heaven, it may be amusing to continue the inquiry as far as it relates to the opinions of our remote ancestors upon the same interesting subject. The mythology of ancient Europe, in this sketch, may therefore be ranged under these two grand distinctive classes, the Gothic and Celtic faiths, each of which was as remarkable as it was characteristic of its votaries.

The peculiar genius of the Gothic tribes is to be traced in the exploits of the Scandinavian Vikingr, whose fame during the middle ages, became a theme of distinction throughout every corner of Europe. The religion of their fathers, which these people still professed, seems to have been wisely adapted, by their theologues, to the martial propensities of a race so rest-

less and enterprising. They addressed their adorations to Odin, the presider over conflicts and sovereign of the celestial regions; they believed in the immortality of the soul, and cultivated few other virtues than a fierce patriotism and the most intrepid contempt of danger and death. To excellence in the discharge of these stern duties a future state of congenial rewards was exhibited, to be enjoyed in an abode the delights of which were embellished with every decoration which a rude fancy could invent, and a pathetic eloquence recommend. But into the Mansion of Bliss no soul was permitted to enter except those of such warriors as had fallen with their faces toward the foe and the sword of slaughter in their hands.

The Heaven of the Northmen was denominated Valhalla, the *Hall of the Slain.* Into this receptacle of felicity were received the souls of the slaughtered in the hour of death. There, Odin himself presided. An inexhaustible wild boar, which, though boiled every morning for dinner, remained at night entire, supplied his table. Ale, the favourite beverage of the North, went round in the skulls of those that had been the enemies of his followers and friends. The God himself was alone indulged with the juice of the grape; but he partook not of the rest of the feast. Two wolves that stood by his side dispatched his share of the fat of the festal boar. The heroes, in the order of their admission, sat around a vast table in his presence. They drank, with great conviviality and joy, ale of the best kind, and the strongest mead. This luscious mead

was produced by the goat Heidrun, which stood above the Valhalla, fed on the leaves of the celebrated tree, called Lerader, and from her udder supplied a quantity sufficient for all the heroes. In this state of daily festivity, the warriors were served by beautiful young virgins, named Valkyr, the chosen ones of the fallen.

War and arms, which had been the delight of the Scandinavian on earth, continued to be his amusement in another world. Battle is the daily pastime, slaughter itself the recreation of the blessed. A cock, with a crest of gold, crows every morning in the presence of the Gods. He awakes the heroes to battle before Odin, the father of armies. They rush, armed and clothed, to the field, and slay one another with mutual wounds. These deaths, however, were only temporary. The power of Odin revives the slain. At the approach of dinner, they start up reanimated, ride into the Valhalla, sit down together in the most friendly manner, and indulge themselves with copious draughts of beer and mead.

The Valkyrian virgins were the messengers of Odin to the heroes whom he invited into his Elysian Hall. Without an invitation, it was not permitted even to the slain to enter. The heavens were, therefore, divided in other abodes of joy. In these, subordinate intelligences presided and administered bliss to the souls of men. Thor * had his peculiar palace: Frea, her

* Thor, the thunderer, either an inferior divinity or an epithet descriptive of one of the attributes of Odin. From his name our

mansions of happiness. Into the residence of the former, those who were not invited by the fair messengers of Odin were admitted; and, into the hall of Frea, were received that part of the female sex, who descended virgins into the grave.

But these inferior receptacles were only appendages of Odin's ethereal Hall. The felicity of daily slaughter had raised this into unequaled eminence among the fierce spirits of a nation devoted to war and blood. It was dignified with many names expressive of its beauty, magnificence, and splendour. It was called Godheim, the dwelling of gods; Asgard, the residence of the Asæ, the oriental progenitors of the Scandinavian priests; Wingulf, the palace of friends; Gladsheimur, the place of gladness and the world of joy.

Though the souls of men were admitted into the Valhalla, it was reckoned a place of more dignity than the other mansions in heaven which were appropriated to the subordinate gods. The Alfheimur, or home of spirits, was less brilliant than the Valhalla; Breiddablic, the splendid quarter of heaven, yielded to it in beauty; and, though the walls and pillars of Glitner, the celestial citadel, were of solid gold and its roof of silver, it was of inferior magnificence. There, also is Himinborg, the heavenly mount, situated upon the frontiers of the empyrean, at a place where the Bifros-

Thursday is derived, as is Friday from Frea, the president of benevolence, hospitality, and peace.

ta, the rainbow or bridge of the gods, touches the verge of the sky.

The Northern Mythology also describes the great city of Valascialf, which belongs to Odin and is all built of pure silver. There, is the royal throne, called Lidscialf, the terror of the nations. When the Universal Father * is seated upon it he can view the whole earth. But, upon the utmost limit of heaven, toward the south, is the most beautiful of all the supernal abodes. It is the city Gimle, which is more brilliant and shining than the sun itself, and will subsist when the earth and the sky have passed away; and men of approved goodness and integrity shall abide there through everlasting ages.—These are the joys which the ancient Scandinavians provided for departed souls in the land of future happiness and bliss.

The operation of such ruthless doctrines on the minds of a barbarous people must have been of active and unbounded influence. Accordingly, the heroes of the North are found triumphing in death, and welcoming the blow of destruction that is to transmit their souls to the mansions of Odin, there to enjoy an everlasting revelry and to riot in havoc and in blood. Inspired by the expectation of soon entering upon such

* Odin, who is also distinguished by many other appellations, chiefly descriptive of his sanguinary nature. Such are, *Walfader*, father of the slain; *Sigmundur*, giver of victory; *Audun*, the destroyer; *Drepsvarpur*, he that lays armies dead; and *Drouza Drotten*; the lord of graves. See Macpherson's Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland, p 334, et seq; and Percy's Northern Antiquities from the French of Mallet, Vol. II. p. 49—60.

a scene, the celebrated Regner Lodbrog * exulted in the approach of dissolution and cheered his departing spirit in such audacious strains as these. "We fought "with swords, that day wherein I saw ten thousand "of my foes rolling in the dust near a promontory of "England. A dew of blood distilled from our swords. "The arrows which flew in search of the helmets, his- "sed through the air. The pleasure of that day was "equal to that of clasping a fair virgin in my arms. "—We fought with swords in the Isles of the South. "There Herthife proved victorious: there died many "of my valiant warriors. In the shower of arms, "Rogvaldur fell, I lost my son. In the play of arms "came the deadly spear: his lofty crest was dyed with "gore. The birds of prey bewailed his fall: they lost "*Him* that had prepared them banquets.—We fought "with swords: I am still full of joy, when I think "that a carousal is preparing for me, in the palace of "the Gods. Soon, soon in the splendid abode of O- "din, we shall drink *Beer* out of the skulls of our ene-

* Lodbrog was a distinguished warrior, poet, and sæ-king, or pirate, who reigned in Scandinavia about A.D. 864. After a long series of maritime expeditions against almost all the neighbouring nations, he was defeated by Ella, king of the Northumbrian Saxons, taken prisoner, and doomed to perish in a dungeon by the sting of hunger and the bite of serpents. While shut up in this den of horror he composed his Quida or death song, which has long been venerated for its antiquity, and celebrated for the sublimity of its genius. An excellent edition of it was published, in 1782, by the Rev. W. Johnston. It is edited from various MSS. with a free English, and a literal Latin, translation, the different readings, a glossary, and notes, forming altogether a most curious and instructive work.

" mies. A brave man shrinks not at death. I shall " utter no words expressive of fear as I enter the Hall " of Odin.—We fought with our swords in fifty and " one battles under my floating banners. From my " early youth I have learned to dye the steel of my " lance with blood; and thought I never could meet " with a king more valiant than myself. But it is " time to cease: Odin hath sent his Goddesses to con- " duct me to his palace. I am going to be placed on " the highest seat, there to quaff goblets of *Beer* with " the Immortals. The hours of my life are rolled away. " I die laughing."

THE Celtic definition of the land of virtuous souls now awaits consideration. By their sages, denominated Druids, the Celtæ were taught the doctrines of a future state and of the immortality of the soul. They adored one Omnipotent Being, cherished the most devoted patriotism, and exerted the most exalted intrepidity. At the same time a generous hospitality did honour to their character, while a proper discharge of that social duty elevated their hopes to an increase of felicity in the abodes of the blessed. They little regarded the happiness of this life which was soon to pass away. Their desires were directed to those mansions of permanent delight into which none but the good and valiant could ever enter. This they named FLATH-INNIS, the Isle of the Noble Ones, a beautiful retreat, viewless to mortal eye and far removed amid the stormy billows of the western main. There, they partook of happiness which never palled, and were enlivened, with

joys forever new. The war-man, there, experienced a renovated pleasure in quelling the ghosts of his former foes; and the hunter bounded in the chase of aerial deer. There, the imparadised dwellers reacted the scenes of life, unalloyed with their cares and endeared to the soul by their security and never-ending duration. There, also, the spirits of the departed retained, in the midst of their happiness, a warm affection for their country and their living friends. They sometimes visited the hills of their fathers, and by the sons of their people they were transiently seen in the hour of peril. "Oscar," sings the bard of Selma, "slowly ascends the hill. The meteors of night set on the heath before him. A distant torrent faintly roars. Unfrequent blasts rush through the aged oaks. The half-enlightened moon sinks dim and red behind her hill. Feeble voices are heard on the heath. Oscar drew his sword. Trenmor came from his hill, at the voice of his mighty son. A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his airy limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to the people. His sword is a green meteor, half extinguished. His face is without form, and dark. He sighed thrice over the hero: and thrice the winds of the night roared around. Many were his words to Oscar. He slowly vanished, like a mist that melts on the sunny hill." On the near approach of dissolution the shades of the deceased were also seen. It was then, that at midnight the death-devoted were suddenly awakened by a strange knocking at their gates; it was then, that they heard the indistinct voice of their

departed friends calling them away to the Noble Isle. A sudden joy, then, rushed upon their minds, and that pleasing melancholy which looks forward to happiness in a distant land. A fine description of Flath-Innis is given in the following simple Celtic tale *.

Of-yore, on his rock of the ocean, lived a Druid of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his command at the gate; he rode on the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day; his thoughts traveled from star to star in the season of night; he thirsted after things unseen; he sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days; he often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves; and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the Green Isle of the West.

One day, as the Druid of Skerr † sat thoughtful upon his rock, a tempest arose on the ocean: a cloud, under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay, and from its dark womb issued a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and hung round with a hundred moving oars. But it was destitute of mariners, itself seemed to live and move. An unusual terror seized the hoary Druid; he heard a voice, though he saw no human form. 'A-

* Macpherson's Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland, London Edition, 4to. 1773, p. 238-9-40-11-12.

† A rock jutting out into the sea; also written Scor. See Shaw's Gaelic Dictionary, in vo.

rise!' it said, 'behold the boat of the heroes! arise and see the Green Isle of those who have passed away!'

He felt a strange force on his limbs; he saw no person; but he moved to the boat: the wind immediately changed; in the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him, seven nights added their gloom to his darkness; his ears were stunned with shrill voices; the dull murmur of winds passed him on either side; he slept not, but his eyes were not heavy; he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day the waves swelled into mountains; the boat was tossed violently from side to side: the darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud, the Isle! the Isle! The billows opened wide before him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes. It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in its most perfect form. The Isle spread large before him like a pleasing dream of the soul, where distance fades not on the sight, where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently-sloping hills of green, nor did they wholly want their clouds; but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom the source of a stream, a beauteous stream, which, wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds. The rude

winds walked not on the mountain; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields; he hastened not to the West for repose, nor was he seen to rise from the East: he sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle.

In each valley is its slow-moving stream: the pure waters swell over the banks, yet abstain from the fields: the showers disturb them not, nor are they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill are the halls of the departed, the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old. There, with the valiant, are the companions of their loves, whose beauty is increased with the change: they are ruddy lights in the Island of Joy.—

The employments of the blessed in their Fortunate Island, seemed to the sage visitant to differ very little from the favourite amusements of the most simple inhabitants of a mountainous country. The renovated bodies of the departed heroes bloomed with a healthful grace, and were active with unfading vigour. A peculiar elegance adorned the "fair ones of delight," whose beauty was matchless and their loveliness infinitely superior to that of the daughters of men. Every object in the Noble Isle was surpassing in fairness, grandeur, and delight.

After a very transient vision of the Isle of the Blessed, the Druid of Skerr returned home in the same miraculous manner in which he had been carried across the ocean. But, though in his own mind he comprehended his absence in sixteen days, he found every

thing changed at his return. No trace of his habitation remained. He knew not the face of any man. He was even forced to make inquiry concerning himself; and tradition had scarcely carried down his name to the generation that then possessed the Island of Skerr. Two complete centuries had passed away since his departure; so imperceptible had been the flight of time in the felicity of the paradisial Isle. Y.

## No. XVIII.

*" Stretch'd in her cell with pallid cheek the Queen,*
*And tears fast dropping from her beamless eyes,*
*Wore the long months of grief.—The cold excuse,*
*The taunt, the studied silence of neglect,*
*Silence than cold evasion and than taunt*
*More keen, she bore: yet dreams of brighter hours*
*Still cherished; and still hoped, and hoped anew,*
*To burst the chains which envious hate had twined;*
*Till Freedom on the sable scaffold's height*
*Stood hand in hand with all-subduing Death*
*To end her bondage."———*

GISBORNE'S WALKS IN A FOREST, No. IV. v. 375—391—99.

LETTERS are mirrors of the mind. Describing the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the writer, they cause him to pass, as it were, in review before the reader's judgment. Epistolary productions have, there-

fore, always been acceptable to people of taste, and to those whose aim is, to develope the characters of things and of men. Collections of this kind, from the correspondence of the ancients, have long been the admiration and delight of the lovers of elegant and instructive reading. These, too, have been emulated, in generous rivalry, by modern pens, of whom many have met with approbation, and some with applause. The following epistle, which exhibits, in strong colours, the traits of a lofty mind, is worthy of consideration from the eloquence and dignity of its composition; but, from the circumstances of the writer and the sublimity of sentiment which it breathes, is most pathetically interesting and grand.

It is a letter of Mary, Queen of Scots, to Queen Elizabeth, which, says a candid and elegant writer *, "no person can read without some degree of astonish-"ment. It is difficult to say, whether in it the pa-"thetic or the grand shine most. To it, the admirers "of Queen Mary may refer, as a ground of their pane-"gyrics; whether there is to be considered—The "great mind which it displays—The solemnity which "reigns throughout—The piety which it expresses—"The chain of argument which is maintained—The

* Dr Thomas Robertson of Dalmeny.—See his History of Mary Queen of Scots, 4to. Edinburgh, 1793, p. 140. The letter is translated in his appendix, p. 133; and the French original is to be found in a valuable collection intituled, De Vita et Rebus Gestis Serenissimæ Principis Mariæ Scotorum Reginæ, Franciæ Dotariæ, ad optimæ fidei codices resensuit S. Jebb, Londini, fŏlio, 2 Tom. i. 1725. T. II. p. 266. It is dated, November 28, 1582.

"eloquence with which it glows—Or, the bold and "just reproach with which it fearlessly brands the "English Queen.—It may also be remarked; that this "letter, written upon the prospect of approaching death, "gives us a high idea of her resignation and goodness "of heart, as well as of her magnanimity and courage. "—The latter scenes of Mary's life were, indeed, the "greatest; and notwithstanding so long a tract of cap- "tivity and indignities, although she was, at times, "deeply affected, so far from being subdued, compos- "ure and majesty of mind grew upon her, as she drew "nearer to the end of her sufferings, and in proportion "to the number of them."—

The letter, commencing with a reference to the intrigues which then agitated Scotland, and endangered the person and government of the young prince, James VI. proceeds thus;

Madam,

Upon what has come to my knowledge concerning the late conspiracies accomplished in Scotland against my poor child, having every occasion to dread the result of them, from the example of myself, it is necessary that I employ what little of life and strength remains to me before my death, to disburden fully to you, my heart, of my just and lamentable complaints, of which I desire that this letter may serve you, as long as you shall live after me, as a perpetual testimony and engraving upon your conscience, as well

as my acquittal with posterity, as for the shame and confusion of all those, who, with your approbation, have so cruelly and unworthily treated me hitherto, and brought me to the extremity wherein I am. But whereas their designs, practices, actions, and proceedings, however detestable they may have been, have always prevailed with you against my most just remonstrances and sincere conduct; and, as the force which you possess has always stood instead of reason with the public, I will have recourse to the living God, our sole judge, who has established us, equally and immediately under him, in the government of his people; I will invoke him in the extremity of this my most urgent affliction to requite to you and to me (as He will do at His last judgment) the reward of our merits and demerits, one towards another. And remember, Madam, that from Him we shall not be able to disguise any thing by the gloss and cunning of the world, although now my enemies, under you, may for a time cover from mankind and perhaps from you, their guileful inventions. In His name, and as if before Him sitting between you and me, I will remind you, that by agents, spies, and secret messengers sent under your name to Scotland while I was there, my subjects have been corrupted and excited to rebel against me, to attempt against my person, and in one word, to speak, do, enterprise, and execute whatever during my troubles has happened in that country: of which I will not specify at present any other proof, than that which I shall infer from the confession of one who has since been of those most advanced

for this good service, and of the witnesses confronted with him.

To him *, if I had afterwards done justice, he would not have since renewed, by means of his old correspondences, the same practices against my son, and would not have furnished, to all my traitors and rebellious subjects who have taken refuge with you, the aid and support which they have had, even since my detention here; without which support, I consider that these traitors would not since have prevailed, nor would have so long subsisted, as they have done. During my imprisonment in Lochleven, the late Throkmorton advised me, on your part, to sign the demission which he let me know was to be presented to me, assuring me that it could not be valid. And since that time, there has not been a place in Christendom where it has been held as such, and maintained, except here, even to the assisting of the authors of it, by open force. In your conscience, Madam, would you approve the like liberty and power in your subjects? This *(power)* notwithstanding my authority, has been, by my subjects conferred upon my son when he was not capable of exercising it. And after I have been disposed legally to confirm him in it, being of age to be aided to act for his own interest, it was suddenly wrested from him and given to two or three traitors who, in already having deprived him of the effect of it, will take away from him as from me, both the name and title of it, if he contra-

* Camden thinks the person here alluded to, was the Earl of Morton.

dict them in any sort, and perhaps his life, if God do not provide for his preservation. When I had escaped from Lochleven, ready to give battle to my rebels, I sent you by a gentleman-courier, a diamond ring, which formerly I received from you as a token, and with assurance of being succoured by you against my rebels, and also, that upon retreating to you, you would come even to the frontier to assist me, as by different messengers was confirmed to me. This promise coming, and repeatedly from your mouth (though by your ministers I had found myself often abused) made me place such confidence in the effect of it, that the rout of my army following after, I came straight to throw myself into your arms, if I could have reached them. But while deliberating to go in quest of you, Lo! I was in the middle of my journey arrested, surrounded with guards, shut up in strong places, and at last reduced, all shame being banished, to that captivity wherein I this day die, after the thousand deaths which I have already suffered. I know that you will alledge against me what passed between me and the late Duke of Norfolk. I maintain that there was nothing in it to your prejudice, nor against the public good of this realm, and that the treaty was approved, by the advice and seals of the greatest who were then of your Council, with the assurance of procuring your approbation of it. How could such personages have undertaken to make you consent to that which should deprive you of your life, honour, and crown, as you declare you were persuaded of,

to all the Ambassadors and others who speak to you concerning me? Meanwhile my rebels perceiving that their precipitate course had carried them much farther than they had proposed; and the reality of those falsehoods spread against me, having appeared at the conference to which I submitted in full assembly of your deputies and mine, with those of the opposite party in the country, in order publicly to clear myself; Behold! the chief of them, on account of their having come to repentance, besieged by your forces in the castle of Edinburgh, and one of the chief of them *(Lethington *)* poisoned, and the other *(Kirkaldy)* most cruelly hanged, after I had made them twice lay down their arms at your request, in hope of an accommodation, which God knows if my enemies intended. I was willing for a long time, to try if patience could alleviate the rigour and bad treatment, which they have begun, especially for these ten years, to make me suffer; and, accommodating myself exactly to the order prescribed to me for my captivity in this house, as well with regard to the number and quality of the servants I retained, having dismissed others, as for my diet and ordinary exercise on account of my health, I have lived till the present time as quietly and peaceably, as one inferior to me, and more obliged, than I from this treatment am to you, could have done, even to the

* When Kirkaldy and his brother had been hanged at the cross of Edinburgh, Lethington, to avoid the ignominy of a public execution, ended his days after the old Roman fashion. Melville's Memoirs, Edinburgh Edition, 8vo. 1735, p. 243.

depriving myself (to remove all shadow of suspicion and distrust from you), of a request to have some correspondence with my son and my country, which by no right nor reason could be denied me; and chiefly with my son, whom, in place of this, every means has been used to set him against me, on purpose to weaken us by our division. It was allowed me, you will say, three years since, to send to visit him. His captivity then at Stirling under the tyranny of Morton, was the cause, as his liberty since has been, of a refusal of such a visit. All this last year, I have often proposed different overtures for the establishment of a good friendship between us, and a sure agreement between these two kingdoms for the time to come.

It is about ten years since Commissioners were sent to me at Chatsworth for that purpose. The Ambassadors of France, and mine, treated with you yourself upon it. I myself, last winter, made every advantageous proposal to Beale * that was possible. What have I got by it? My good intention despised, the sincerity of my behaviour neglected and calumniated, the state of my affairs perplexed by delays, adjournments, and such other artifices. And the conclusion has been worse and more unworthy treatment from one day to another, whatever I have forced myself to do to deserve the contrary; my too long and pernicious patience, having led me to this point, that my enemies through the habit of doing

* The original reads Reale, which seems to be a mistake for Beale, who was a clerk to Queen Elizabeth's privy council.

me ill, think that they now have a right of prescription to treat me, not as a prisoner which I cannot reasonably be, but as some slave whose life and death depend on their sole tyranny. I cannot, Madam, longer endure it, and I must in dying discover the authors of my death; or if I live, I must attempt under your protection, to put an end to the cruelties, calumnies, and traiterous designs of these my enemies, on purpose to attain a little more tranquillity during what remains of my life. To remove the pretended occasions of all differences between us, acquaint yourself, if you please, of the truth of all that has been reported to you concerning my behaviour: revise the depositions of the strangers taken in Ireland; let those of the Jesuits last executed be represented to you: give liberty to those who shall undertake to accuse me publicly, and permit me to enter upon my defence: if any evil be found in me, let me suffer it, which I will do patiently when I know the reason for it; if any good, do not allow me to be longer mal-treated, with your supreme commission before God and man. The vilest criminals that are in your prisons, born in your dominions, are admitted to their justification, and there is always declared to them, their accusers and their accusations. Why then shall not the same rule take place with respect to me, a sovereign queen, your nearest relation, and lawful heiress? I conceive that this last circumstance has hitherto been the principal cause of it, on the part of my enemies, and of all their calumnies, for the purpose, by keeping us divided, of insinuating between the two, their unjust pretences.

But, alas! they have now little reason and less need to torment me more on this account. For I protest to you upon my honour, that this day, I wait for no other kingdom than that of my God, whom I see preparing me for the best termination of all my afflictions and adversities past. It will be for you, to acquit your conscience towards my child, as to what shall belong to him after my death by this affair; and meanwhile not to countenance, to his prejudice, the continual practices and secret conspiracies which our enemies in this kingdom, carry on daily for the advancement of their pretensions; labouring, on the other hand, with my traiterous subjects in Scotland, by all the means they can, to hasten his ruin; of which I ask no better proof than the charges given to your last deputies sent into Scotland, and what these deputies seditiously practised there, as I believe, without your knowledge, but with the good and sufficient solicitation of the Earl *(of Huntington)* my good cousin, at York.

And on this point, Madam, by what right can it be maintained, that I, as mother of my child, should be totally interdicted, not only from relieving him in the necessity so urgent in which he is, but even from having any knowledge of his affairs? Who can shew more care, duty and sincerity than I? Who can be more interested? At least, if sending to him to provide for his safety, as the Earl of Shrewsbury lately made me understand on your part, you had been pleased in this, to receive my advice, you would have intermeddled with better reason, I think, and with more complais-

ance towards me. But consider what you leave me to think, when forgetting so suddenly the offences which you pretended against my son, when I requested you that we should together send to him, you have dispatched a message while he was a prisoner, not only without advising me of it, but depriving me, at the same time, of all liberty, on purpose that by every mean, I should have no news of it. If the intention of those, who have procured, on your part, so hasty a visit to my son, have been for his preservation and the quiet of the country, they ought not to have so carefully concealed it from me, as a thing in which I was unwilling to concur with you: they have thus made you lose the regard which I would have had for you; and, to speak more freely to you, I beg of you no more to employ such means nor such persons. For, although I reckon the Lord de Kerry *(Cary, Lord Hunsdon)* to be too sensible of the family from which he is sprung, to engage in any villainous act, he has had for an assistant a sworn partisan of the Earl of Huntington, by the ill offices of whom, an action as bad has been accomplished with a similar effect. I shall be satisfied then, with your only permitting that, from this country, my son receive no injury, which is all I ever required of you before, even when an army was sent to the borders to prevent justice being done upon the execrable Morton; and that none of your servants, directly or indirectly, intermeddle any more with the affairs of Scotland, unless it be with my knowledge, to whom all cognisance of them pertains, or with the assistance of some one on the part of the most Chris-

tian King, my good brother, whom, as our principal ally, I wish to be made acquainted with every thing in this matter, on account of the little credit he can have with the traitors, who detain my son at present. In the mean time, I declare to you very freely that I hold this last conspiracy and innovation *(the restriction of James VI.)* to be pure treason against the life of my son, the good of his affairs, and that of the country; and so long as he shall be in the state wherein I understand he is, I will not esteem word, writing, or act that may come from him or which passes under his name, as proceeding from his free and unrestrained disposition, but solely from these conspirators, who, at the price of his life, make use of him as a mask. Now, Madam, with all this liberty of speaking, which I foresee may in some respects displease you although it be the truth itself, you will find it I assure myself, more strange, that I come now to importune you farther with a request of much greater importance, and nevertheless very easy for you to grant to me and to perform. This is, not having been able hitherto, in accommodating myself patiently so long to the rigourous treatment of this captivity, and behaving myself sincerely in all things, yea even to the least which affect you very little, to obtain any assurance of your good grace, or to give you some, of my entire affection to you; every hope being by it taken away, of better *(treatment)*, in the little time that remains to me to live, I supplicate you, in honour of the grievous passion of our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, I sup-

plicate you once more to permit me to retire out of this kingdom to some place of repose, to seek some comfort to my poor body so exhausted with continual sorrows, and, with liberty to my conscience, to prepare my soul for God, who daily calls for it. Believe, Madam, and the physicians whom you sent me this last summer are sufficiently able to judge of it, that I cannot so long exist as to be a foundation of jealousy or distrust on my part. And, notwithstanding this, take of me such assurances and conditions, just and reasonable, as you shall choose. The greatest power rests always, on your side, to make me keep them, though, for any thing whatever, I would not wish to break them. You have had sufficient experience of the observation of my simple promises, and sometimes to my own prejudice, as I shewed to you upon this same subject, within these two years. Recollect, if you please, what I then wrote you, and that you could not so much bind my heart to you as by gentleness; although you confine for ever my poor languishing body within four walls, those of my rank and natural disposition are neither to be gained, nor to be forced by any rigour. Your prison, without any right or just foundation, has already destroyed my body, of which you will soon have the end, if it continue but a little longer there; and my enemies will not have much time to glut their cruelties upon me. There remains only to me, the soul; which all your power cannot enslave. Allow it, then, a little more freely to aspire after its salvation, as being the only thing it now seeks for, more than all the grandeur of the world.

It appears to me; that it cannot be to you any great satisfaction, honour, or advantage that my enemies tread my life under foot, till they have stifled me in your presence; whereas, if in this extremity, however late it be, you deliver me from their hands, you will bind me greatly to you, and all those who belong to me, especially my poor child, whom by that you will be able perhaps to make sure to yourself. I shall never cease to importune you with this request until it be granted to me. And, regarding this, I pray you let me be acquainted with your intention; having, to please you, delayed till now, during two years, to renew the solicitation of it, for which the miserable state of my health presses me more than you can imagine. In the mean time provide, if you please, for the improvement of my treatment here, that I may not suffer any longer, and remit me not to the discretion of any other but your own self, from whom alone (as I wrote you lately), I wish in future to hold all the good and the evil, which I shall receive in your country. Do me this favour, that I have your intention in writing, or the Ambassador of France for me. For, to confine me to what the Earl of Shrewsbury, or others, shall write concerning it on your part, I have too much experience, to be able to place any assurance in it; the least point which they shall fancy being sufficient to innovate the whole from day to day. Besides this, the last time that I wrote to those of your council, you gave me to understand that I ought not to address myself to them, but to you alone: and thus to extend their credit and

authority only to do me injury, could not be reasonable, as has happened in the last restriction, by which, contrary to your intention, I have been most unworthily treated. This gives me every reason to doubt that some of my enemies in your council may have purposely procured it, so as others of the said council may neither be made acquainted with my just complaints, nor to perceive, perhaps, their companions adhering to their wicked attempts upon my life, whereof, if they should have any knowledge, they would oppose them for the sake of your honour and of their duty towards you. Two things, in fine, I have principally to require, the one, that near as I am to depart out of this world, I may have with me for my consolation some respectable person of the Church, to remind me daily of the journey I have to finish, and to instruct me to perform it according to my religion, in which I am firmly resolved to live and to die. This is a last duty which cannot be denied to the most wicked and miserable that lives. It is a liberty which you give to all the foreign Ambassadors, as in like manner, all Catholic kings allow yours the exercise of their religion. And I myself, have never compelled my own subjects to any thing contrary to their religion, although I had all power and authority over them; and, that I should, in this extremity, be deprived of such liberty, you cannot justly require. What advantage will accrue to you when you shall deny it to me? I hope that God will pardon me, if, by you oppressed in this manner, I cease to perform my duty but only as I shall be permitted to do it in my heart. But

you will afford a very bad example to the other princes of Christendom to employ, towards their subjects, the same rigour that you shall exercise towards me, a sovereign Queen and your nearest relation, which I am, and will be as long as I shall live, in spite of my enemies. I will not importune you now about an augmentation of my household, for which, during the time that I see remaining to me to live in the world, I shall not have much need. I require of you, then, only two bed-chamber women, to assist me during my illness, affirming to you, before God, that they are most necessary to me, when I shall be a poor creature among simple people. Grant these to me, for the honour of God, and prove by it that my enemies have not so much credit with you against me, as to exercise their vengeance and cruelty in a matter of so little consequence, and depending upon a simple office of humanity.

I WILL come now to that, of which the Earl of Shrewsbury has charged me (if such a one as he can charge me); it is this, that contrary to my promise made to Beale, and without your knowledge, I had negociated with my son, to resign to him my title to the crown of Scotland, having bound myself not to proceed in it, but with your advice, by one of my servants, who in their common journey would be directed by one of yours. These are, I think, the very words of the said Earl. I will tell you upon this, Madam, that Beale has never had any simple and absolute promise from me; but indeed conditional overtures, to which I could not in any manner whatever remain bound, with-

out, previously, the conditions I had affixed to them were executed; about which, so far is he from having fulfilled them, that on the contrary I have never had from him any answer, nor on his part heard mention made since. And on this account, I remember very well that the Earl of Shrewsbury, about last Easter, wishing to draw from me a new confirmation of what I had spoken to the said Beale, I replied to him very fully, that it was only in case the said conditions should be granted to me, and consequently performed. Both of them are yet alive to demonstrate it to you, if they be willing to speak the truth. Then, seeing that no answer was made to me; but, on the contrary, by delays and evasions, my enemies continued more licentiously than ever their practices, arranged since the residence of the said Beale with me, to traverse my just intentions in Scotland, so that the effects of them have been well witnessed there; and that, by this mean, the door remained open to the ruin of my son and of myself; I took your silence for a refusal, and released myself, by letters express as well to yourself as to your council, from all that I had negociated with the said Beale. I made you well acquainted with what Monsieur the King, and Madame the Queen, had written to me with their own hands concerning this affair, and upon it asked your advice, which is yet to come, with which my intention in truth was to proceed, if you had in time given it to me, and had permitted me to send to my son, assisting me in the overtures I had made to you, towards establishing between these two kingdoms a

proper amity and perfect understanding for the time to come. But to engage myself implicitly to follow your advice, before I knew what it would be, and during the journey of our servants, to subject mine to the direction of yours, even in my own country, I was never so simple as to think of it. Now, I refer to your consideration, if you have known the false game which my enemies here, have played me in Scotland, in order to bring matters to the extremity in which they are *, which of us has proceeded in it with the greatest sincerity. God be judge between them and me, and avert from this island the punishment of their demerits. Send back again at once the intelligence, which my traitorous subjects of Scotland may have given you: you will find, and I will maintain it before all Christian princes, that there has not passed on my part any thing to your prejudice, nor against the weal and repose of this kingdom which I regard not less than any Counselor or subject that you have, taking more interest in it than any of them. There was a discussion concerning the gratifying my son with the title and name of King, and preserving as well the said title to him as to the rebels all impunity for their past offences, and to replace every thing in peace and tranquillity for the future, without any innovation in affairs whatever. Was this to take away the crown from my son? My enemies, as I believe, did not wish that it should be secured to him; and, on that account,

* Mary, in this, as in former passages alludes to the attempt of the Earl of Gowry upon the person of James VI. at Perth, in 1582

are very willing that he retain it by the lawless violence of some, from all antiquity, perfidious enemies to the whole of our family. Was this, then, to seek justice of the past offences of these traitors, which my clemency has always surpassed? But an evil conscience can never be secure, carrying continually its terror in its greatest perplexity along with it. Was it to wish to disturb the repose of the country, to forward it by a clement remission of every thing past, and a general reconciliation between all our subjects? This is what our enemies here dread as much as they make a shew of desiring it. What injury in this was there done you? Mark then, and verify it, if you please, in any other thing; I will reply to it, upon my honour. Ah! will you, Madam, allow yourself to be so blind to the artifices of my enemies, as to establish after you, and peradventure against yourself, their unjust pretensions to this crown; will you suffer them, yourself living, and see them ruin and so cruelly cause to perish those who concern you so near, both in affection and blood? What profit and honour can you expect by permitting them to retain us, my son and myself, so long separated, and him and me from you? Resume the ancient pledges of your good natural disposition; attach your relations to yourself; grant me the happiness before I die, that, seeing every thing well adjusted between us, my soul, set free from this body, may not be compelled to pour out its lamentations before God, for the wrong which you have suffered to be done to me, here below: but rather, that being fortunately united to you, it may

quit this captivity to begin its journey towards him, whom I pray to direct you aright upon my very just and more than reasonable complaints and sorrows.

From Sheffield, this 28th of November, 1582.

Your very disconsolate nearest relation,

and affectionate cousin

Mary Queen.

This letter, so nervous and pathetic, is frequently rendered obscure, by that which is incident to all letters, the rapid glancing of the mind to and from circumstances, familiar both to the writer and the receiver, and therefore noticed only in a cursory manner. By many of the writers of Mary's life it has been introduced into the narrative accompanied with observations descriptive of the melancholy eloquence and sublime energy with which it abounds. Blackwood first published the original, in 1587; Cambden has abridged it in his Annals, Vol. I. p. 353; Mademoiselle De Keralio gave it a place in her Appendix, Vol. V. p. 340; it is in Stuart's History, Vol. II. p. 164, and Whitaker has inserted it with a translation in the end of Vol. III. of his Defence of Mary, where he thus very forcibly expresses himself. "I now take leave of my reader with a genuine letter of Mary; which recapitulates the conduct of Elizabeth to her, in all its principal outlines; which shows Elizabeth to us, as we have seen her before, but with an addition of evidence, mean, tyrannical, insidious, and savage; and also shows the soul of Mary to us, at the seeming approaches of death, re-

" collected in its sentiments, earnest in its feelings, " maintaining her innocence with awful solemnity, and " appealing to that God, before whom she thought she " was going to appear, for the vindication of her hon- " our and the avenging of her wrongs. From the in- " teresting nature of distress, the elevating force of in- " nocence, and the ennobling dignity of religion, the " sick and dying Mary here appears with a majesty, " before which the low-souled Elizabeth shrinks abash- " ed and confounded. Every honest and generous feel- " ing of our hearts comes forward to the aid of the " oppressed Queen. And we think of her oppressor, " with disgust, with disdain, and with detestation."— Such are the terms wherein an eminent English clergyman speaks of the most popular of the sovereigns of England. E.

## No. XIX.

" *Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent.*" Cicero pro Archia Poeta.

ALMOST no time is more pleasantly and usefully passed than that, which is dedicated to the acquisition of knowledge. The mind, being ardently engaged, and directed to this object, partakes of the pleasure, which naturally arises from the full and undivided exertion

of its faculties. That listless inactivity, pernicious alike to improvement and to happiness, is never more effectually, and I may add successfully, combated, than when the attention is fixed and absorbed, in some literary disquisition. The little uneasinesses that disquiet and harrass us, are forgotten amid those delightful prospects which lie in the Republic of Letters: and if, at any time, an overwhelming affliction unhinge our peace, even to this, desperate as it may be, literature either brings a sovereign remedy, or teaches us how to bear it. While the understanding is engrossed, the passions have not room to play. The attention being exclusively turned to intellectual views, cannot at once and without an effort, be drawn to those petty anxieties which always invade the vacant mind, and which fret and teaze only by occupying our thoughts. Habits of reading and study are thus highly conducive to that inward quiet, which forms the chief part of human happiness, and without which all other enjoyments drawn from whatever source, will fail to yield lasting and solid satisfaction.

Although literature were accompanied with no other benefit, enough has been said to recommend it; but when to this, important as it must be confessed to be, is added all that mental improvement, which is its natural and genuine fruit, it is somewhat strange that the bulk of mankind are not more eagerly and oftener engaged in its attainment. Need I particularize all its advantages; the capacity it gives to the understanding—the strength to the memory—the fire and

activity it communicates to the fancy—the vastness to the comprehension—the hints and inventions it furnishes to genius? Or shall I unlock its storehouses and ostentatiously display the magnificence and variety of its treasure? Shall I spread before the eye that immense field where the imagination can ramble without end, and cull those rare and beautiful flowers which she afterwards assorts and compounds into an infinite diversity of forms?

Such to the enlightened few would be a needless and unprofitable waste of description; for they have already appreciated the value of these advantages: and to the many, on whose minds science has never beamed, there are arguments of a coarser and more tangible shape, better fitted to carry conviction, and more level to their capacities. I shall rapidly sketch three of these, and then detect and expose an error, connected with this subject, which is fast gaining ground in this commercial country, and particularly in this quarter.

First then, literature supplies an inexhaustible store of topics for general conversation.

This may seem of trivial moment, considering the great number of Newspapers, which issue from almost every press, and are dispersed throughout the kingdom; and which may be supposed to place within the reach of all ranks of men, abundant matter for discourse. And as the intelligence contained in them, is both varied and interesting, embracing at once whatever is connected with our foreign relations, as well those arising from our colonies, as from other nations; and al-

so all our domestic policy, the contentions of our political factions, the specimens of parliamentary eloquence, and those numberless incidents, which occur within the Empire; it may be pretended, that nothing but an insatiable and unnatural thirst for knowledge, could lead men to quit sources of information so salutary and copious, and set out in quest of others, that can have little to recommend them, besides their novelty. Although it be granted that the daily prints abound with miscellaneous news well calculated for helps to conversation, and so important as to be worth general attention, still it must be owned, that when the parties are not heated with political strife and animosity, they furnish only meagre and exhausted topics, and can but seldom long detain or amuse the sensible part of mankind. Every event whether foreign or domestic, is detailed with such minuteness, its causes pointed out, and its consequences traced, that little else remains for conversation than to put each other in mind of the circumstances. All are possessed of exactly the same information, and there can be but little pleasure and still less interest in hearing others describe what we already know. The philosophic and well-cultivated mind, hastens from thence to expatiate in the fields of science, where it inhales a purer atmosphere, and meets with objects more congenial to its taste.

But though the politics of the country may suffice to furnish the male part of the species with topics of discourse, the other half must be at some loss to hold society on an agreeable footing, either with the men or

with each other, since the authority of custom, founded no doubt on the general opinion that delicacy and gentleness form the first and most graceful ornaments of their sex, has rigorously interdicted them from all political discussion. That strife which is stirred up in this free country by the liberty of speech indulged on all the measures of Government, and the violence with which the parties regard each other, spoil that placid regularity of features, and that winning softness of expression, which render beautiful women truly beautiful. To them, literature holds out its tempting fruits. On the tree of knowledge grow no apples endowed with poisonous qualities to cloud the understanding, and introduce misery and disorder into the world, but such as are adapted to console, to enlighten, and to exhilarate. Were a taste for reading more generally diffused among females, they would reap from it incalculable benefits to themselves, and take a firmer and more rational hold of the affections of the other sex. A face, though brightened with pretty smiles, and formed with the utmost regularity, soon palls upon the sense, unless it be lighted up with that intelligence which books alone can inspire, and with that expressive animation which can only be excited and upheld by an instructive and entertaining conversation. It is a pity to see the fairest part of the creation, whom Providence obviously designed to be our rational companions, aiming almost exclusively at outward attractions, and pleasing by a display of dazzling colours, like the gaudy, but worthless insects, that sport in the sun-beam. The mind is capable of

receiving a richer and more pleasing variety of ornaments than the body; and the accomplishments of a sound judgment and ready wit, are far more fascinating than the gewgaws of the milliner, however well adapted to the complexion and the features.

In the next place, I observe, that literature affords numberless maxims, and exhibits striking examples, for our right conduct in life.

Our duty, it is said, is so well known and easily understood, that our faults proceed in no instance from ignorance, but either from culpable thoughtlessness, or wilful intention. If we have a mind to correct our errors, the remedy is within our power: we need not have recourse to systems of ethics for rules, nor to the records of history for examples; we have only to master our passions, restrain our appetites, and boldy seize the path which leads to virtue. And are books not useful, I had almost said, indispensably necessary, for those very ends? They paint the consequences of false indulgence, and of the irregular exercise of the passions, in so lively a manner as to admonish us of our danger, and dispose us to sober and deliberate reflection. Even that very calm of mind which is produced by reading and meditation, is highly favourable to virtue, by stilling all the rougher and more boisterous emotions. Not to mention that there is scarce any production, either in ancient or modern times, in a foreign or in our own language, where human conduct and manners are treated of, which does not lean to the side of morality, and furnish arguments to convince, as well as

motives to persuade us, to the practice of it. Such impressions, frequently repeated, must in the end moderate the impetuosity and turbulence of the passions, and induce that sedate and self-commanding temper, which is the groundwork of whatever is noble, generous, and praise-worthy. In short, though a man's conduct, from the influence of education, or the greater ascendancy of conscience, may in general be regular and but little liable to reproach; yet, unless his heart be well seasoned with the maxims of wisdom, and his views enlarged to take in the remote consequences of things, his conduct must be wavering and unstable, and his resolution will often yield at the approach of temptation.

This reasoning may serve to explain why it happens, that the moral worth of the middling exceeds that, both of the higher and lower classes of society. The great and the opulent are engaged in such a continued round of pleasure, are encompassed with so many dependents and flatterers, and have in such profusion wherewithal to pamper the appetites and inflame the passions, that they have not leisure, and but seldom inclination, for the calm pursuits of literature, even in those cases where a liberal education was bestowed in youth, and which might be supposed to engender habits and a relish for study.

The poor and the ignoble, again, are forced to provide for themselves so early, and are doomed through the whole of life to such incessant toil, that their minds become brutish and obtuse, dead to all the finer feelings,

and insensible in a great measure to the charms of moral excellence. Their condition naturally begets servility and low cunning, qualities most conspicuous in little and narrow minds, and is unfavourable to the production of dignified sentiments, of high and generous feeling, and of manly and independent conduct. Their province is to perform the low and vile drudgeries of life, and these require a mind as low and as vile. Reading and reflection among this class are extremely rare, and such of them as can read, reap thence little profit from an incapacity to seize and comprehend the views of the author. Hence their time is divided between labour and sluggish inaction. Their ideas are few, indistinct, and perplexed. They follow rather the instincts and propensities of their nature, than guide themselves by the maxims of reason, or the dictates of conscience. It is lamentable to think that poverty has this tendency to corrupt and degrade human nature.

In the middle station of life, virtue and orderly conduct are most commonly to be met with. It is here that the human character rises to its utmost height and unfolds its loveliest blossoms. This state is not only removed at an equal distance from the temptations incident to poverty and wealth, but it fosters those habits which enable us to resist them. This strength of mind and self-control, are to be ascribed in a great measure to that portion of knowledge, which is shared among the individuals of this class. They are the most enlightened, and therefore the most virtuous part of the community. In this soil, all the graces that adorn

and distinguish the human race, propagate with the most ease, and vegetate with the most luxuriance. Here they are indigenous plants, and need little culture, besides clearing the ground of weeds, to give them room to spread and ripen. Reading and reflection are the refreshing dews, which fall into their bosom and give them their richest fragrance and their finest tints.

In the last place, knowledge, the result of literature, is the only quality, which in every stage of society gives dignity and respectability to the character.

Nothing is more apt to raise our wonder than the opposite qualities, which in different ages of the world have procured the respect of mankind. These, however wide of each other in their nature, all agree in one common character, to wit, their subserviency or usefulness to the existence and happiness of the community in the state of improvement at which it had then arrived. In savage life, a fierce courage and unconquerable patience under suffering, are the virtues most highly commended, and to the cultivation of which all their discipline is directed. As society advances, and is gradually polished from this rudeness, the military virtues are chiefly held in esteem, and almost engross the admiration of the multitude. In the most flourishing periods of the Grecian history, this seems to have been the point which the Society had reached. All the males were bred to the use of arms: all their amusements and exercises were subsidiary to the art of war. To fight the battles of their country even in the lowest ranks, so far from being accounted mean or ignoble, was deem-

ed the highest honour, and from this, except in cases of the greatest emergency, all the slaves were excluded. Riches, in this stage, were not sought after with avidity, but on the contrary, poverty was courted as rendering men more independent of things external. In proportion, however, as the arts which minister to luxury are carried to perfection, this state of things passes away, and a new æra arises, in which commerce engages the attention, and calls forth all the energy of the community. Wealth then constitutes the principal character of distinction. Men, studious of their ease, devolve the duties of the soldier upon the meanest and lowest of the people, and the ranks of the army become the refuge of beggary and disappointment. Courage, though still elevated among the virtues, holds only a subordinate place, and wars are undertaken solely for the acquisition of territory, or the extension of trade. Wealth now forms the object of universal pursuit, and in the attainment of it, every energy of mind and body is strained.

It is curious to remark, that notwithstanding this perpetual change in the leading qualities accounted honourable among mankind, knowledge invariably confers dignity and respect, not in all the stages to the same extent, yet enough in each to make it an object worth attaining. In that high state of cultivation in which we now are, it sets forward juster pretensions to deference than it could challenge in the earlier and ruder ages, and these, from the general refinement, are more readily acknowledged. No man can be truly respecta-

ble now who is ignorant. Titles, rank, or opulence, may throw a false and transient lustre round a character in itself contemptible, and catch the inconstant admiration of the silly crowd, but he who covets and receives the homage of the heart must possess intrinsic qualities, a well informed judgment, and a penetrating understanding. These at all times are estimable, and lay the only sure basis of respectability.

After all this reasoning, one must think it wonderful that in a country like this, an idea has sprung up, among not a few, that literature and a taste for reading are incompatible with the habits, and are a drawback on the success of the Man of Business.

I will readily allow, that if he turn his attention so exclusively to books, as to occupy in their perusal that time which should be deemed sacred to the counting-room; or if, while in the counting-room, his thoughts are wandering after philosophical subjects, and not fixed and riveted on his affairs, such a taste, so improperly and unseasonably indulged, must be extremely prejudicial to his interest, and merit the most unqualified reprobation. His transactions must needs be carelessly and hastily performed, his accounts will be irregular and confused, and his whole business want that arrangement and masterly skill, which alone can command success. To call such a one a man of business is a perversion of language, and were the prejudice, which I am attacking, extended no farther, it should meet with the most lenient castigation.

But a prejudice exists among some against reading

in general, and they would interdict the merchant from holding any commerce with polite and elegant literature. This opinion goes in direct opposition to an established, but trite remark; that the powers of the mind, as well as those of the body, acquire strength from exercise. If the intellectual faculties be not cultivated, and that too with constant and unwearied industry, in vain would we expect them to be active and vigorous. The mind must remain in its natural state, perhaps a strong and fertile soil, but impoverished and deformed with the rank exuberance of weeds. Nothing tends so much to call forth the native energies of the soul, and to give them free and liberal scope as the pursuits of literature. A taste, then, for these pursuits, is the best and most effectual means of opening and expanding the mental powers, and ripening them to full perfection. The question then is drawn within a narrow compass. Can the Man of Business, unimproved by study, and unenlightened by general knowledge, succeed better than he, who has been at pains to strengthen his memory, to improve his capacity, and to enrich himself with all the stores of ancient and modern learning? It is impossible. The first is necessarily ignorant, narrow-minded, and incapable of embracing large views of things. The second must, from his superior knowledge, be able to avail himself of innumerable advantages, and to seize all the contingent circumstances that may, in any wise, advance his fortune. He can descry evils at a greater distance, adopt more prudent and effectual precautions, discriminate with more nicety, and

look forward to future events with a sagacity, that seems more nearly allied to the foresight of inspiration, than the deductions of the understanding. His conceptions are vast and comprehensive; and, disdaining to follow the beaten track of ordinary mortals, he strikes out a new path, prosecutes it with the ardour of genius, and seizes the golden prize. There is, however, a great and imminent risk attending all these extraordinary efforts of first rate minds. Conceiving that every thing can be accomplished by the mere dint of intellect, and that talents can extricate from the most embarrassed situations, they fearlessly rush into hazardous speculations; and, as no human ability can regulate and control the tide of events, they are not unfrequently overwhelmed with disasters. This only proves, that to insure success in business, other qualifications are requisite than intellectual ability; but it is still contended, that intellectual ability, aided and accompanied with the other proper qualifications, has a better chance of succeeding, than the dulness of the uninformed and plodding drudge, whose imagination never strayed beyond his counter, and whose calculations have been all along confined to pounds, shillings, and pence. Reading, and the study of erudition, sharpen all the capacities of the mind, and render them fitter instruments in the hands of the merchant, for rearing the structure of his fortune. The mental capacities may here not unaptly be compared to the irons of masonry. To forward the work, and give it its highest polish, these require a sharp edge, and how solicitous

soever the artificer may be to hasten on and adorn the building, his cares and exertions will be inefficacious, or at least less successful, if he be not provided with the necessary and proper tools. So, in business, that man will be found to succeed best, who is gifted with the choicest parts, and who has bestowed due pains on their improvement. L. A.

## No. XX.

*" Review them and adore! Hear the loud voice*
*" Of Wisdom sounding in her works! Attend*
*" Ye sons of men! ye children of the dust,*
*" Be wise,—observe a* PROVIDENCE *in all."*
DR OGILVIE'S PROVIDENCE, B. III. v. 1018–21–1069.

THE works of Nature are possessed of characters, calculated to produce strong and various impressions on the human mind. Their effect is not restricted to time, or place; but reaches to all ages past, present, and future, and to all nations, however much diversified by laws, institutions, or religious rites. They speak a language universally understood, and distinctly audible in the ear of Reason. By them we are led to that most important and first of all truths; that a Divine Intelligence must have forever existed, who disposed their parts, and rendered them subservient to each other, and who bestowed order and harmony on the whole.

To this conclusion we are conducted, neither by a chain of argument, nor by the influence of early and imbibed prepossessions, but by an irresistible necessity impressed on our understanding by the hand of our Maker. That every effect must have a cause, is one of those self-evident and eternal axioms, which no reasoning can either establish or overturn, and which is readily and promptly assented to, whenever the terms that express it, are clearly apprehended. It borrows no evidence from any other quarter, but shines by its own internal light.

THERE are also certain qualities belonging to the material world, which strongly affect our Powers of Taste, and which give rise to what is commonly called the Pleasures of the Imagination.

THE vault of heaven, the expansion and incontrolable swell of the ocean, the lofty precipice, the roar of the cataract, of the storm, and of the thunder, excite in us emotions of the sublime. The lustre of the sun, the mellow light of the moon, and the glimmering of the stars; the soft music of birds, the brilliancy of their colours and the elegance of their shapes; the delicate and graceful structure of flowers, with their rich and inimitable tints; all these conspire to delight us with their beauty. Every object in nature, though possessing no character that could entitle it to be classed with the sublime or the beautiful, yet, if unknown, pleases by its novelty. In this manner, the Author of Nature has invested all his works with a splendid but simple drapery to charm the eye of the beholder, and to make

all the senses inlets of pleasure. This is, perhaps, the most conspicuous and incontrovertible mark of his goodness, which is exhibited in his workmanship. In most other instances his beneficence seems directed to some useful or necessary end: here it is gratuitous, and exerted for no other purpose than to open up sources of innocent and pure enjoyment to his sensible creatures.

While the Creation thus addresses the Understanding and the powers of Taste, it holds a language no less intelligible to our moral nature; and it is in this view only that I mean to consider it in the following speculation.

That I may not lead the reader into too wide a field of inquiry, I shall premise, that although the goodness, the wisdom, the power, and the majesty of the Deity, be written legibly throughout all, even the minutest and most insignificant, of his works; still these characters may be traced in some, more visibly than in others, and certain parts of the material world may be selected, as affording the most decisive proofs of his benignity, of his intelligence, or of his greatness. In conformity to this general observation, it may be remarked, that the demonstrations of the divine wisdom and goodness are chiefly drawn from what is discoverable on our own planet. It is there we see the wonderful adaptation of means to ends, the profound and complex contrivances which Nature resorts to, in order to bring about her kind and beneficial purposes, and the unrivaled skill she displays in the structure of animals, in fitting their organs to their modes of life, and in the number and

variety of their propensities and instincts. A minute analysis of the human body alone, lays open more art and contrivance than do all the machines invented by the united ingenuity of ages; and, in consequence, furnishes to our limited understanding the best and most ample evidence of the wisdom of its Framer. It is also from the earth that we are to gather the principal proofs of his goodness. This is the proper sphere of our observation. We can mark the care he has taken to preserve the different species of living creatures, the many sources of pleasure he has prepared for them, the abundant and liberal subsistence which he constantly furnishes to gratify their appetites, and to supply their wants. We feel also that goodness exerted in our own behalf; in our pleasurable sensations, in the enjoyments of society, and even in the gay and fantastic illusions of hope.

But the omnipotence and majesty of the First Cause, though perceptible on our Earth, in the ponderous masses of rocks, in the howling of the tempest, and in the stroke of the lightning, are better collected from the contemplation of the Heavens. Astronomy unveils such wonders about the distances, the magnitudes, the revolutions of the Planets, and gives such magnificent ideas relative to the immensity of space, and the remoteness of the fixed stars, that we are thrown into amazement, and feel ourselves impressed, as moral beings, with the grandeur of the prospect. A survey of the Heavens, as the mighty theatre where the majesty and power of the Divinity are most strikingly exhibited,

teaches us lessons friendly to the interests of virtue, and which may be nearly all comprised under the four following divisions.

First, we ought to regard the Framer of the universe with sentiments of the most profound awe and veneration. When the soul turns towards the Deity as an object of research, it strains all its capacities to form some faint notion of his infinitude, but finds itself unequal to the undertaking. The immensity of space in which he resides, and the eternity of his duration, overwhelm with astonishment, and require a vastness of comprehension, of which our faculties, limited and imperfect as they are in the present state, are incapable. We become lost in the contemplation of a Being so supremely great, and return in despair, in order to recruit our strength, which has been exhausted in the fruitless inquiry. But, if we be solicitous that our ideas should rise and approximate as nearly as possible to the great original, the study of the celestial phenomena will wonderfully assist us. By reflecting on the mighty circles which the planets describe, and the ages, which, according to some, have been consumed in the transmission of light from the remoter stars, the extent of the Creation bursts in upon the imagination, and inspires thoughts of genuine sublimity. Musings of this kind, indulged in the silence and darkness of the night, when the senses are unsolicited by external objects, form an instructive and delightful entertainment. The mind, quitting the body with which it is encumbered, mounts on the wings of fancy into the fields of space. It looks down

upon the Earth which it has left, and sees its vast circumference shrinking gradually into a point. It follows the wandering stars in their courses, or outflies them at pleasure. It measures the zodiac with one wide circuit. Leaving the planetary system behind: it shoots into the regions of the stars. It surveys the opaque bodies which revolve around them, and whose reflected light has never traveled to human sight. It examines their inhabitants, their functions, their manners of life, their pursuits, their pleasures. Still soaring on a bold pinion, it arrives at length on the confines of the Creation. It looks into the trackless, immeasurable void, and involuntarily shudders. It passes the brink, and adventures onward, wrapt in the thickness of darkness. Here, however, it is soon bewildered; and, retracing its course, revisits the region illuminated by the glory of the creation. After a slow and steep descent, it alights on the terrestrial globe, improved and transported with the excursion. He, whose imagination can carry him into so boundless and delightful a ramble, naturally thinks on the majesty of that Being who called into existence these unnumbered worlds, and upholds them in unerring order. It is at this moment that the divine character rises in all its greatness and fills us with reverential awe. How irresistible must be his power, how diffusive his goodness, how inconceivable his wisdom, who reared and sustains a structure so splendid and glorious!

I VERY much admire that article of the Jewish religion, which prohibited the use of this sacred and ador-

able Name, even in their rites and devotions, and which esteemed it too holy to be pronounced by the lips of mortals. Such a restriction served very much to beget that fear and devout respect, which I am recommending, and which is so becoming in creatures dependent, as we are, on his bounty, and removed at such an infinite distance from his perfections. This peculiarity of that ancient religion reflects a strong, and were our judgments not warped by the prevalence of custom, a deserved censure on the frequency with which that name is used in all the theological tracts throughout Christendom. Sermons, controversial writings, catechisms, and even spelling books, are crowded almost as profusely with it, as with the conjunctive particle AND. I shall not determine how far the indecent irreverence of this practice has facilitated the progress of impiety, and given rise to the modern vice of swearing, by early habituating our ears to a sound, which certainly merits a more solemn gravity of pronunciation. A child no sooner begins to learn his syllables, than the name of the FIRST CAUSE, and all the perfections that belong to him, are laid to his hand, as materials to further his advancement, when terms of unimportant meaning would confessedly answer the same purpose. Were a foreigner, ignorant of our manners, stationed at such a distance from a country school-room, as that every word of a sentence could not be distinctly heard, but only such as were uttered with greater emphasis, this sacred appellation would be so often repeated, that, joined with the confusion and din, he would be at a loss to know whether

or not the voices proceeded from an assembly of demons. I am aware that this is defended on the plea of early inculcating the principles of our holy religion, but it belongs to the guardians of the public morals to consider how far this pious profanation is not the secret cause of our ears being shocked in society so often with oaths and imprecations.

There have been men no less distinguished for philosophical research than for true piety, and whose lives were an ornament to their country, who never allowed themselves to make use of the name of God but in cases of the utmost solemnity, and even then ushered it in with a marked falling of the voice and a subsequent visible pause: so much were they penetrated with a sense of the reverential feeling due to their Creator.

Such instances of piety should put to the blush the daring effrontery of some who fear not on the most trivial occasion, (if it may be permitted to borrow religious phraseology) to take the name of God in vain. This is an expedient usually resorted to, by fools and coxcombs, to make the multitude and their inferiors stare, and give to themselves a fancied importance. Little and vain minds, who have nothing to elevate them above the crowd, that is valuable in itself or estimable by mankind, torture their ingenuity to find out something by which they may attract notice and rise above the common level; and, as they despair of reaching that enviable height in the direct path of honourable exertion, they seek distinction from their vices and profanity. Swearing, however, has of late become as

unfashionable as it is impious, and it has retired, in a great measure, from the gay world and sought a hiding-place among the worthless rabble. It would be a fruitless labour to reason against this vice in an argumentative form, because they who, in the paroxysms of passion or under the influence of any sudden and violent emotion, suffer the name of the Almighty to escape their lips in an irreverent manner, condemn themselves on the return of reflection; and they again, who habitually abuse it are so effectually entrenched behind their ignorance as to be inaccessible to argument. You may shame, but can never argue, such men out of their impiety.

In the second place, it is matter of pious gratitude and joy, that amidst the immensity of the works of God we, the inhabitants of this planet, are neither forgotten nor neglected by him.

Were it possible to train up a reasonable being till he had reached the maturity of his faculties, without making him acquainted with the first principles of natural religion, and then, at once, lay before him the stupendous greatness of the Universe, and inform him, at the same time, that all these revolving worlds, with their endless productions and animals, were under the superintendence and management of one directing Mind, who could so distribute his attention and his energy, as to keep the magnificent machine in motion, without disorder, confusion, or irregularity, he would listen with an incredulous ear to a doctrine so sublime and mysterious. Such an effort of intelligence fills the im-

agination with astonishment, as it so vastly transcends the compass of the human mind, which can only turn itself to one object at a time, and be occupied with one train of ideas. It is from comparing the Divine mind to the human, that we ever harbour a mistrust of Providence: for the omniscience of God effectually secures us from being disregarded amid the multitude of objects which call for his protection. While it is our duty to repress all such unbecoming suspicions of his paternal care, we ought not to banish from our thoughts our entire and perpetual dependence on him. We are too apt to overlook all those blessings which result from the regularity of the laws of nature; and, forgetting the First Cause, to satisfy ourselves with tracing the secondary causes that produce them. We multiply experiments without end, to discover the secret contrivances which the Deity has adopted to work upon matter, and the investigations are laudable and advantageous to the progress of knowledge; but we should go a step farther, and indulge feelings of devotion to that incomprehensible Agent who has employed his power and his wisdom in subserviency to his goodness. We should be especially thankful that the general comfort and convenience of the inhabitants of this planet, which we partake of, and which depend on its daily and annual motions, have been consulted with a care and exactness which demonstrate that the Divine attention is not distracted by the multiplicity of its interests.

The vicissitude of day and night arises from what is called the diurnal motion of our Earth. In the

course of twenty-four hours, the sun illuminates and cheers every part of its surface in regular succession by its own simple turning round its axis. Thus one half is alternately in the light, and the other in the shade. The day time is the season of labour and activity, the darkness invites to sleep and repose, by which our exhausted powers are refreshed and invigorated. The constitution of Man and the other animals is fitted for this alternation of night and day. Neither we, nor they, could support a long and uninterrupted series of exertion, without impairing the strength and health of the body, and when we attempt to urge nature beyond certain limits, she corrects us for the violence, first of all by lassitude, and should we not relax, she increases the pain of further efforts till it become intolerable. This constitutes a natural check to the eagerness of human passions, and it is seconded by the periodical return of darkness, which necessarily interrupts the bustle of business, and produces that stillness which entices to rest. Nature here acts the part of a kind and indulgent nurse to her children. She extinguishes the light of day, that all external objects may be shut out which allure the senses, and then imposes silence on the Creation that their sleep may be sound and undisturbed; thus drawing, as it were, the curtains of night around their retirements.

The expedient fallen upon, to promote vegetation and to provide food for man and beast, is not less wonderful, and is effected by another motion of this Planet around the Sun. This by means of the obliquity and

parallelism of its axis, causes the seasons in that undeviating order which they have observed since the origin of things. While the northern hemisphere is enjoying the influences of summer, winter reigns in the southern, and when the latter, in its turn, is visited by the genial heats, the former languishes and decays. By this means, vegetation and consequent plenty, travel from the one pole to the other, and furnish subsistence to all the tribes of animals.

THESE two motions go on so steadily, that the attention is never drawn either to themselves, or to the benefits we derive from them. The interchanges of day and night, and the rotation of the seasons, are phenomena, so familiar to us from our earliest infancy, and so incorporated and blended with all our ideas, that our gratitude seldom rises to the First Cause for establishing these beneficent appointments, and for preserving them without the smallest irregularity. Were they, however, disturbed, the confusion they would occasion, would be incalculable; and were they discontinued, all living creatures must perish.

I FURTHER remark, that the contemplation of the Heavens naturally leads to humility, and suggests views which, when justly apprehended, kill in us the seeds of vanity and self-conceit.

WHEN man compares himself with the lower animals in the acuteness of his sagacity, in the number of his inventions, or in the compass and strength of his powers, he must be sensible of his superiority, and perceive that many gifts and endowments are conferred upon him,

which exalt his nature above theirs. And when he carries on the comparison between himself and many of his own species, he cannot often shut his eyes against a similar conclusion; especially, if he should happen to possess intrinsic qualities, or the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune to which they have no just title. Such views, in a well informed and regulated mind, beget only a proper sense of its own dignity and merit, feelings nowise incongruous with virtue; but in others, they foster a groundless and insufferable elation of spirit which appears in every word and action. This passion, which is named pride, or vanity, according to the objects on which it rests, is always the failing of little and contracted souls, who are incapable of stretching their thoughts to those wider and higher inquiries that teach us our proper station in the scale of being. "O Man," says an Eastern sage, "if thou wantest an "antidote against pride, raise thine eyes to the Firma-"ment. Compare thyself with the angels who surround "the throne of God, and learn how little thou art. "Thy understanding is dark and limited, ever falling "into errors, the least of which is not surely this high "opinion of thyself. Thy body, which thou deckest "with every ornament thy fancy can invent, what is it? "The instrument, but also the incumberance of thy no-"bler part, which, before thou canst reach the skies, "must be dropt and thrown aside, to putrify and moul-"der in the earth from which it sprung. The wealth "of which thou boastest, is foreign to thee. It be-"longed to others before it was thine, and will again

"pass into other hands. Practise then humility, for it "becomes thy state. Pride was not made for man."

I AM very much of the same way of thinking, with this philosopher, that a survey of the Heavens, and more particularly as they are illustrated by modern discovery, is wonderfully calculated for the purpose of rooting out vanity and self-importance, and am satisfied that any one who turns his attention to these studies, sees the littleness of man, and the insignificancy of his grandeur in a much stronger light than they ever appeared to him from any other reflections. The human intellect, which embraces so great a range of ideas, and can investigate so many profound subjects, labours under an acknowledged incapacity in most of the inquiries connected with the celestial phenomena. Newton first opened the path into these regions, which have since been successfully trodden by many of his illustrious followers; and the discoveries, which have been brought to light by their joint efforts, have exceeded all reasonable belief: yet much still remains unaccomplished, and must necessarily remain so from the imperfection of human powers. Astronomy opens a prospect so vast, that the eye while it examines minutely whatever is within the sphere of its vision, discerns in the spacious circumference around it, objects fading in the distance, which it can never explore.

IF the pride of understanding be humbled by these inquiries, they no less effectually repress that consequence which we are so apt to assume, from our possessions in money or lands. To a superior intelligence

all our contentions about wealth, must appear as frivolous as the struggles of these diminutive creatures, the ants do to us, about a grain of barley. And when the soul, in a future and more advanced stage of her progress, looks back upon the cares and anxieties, which occupied and vexed her in the present world, she will feel humiliation at their emptiness not unlike that of the sage, who, in the manhood of his powers, cannot without a blush recollect his marbles and playthings. The importance of worldly things depend entirely on their proximity. They press upon our vision, and their proportions seem vast and gigantic, just as the small particle of dust, which obstructs the progress of an insect, is magnified by its microscopic eye into a mountain. Remove them only to a sufficient distance, contemplate them from an exalted station in the heavens, and our mansions, our cities, our private property, and our national territory, dwindle into nothing, and are scarce perceptible on the surface of the earth. Elevate the eye still higher, and the earth itself appears only a luminous point shining among the stars. I know not where these thoughts are better illustrated than in the dream of Scipio, handed down to us by the Roman Orator. P. Cornelius Scipio, having been carried in a vision to the Heavens, met with Africanus, who lifted to him the veil of futurity, and shewed him the principal events of his life. These, notwithstanding their splendor, were to be attended with much personal danger from the impious hands of his relatives. In order to inspire him with fortitude to meet the consummation

of his fate, his heavenly instructor addresses him; "But that you may be, O Scipio! the more eager to "save the Republic, know, that a certain place in hea- "ven, where the good enjoy everlasting life, is allotted "to all those, who preserve, assist, or aggrandize their "country. For societies of men bound together by "laws are a pleasing object to the Divinity, whose tem- "ple you now behold. Practise justice and piety, "therefore, that you may, after death, open a path "hither for yourself, and be admitted into the company "of those, who inhabit this region." It was, says Scipio relating his dream, a belt of the most splendid whiteness, called, according to the Greeks, the Milky Way, from which all other celestial things appeared in my sight very bright and wonderful. I saw stars, not discernible from the earth; and the magnitudes of all the heavenly bodies exceeded my conjecture. That satellite which is farthest from heaven, and nearest to earth, and which shines by a borrowed light, was least of them all. From this height, "the Earth itself "seemed to me so small, that I blushed for the insigni- "ficant extent of the Roman Empire, which touched "its surface as a mere point."

Such suggestions evince the madness and folly of ambition, and teach us, that to be elevated above measure with our own paltry possessions, or our national grandeur, can only be the weakness of a mind, which cannot enlarge its views, to take in the Universe at a glance. We are by no means, the big consequential beings, that we so often figure in our own imaginations.

Neither we ourselves, nor our mightiest works, are perceptible to a spectator placed in any of the stars; and the pyramids of Egypt no more affect the rotundity of the Earth, than the minutest atom, visible in the solar ray, would that of a common terrestrial globe. If I recollect right, it was, after looking up to the heavens framed by the fingers, and ordained by the power of the Almighty, that David breaks out into this noble and energetic strain of interrogation. "What is man that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou shouldst visit him?"

Lastly, the contemplation of the Heavens, furnishes a twofold argument in behalf of immortality; first, from the extent of the human powers, and next, from the immensity of the creation; and consequently adds a powerful sanction to all the laws of virtue.

Were we to see a plant growing in a certain climate, or soil, which bore evident symptoms of being in an unfavourable situation for coming to maturity, we would naturally inquire, whether these symptoms were peculiar to this, as an individual, or were common to the class under which it was arranged. If we should find, that this was a single instance, we would at once conclude that the defect lay in the culture, and could be remedied by skilful management; but on the contrary, should we learn that all the plants of that tribe were equally sickly, and that with the utmost care in the rearing of them, they could not be brought to perfect their fruit, we would draw a widely different conclusion, and believe it to be an exotic, which required a

more propitious atmosphere, and a warmer sun. This conclusion would be established beyond doubt, were we to discover that part of the earth where it naturally flourished in luxuriant vigour. The whole of this argument rests on experience; for, so wisely has nature conducted all her operations in the vegetable kingdom, that she has formed no plant without allowing it a friendly region; and, on the other hand, no region without beautifying and filling it with suitable plants. So firmly do we hold this opinion, that were we even to alight upon any herb or flower, which could not be brought to perfection in any climate, yet visited by man, we would seek for a solution of the difficulty, rather in the imperfection of our knowledge, than in the suspicion that Nature had made aught in vain. The strength of this reasoning will apply equally well to the animal as to the vegetable kingdom; for, were any creature exhibited, which refused every kind of food, and languished under every tried mode of treatment, we would, notwithstanding, think, that the Universal Parent had, somewhere or other, provided it proper nourishment, and that in some latitude, it could exercise all its functions, and attain its full health and vigour.

This mode of reasoning may be extended by analogy to the human soul. In the present state it cannot fully gratify its appetite for knowledge, nor exert all its powers, for two obvious reasons. The first is, the shortness of its existence, and the second, its distance from the objects which it ardently covets to explore. By the time that the mind of man begins to feel and

exult in its capacities, and to direct them to varied and beneficial acquirements, he is interrupted in the midst of his progress, and hurried off the stage. But put the case, that he were even immortal, yet chained to this earth, still he could not investigate with advantage the works of the Creation, as they lie beyond his reach. From the motion of the great masses of matter, which revolve around him, he can find out the mechanical laws which guide them, their celerities, their magnitudes, the periods of their circuits, yet how scanty and imperfect are these attainments, compared with what he could acquire, were he released from the body, which confines him as in a prison, and enabled to wing his way to the ethereal world. If a future life be not reserved for him, his intellectual capacity is an useless and unmeaning gift —an extravagant profusion of intellect; for here he has neither time nor opportunity to store it with that unlimited variety of information, which can be collected from the universe, and which it is capable of containing.

The same remark applies with equal force to his moral powers. In childhood and youth, he is hurried on by the ardour and vehemence of his passions. He has not experienced their fatal consequences, nor acquired that self-government, which results no less from disappointment in pleasure than from the high and positive injunctions of morality. Before he can have fully seen and weighed the emptiness of earthly things, or fortified his virtue against temptation, his body fails, and hastens to dissolution.

As our present condition, then, is unfitted for the full

opening alike of our intellectual and moral powers, shall we not conclude, that the soul is a celestial plant, which here can neither strike its roots so deep and wide, nor shoot up to such a stately and commanding height, as is promised by the vigour of its germ? It rises only to be a flowering shrub, dispensing, no doubt, the sweetest scents, and fair to the eye; yet stunted in its growth, and marred in its beauty, by the boisterousness of the elements that surround it. It most assuredly shall be transplanted into a more fertile soil, and placed in a happier clime, that it may enjoy a season long enough, to call forth all its beauties and ripen all its fruits. Yes: we know, that soil to be the universe, and that season, eternity. With such a prospect its internal structure is developed, and it forms another confirmation of the wisdom, that pervades the divine handiwork. Its understanding is susceptible of endless progression in knowledge, and the universe can supply endless materials for inquiry. Here then is the same admirable adaptation of means to ends, which strike the eye on every survey of final causes. But were it not destined for immortality, its unblown and immature faculties would be an enigma, that would foil every solution and must be accounted anomalous efforts of creative energy: a doctrine, too repugnant to unbiased reason, and derogatory from the perfection of the First Cause, to be ever generally or firmly received. Since Man, then, is made for immortality, he should cultivate every virtue that exalts his moral nature, and prepares him for this expected existence. J. M.

## No. XXI.

*" O Father, there's an auld man on the green,*
*The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen :*
*He tents our loofs, an' syne whups out a book,*
*Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look ;*
*Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard ;*
*His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard."*

GENTLE SHEPHERD, Act III. Scene II. Jenny loq.

THERE are few desires in the human breast so ardent, and, in general, so ill-directed, as that of looking into futurity. Our hopes on the one hand, crowd the distant prospect with so many pleasing and interesting figures; and our fears, on the other, conjure up such frightful and disagreeable objects, that we are naturally solicitous to know, whether any, or all, of these illusions shall be realized. We are conscious of possessing in ourselves no first principles to regulate our conjectures; and, without farther thought, surrender our judgments to the ghostly guidance of those, who are interested in deceiving and misleading us. The slightest share of common sense might teach any man, that as he himself cannot foresee the event of the next moment, all pretensions to instruct him, and draw aside the mysterious and impenetrable curtain, with which it is covered, must proceed either from knavery, or a disordered imagination. So strongly, however, does this desire operate, that every pretender to the art is sure

of meeting with encouragement, and collecting around him an ignorant, and eager multitude, who believe, and liberally pay for, his predictions. In looking over the history of the human race with an eye to this subject, it is curious to remark, upon what different foundations the different systems of Divination have been constructed. In one age and country, men studied the planets, their motions, their conjunctions, their aspects; and, from these, pretended to foretell the prosperous, or adverse events, which would arise in the course of one's life. These observations on the Heavens were carried to such a length, that they grew up into a science, and obtained credit with the wise and learned, a circumstance that reflects no great honour on the boasted perfection of human reason.

In the two most polished and enlightened nations of antiquity this folly broke out in a different direction; and an order of priesthood was established to attend at the slaying of victims, and take the first holy look of their entrails. From the appearance of these, expeditions were undertaken, battles fought, war and peace determined on; and, in a word, all important political measures were regulated, not by the calculations of prudence, but by the chances of a blind superstition.

It is a very decisive proof of the advancement of the present age in real and useful knowledge, that none, who have gotten the benefit of a good education, are weak enough to countenance or credit such fooleries. All these have evanished along with the religions, which begat them, just as the vile vermin perish, when the

putrid mass that bred and fostered them is removed. Among the vulgar in this country, however, there is still some little remnant of divination. There are pretenders, who give out, that, from the natural lines in a man's hand, or from the accidental arrangement of tea-leaves in a cup, they are able to dive into futurity; and there are people so grossly ignorant as to believe them.

The Gipsies, who traveled over the whole of this island, and even over Europe, were accounted the most skilful adepts in the first of these arts, known by the name of palmistry. They subsisted partly by begging, and pilfering, but chiefly by telling fortunes. With a sly sagacious look they minutely examined the palm of the hand, then studied the features of the face, that they might catch the secret workings of the heart; and, according as they wished to operate on the fears or hopes of their auditors, gave either a melancholy significant shake of the head, or burst into a loud broad laugh, before they opened the book of fate. Demosthenes, amid all the lightnings of his eloquence, could not wield the passions of an Athenian assembly with half the dexterity, which this wretched vagrant crew exercised over those of the common people. This relic of ancient ignorance is now nearly put down from the extension of knowledge, and the juster views, that prevail every where. Even the race, that lived by it, is become extinct in this quarter, by betaking themselves to useful employments, and being blended with the great mass of the population. A wandering beggar, indeed, is still now and then to be found, who, possessing

more than ordinary penetration, and insight into human nature, sets up for a conjurer in his passing through some remote village, and lays open the secrets of all the inhabitants, who apply to him.

This species of fortune-telling, however, is more rarely to be met with than that of reading cups. In every town and village throughout the country there are women of shrewd and sagacious minds, who earn a livelihood by this wretched trade, and keep a whole neighbourhood under contribution, by flattering and deceiving the maid-servants. No sooner is a simple girl drawn within this magic circle, than her fidelity to her master must be sacrificed to supply the demands, and gratify the avarice of one of those beldams. She is encouraged to purloin whatever articles she can most conveniently lay her hands upon, and they are all received from her, as the price of unfolding her future fortune.

My ear was struck, a few nights ago, as I entered the lobby, with a very earnest conversation, carried on between two of the maids, relative to this subject. My curiosity was awakened, and I overheard such a tale of knavery, as few will believe could take place in this city. In a narrow lane towards the west end of the town, there lives, it seems, one of these old hags, vulgarly called *spae-wives*, who from her superior sagacity, or more extensive practice, has acquired a kind of fame in this line. Her house is resorted to, by all silly girls, who either have sweet-hearts, or ardently wish for them. She has an old tea-pot always ready, standing by the side of the fire, from the contents of which she can

foretell every thing, that can arise in the course of a long courtship. If a young fellow become cross to his mistress, she can tame and soften him; if cold, she can revive the flame. Her province even takes a wider range. When any thing is stolen or is amissing, she can give a description of the thief, or tell whereabouts it may be found. For these predictions or discoveries, she takes, I learned, no fees in money, but only such presents of apparel or food as every girl, that is dishonest, can easily pilfer in her service. One of the maids, Betty, it seems, had been in the practice of consulting this sorceress, ever since she had become acquainted with a journeyman lad who paid his addresses to her. Of late he had become less frequent in his visits, and less particular in his attentions, and her jealousy had taken fire. The tea-leaves had long ago joined them as man and wife, and promised much domestic happiness, and a large and flourishing family. But unfortunately last night a rival appeared among them, and disturbed their usually lucky arrangements, who, she was told, would supplant her for a while in her lover's affections, unless some dextrous expedient was fallen upon to prevent it. This information confirmed all her suspicions and excited all her hatred. The only thing awanting, and which Betty had very much at heart, was the name of this unknown fair one. The old hag refused this discovery, until she should be presented with a *silver teaspoon*. This was an act of flagrant atrocity which the remains of Betty's good principles would not allow her to commit, and she was complaining to her confidant, of

the cruelty of this requisition. It was now, I thought, high time for me to step forward and interpose. I fortified her good resolutions, and endeavoured to undeceive her. She shed a flood of tears and expressed the deepest contrition. I learned the street and house where these unhallowed rites were practised, and urged on, perhaps by a blamable curiosity, I communicated the principal circumstances to a friend, and set out along with him in quest of adventures. As we approached the door, I observed, by the light of the lamps, three young women entering in company with each other. O pudor! O audacia! we could not resist the temptation of looking in, and listening at the window. Although obtained by stealth, the scene is worth description. The beldam herself was seated at the corner of the fireside with her eyes towards the door, and her tea-pot, the instrument of so many charms, stood near her. She appeared to be turned of seventy, with a quick keen eye, but hard and withered features. Her customers she received with a civil motion of her hand, and beckoning them to take chairs, she examined them with an inquisitive look. Two of them she addressed by name; the third was a stranger, who had come to consult her on a very nice point in the management of her lover. Each drew out from their pockets the presents they had brought along with them for her reception. We saw her get a napkin, a piece of roast beef, and last of all the remains of a cold fowl. The tea-pot was now stirred and emptied partly into a cup. Unluckily I could not all this time perceive the faces of the girls, for their backs

were turned towards me, and thus lost the better half of the pleasure, which this novel scene was capable of affording. When the cup was put in motion, they all bent forward, and eyed it with mute and deep attention. I could not distinctly hear the language which this infamous woman used in addressing these infatuated females, but I heard enough to rouse my utmost indignation, and to convince me that such places are proper subjects for the interference of the police. They are the nurseries of petty frauds, of criminal stratagems, and of a degrading superstition.

It is distressing to think, that a human being can be found in this enlightened age so low in intellect, as to be imposed upon by such arts. What virtue can steeped tea-leaves possess to instruct us in futurity? Will the Almighty unveil the next moment, and discover future contingencies to an old wicked worthless woman, when he has hidden them from the best and wisest of men! I will not waste an argument on this head; but I would caution all mistresses to keep a watchful eye over their servants, and, if possible, save them from such ruinous and corrupting debasement.

Misemanticus.

*END OF THE VOLUME.*