

THE
PENNSYLVANIA
MAGAZINE:
OR,
AMERICAN
MONTHLY MUSEUM.
MDCCLXXV.

VOLUME I.



JUVAT IN SYLVIS HABITARE.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. AITKEN, PRINTER AND BOOKSELLER,
OPPOSITE THE LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE, FRONT-STREET.

T H E
P U B L I S H E R ' s
P R E F A C E.

HAVING completed the *First Volume* of the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE, we think it our indispensable duty to acknowledge the obligations we are under to the candid Public, for the encouragement we have found in the prosecution of this Work; so far exceeding our most sanguine expectations.

WE do not suffer ourselves to think that the real merit of the performance is the sole cause of the favourable reception it has met with; but attribute it, in part, to that laudable spirit which prevails, of receiving, with a partial fondness, every effort for the improvement of arts and sciences in America; and, partly, to a generous lenity, restraining the severity of criticism from falling on a work of this kind in its infant state; and bearing with present infirmities in expectation of future strength. We flatter ourselves, that, in this, the reasonable hopes of the Public will not be disappointed; being fully determined to exert every means in our power, to render the *Pennsylvania Magazine* as useful and entertaining as possible.

ALTHOUGH we doubt not but that our generous friends will make every reasonable allowance for us, yet we cannot help taking this opportunity of pointing out some of the disadvantages we labour under.

IN the first place, we hope the Infant-state of our Magazine will be considered as an apology for its imperfections which ought to have some weight. The merit of a miscellaneous work consists in the *variety* as well as the excellency of its matter; and it ought, if possible, to furnish entertainment suited to the different tastes and capacities of its numerous

P R E F A C E.

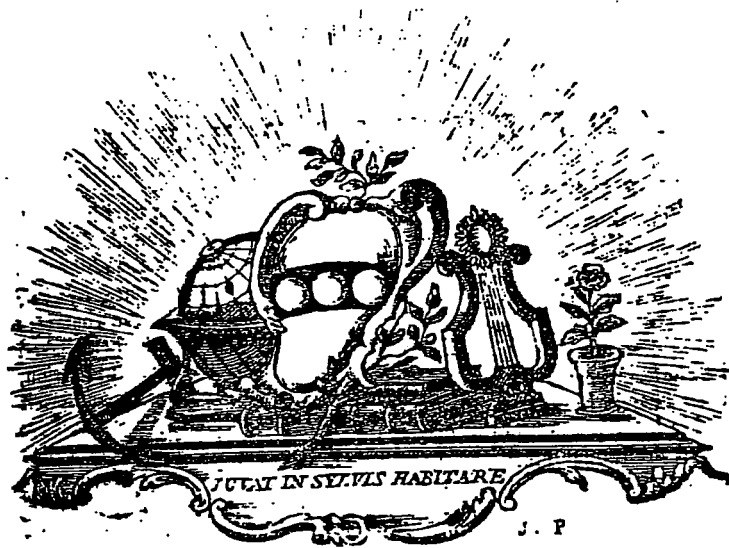
rous readers: But it cannot be expected that the sources necessary to render a work of this kind complete, should be at once discovered and opened. We have, however, good reason to hope that the number of our Correspondents will encrease, when it shall be observed with what steady perseverance we pursue our plan, and with what strict impartiality we avoid giving offence to any by our publications.

IT should also be observed that we are altogether deprived of one considerable fund of entertainment which contributes largely to the embellishment of the Magazines in Europe, *viz.* Discoveries of the curious remains of antiquity; the descriptions of which often lead to interesting confirmations of historical facts, or plainly point to the rites and ceremonies of former ages. A new settled country cannot be expected to afford any entertainment of this kind. We can look no farther back than to the rude manners and customs of the savage *Aborigines* of *North America*. Nevertheless, as even these may afford many curious particulars, we should be much obliged to any of our Correspondents who should furnish us with such accounts of them as may have come to their knowledge.

BUT the principal difficulty in our way, is, the present unfortunate situation of public affairs. Those, whose leisure and abilities might lead them to a successful application to the Muses, now turn their attention to the rude preparations for war---Every heart and hand seem to be engaged in the interesting struggle for *American Liberty*---Till this important point is settled, the pen of the poet and the books of the learned must be in a great measure neglected. The arts and sciences are not cultivated to advantage, but in the fruitful soil of *Peace*, and in the fostering sunshine of *Constitutional Liberty*.

THAT all public contentions may find a speedy and equitable reconciliation, and that this once happy country may again enjoy the unviolated blessings of the *British Constitution*, is the sincere wish---the earnest prayer of the PUBLISHER of the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE.

T H E
Pennsylvania Magazine;



O R,
AMERICAN MONTHLY MUSEUM.
FOR JANUARY 1775.

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P H I L A D E L P H I A:
Printed by R. AITKEN the Publisher, opposite the London Coffee-House, Front-Street. 1775.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Publisher finds himself obliged to apologize to his friends for several errors, chiefly typographical, which this first Number is unluckily blemished with. The hurry with which he was obliged to put some pieces to the press, and work them off, occasioned by their coming very late to hand, rendered it impossible to observe that correctness, which he hopes will always appear in future numbers. And being determined to be punctual to the day proposed for publication, he chose rather to rest on the good nature of his readers, than forfeit their favours by any remissness in point of time.

He has likewise the pleasure of assuring them, that having now procured additional assistance, he is better enabled to fulfil his engagements with greater punctuality.

With due deference to the taste of the learned, he begs leave to intimate the inconvenience he is sometimes under by the disregard which Gentlemen of Letters are apt to pay to the writing part, which, when he cannot have access to the authors, subjects the press to some unavoidable errors.

E R R A T A.

P. 31. l. 29. col. 2. *dele* vial.

P. 32. l. 15. col. 1. *for* coatry, *read* coating.

T O T H E
P U B L I C.

THE design of this Work has been so fully expressed in the printed proposals, that it is unnecessary to trouble the reader *now* with a formal Preface; and instead of that vain parade with which publications of this kind are introduced to the Public, we shall content ourselves with soliciting their candor, till our more qualified labours shall entitle us to their praise.

The generous and considerate will recollect that imperfection is natural to infancy; and that nothing claims their patronage with a better grace than those undertakings which, besides their infant state, have many formidable disadvantages to oppress them.

We presume it is unnecessary to inform our friends that we encounter all the inconveniencies which a *magazine* can possibly start with. Unassisted by imported materials we are destined to create what our predecessors in this walk had only to compile:---And the present perplexities of affairs have rendered it somewhat difficult for us to procure the necessary aids.

Thus encompassed with difficulties this First Number of **THE PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE** entreats a favourable reception; of which we shall only say, like the early *snow-drop*, it comes forth in a barren season, and contents itself with modestly foretelling that **CHOICER FLOWERS** are preparing to appear.

PHILADELPHIA, }
Jan. 24 1775. }

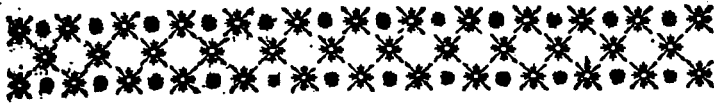
METEOROLOGICAL DIARY at Philadelphia, from Dec. 20.
1774. to Jan. 20. 1775.

| Days | Hours | Barometer with a Nonius. | Thermr. in open Air. | Winds. | Weather |
|---------|--------|--------------------------------|----------------------------|--------|---|
| 1774 | | | | | |
| Dec. | | | | | |
| 20 | 9 A.M. | 30 04 | 43 | W | Fair, <i>Frost in the night, and windy</i> |
| 21 | 9 A.M. | 30 39 | 32 | NW | Fair, |
| 22 | 9 A.M. | 29 98 | 32 | NE | Snowing. |
| 23 | 9 A.M. | 30 05 | 28 | NE | Ditto. |
| 24 | 9 A.M. | 30 | 35 | | Foggy. |
| 25 | 9 A.M. | 30 | 39 | S | Cloudy. |
| 26 | 9 A.M. | 29 92 | 45 | NW | Fair, <i>Rain the preceding night.</i> |
| 27 | 9 A.M. | 30 40 | 33 | | <i>Frost in the night.</i> |
| 28 | 9 A.M. | 29 92 | 36 | N | Snowing, <i>A deep snow on the ground.</i> |
| 29 | 9 A.M. | 29 68 | 34 | NW | Cloudy, <i>Much snow the preceding day.</i> |
| 30 | 9 A.M. | 29 80 | 33 | SW | Fair, <i>Frost in the night; Ice in Dela-</i> |
| 31 | 9 A.M. | 30 04 | 33 | W | Fair, <i>Frost in the night. (ware.</i> |
| J. 1775 | | | | | |
| 1 | 9 A.M. | 30 48 | 25 | SW | Fair. |
| 2 | 9 A.M. | 30 31 | 25 | SW | Fair. |
| 3 | 9 A.M. | 30 | 35 | SW | Fair. |
| 4 | 9 A.M. | 30 27 | 32 | SW | Hazy. |
| 6 | 9 A.M. | 30 27 | 32 | NW | Fair, <i>Smart frost in the night.</i> |
| 7 | 9 A.M. | 30 34 | 28 | NW | Fair. |
| 8 | 9 A.M. | 30 18 | 28 | NW | Fair. |
| 9 | 9 A.M. | 30 33 | 23 | NE | Fair. |
| 10 | 9 A.M. | 29 93 | 33 | NE | Fair. |
| 11 | 9 A.M. | 30 28 | 39 | W | Fair. |
| 12 | 9 A.M. | 29 34 | 42 | SW | Cloudy, <i>Rain in the night.</i> |
| 13 | 9 A.M. | 30 02 | 30 | NW | Fair. |
| 14 | 9 A.M. | 30 10 | 36 | SW | Fair. |
| 15 | 9 A.M. | 29 98 | 44 | SW | Cloudy. |
| 16 | 9 A.M. | 30 05 | 46 | SW | Hazy. |
| 17 | 9 A.M. | 29 98 | 47 | NW | Cloudy, <i>Delaware Navigable.</i> |
| 18 | 9 A.M. | 30 23 | 43 | NE | Snowing |
| 19 | 9 A.M. | 29 97 | 37 | NE | Snowing, <i>and wind.</i> |

PRICES CURRENT, PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------|--------|
| Wheat, per bushel from 6s 9d to 7s | Ship bread per cwt. | 14s | 14s 6d |
| Indian corn 2s 9d 3s | Butter per pound | 6d | 7d |
| Flax seed 10s 11s | Candles | 9d | 10d |
| Salt, fine 2s 2d 2s 4d | Hard soap | 8d | |
| Beef, American, per barrel 50s 55s | Gammons | 5s 2d | 6s |
| Irish 60s 67s | Coffee | 9d | 10d |
| Pork, Burlington 60s 62s 6d | Chocolate | 18d | 19d |
| Lower county 55s 57s 6d | Tea, Bohea | 3s 8d | 4s |
| Mackarel 30s 35s | Pepper | 2s 4d | 2s 6d |
| Oil, Train 90s 92s 6d | Loaf sugar | 13d. | |
| Beer, Philadelphia 35s | Molasses per gallon | 21s | 22s |
| Porter, London, per doz. 15s | Rum, Jamaica | 3s 8d | 3s 9d |
| Philadelphia 10s | America | 2s 2d | 2s 3d |
| Hoghd. slaves per thousand ? 10s | Brandy, French, | 5s | 5s 6d |
| Flour, common per cwt. 17s 6d 18s | Wine, Madeira, per pipe | 30l | 70l |
| fine 21s 21s 6d | Teneriffe | 22l | 29l |
| Rice 17s 16s 6d | Wine bottles, per gross, | 42s 6d | 45s |

Exchange on London, 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.



T H E

Pennsylvania Magazine;

O R,

AMERICAN MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FOR JANUARY 1775.

To the PUBLISHER of the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE.

IN a country whose reigning character is the love of science, it is somewhat strange that the channels of communication should continue so narrow and limited. The weekly papers are at present the only vehicles of public information. Convenience and necessity prove that the opportunities of acquiring and communicating knowledge, ought always to enlarge with the circle of population. America has now outgrown the state of infancy; Her strength and commerce make large advances to manhood; and science in all its branches, has not only blossomed but even ripened upon the soil. The cottages as it were of yesterday have grown to villages, and the villages to cities; and while proud antiqui-

ty, like a skeleton in rags, parades the streets of other nations, their genius, as if sickened and disfigured with the phantom, comes hither for recovery.

The present enlarged and improved stage of things gives every encouragement which the Editor of a New Magazine can reasonably hope for. The failure of former ones cannot be drawn as a parallel now. Change of times adds propriety to new measures. In the early days of colonization, when a whisper was almost sufficient to have negotiated all our internal concerns, the publishing even a news-paper would have been premature. Those times are past; and population has established both their use and their credit: But their plan being almost wholly devoted

to news and commerce, affords but a scanty residence to the muses. Their path lies wide of the field of science, and has left a rich and unexplored region for new adventurers.

It has always been the opinion of the learned and curious that a magazine, when properly conducted, is the nursery of genius; and by constantly accumulating new matter, becomes a kind of market for wit and utility. The opportunities which it afford to men of abilities to communicate their studies, kindle up a spirit of invention and emulation. An unexercised genius soon contracts a kind of stiffness, which not only checks its growth, but abates its natural vigour. Like an untenanted house it falls into decay, and frequently ruins the possessor.

The British magazines, at their commencement, were the repositories of ingenuity: They are now the retailers of tale and nonsense. From elegance they sunk to simplicity, from simplicity to folly, and from folly to voluptuousness. The Gentleman's, the London, and the Universal Magazines, bear yet some mark of their originality; but the Town and Country, the Covent-Garden, and the Westminster, are no better than incentives to profligacy and dissipation. They have added to the dissolution of manners, and supported Venus against the muses.

America yet inherits a large portion of her first-imported virtue. Degeneracy is here almost a useless word. Those who are conversant with Europe would be tempted to believe that even the air of the Atlantic disagrees with the constitution of foreign vices; if they survive the voyage, they either expire

on their arrival, or linger away in an incurable consumption. There is a happy something in the climate of America, which disarms them of all their power both of infection and attraction.

But while we give no encouragement to the importation of foreign vices, we ought to be equally as careful not to create any. A vice begotten might be worse than a vice imported. The latter, depending on favour, would be a sycophant; the other, by pride of birth, would be a tyrant: To the one we should be dupes, to the other slaves.

There is nothing which obtains so general an influence over the manners and morals of a people as the Press; from that, as from a fountain, the streams of vice or virtue are poured forth over a country: And of all publications none are more calculated to improve or infect than a periodical one. All others have their rise and their exit; but *this* renews the pursuit. If it has an evil tendency, it debauches by the power of repetition; if a good one, it obtains favour by the gracefulness of soliciting it. Like a lover, it woos its mistress with unabated ardour, nor gives up the pursuit without a conquest.

The two capital supports of a magazine are Utility and Entertainment: The first is a boundless path, the other an endless spring. To suppose that arts and sciences are exhausted subjects, is doing them a kind of dishonour. The divine mechanism of creation improves such folly, and shews us by comparison, the imperfection of our most refined inventions. I cannot believe that this species of vanity is peculiar to the present

age only. I have no doubt but that it existed before the flood, and even in the wildest ages of antiquity. 'Tis a folly we have inherited, not created: And the discoveries which every day produce, have greatly contributed to dispossess us of it. Improvement and the world will expire together: And till that period arrives, we may plunder the mine, but never can exhaust it! That "*We have found out every thing*" has been the motto of every age. Let our ideas travel a little into antiquity, and we shall find larger portions of it than now; and so unwilling were our ancestors to descend from this mountain of perfection, that when any new discovery, exceeded the common standard, the discoverer was believed to be in alliance with the devil. It was not the ignorance of the age only, but the vanity of it, which rendered it dangerous to be ingenious. The man who first planned and erected a tenable hut, with a hole for the smoke to pass, and the light to enter, was perhaps called an able architect, but he who improved it with a chimney, could be no less than a prodigy; yet had the same man been so unfortunate as to have embellished it with glass windows, he might probably have been burnt for a magician. Our fancies would be highly diverted could we look back, and behold a circle of original Indians haranguing on the sublime perfection of the age: Yet 'tis not impossible but future times may exceed us almost as much as we have exceeded them.

I would wish to extirpate the least remains of this impolitic vanity. It has a direct tendency to unbrace the nerves of invention, and is peculiarly hurtful to young

colonies. A magazine can never want matter in America, if the inhabitants will do justice to their own abilities. Agriculture and manufactures owe much of their improvement in England, to hints first thrown out in some of their magazines. Gentlemen whose abilities enabled them to make experiments, frequently chose that method of communication, on account of its convenience. And why should not the same spirit operate in America? I have no doubt but of seeing, in a little time, an American magazine full of more useful matter, than I ever saw an English one: Because we are not exceeded in abilities, have a more extensive field for enquiry: And whatever may be our political state, OUR HAPPINESS WILL ALWAYS DEPEND UPON OURSELVES.

Something useful will always arise from exercising the invention, though perhaps, like the witch of Endor, we shall raise up a being we did not expect. We owe many of our noblest discoveries more to accident than wisdom. In quest of a pebble we have found a diamond, and returned enriched with the treasure. Such happy accidents give additional encouragement to the making experiments; and the convenience which a magazine affords of collecting and conveying them to the public, enhances their utility. Where this opportunity is wanting, many little inventions, the forerunners of improvement, are suffered to expire on the spot that produced them; and as an elegant writer beautifully expresses on another occasion,

"They waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Gray.

In

In matters of humour and entertainment there can be no reason to apprehend a deficiency. Wit is naturally a volunteer, delights in action, and under proper discipline is capable of great execution. 'Tis a perfect master in the art of buff-fighting; and though it attacks with more subtilty than science, has often defeated a whole regiment of heavy artillery.---Though I have rather exceeded the line of gravity in this description of wit, I am unwilling to dismiss it without being a little more serious.---'Tis a qualification which, like the passions, has a natural wildness that requires governing. Left to itself it soon overflows its banks, mixes with common filth, and brings disrepute upon the fountain. We have many valuable springs of it in America, which at present run in purer streams, than the generality of it in other countries. In France and Italy, 'tis froth highly fomented: In England it has much of the same spirit, but rather a browner complexion. European wit is one of the worst articles we can import. It has an intoxicating power with it, which debauches the very vitals of chastity, and gives a false colouring to every thing it censures or defends. We soon grow fatigued with the excess, and withdraw like gluttons sickened with intemperance. On the contrary, how happily are the sallies of innocent humour calculated to amuse and sweeten the vacancy of business! We enjoy the harmless luxury without surfeiting, and strengthen the spirits by relaxing them.

The Press has not only a great influence over our manners and morals, but contributes largely to our pleasures; and a magazine, when

properly enriched, is very conveniently calculated for this purpose. Voluminous works weary the patience, but here we are invited by conciseness and variety. As I have formerly received much pleasure from perusing these kind of publications, I wish the *present* success; and have no doubt of seeing a proper diversity blended so agreeably together, as to furnish out an *Osio* worthy the company for whom it is designed.

I consider a magazine as a kind of bee-hive, which both allures the swarm, and provides room to store their sweets. Its division into cells gives every bee a province of its own; and though they all produce honey, yet perhaps they differ in their taste for flowers, and extract with greater dexterity from one than from another. *Thus* we are not all PHILOSOPHERS, all ARTISTS, nor all POETS.

MR. AITKEN,

If among the many ingenious pieces which I doubt not will be sent you by your correspondents, you can find a place for the following essay in your first Magazine, you will oblige,

Your humble servant, &c.

A Comparison of the Passions of
PRIDE and VANITY.

THE study of human nature has often been affirmed to be of all others the most noble: At least it may be said with certainty to be of all others the most necessary, and the most useful. To intitle it however to those characters, it must be taken wholly in a moral or practical view. It is not impossible to enter into discussions upon

upon human nature which shall be as abstracted, ambiguous, and unprofitable, as any that can be named. To give the study of human nature, therefore, a right to the pre-eminence that is commonly yielded to it, we must confine it to the study of human characters and human life.

This study, though far from being unpleasant, is attended with considerable difficulty. We must observe and distinguish the different passions one from another, in their principles, expressions, and effects. Even this is not all, we must observe the different modifications of the same passion; or those which are so nearly allied, that they may be often mistaken one for another. There are some bodily disorders so very similar, in their symptoms and effects, that the generality of mankind give them the same name; and yet they require a very different treatment, in order to an effectual cure. The same thing may be said of some mental diseases, which a man of virtue and reflexion ought to understand thoroughly, if he wishes to promote either his own improvement, or the reformation of others. As an example of this remark, and the subject of a few observations, I select at present the distinction between *Pride* and *Vanity*.

These are often used as synonymous or convertible terms, and that not only by loose and careless writers, but by those of the greatest accuracy and precision. The truth is, there are several things in which they agree: Both pride and vanity imply, or arise from a high over-weening conceit of ourselves, compared with others; tho' I think there is much more of explicit comparison in the first than in

the last. Both the one and the other expects and desires the esteem, admiration, and attachment of others; both the one and the other is seduced by flattery, and mortified by disdain: Yet there is in many respects a remarkable difference between these two passions, well worthy the attention of a speculative moralist, or a serious mind.

This difference I shall endeavour to point out in such particulars as have occurred to me, without paying much regard either to order or connection; because it is difficult to find the principles of order, or any proper thread of connexion, in reflections of this nature.

1. Pride is jealous, and vanity is credulous. A proud man expects continual incense, and all outward expressions of respect and veneration; he is therefore apt to take offence where none was intended, and will sometimes discover a surprising ingenuity in interpreting circumstances of no moment in themselves, as if they had been intended to carry a covered insult. A vain man is easily satisfied; he will often mistake common civility for special attachment, nay sometimes the most manifest marks of contempt for the familiarity of friendship. This is a circumstance well to be considered by those who by inclination or interest are led to make their court to others. You may sometimes offend a proud man when you mean to serve him, and you may gratify a vain man when you mean to affront him.

2. A proud man demands your esteem as his due; a vain man begs your love as a favour. Pride is naturally imperious; it cannot descend to solicit: it looks upon all refusal, or neglect of service, as an injury. Vanity, on the other hand, is

is obsequious and complying, and is pleased when by any means a little whiff of gratification can be obtained.

3. A proud man thinks you can never do enough to serve him; a vain man will do often more than any other to serve you. A proud man is a tyrant to his inferiors, and a plague to his neighbours: A vain man is often really good-natured; but more frequently is a dupe to the art and flattery of others, and a small dose will keep him in good humour.

4. Pride, like the spiders, who spin a fine web out of their own bowels, can live in solitude, sometimes even prefers it: Vanity, like the butterfly, wanders about to all companies, and does not stay long in one place. We may justly call pride sullen and unsocial: it would be very inaccurate language to give vanity the same epithets.

5. Pride is little hurt by hatred, and is even gratified by envy: Vanity desires, and thinks it possesses every body's love. There are many proud persons, who, one would think, take delight in disobliging others; and are pleased to think how many enemies they make to themselves. Perhaps it may be said, that every proud man has a certain number, or class of men, on whose approbation he sets the highest value; and only despises the remainder, as ill judges of his merit. This I admit to be generally the case; yet there are certainly some who set the whole race of men at defiance. A small infusion of vanity would render those both more agreeable and more useful.

6. A proud man generally desires those qualities to be ascribed to him, which are called great: A vain man is happy in commen-

dation for qualities the most insignificant. I have known a proud man, when honestly commended for some very good properties, though of an inferior nature, such as his skill in fruit trees, in gardening, &c. discover a visible displeasure and fretfulness; as if such commendation implied his want of the higher qualities, necessary to the discharge of an important trust. A vain man is delighted with flattery on any subject, or in any degree. There is no danger of misapplying or overdoing it.

7. A proud man is seldom or never happy in himself; a vain man is often, nay is almost constantly so. Pride has a demand upon others, that is never complied with; and an insatiable ambition; that cannot be gratified: Vanity, on the contrary, has a fund of inward self-satisfaction; and is also happily imposed on, as to the sentiments entertained by others.

8. A proud man is seldom talkative or ostentatious; a vain man is almost always both the one and the other. In the life of Dean Swift we are told, that he said of himself, he was "too proud to be vain:" here was the distinction clearly made; and the remark was perfectly just, as to his own character. He was free from vanity and affectation, and, if we believe some writers, from envy; but his deliverance from these passions was neither owing to the dictates of reason, nor the principles of religion; but to a pride and self-sufficiency, that knew no bounds.

9. The Spaniards, as a nation, are proud; the French, vain.

10. Pride is more incident to men of great, and vanity to men of little, understanding. That this is the case in fact, the experience of

of every reader will convince him. Perhaps it may be thought, that this, if true, unravels all the difficulty, that pride and vanity are in reality the same passion; and only take the different appearances mentioned, from the different natural talents of the men accounted by it: but the solution will fail us, for it does not hold universally. We see some complete dunces, who have all the solemnity, fullness, and jealousy of pride; and some very great men, who have all the littleness, and silly ostentation of vanity. Cicero was, without doubt, a man of the most distinguished capacity, and greatest reach of mind; yet he was not proud, but very vain: When I consider the many expressions of vanity in Cicero's writing, especially his orations, it has often surprized me, that his rivals or his enemies (and he had both) have not more severely exposed him on this account, than we can perceive they did, from any thing that has come down to us. Brutus indeed said, "Does he think, that I have less reason to glory in killing Caesar, than he in defeating Cæsar; because I am not always talking of the Ides of March, as he is of the Nones of December." I am unwilling to call this pride in Brutus, because his character is certainly one of the most illustrious and amiable in all the Roman history; I will therefore call it Magnanimity: And it certainly carried in it a severe and well-merited censure upon the orator's vanity.

For the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE:

AN EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.

MUCH did I rejoice when I heard of your intention to

set on foot a *Magazine*, or *Monthly Miscellany*: For you must know, Mr Aitken, that I have long had an earnest desire of becoming an Author of some sort or other. As I ride or walk out alone, I frequently have sentiments and observations pop into my mind which I think well worthy of publication, and equal to many I see committed to the press. It is true, I have never yet been able to collect a sufficient number of these bright ideas, of any one sort, to make a regular piece of composition; but I doubted not, if occasion should offer, that I might be able to produce a short essay upon some subject or other.

You may perhaps wonder I have not tried my hand in some of the public papers; but the truth is, that what with your *Citizens*, your *Philadelphians*, your *Lovers of liberty*, and your *Lovers of no liberty at all*, your *Moderate men*, and your *Immoderate men*, there is no such thing as getting a word or two in edge-ways amongst them. Now I look on your proposed Magazine as a pleasant little path, where a man may take an agreeable walk with a few quiet friends, without the risk of being jostled to death in a crowd.

I, therefore, determin'd to figure away in your first number. For this purpose I sat whole hours alone in my chamber: I took solitary walks every evening whilst the weather permitted, and implor'd every muse to my aid—But all in vain,—those relentless goddesses attended not to my earnest call; but utterly refused to visit me either in their bettermost suits of sing-song rhyme, or in their common dress of home-spun prose.

The first important difficulty I met with was the choice of a subject.

ject. Much fruitless time was wasted in this pursuit. The whole train of arts and sciences past in review before me. I chose and rejected; I determined and altered my determination. Like a lady in a mercer's shop; so many beautiful, so many enticing objects presented to my choice, that fancy hover'd over them like a bird undetermin'd where to settle.

Having, one evening, wearied myself with this mental exercise, I retired to rest. During the silent hours of the night, when the powers of my soul were no longer subject to the directions of my own will,—but resigned to the dominion of the spiritual world; I was entertained with the following

Extraordinary Dream.

I found myself I knew not how, standing I know not where. A thick fog surrounded me, and screen'd every object from my view. In vain did I endeavour to penetrate the mist, and discover what my situation might be. The exerted powers of vision could extend no further than a few yards around me.

Whilst I anxiously waited the event, I perceived a dense and footy cloud gradually descending from on high; till at last it settled on the ground just before me. I attend its motions with earnest application. I saw that it boiled in circling eddies, and laboured with internal conflict—It burst with a peal of thunder, and vanished into thin air, leaving in its place an angelic form of exquisite beauty: She was clothed in snow white apparel, and invested with an atmosphere of lambent glory—She approached still nearer, and with a benign af-

fect address'd me in words to the following effect—

“Happy art thou, Oh mortal! and highly favour'd in this interview with me. I am TRUTH; and as thou art in the earnest pursuit of knowledge, am come to impress on thy mind, by sensible objects, such ideas as may be serviceable to thee.”

Saying this, she wav'd a magic wand which she held in her right hand, and the fog which enveloped the landscapes around immediately dispersed, and opened to my view the nature of my situation.

I found myself standing on a beautiful eminence, which commanded an uninterrupted view of a very extensive garden, containing every thing that could be useful or pleasant. Three sides of this garden were surrounded with a lofty and substantial wall: the fourth was wash'd by the boundless ocean.

“What thou seest before thee, said my fair companion, is the *Garden of human Knowledge*. It is surrounded with a stone wall, because the wisdom of finite beings must be finite; and it lies on the banks of the ocean of eternity. You may observe that it has but one gate, and that the first entrance leads only through a long barren path, producing little else but a few useful and necessary herbs. After this, innumerable walks and alleys branch out, directing to the several departments of the garden:

“I see your eyes are fix'd on that remarkable tree in the midst of the garden. It does indeed make a very singular appearance now; but it was once the ornament of the whole scene. It is the tree of *Religion*, and its fruit is the most delicious and salutary that can be found in the whole garden.

The

The folly of mankind hath brought it to the deplorable figure it now makes. Some thought its branches too large; and lest their shadow should stint the growth of the paltry weeds they had planted under them, thy lopt off many of them almost close to the stock. Others concluded that as it was so beneficial a tree, there could not be too much of it, and therefore suffered all the succors to grow round its roots; and moreover brought cions from many other trees, and grafted them in the old stock.— Some men insisted that all the virtues of this tree were contained in the fruit, and would therefore have all the leaves stripped off as being altogether useless; whilst others as strenuously contended that if the leaves were preserved, it signified nothing whether it ever bore any fruit or no. Thus by their several Improvements, they would reduce it to a useless, mangled, and deformed trunk.

“ Turn your attention now to yonder labyrinth—that is the Law department in the garden of knowledge. In the centre stands an elegant statue of Justice; but the way to come at her is so intricate; the paths are so very narrow and interwoven in such a number of mazes, that those who undertake to visit her generally pay dear for the gratification; and before they have got half through the puzzle, are more anxious to find their way back again than to proceed. For you must know that the alleys of this labyrinth are formed by high stone walls, built very close together, and stuck full of small hooks in every part: So that if the bold adventurer should even reach the

statue, he gets there in a most ragged and oftentimes a very naked condition. Moreover, the entrance was formerly much overgrown with brush and thorns, and the paths themselves encumbered with weeds and trash; but a * celebrated modern hath taken the pains to clear away a great deal of this rubbish, and to draw exact plans of the several windings and intricacies of the labyrinth for the benefit of mankind: But the tenter-hooks still remain in the walls, as numerous and firm fixed as ever.

“ Yonder very large department is the district of *Physic*. It is indeed well cultivated, and abounds with a great variety of salubrious herbs and plants: But the misfortune is, that the misapplication of their powers and qualities by unskillful pretenders is the source of numberless evils to mankind. Add to this, that the affectation of pomp, the gloom of mystery and the fopperies of fashion, have rendered this important branch of knowledge ridiculous to the eye of truth.

“ That secluded corner, shadowy with waving groves, musical with tinkling waters, and decorated with every ornament that nature, art, or fancy can furnish, is devoted to the polite arts, particularly, *Painting, Poetry, and Music*. It was once enriched with a great profusion of flowers of exquisite fragrance, and varied hues; but these have been long since gathered by the artists of former days. It is, however, kept in neat order, and produces many agreeable nose-gays and garlands. It must be owned too, that † a modern dramatic poet cultivated here

a few flowers and ever-greens, which he selected from the fields of nature, with great success—”

Here I interrupted my kind companion by asking what that strange looking place near the borders of the garden might signify--

“ That place, said she, is a swamp overgrown with briars and thorns and represents *Logic*. It is the most troublesome and useless spot in the whole garden of knowledge. Nevertheless there are not wanting some who take delight in *cultivating* it, as they call it. You see what odd nooks and angles form the outward boundaries of this untoward spot. The inside of it is likewise cut into a thousand crooked paths; turning and winding, dividing and subdividing; and all to no purpose. The proprietors of this swamp have indeed endeavoured to drain it, but, as it is lower than all the neighbouring ground, they found it impracticable. But they have somewhat improved it by cutting off several needless windings, and throwing bridges over the most marshy parts: and when they had done all this, were pleased to dedicate their labours to me. But I should be very sorry that any of my votaries should attempt to seek me amidst the intricacies of that barren place. The soil is indeed so cold and sour that it can never produce any thing but a few aquatic plants to feed and shelter it's own poisonous vermin.

“ Adjoining this swamp lie *Ethics* and *Metaphysics*. These are of very little use to mankind. They lie so close to the wall which bounds all human knowledge, that they are too much shaded by it to produce any plants whose virtues

may be depended upon. The labourers here are too apt to mispend their time in endeavouring to make peep-holes in the wall, through which they may discover the adjacent country: But the materials of this wall are too hard to yield to any tools they can work with.”

Here my fair instructor turned to me and said,—“ I would willingly point out to you the situation and destination of all the other parts of the garden, but I see by the natural course of your constitution, that your spirit will soon be recalled to take charge of her body, and being subjected to your will, must again plunge into the whirling vortex of a busy world: I hasten therefore to communicate to you some very important intelligence both with respect to the material and spiritual worlds. Truths which are beyond the reach of mere human investigation, and which will tend to enlarge your mind, and inspire you with the most exalted ideas of the great author of nature.

“ All that extensive part of the garden which is bounded by the ocean, is allotted to the sciences of *Natural Philosophy* and *Astronomy*. You may observe that a great deal of it is beautifully cultivated; but much more of it remains yet untouched. By the help of these noble sciences men are led to enquire into the œconomy of the great Supreme; and every step they take fills them with wonder and astonishment. In many things *demonstration* secures to them the knowledge they have gained; in many others fanciful hypotheses supply the places of real truths. Hence it is that numberless errors hang like icicles on the eyes of knowledge; and must

and hang there 'till truth like the sun shall dissolve their feeble hold. It is my business at this time to remove from your mind some of those errors, and enrich your understanding with true philosophy.

“ Know then, and observe it well, that”——

At this instant my servant knock'd at my chamber door to tell me the barber waited below. Think, *Mr. Aitken*, what a mortification it was to me to be roused at such a critical juncture, and to be so unseasonably interrupted when I was just about to receive the secrets of nature from the lips of Truth. Instead of conversing further with that divine personage, I was obliged to attend the impatience of Monsieur the barber, who without any ceremony began to smear my face over with nasty soap-suds.—I heartily wished him in the ocean of eternity——

I must not forget, however, to tell you that in a pleasant corner of the garden of knowledge I saw a neat little fountain, of simple architecture, from which issued several streams of pure water. On a handsome pediment in the front of this fountain was written in large gold letters, THE PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE.

I am your's, &c.

A. B.

The following Character of M. de VOLTAIRE, is said to have been wrote by a great P—ce.

M De Voltaire is below the stature of tall men, or, in other words, he is a little above those of a middling size; he is extremely thin, and of an adult

temperament, hot and atrabilious; his visage is meagre, his aspect ardent and penetrating, and there is a malignant quickness in his eye; the same fire that animates his works appears in his actions, which are lively even to absurdity; he is a kind of meteor, perpetually coming and going with a quick motion, and a sparkling light that dazzles our eyes. A man thus constituted cannot fail of being a valetudinarian; the blade eats away the scabbard; gay by complexion, grave by regimen; open without frankness, politic without refinement, sociable without friends: He knows the world, and forgets it; in the morning he is Aristippus, and Diogenes at night; he loves grandeur, and despises the great; with his superiors his carriage is easy, but with his equals constrained; he is first polite, then cold, then disgusting. He loves the court, yet makes himself weary of it; he has sensibility without connections, and is voluptuous without passion. He is attached to nothing by choice, but to every thing by inconstancy. As he reasons without principle, his reason has fits like the folly of others. He has a clear head and a corrupt heart; he thinks of every thing, and treats every thing with derision. He is a libertine without constitution for pleasure, and he knows how to moralize without morality. His vanity is excessive, but his avarice is yet greater than his vanity; he therefore writes less for reputation than money, for which he may be said both to hunger and thirst. He is in haste to work that he may be in haste to live: he was made to enjoy, and he determines only to board. Such is the man, and such is the author,

There is no other poet in the world, whose verses cost him so little labour, but this facility of composition hurts him because he abuses it: as there is but little for labour to supply, he is content that little should be wanting, and therefore almost all his pieces are unfinished. But though he is an easy, an ingenious, and elegant writer of poetry, yet his principal excellence would be history, if he made fewer reflections, and drew no parallels, in both of which however, he has sometimes been very happy. In his last work he has imitated the manner of Bayle, of whom, even in his censure of him, he has exhibited a copy. It has long been said, that for a writer to be without passion and without prejudice, he must have neither religion nor country, and in this respect Mr. Voltaire has made great advances toward perfection. He cannot be accused of being a partisan to his nation; he appears on the contrary to be infected with a species of madness, somewhat like that of old men, who are always extolling the time past, and bitterly complaining of the present. Voltaire is always dissatisfied with his own country, and lavish in his praise of those that are a thousand leagues off. As to religion, he is in that respect evidently undetermined, and he would certainly be the neutral and impartial being, so much desired for an author, but for a little leaven of anti-jansenism, which appears somewhat too plainly distinguished in his works. Voltaire has much foreign and much French literature; nor is he deficient in that mixed erudition which is now so much in fashion. He is a politician, a naturalist, a geometer, or whatever else he pleases;

but he is always superficial, because he is not able, to be deep. He could not, however, flourish as he does upon these subjects, without great ingenuity. His taste is rather delicate than just; he is an ingenuous satyrift, a bad critic, and a dabler in the abstracted sciences. Imagination is his element, and yet strange as it is, he is no invention. He is reproached with continually passing from one extreme to another; now a Philanthropist, then a cynic, now an excessive encomiast, then an outrageous satyrift. In one word, Voltaire would fain be an extraordinary man, and an extraordinary man he most certainly is!

To the PUBLISHER of the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I herewith send you some account of the North American Beaver, which may perhaps prove not an unentertaining present to such of your readers as delight in the study of nature, and am,
Your most humble servant, &c.

THIS animal is a miracle in nature, there is not to be found in the whole creation, so striking an example of foresight, industry, cunning, and patience in labour, as this creature exhibits.

It is not improbable however, that the beaver was known in Europe before the discovery of America; since there are now to be found, amongst the ancient charters of the hatters of Paris, regulations for the manufacture of beaver hats. The Beaver, or Castor, is undoubtedly the same animal; but whether it is, that the European

pean beaver is grown very scarce, or that its fur is not of so good a quality as that of the American, this latter is the only sort now in repute. It is likewise not improbable, that the European is a kind of land beaver, which is very different from the other.

The beaver of America is an amphibious animal, incapable of remaining any considerable time in water, and very able to subsist without it, provided it has now and then the conveniency of bathing. The largest beavers are somewhat less than four feet in length, by fifteen inches in breadth from haunch to haunch, and generally weigh about sixty pounds. Their colour varies according to the different climates where they are found. In the most distant northern parts they are generally quite black, though white ones are sometimes to be seen in the same region. They are brown in more temperate climates, their colour growing lighter in proportion as you advance southwards. In the country of the Illinois they are almost quite yellow, and some have been found there of a pale or straw-colour. It has been remarked, that the lighter the colour, the thinner commonly the fur, and consequently the black is most esteemed, nature fortifying them in this manner against the severity of the weather. There are two sorts of fur all over the body, excepting near the feet, where there is but one sort, and that very short. The longest is near two inches, but diminishes towards the head and tail. This sort of hair, is thick, coarse, shining, and is what gives the animal its colour. Seen through a microscope, the middle is found less opaque, whence it is natural to sup-

pose it hollow, and therefore this sort is not in use. The other is an extremely fine down, very close, and at inch at most in length. It was formerly known in Europe by the name of *Muscovy wool*. This is properly the garment of the beaver, the other serving only for ornament, and perhaps to assist him in swimming.---It has been asserted that this animal lives from fifteen to twenty years.

The anatomy of the beaver is too well known to need a particular description. But the industry, sagacity, unanimity, and order of these animals are perfectly surprising, exhibiting to mankind a lesson of instruction, no way inferior to that of the ant or bees, so justly admired. It is uncertain how they are governed, whether by a king or a queen, if it be true that they have any magistrates at all; nor is there any grounds for the opinion, that there is any one who takes the chief command upon him, when they are at work, to punish the lazy. Thus much, however, is undoubted, that by means of that admirable instinct wherewith providence hath endowed them, each of them knows what he is to do, and every thing is carried on in the exactest order imaginable, and without the least embarrassment or confusion.

The construction of their cabins is wonderful. These are oftentimes found on the banks of rivers, or at the extremity of some point that projects into the water. Their figure is round, or oval, and they are arched in the manner of a basket. The least filth is never seen in these cabbins, which are generally capable of lodging eight or ten beavers, and some have been observed to contain not less than thirty.

thirty; but this is very rare. The winter never surprizes the beaver, for by the same instructive sagacity before mentioned, each individual, lays up his own winter provision; inasmuch that the Indians expect a cold or a moderate season, in proportion to the provision which the beavers make against it.

From observing the regularity of their discipline, the Indians formerly entertained an opinion that the beavers were a sort of reasonable creatures, with a language, laws, and forms of government peculiar to themselves; and that this amphibious commonwealth choic government, whose office it was to assign each private beaver his separate task, place sentinels to give the alarm on sight of the enemy, and to punish or banish the drones. But these pretended exiles were probably no other than the land beavers, who really live separate from the others, do no manner of work, and lodge under ground, where they have no other care but to make themselves a secret passage to the water. These are known by the tunnels of the soil upon their backs, which is no doubt, occasioned by their rubbing themselves continually against the earth of their holes. Besides, they are always lean, the natural consequence of their laziness, and are much more frequent in hot than in cold countries. I have already remarked that the beavers of Europe resemble this latter much more than the former sort, as they retire into the holes and caverns they find on the banks of rivers, especially in Poland. They are also found in Germany, along the Elb; and in France, on the Rhone, the Iere, and the Oise. Thus much at least is certain, that you do not

discover that wonderful sagacity in the European beavers, for which those of America are so justly celebrated.

Our beavers are likewise said to have so quick a scent, as to discover a canoe at an immense distance; but that, like the hare, they see only side-ways, which defects occasions their falling into the hands of those they strive to shun. There is another particularity related of them, which would make us believe that, in imitation of the turtle, after losing their female, they never cohabit with another; so that second marriages, it seems, are as much in abomination among beavers, as they formerly were among the primitive Christians.

For the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE.

The History of AMELIA GRAY.

I Was much pleased with your plan for a new publication: from your general invitation to the correspondence of the public, I presume you have no design to exclude our sex from the privilege of gaining, occasionally, a few of your pages: I am therefore induced to make you an offer of my correspondence, My lucubrations, or, if you like it better, morning essays, will not be distinguished by the graces of profound erudition; but I hope they will have the recommendation of being decently written, and will, on that account, be read at least with candour, if not with approbation. I have always thought there is something more than fancy in that pleasant observation of the elegant Addison; "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the

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the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." If the literary productions, even of so fine a moral writer, required such a clue to unravel their meaning, I dare not presume to write a syllable till I have furnished your readers with the particulars of my descent and ascent, my person and my situation in life.

I am the only daughter of a gentleman who was educated for a mercantile life, and who, by a series of successful adventures, soon after his engagement in trade, had added sufficient to his paternal estate to purchase the family seat of a baronet in a neighbouring county. To this ancient pile he retreated, at the age of forty, from the hurry of business and the town, to spend the remainder of his days in the rural quietude of lawns, groves, and gardens. He amused himself several months in making some ornamental alterations about his new dwelling; but these were no sooner accomplished, than he began to think of an engagement, which, in the perpetual recurrence of mercantile affairs, had hitherto made but little impressions upon his mind. In short, he made his addresses to the eldest daughter of the lord of the adjacent manor, and had the pleasure to find them accepted. She was a lady on whose amiable endowments he soon built the warmest hopes of his future felicity: for many years to come. But, alas! how unstable and perishing are all terrestrial enjoyments! how uncertain the accomplishment of purposes formed on the most flattering ground of human expectation! the excel-

lent object of his affection lived just long enough to bear him one pledge of mutual endearment, and then bid adieu to the society of a husband, and the pleasing expectation of the duties of a mother. About two hours before her departure she summoned all the fortitude of a mind accustomed to devotion, and, with a voice which bespoke the most tender sympathy, spoke to my father as follows: "My dearest, my most affectionate husband! the moment of our separation is fast approaching: that solemn moment, which must dissolve an undefiled union, must put a period to each endearing intercourse, and tender appellation. Heaven is my witness, I have tenderly loved you. Your love for me has been equal. We mutually cherished hopes of length of days, and had purposed to dedicate them to the duties of religion, the offices of charity, and the virtuous education of the children which God should give us: by his blessing I have born you this little daughter; she is unconscious of my present weakness, and my prayers for her welfare. May God Almighty keep her by his grace, and more immediately bless you, her afflicted father. May the aid of his Spirit support you, and cheer your solitary moments, when I shall be no more. I bless his immortal name, I fear not a final separation from you; through his infinite mercy, I am going to an holy habitation; and, through that mercy, I trust you shall follow after. I thank you for all your tenderness, and bid you farewell."

My father bore this stroke of providence with religious resignation; but soon found himself unable to relish as before, the splendor of opulence, or the common endear-

ments of society: in vain were the endeavours of his numerous circle of friends exerted to afford him consolation: unaccustomed as he had been to disappointments, he could not bear the weight of one like this. He grew serious, dejected, and melancholy; and followed, in a few months, his lovely partner to the world of spirits. I was left, by my father's will, to the joint guardianship of my grandfather and another relation, for whom my parents had a peculiar regard: their tender care over me, through the several periods of infancy, childhood, and youth, deserves all grateful acknowledgement. Had my excellent parents lived a few years longer, to impress on my mind the sentiments of filial endearments, my tears of sorrow for their departure must have been plentifully shed; but, as I never knew them, I have had less cause to mourn their loss, than to rejoice in the abundant kindness of those intrusted with the care of my education. Distinguished, themselves, for literature, and those qualities which still more adorn the mind, they superintended my education from a motive of religion, and zeal for my advancement in the sciences. They had the satisfaction to find me willing to co-operate with their endeavours respecting the latter; nor shall I be accused of vanity, if I say, that in relation to the former their hopes were not wholly disappointed; for, under circumstances so peculiarly favourable, vice in me had been as peculiarly odious. My fortune, far from being slender at first, has now augmented to a sum, which, according to vulgar computation, has thirty-thousand charms.

In point of personal charms, I have no pretensions to approach

that imaginary standard, which mankind suppose to be somewhere erected, but which the diversity of their opinions demonstrates they have never been able to find. I am content with the features which heaven has given; and I acquiesce in the misfortune of accidental deformity. Under these circumstances, however, you will not be surprized if I tell you, I have had my real or pretended admirers from various quarters; but, as I consider the matrimonial engagement as a tie of the utmost moment to *me*, I have hitherto treated the flattery of coxcombs with indifference or disdain, the offers of more serious men with caution, and remain the mistress of my own affections. I consider myself capable, in my present situation, of passing through life with pleasure to myself and benefit to others. I find myself at leisure to range in the flowery fields of literature, and to contemplate the wondrous works of the celestial architect, so finely displayed around me; and also for the social duties of administering comfort to the widow and the fatherless; of visiting the sick, and of affording relief to the indigent of various classes. From employments of this kind I derive a secret satisfaction, which far exceeds my ideas of the happiness of some married women, whose fortunes were the principal objects of their husbands' addresses. They have infinitely more charms for me, than the constituents of modern grandeur, the glitter of assemblies, the pomp of equipage, and the decorations of a palace. The one I consider as a constant source of wonder and delight, the other of perpetual inquietude and satiety.

AMELIA GRAY.
Mr.

A MATHEMATICAL QUESTION
Proposed.

Mr. AITKEN,

Wherever the arts and sciences have been cultivated, a particular regard has been deservedly paid to the study of the Mathematics;—A practice has indeed long prevailed among mathematicians of real disservice to the science. When they have propounded questions in periodical publications of this kind, they have generally made choice of such as had nothing to recommend them, but their difficulty of solution, and in which they seem rather to have aimed at victory over their contemporary rival than the advancement of knowledge. It were to be wished indeed that all questions might be suppressed, but such as may be applicable to some useful purpose in life. The following question, I hope, is of that class. If you should be of the same opinion, your sticking it in a niche of your New Magazine will oblige me.

Your humble servant,
P.

In surveying a piece of land I found the demensions as follows.

- 1 side—N. 25°—30' E.—100 Perch.
- 2 ——— S. 84°—30' E.— 60
- 3 ——— S. 36°—00' E.— 96
- 4 ——— S. 26°—15' W.— 85
- 5 ——— N. 59°—30' W.—140 to the place of beginning,

But upon calculating the contents from a table of difference of latitude and departure, I found I had made some error in the field; for my Northings and Southings, Eastings and Westings, were not exactly equal. Now supposing this error to have been equally contracted in every part of the survey both

from the inaccuracy of taking the bearings and lengths of the boundary lines (which is the most probable supposition), it is required to correct this error and tell the contents of this piece of land without making a resurvey.

Dr. * LETTSON's new Method of curing putrid Fevers; or Ship, Goal, Hospital, or Work-house Fevers, occasioned by human Contagion. [From the Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary, just published.]

THE symptoms that characterize this fever, the doctor says, are uniform; the remission being irregular and scarcely evident; the heat of the body intense; the head-ach almost perpetual; the pulse, small, frequent, and irregular, with the utmost prostration of strength; and despondency of mind; and from the putrid bilious effusions into the stomach arise nauseous bitter taste, and frequent vomiting; the respiration is laborious, and interrupted with deep sighs; the breath offensive, and likewise the sweat, which is sometimes tinged with blood; the delirium almost constant; the tongue dry and covered, as well as the teeth and lips, with a brown or black tenacious foulness; thrush and ulcerations in the mouth and throat come on; the urine deposits a dark coloured sediment; the stools are exceedingly nauseous and fetid, and blackish or bloody; the eyes almost universally seem horny or glassy, and frequently the whites are tinged of a deep blood-colour; petechiæ,

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* This ingenious young Physician is a native of Tortola.

like flea-bites, appear; and sometimes exudations of blood or vibices; hæmorrhagy from the gums*, nose, or old ulcers come on, and a fatal hiccup often closes the tragedy.

While the patient was languishing under the oppression of these dreadful symptoms, the Doctor says, a painful sensation was excited in his breast, while he continued attentive only to the mode of practice of other physicians; but, as the loss of a patient by the usual routine gave him pain, he determined to relieve his anxiety by a more spirited interposition in favour of his patient; and he found, to his inexpressible satisfaction, that his endeavours were almost uniformly successful. The principal remedies, he says, he made use of, besides good liquors, were Peruvian bark and cold air. By these I have learned, says he, that a delirium, dyspnoea, with pulse 130 while distinct, occurring in putrid fevers, are rendered as little tremendous as the common symptoms of an intermittent, by a method of cure neither tedious nor unpleasant.

I have promised already, adds the Doctor, that the fever is ascertained to be of the putrid kind, without symptoms of inflammation;

* Some of these symptoms are so similar to those attending the last stages of the sea scurvy, that it may be worth while to inquire whether they may not arise from the same cause, namely, human contagion; the officers on board ships, not being so closely crowded together, seldom suffer so severely in long voyages as the common men. It is not improbable, therefore, but that the sea scurvy may be generated by the corruption of human effluvia, though it has hitherto been considered as proceeding from salt provisions and sea air. Query, Whether hanging the hammocks in the throats, and sleeping in the open air, in hot climates, may not be preventive of that disorder?

on; in which case it may appear necessary to evacuate the putrid or accumulated effusions in the stomach and bowels, probably by an antimonial vomit, which should also be given in such a manner, or with such additions, as may procure as many stools as the patient can easily bear, as well as empty the stomach by vomiting; but where the patient has been previously much weakened, the evacuation is not always necessary or safe; and indeed the bark itself generally proves laxative, either alone, or when joined with a mineral acid. Immediately after the intended evacuations have been produced, I commence the exhibition of the bark, without waiting for remissions or intermissions; a sedulous attention to which, and to crisis in fevers, I presume has destroyed more than famine, or Sydenham's cold*. A dry dark-coloured tongue, a dry skin, urine without sediment, desipientia, delirium, dyspnoea, and continued fever, are the circumstances which have deterred

* The passage here alluded to is probably this: "For not to mention infection, which sometimes communicates stationary fevers, and surfeits which give rise to both stationary and intercurrent fevers, the manifest external cause of the greater part of fevers is to be sought for hence; either a person hath left off his clothes too soon, or imprudently exposed his body to the cold after being heated by violent exercise; whence the pores being suddenly closed, and the perspirable matter retained in the body, that would otherwise have passed through them, such a particular kind of fever is raised in the blood as the then reigning general constitution of the air, or the particular depravity of the juices is most inclined to produce. And, indeed, I am of opinion, that abundance more have been destroyed by this means than by the plague, sword, and famine together. Vide Sydenham's works, 3d edit. p. 245.

red physicians from using the bark. In a word, these are the very reasons for which I would immediately give it: it promotes a mild perspiration, produces a sediment in the urine, and diminishes the quickness of the pulse; it removes the delirium, by obviating the causes which produces the fever, and effectually relieves the breathing. Such a treatment may probably surprize the reader, but I am earnest in recommending it. In a fever, with the urgent symptoms of putrefaction, two ounces of the bark a day is the least that can be depended upon. My common form, however, is to order three ounces of the powder to be boiled in a quart of water to ten ounces, which is to be run through a coarse cloth, that admits the fine powder of the bark, and this decoction is to be taken in 24 hours. In weak stomachs, I have remarked that weak decoctions sit easier with the patient than the bark in substance, and thereby prove more effectual. In some cases, a drachm of elixir of vitriol is added; it is laxative, prevents fermentation, and is probably antiseptic. It should be a general caution that the patient pay at least a daily tribute ad cloacam, as the first evacuation will not insure us against a fresh though a less effusion of bilious matter.—Having dismissed this first chief remedy in putrid fevers, the Doctor proceeds to his second, which is cold air.

It is with me, says the Doctor, a general injunction to keep the patient out of bed, as is now generally recommended in the small pox; and where it is not convenient to take them out of doors, the windows and doors of the chambers are ordered to be opened throughout the day, and the patient to be

exposed to the current of the air: the good effects of this aura salufifera are astonishing. This, with the free use of the bark, an attention to the state of the bowels, and some precautions to regimen, will render a putrid, ~~gout~~, hospital, or camp fever, which are all one and the same in the event, as familiar and easy to cure as a common intermittent. It is almost unnecessary to remark, that in cases of this kind all animal food and broths are to be avoided, and farinacea substituted for diet. The common beverage should be lemonade, imperial water, acidulated liquors, apple tea, wine and water, and pure wine, particularly claret, of which the patient may be allowed from one pint to three quarts a day. And among those who have been accustomed to malt-liquor, I advise the free use of good small beer, or if agreeable, as much porter as they can drink, of which I have known patients take a pint at a draught with great refreshment.—Such is Dr. Lettsom's method of treating putrid fevers; and as it appeared new to us, and well supported by a great number of cases, it is hoped that, by making it thus speedily and generally known, we may be the means of saving many lives.

Mr. AITKEN,

I shall be glad to have the following original letter preserved in your Museum. It breathes the very soul of benevolence, and is in other respects, too strongly marked, to admit of a doubt of its coming from any other than the hand—the heart—of—
 POOR YORICK!

*A LETTER of the late Reverend
Mr. STERNE.*

—THE first time I have dipped my pen into the ink horn, for this week past, is to write to you,—and to thank you most sincerely for your kind epistle!—Will this be a sufficient apology for my letting it lie ten days upon my table, without answering it!—I trust it will;—I am sure my own feelings tell me so,—because I feel it to be impossible for me to do any thing that is ungracious towards you. It is not every hour, or day, or week, of a man's life, that is a fit season for the duties of friendship:—Sentiment is not always at hand;—folly and pride, and what is called business, oftentimes keep it at a distance;—and without sentiment, what is friendship!—a name!—a shadow!—But to prevent a misapplication of all this (tho' why should I fear it from so kind and gentle a spirit as your's) you must know, that by the carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or his maid, or some one within his gates, the parsonage house at— was about a fortnight ago burnt to the ground, with the furniture which belonged to me, and a pretty good collection of books;—the loss about 350l.—The poor man, with his wife, took the wings of the next morning, and fled away. This has given me real vexation,—for so much was my pity and esteem for him, that as soon as I heard of the disaster, I sent to desire he would come and take his abode with me, till another habitation was ready to receive him; but he was gone, and, as I have been told, through fear of my persecution. Heavens! how little did he know me, to sup-

pose that I was among the number of those wretches who heap misfortune upon misfortune; and when the loss is almost insupportable, still add to the weight. God, who reads my heart, knows it to be true, that I wish rather to share, than to increase the burden of the miserable, —to dry up, instead of adding, a single drop to the stream of sorrow. As for the dirty trash of this world, I regard it not;—the loss of it does not cost me a sigh;—for after all, I may say with the Spanish Captain, that I am as good a gentleman as the King, only not quite so rich. But to the point.

Shall I expect you here this summer?—I much wish that you may make it convenient to gratify me in a visit for a few weeks: I will give you a roast fowl for your dinner, and a clean table cloth every day, and tell you a story by way of desert. In the heat of the day we will sit in the shade, and in the evening, the fairest of all the milk-maids, who pass by my gate, shall weave a garland for you.

—If I should be so unfortunate as not to see you here, do contrive to meet me in London the beginning of October.—I shall stay there about a fortnight, and then seek a kindlier climate.—This plaguy cough of mine seems to gain ground, and will bring me at last to my grave, in spite of all I can do; but while I have strength enough to run away from it, I will!—I have been wrestling with it for these twenty years past; and what with laughter and good spirits, have prevented it, giving me a fall; but my antagonist presses closer than ever upon me, and I have nothing left on my side but another journey abroad!—Apropos,—are you for a scheme of that sort?—If not,—perhaps you will

will be so good as to accompany me as far as Dover, that we may laugh together upon the beach, to put Neptune in good humour, before I embark.—God bless you.—Adieu.

L. STERNE.

To the PUBLISHER of the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE,

The GENERATION of SOUND.

THOSE ideas which have their origin in the natural appearance of things, are not easily dispossessed of their authority. They even govern us with an obstinacy superior to conviction, and with peculiar dexterity, reinforce themselves by being opposed.

'Tis usual with some philosophers to call air, "*The vehicle of sound.*" I think the expression contains an error, and tends to give a false idea of what sound is. The notion we should form of sound from that expression is this, "That when a bell, or any other body, is struck by another body, a noise or sound is instantly produced in the place where the bell is, and brought by the air to our ears, in the same manner that the effluvia arising from such bodies as may be smelt, approach and enter our nostrils."

Now the cases are no-wise parallel, and their difference is this; those bodies which produce an effluvia capable of being smelt, yield up a part of their substance for that purpose; or in other words they waste into particles amazingly fine, as the water wastes into steam. Those invisible particles rising into the air, float upon it, and encompass the body which produced

them with a kind of atmosphere, like rays darting from a star, and as we approach nearer and nearer, we take in a larger quantity, because, like the spokes of a wheel, they lie closer together the nearer the center.

But it is not thus with sound; for sound is *bodiless*, 'tis *nothing*, it has neither *shape* nor *substance*, wherefore it cannot load the air with itself, or its particles; and as for travelling at the rate it is said to do, it has not the power of moving. 'Tis perfectly local. The ear is both the birth-place and dwelling-place of sound. It has no existence beyond the ear: And *were there no ears there would be no sound*: For the undulations of the air (which by striking on the drum of the ear generates sound) would pass quietly on, till sunk to a state of rest.

When a bell is struck, it communicates its first vibration to the air which surrounds it; the next vibration passes off the first, to make room for itself; and the third serves them both in the same manner: Thus they continue increasing and expanding (as concentric circles rising within one another, spread over the surface of a pond, on the throwing a stone into it) till coming to the ear, they strike against the drum, which, like a faithful porter, instantly informs the brains of their arrival and business.—

The undulations of the air (but not sound itself) are generated in the place where the stroke is made, and what is called the rapidity of sound, is only the celerity of *that* wave moving on in silence. Sound is a second effect, and is not produced *with* the wave but *by* it.

Echo is produced by the wave being

being reflected on the ear from some refactory body. As the shore throws back the waves into the ocean, and strikes on a vessel in a contrary direction.

touches the rim of it, the sound instantly ceases to *him*, because the circles of motion are all beyond him, he being in the center where the air is at rest.

If he who is close to the bell

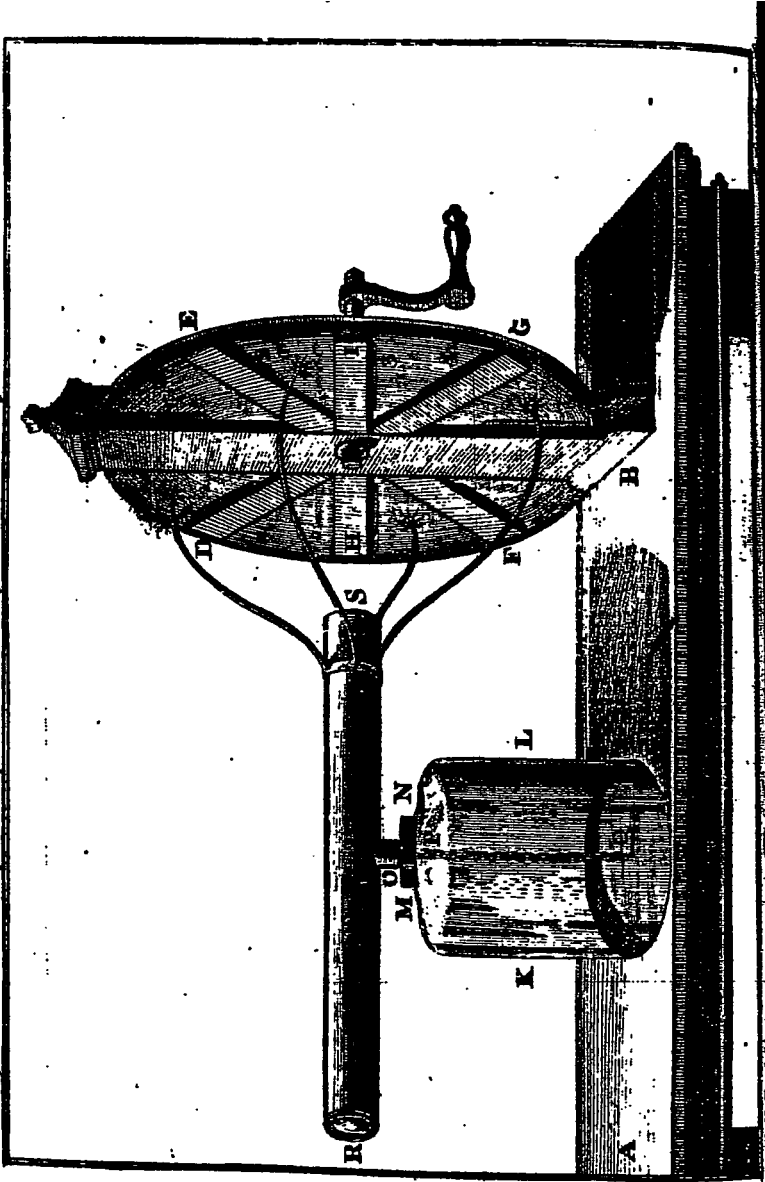
Philadelphia, Jan. 8.

An INSCRIPTION to the MEMORY of the late DR. TOBIAS SMOLLET.

This Inscription was communicated by a gentleman, who actually transcribed it from the Monument which it adorns near Leghorn. It was written by Dr. Armstrong, the author of the beautiful Poem on Health.

Hic ossa conduntur
 Tobiae Smollet, Scoti;
 Qui, prospicia generosa et antiqua natus,
 Priscæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
 Aspectu ingenuo,
 Corpore valido,
 Pectore animoso,
 In dote apprime benigna,
 Et fere supra facultates munifica,
 Insignis.
 Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,
 Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci
 Variis fabularum dulcedine
 Vitam moresque hominum,
 Ubertate summa ludens, depinxit,
 Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
 Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,
 Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
 Quo musæ vix nisi nothæ
 Mæcenatulis Britannicis
 Fovebantur
 In memorium
 Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
 Permultis amicis desiderati,
 Hocce marmor,
 Dilectissima simul et amantissime conjux
 L. M.
 Sacravit.

Engraved for the Pennsylvania Magazine.



For the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of a NEW ELECTRICAL MACHINE, with Remarks. [See the Plate.]

THERE is no place where the study of electricity has received more improvement than in Philadelphia: But in the construction of the machines the European philosophers have rather excelled. The opportunity of getting glasses blown or made in what form they please, and the easiness of finding artists to execute any new or improved invention, are perhaps the reasons of the difference.

I look on a globe to be the worst form for a glass that can be used, because when in motion you cannot touch any great part of its surface, without having the cushion concave, which, if it is, will be very apt to break unequally; a circumstance which ought to be guarded against. The cylinder is an improvement on the globe, because nearly all the surface may be touched, and that equally, by a plain cushion; but both these forms exclude us from the inside, and only one or two cushions can be applied to the outside.

Those machines whose glasses are planes, and revolve vertically, excite stronger than any other I have yet seen; as there are not I believe, any in this part of the world, and as the construction is a late one, I have added a description thereof, that if the glass can be procured, any gentleman inclined to have them, may easily get the other parts executed.

Let A B represent a board of convenient length and breadth, in-

to which I insert the upright pillar B C, which must be cut down the middle, or two single ones must be joined, so as to receive the glass plate D E F G, and also a thin cushion on each side, between the glass plate and the insides of the pillar. In the centre of the pillar, and on each side thereof, insert the arms D E H I F G, so that the plate may go down between the whole. The cushions are thin pieces of board or brass, covered loosely with red leather and stuffed, and slipt in on each side between the plate and the arms, so that the plate may turn between the eight cushions on each side of it*. The arms are generally thinned away as far as the cushions go, to receive them the more conveniently; and in the back of each cushion is a brass pin at each end, and which lodge in a notch in the pillar, and prevent their being displaced by the motion of the glass: for the cushions should be made to take out, to be cleaned, &c.

K L is a phial vial, and in order to have it steady, a circle is cut in the board A B to receive it. In the top of the phial is a wood stopper M N, round the edge of which is glued a piece of woolen cloth, to make it fix tight. Into the wood stopper, insert the brass stem O P, to the end of which is fixt a chain P Q. The conductor R S is a brass tube, which screws on the stem O P, to which is fixed eight branches, though four are only represented in the plate, to avoid confusion; the branches terminate in points, directed in the spaces in the glass plate between the cushions, and collecting the fire from thence,

* The cushions are represented as fixt between the plate and the arms, by the figures 1 2 3 4.

thence, convey it by means of the conductor and chain to the receiver K. L. The glass plate is turned by a winch made fast to an axis which goes through the plate and pillars. I presume that a square hole is struck through the centre of the plate while it is hot, at the time of making it) and the better to fasten the plate on the axis, a piece of wood, of the size of a small saucer, is cemented to each side of the plate at the center, and the axis passes through the whole.

If the coatry comes to the bottom of the receiver, there needs no chain round it, to carry off the fire that will unavoidably steal down the outside, that being supplied by the phial being in contact with the board, the board with the table it stands on, &c.; but this communication must by some means be cut off, in order to charge the phial on the outside, which the machine that I saw was not supplied with. Any non-conducting body interposed between the phial and the board will supply that defect.

This is an exact description, as far as my memory can recollect of that which I saw. I think the plate was about 18 inches diameter, and about 2 tenths of an inch in thickness, and had a greenish cast. A less plate requires fewer arms.

I am inclined to think, but I offer it only as conjecture, that if additional branches were fixed to those represented in the figure, and brought over the edge of the glass, and pointed to the other side, in the same manner as the first set does, a greater, if not a double quantity of fire would be collected. My reasons are,

I think if a cylinder was cut open while hot, and flexible in making, and spread on a plane surface, it would be sufficient for the purpose. Glass excites the stronger by not being too smooth.

1. That the friction being on both sides equal, the quantity of matter excited on each side, may be supposed to be equal likewise.

2. That as glass is not pervadable by electrical matter, the union of the two quantities cannot be effected that way.

3. That as glass will not conduct on its surface, the edge of the plate will act as a barrier between the two quantities.

Perhaps endeavouring to charge two phials from the different sides of the plate at one time, will best demonstrate this point.

ATLANTICUS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 20.

A Bon Mot of Mr. Foote.

FOOTE being asked what he thought of Sir B. Keith's appointment to the government of Jamaica, replied, "What do I think?—I think that the Irish take us all in; and the Scots turn us all out."

The learned Lady's Soliloquy.

HOW horrid is the tyranny of fashion! What right can an equality or superiority of fortune give one lady to rob another of her time, patience, and sense—yes—sense—in the conversation of fools and knaves, leaves a tincture of folly upon us. How many painful, ridiculous, trifling and impertinent visits am I obliged to pay, and receive from the sillier part of the sex! What title has dress or figure to lay a tax on us for admiration? Do not those who expect this, insult our understanding? And are not those who pay it, slaves to folly?—O that the shackles of custom were once broken, and that we might chuse our society out of either sex without censure or inconvenience.

SELECT

SELECT PASSAGES from the NEWEST BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

THE attention of the English public hath been considerably excited, by the appearance of a work entitled, *Sketches of the History of Man*, by Lord Kaimes. Agreeable therefore to our original proposal of furnishing extracts from the best and latest British publications, we shall first of all present our readers with a passage or two out of this celebrated work.

—“ Between the mother-country and the colonies the following rule ought to be sacred, That with respect to commodities wanted, each of them should prefer the other before all other nations. Britain should take from her colonies whatever they can furnish for her use; and they should take from Britain whatever she can furnish for their use. In a word, every thing regarding commerce ought to be reciprocal, and equal betwixt them: To bar a colony from access to the fountain-head for commodities, that cannot be furnished by the mother-country, but at second-hand, is oppression: it is so far degrading the colonists from being free subjects to be slaves. What right, for example, has Britain to prohibit her colonies from purchasing tea or porcelane at Canton, if they can procure it cheaper there than in London? No connection between two nations can be so intimate, as to make such restraint an act of justice. Our legislature however have acted like a stepmother to her American colonies, by prohibiting them to have any commerce but with Britain only. They must land first in Britain all their commodities, even what are not in-

tended to be sold there; and they must take from Britain, not only its own product, but every foreign commodity that is wanted. This regulation is not only unjust but impolitic; as by it the interests of the colonies in general is sacrificed to that of a few London merchants. Our legislature have at last so far opened their eyes, as to give a partial-relief. Some articles are permitted to be carried directly to the place of destination, without being first entered in Britain, wheat for example; rice, &c.”

Our next extract from the same work will please readers of another complexion.

—“ The following incident is remarkably interesting: it is of a late date; it happened among our countrymen; and will, for these reasons make the deeper impression. The scene of action was in Admiral Watson's ship at the siege of Chandernagore, where Captain Speke, and his son, a youth of sixteen, were both of them wounded by the same shot. The history is related by Mr. Ives, surgeon of the ship; which follows in his own words, only a little abridged. The Captain, whose leg was hanging by the skin, said to the Admiral, “ Indeed, Sir, this was a cruel “ shot to knock down both father “ and son.” Mr. Watson's heart was too full for a reply; he only ordered both to be carried down to the surgeon. The Captain, who was first brought down, told me how dangerously his Billy had been wounded. Presently after the brave youth himself appeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears, not

for himself, but for his father. Upon my assurance that his father's wound was not dangerous, he became calm; but refused to be touched, till his father's wound should be first dressed. Then pointing to a fellow-sufferer, "Pray, Sir, dress also that poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me." I told him that the man had been already taken care of; and begged that I now might have liberty to examine his wound. He submitted; and calmly said, "Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint." I replied, "My dear, I must." He clasped his hands together; and, lifting his eyes toward heaven he offered up the following short, but earnest petition: "Good God! do thou enable me to behave in my present circumstances worthy of my father." He then told me he was all submission. I performed the operation above the joint of the knee; and during the whole time the intrepid youth never spoke a word, nor uttered a groan that could be heard at the distance of a yard. It is easier to imagine than express the feelings of the father at this time: but whatever he felt, tears were the only expression. Both of them were carried to Calcutta: The father was lodged in the house of his brother-in-law; and the son was placed with me in the hospital. For the first week I gave comfort to both, carrying good tidings to them of one another. But, alas! all the good symptoms that had attended the young man began to disappear. The Captain perceived all in my countenance; and so unwilling was he to add to my distress, as seldom to speak about his son. One time he said, "How long, my friend, do you think my Billy

may remain in a state of uncertainty?" I replied, that if he survived the fifteenth day after the operation, there would be strong hopes of his recovery. On the thirteenth he died; and on the sixteenth, the Captain, looking steadfastly in the face, "Well, Ives, how fares it with my boy?" Discovering the truth from my silence, he cried bitterly, squeezed my hand, and begged me to leave him for one half-hour. When I returned, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and serene. The excellent youth had been delirious the evening before his death; and at two o'clock in the morning, he sent me a note written with a pencil, of which the following is a copy:—"Mr. Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in when he is dying, and is yet in doubt about his father.—If Mr. Ives is not too busy to honour this note, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me.—The boy waits for an answer." I immediately repaired to him; and he had still sense enough to know me. He then said, "And is he dead?"—"Who, my dear?"—"My father, Sir."—"No, my love; nor is he in any danger; he is almost well."—"I thank God, I am now satisfied, and am ready to die." He had a locked jaw, and was in great pain, but I understood every word he uttered. He begged my pardon for having disturbed me at so early an hour; and before the day was ended, he surrendered a life that deserved to be immortal."—

Lord Kames, in his preface, calls this work, "the child of his gray hairs." Such gray hairs, after a life of usefulness and virtue, are the blossoms of immortality.

IN the course of the last year Mr. Brydone, a Fellow of the Royal Society, obliged the public with a very ingenious account of his *Tour through Sicily and Malta*. The account is written in the epistolary style, and contains many new and curious particulars.

—“Catania (says Mr. Brydone) is now reckoned the third city in the kingdom; though since Messina was destroyed by the plague, it may well be considered as the second. It contains upwards of 30,000 inhabitants; has an university, the only one in the island; and a bishoprick. The bishop's revenues are considerable, and arise principally from the sale of the snow on mount *Ætna*. One small portion of which, lying on the north of the mountain, is said to bring him in upwards of 1000*l.* a year; for *Ætna* furnishes snow and ice, not only to the whole island of Sicily, but likewise to Malta and a great part of Italy, and makes a very considerable branch of commerce; for even the peasants in these hot countries, regale themselves with ices during the summer heats; and there is no entertainment given by the nobility, of which these do not always make a principal part: a famine of snow, they themselves say, would be more grievous, than a famine of either corn or wine. It is a common observation among them, that without the snows of mount *Ætna*, their island could not be inhabited; so essential has this article of luxury become to them. But *Ætna* not only keeps them cold in summer, but likewise keeps them warm in winter; the fuel for the greatest part of the island being carried from the immense and inexhaustible forests of this volcano, and constitutes too,

a very large branch of commerce.”

—“The ear of Dionysius (continues our traveller) is no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than of the cruelty of that tyrant. It is a huge cavern cut out of the hard rock, in the form of a human ear. The perpendicular height of it is about 80 feet, and the length of this enormous ear is not less than 250. The cavern was said to be so contrived, that every sound made in it, was collected and united to one point, as into a focus; this was called the Tympanum: and exactly opposite to it the tyrant had made a small hole, which communicated with a little apartment where he used to conceal himself. He applied his own ear to this hole, and is said to have heard distinctly every word that was spoken in the cavern below. This apartment was no sooner finished, and a proof of it made, than he put to death all the workmen that had been employed in it. He then confined all that he suspected were his enemies; and by over-hearing their conversation, judged of their guilt and condemned and acquitted accordingly.

—“As this chamber of Dionysius is a very high rock, and now totally inaccessible, we had it not in our power to make proof of this curious experiment, which our guides told us had been done some years ago by the captain of an English ship.

—“The echo in the ear is prodigious; much superior to any cavern I have seen. The holes in the rock, to which the prisoners were chained, still remain, and even the lead and iron in several of them.”

Mr. Brydone, after having given a large account of the ruins of Syracuse, adds,

“Near this port, they shew the spot where Archimedes’ house stood; and likewise the tower, from whence he is said to have set fire to the Roman galleys with his burning glasses; a story which is related by several authors, but which is now almost universally exploded, from the difficulty to conceive a burning-glass, or a concave speculum, with a focus of such an immense length as this must have required.

“However, I should be apt to imagine if this be not entirely a fiction (of which there is some probability) that it was neither performed by refractory burning-glasses nor speculums, but only by means of common looking-glasses, or very clear plates of metal. Indeed, from the situation of the place it must have been done by reflection; for Archimedes’ tower stood on the north of the little port where the Roman fleet are said to have been moored; so that their vessels lay in a right line betwixt him and the sun at noon; and at a very small distance from the wall of the city where this tower stood. But if you will suppose this to have been performed by common burning-glasses or by those of the parabolical kind it will be necessary to raise a tower of a most enormous height on the island of Ortigia, in order to interpose these glasses betwixt the sun and the Roman galleys; and even this could not have been done till late in the afternoon, when his rays are exceedingly weak. But I have very little doubt that common looking-glasses would be found sufficient to perform these effects.

“Let us suppose that a thousand of those were made to reflect the rays to the same point; The heat,

in all probability, must be encreased to a greater degree than in the focus of most burning-glasses; and abundantly capable of setting fire to every combustible substance.

—This experiment might be easily made by means of a battalion of men, arming each with a looking-glass instead of a firelock; and setting up a board at two or three hundred yards distance for them to fire at. I suppose it would take considerable time before they were expert at this exercise; but, by practice, I have no doubt that they might all be brought to hit the mark instantaneously at the word of command; like the lark-catchers in some countries, who are so dextrous at this manœuvre, that with a small mirror they throw the rays of light on the lark; let her be never so high in the air; which, by a kind of fascination, brings down the poor animal to the snare.

“You may laugh at all this; but I don’t think it is impossible that a looking-glass may one day be thought as necessary an implement for a soldier as at present it is for a beau. I am very apprehensive the French will get the start of us in this signal invention; as I have been assured long ago, that few of their men ever go to the field, without first providing themselves with one of these little warlike engines, the true use of which, happily for us, they are yet unacquainted with.— You will easily perceive, that if this experiment succeeds, it must alter the whole system of fortification, as well as of attack and defence; for every part of the city that is exposed to the view of the besiegers may be easily set in a flame; and the besieged would have the same advantage

advantage over the camp of the besieging army *."

More extracts from these curious letters shall be given in our next Magazine.

* Since the writing of these letters the author has been informed, that Mr. Buffon actually made this experiment.—He constructed a kind of frame, in which were fixed four hundred small mirrors, disposed in such a manner, that they reflected from each of them fell exactly on the same point. By means of this he melted lead at the distance of 120 feet, and set fire to a hay stack at a much greater distance.

THE following stanzas are selected from a beautiful little poem, entitled, *The Tears of Genius*; and written to the memory of Goldsmith, Gray, Young, Sterne, Shenstone, Lyttleton, and Hawkefworth—each of whose peculiarities of style and manner, the author has not unsuccessfully attempted.

It is impossible to read the following lines but with the same kind of pensive pleasure with which we read the Elegy in the Country Church-Yard.

“ Thee too, thou favourite of the moral strain,
 Pathetic *Gray*, for thee does Genius mourn,
 Science and taste thy early fate shall plain,
 And virtue drop a tear into thy urn.
 Oft as night's curtain closes on the day,
 And twilight robes the clouds in duskier hue,
 A love-lone visit to thy tomb I pay,
 While all the parent trembles at the view.
 For how to the unconscious worm a prey,
 So dear a child as thee can I resign?
 Ah! how can Genius e'er forget her *Gray*?
 Poet of nature, all my powers were thine!
 On thy blest name with melted heart I dwell,
 Some kindred drops a loss like thine demands,
 Thou who couldst once for others wail so well,
 Now take thy tribute from a mother's hands.
 Tho' the grav'd tomb, and cloud-aspiring bust
 To Cam's clear margin call not back thy breath,
 Yet shall fair Fame immortalize thy dust,
 And Genius snatch thee from the realms of death.
 Oft as I reach the spot where thou art laid,
 Thou, whose bright sense could boast “ celestial fire,”
 Those hands, I cry, the muse's sceptre sway'd,
 “ And wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.”
 One morn I miss'd thee from the favourite tree,
 And anxious search'd the brook, the lawn, the grove.
 Another came; but ah! it was not thee!
 Oh the keen tortures of a parent's love!
 Next, through the sculptured porch I saw thee borne,
 In slow procession by the sable train,
 I saw thy corpse entomb'd beneath the thorn,
 And o'er thy ashes sigh'd this funeral strain:

EPITAPH.

Here low in dust a son of science lies,
By Fame distinguished, and to Genius dear;
Forgive the fault, ye cynically wise,
If on his grave the parent sheds a tear.

Long shall the muses mourn their pensive friend
Long shall a mother's bosom throb with woe,
O'er his loved tomb the duteous swains shall bend,
And Albion's daughters long bewail the blow."

Not is the poet less happy in his imitation of *Shenstone*.

Genius speaks——

"And now, my loved *Shenstone*, for thee,
Thou pride of the pastoral strain;
Thou fairest resemblance of me,
Dear elegant bard of the plain.
For thee will I pour the sad lay,
That shall echo the thickets among;
And weep as I muse on the day,
That robbed the poor swains of thy song.
Full gentle, and sweet was the note
That flowed from his delicate heart,
Simplicity smiled as he wrote,
And *nature* was polished by art."

An Address to the Public on the frequent and enormous crime of Suicide. By John Hennis, M. A.

THE author of this address, who is a public teacher of oratory in the city of London, has selected all the arguments made use of by Fleetwood, Adams, Delaney, Browne and others, and has placed them in a new and popular point of light. The address, moreover, claims no small merit as an original; as it abounds with many truly pathetic strokes of eloquence. After having remarked, that the calamities of life, when viewed through the medium of enlightened reason, will half of them disappear, the author thus addresses the self-*assassin*.

"I charge thee, O rash man, in the name of God, I charge thee to consider what thou art doing. The spirits of the just—of thy departed friends, are perhaps looking down from their celestial abodes, deploring thy presumption, and commanding thee to desist! But if these have no power, let the calls of *nature* move thee. Hear, perhaps, the entreaties of an aged *Father*, a fond *Mother*, the guardians of thine infant years! Canst thou bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Think on what they have done for thee, when thou were incapable of acting or judging for thyself. Is this thy return for their kindness? Wilt thou basely die before thou hast fulfilled thine obligations to them

Hear the supplications of an affectionate *Wife*, whose honour and whose interest are united with thine. Art thou regardless of her sorrow? That dagger which thou plungest into thine own breast, will be the cause of piercing hers with the keenest anguish. But behold a scene to melt the most hardened heart! Thy beloved *Children* kneel before thee; those whom thou hast often gazed at with rapture, and clasped in the fond exulting embrace. Thou refusest to hear their distressful cries, or to dry up their gushing tears. Thou art leaving them to a precarious fate: no tender hand to lead them to virtue, to glory to usefulness. And is it that thou behavest towards those whom heaven hath intrusted to thy care, and who ought to be dear to thy soul? Is it thus that thou mimickst like a coward from the field of battle, leaving the helpless to all the horrors of the war? May not thy childrens children, in distant generations yet unborn rise up and pronounce thee infamous! Perhaps thou hast found some *Kindred Heart*, whose fond, female tenderness would soften the hardships of thy fate. If no other motive will prevail, live I beseech thee for her. The pangs which she will feel from thine *eternal absence* will perhaps be more severe than thou art willing to imagine. But thou art disengaged from those more endearing ties, hast thou no *Friend*, no brother, whose welfare thou wouldest wish to promote? And wilt thou fill their kind hearts with the most bitter unavailing anguish? Has thou no generous *Benefactor*, who has relieved thy distress, and loaded thee with bounty? If thou dost thus, thou wilt wound him with the painful reflexion,

That he has befriended an ungrateful man.

To conclude the whole; let me address you once more with the warmth and sincerity of one who is deeply interested in what he says. Reflect on the indispensable duty of preserving your *Health*; and your *Life*. If you be distressed in mind, *Live!* serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul; if you are contented and cheerful, *Live!* and diffuse that happiness to others.—If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, *Live!* and be wiser for the future; if they have befallen you by the fault of others, *Live!* you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself.—If you are indigent and helpless, *Live!* the generous heart will relieve you; if you are rich and prosperous, *Live!* and enjoy what you possess.—If another has injured you, *Live!* his own crime will be his punishment; if you have injured another, *Live!* and recompense it by your good offices.—If your character be attacked unjustly, *Live!* time will remove the aspersion; if the reproaches are well-founded, *Live!* and cease to deserve them for the future.—If you are at present obscure and undistinguished, *Live!* to be one day more conspicuous; if you are already eminent and applauded, *Live!* and preserve the honours you have acquired.—If you have been negligent and useless to society, *Live!* and make amends by your future conduct; if you have been active and industrious, *Live!* and communicate your improvements to others.—If you have spiteful enemies, *Live!* and disappoint their malevolence; if you have kind and faithful friends, *Live!* to bless and protect them.—If hitherto you

you have been impious and wicked, *Live!* and repeat of your errors; if you have been wise and virtuous, *Live!* for the further benefit of mankind.—If you disbelieve a future state, *Live!* and be as useful and happy in this as you can; if you hope for immortality, *Live!* and prepare to enjoy it.”

LIST of NEW BOOKS.

UNDER this head, we mean to give from time to time, the Title-Pages and Prices of all the New Books of character published in England, and particularly of those which respect our own country.

The history of English poetry, from the close of the eleventh to the commencement of the eighteenth century: To which are prefixed, Two dissertations. 1. On the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe. 2. On the Introduction of learning into England. Vol. the first. By Thomas Warton, B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and of the Society of Antiquarians. 4to. 1. 1. boards.

The history of the revolutions of Denmark, with an account of the present state of that kingdom and people. By John Andrews, L. L. D. Two vols. Octavo. 12s. bound.

The Present state of music in France, Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, and united Provinces. By Charles Burney, M. D. 3 vols. 18s. bound.

A short view of the history of the colony of Massachusetts-Bay, with respect to its charters and constitution. By Israel Mauduit. Octavo, 1s. 4d.

An history of the earth, and animated nature. By Dr. Goldsmith. Illustrated with an hundred and one copper-plates. 8 Vols. octavo, L. 2. 8. boards.

A new system; or an analysis of ancient mythology: wherein an attempt is made to divert tradition of fable, and to reduce truth to its original purity. In this work is given an history of the Babylonians, Chaldeans, Egyptians, Canaanites, Helladians, Ionians, Seleges, Dorians, Pelasgi; also of the Scythæ, Indoscythæ, Ethiopians, Phenicians. The whole contains an account of the principal events in the first ages, from the deluge to the dispersion; also of the

various migrations which ensued, and the settlements made afterwards in different parts: circumstances of great consequence, which were subsequent to the Gentile history of Moses. By Jacob Bryant, formerly of King's College, Cambridge; and Secretary to his Grace the late Duke of Marlborough, during his command abroad. Vols. first and second. 24 4s. boards.

All the critics are loud in their praises of this work. The monthly reviewers, in particular, call it an elaborate production, equally distinguished for its ingenuity and novelty. In point of novelty, it is indeed singularly striking. It departs from the commonly received systems, to a degree that has not yet been attempted, or thought of by any men of learning.

The comedies of Plautus, translated into familiar blank verse. By Bonnell Thornton and Richard Warner, Esqrs. 5 Vols. octavo. 1l. 20s. bound.

Pennant's tour in Scotland, with a great number of copper-plates. Quarto. 18s. boards.

Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. 2 Vols. quarto. 2s. 2s. boards.

These letters, which are at this time reprinting in the city of New-York, claim a sort of exemption from critical censure by their being known to be the genuine productions of the great Peer whose name they bear. The ease and vivacity with which they are written, and the rich vein of sense that runs thro' the work can never be sufficiently admired; yet all its beauties cannot atone for the licentious freedom with which the noble author strikes at the laws of morality. There are very many passages in these letters which a man, when dying, would wish to blot." Whether they occurred to the witty Earl at that hour of seriousness, we know not; but as good members of society, we hold ourselves bound to bear our testimony against a system of education in which crimes that every man should shrink from with horror, are recommended as necessary to an accomplished citizen.

LITERARY NEWS from BRITAIN.

Mr. Mason, whose *Elfrida* has been admired for its tenderness, and for the fortunate luxuriance of its language, has promised a life of his friend Mr. Gray, the elegant author of an *Elegy* in the Country Church-Yard, and other pieces of very conspicuous merit. This sacrifice to friendship

It will certainly be most acceptable to readers of every class. It will be a display of still life; and, amidst the peculiarities it will record of that successful Poet to whose memory it is dedicated, we shall be able to trace the partial fondness and admiration with which the author has constantly regarded him. Perhaps in this circumstance will consist the chief charm of the publication.

There is now publishing a large and accurate *History of Edinburgh*, embellished with Maps, Plans, and several capital decorations.

Mr. Jones, the celebrated Poet of that name, is at this time engaged in writing the *History of the Turkish Empire*.

It is confidently said that the death of Dr. Goldsmith was hastened by his own injudicious use of James's Fever Powders. The Apothecary who attended him in his last illness has published a pamphlet to vindicate his conduct with respect to the unhappy event; and the Proprietor of the Fever Powders, in support of the credit of that medicine, has inserted in the public papers, various declarations of Mr. Nurse and others who attended Dr. Goldsmith; importing, among other matters of less consequence, that the

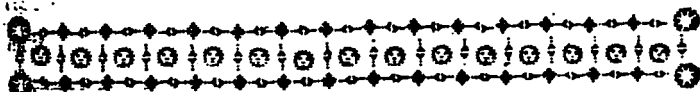
Fever Powders to which the Apothecary attributes the sad consequences that followed, were sent from his own Shop and that possibly they were not the genuine Powders. We join in lamenting the loss of Dr. Goldsmith, but confess ourselves incompetent judges of the merits both of the Fever Powders and of the Apothecary.

Dr. Johnson, Compiler of the great English Dictionary, has lately made the Tour of Scotland, and it is said, will shortly oblige the public with his Journal.

The death of Dr. Andrews, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, makes a great noise; but we have not yet heard who succeeds to that important office. A Right Honorable Counsellor of Dublin was one of the Candidates.

Our Countryman, Mr. West has been engaged for some time past in Painging six very capital pieces for Lord Clive; the subjects of which are his Lordship's exploits in the East.

His Majesty has been pleased to establish a professorship of Divinity in Kings College, New-York; and the Reverend Mr. Vardill is nominated the first Royal Professor.



SELECT POETRY.

The following POEM on *Christmast day, 1774.*

By a *YOUNG LADY of this City.*

Ever hail! auspicious morn,
On which the Son of God was born
To save a sinful race.
Devotion, gratitude, and love,
Should every mortal's bosom move
In ev'ry heart take place.

How vast the debt to God we owe!
Who sent his only Son to know
The bitter pangs of death.
And, from perdition, man to save,

O'er death to triumph and the grave,
He yielded up his breath.

Yet not to rulers of the earth
Was first reveal'd the wondrous birth,
But to the lowly swains
Who watch'd their fleecy flocks by night;
Sudden around the sacred light,
Illumin'd all the plains.

Glory to God, good will to man
The choir of Angels strain began.
With melody divine,
Responsive echo catch'd the sound,
All nature, struck with awe profound
A list'ning ear inclin'd.

To save from misery and woe,
The race of mortals here below,
This day a SAVIOUR'S born.
Nor regal pomp or splendours grace
The holy Jesus dwelling place
Nor Majesty adorn;

But, in a manger you will find
THE FRIEND and SAVIOUR of mankind
In swadd'ling bands array'd.
Thus to th' astonish'd swains they spoke
A flood of glory round them broke
And strait to Heaven convey'd.

A M A N D A.

RETA LI A T I O N : A P O E M .

By DR. GOLDSMITH.

OF old, when Scarron his compani-
ons invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and
the feast was united;
If our (a) landlord supplies us with beef,
and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings
the best dish:
Our (b) Dean shall be venison, just fresh
from the plains;
Our (c) Burke shall be tongue, with a gar-
nish of brains;
Our (d) Will shall be wild fowl of excel-
lent flavour,
And (e) Dick with his pepper, shall
heighten their flavour:
Our (f) Chamberland's sweet-bread its
place shall obtain,

(a) The master of St. James's coffee-
house, where the doctor, and the friends
he has characterized in this poem, held an
occasional club.

(b) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in
Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(c) Mr. Edmund Burke, member for
Wendover, and one of the greatest ora-
tors in this kingdom.

(d) Mr. William Burke, late secretary
to General Conway, and member for
Bedwin.

(e) Mr. Richard Burke, collector of
Granada, no less remarkable in the walks
of wit and humour, than his brother Ed-
mund Burke is justly distinguished in all
the branches of useful and polite literature.

(f) Author of the *West Indian*, *Fash-
ionable Lover*, *the Brothers*, and other
dramatic pieces.

(g) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Wind-
sor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who

And (g) Douglas is pudding, substantial
and plain:

Our (h) Garrick's a fallad, for in him we
Oil, vinegar, sugar and saltness agree:

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That (i) Ridge is anchovy, and (k) Rey-
nolds is lamb;

That (l) Hickey's a capon, and by the
same rule,

Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool:
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and sick to the
last,

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while
Till all my companions sink under the
table;

Then with chaos and blunders encircling
my head,

Let me ponder, and tell what I think of
the dead.

Here lies the good (m) dean, re-united
to earth,

Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wis-
dom with mirth:

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em
out;

Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be
denied 'em,

That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to
hide 'em.

Here lies our good (n) Edmund, whose
genius was such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too
much;

Who

has no less distinguished himself as a *Crit-
ic of the world*, than a *sound critic*, in de-
tecting several literary mistakes (or rather
forgeries) of his countrymen; particular-
ly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's histo-
ry of the Popes.

(h) David Garrick, Esq; joint Patentes
and acting Manager of the Theatre-roy-
al, Drury-lane. For the *other part* of his
character, *vide* the Poem.

(i) Counsellor John Ridge, a gentle-
man belonging to the Irish bar, the *relish*
of whose agreeable and pointed conver-
sation is admitted, by all his acquain-
tance, to be very properly compared to
the above sauce.

(k) Sir Joshua Reynolds, president of
the Royal Academy.

(l) An eminent attorney, whose hospi-
tality and good-humour have acquired
him, in this club, the title of ' honest
Tom Hickey.'

(m) *Vide* note (b) above.

(n) *Vide* (c).

Engraved for the PENNSYLVANIA Magazine. TO FACE PAGE 40.



DOCTOR GOLDSMITH. *J. B. Rogers del.*

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his
mind,
And to party gave up, what was meant
for mankind.
The' fraught with all learning, yet strain-
ing his throat,
Toper made (s) Tommy Townsend to lend
him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers still went
on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they
thought of dining:
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a
wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, dis-
obedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the
expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or
in place, Sir,
To cut mutton cold, and cut blocks with
a razor.
Here lies honest (p) William whose
heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good
that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, he forc'd him along,
His conduct still right with his argument
strong,
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman wastifly, the chariot drove
home;
Would you ask for his merit, alas! he
had none,
What was good was spontaneous, his faults
were his own.
Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I
don't fight at, [quiet!
Alas, that such frolic should now be so
what spirits were his, what wit and what
waim,
(q) Now breaking a jest, and now break-
ing a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up
the ball, [all?
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at
in short for provoking a Devil was Dick,
That we with'd him full'ten times a day
at Old Nick.
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we with'd to have Dick back a-
gain.

Here (r) Cumberland lies having scted
his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of
hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as
they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women
divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out
Or father like tragedy giving a ropt.
His fools have their follies so lost in a croud
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows
proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with
their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without
fault
Say was it that vainly directing his view,
To find out mens virtues and finding them
few, [self,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome
He grew lazy at last and drew from him-
self?
Here (s) Douglas retires from his toils
to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of
quacks:
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quack-
ing divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your
tyrant reclines,
When satire and censure encirc'd his
throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our (t) Dodds shall be pious, our (u) Ken-
ricks shall lecture;
(x) Macpherson write bombast, and call
it a style,
Our (y) Townsend make speeches, and I
shall compile;
New (z) Lauders and Bowers the Tweed
shall cross over, [cover;
No countryman living their tricks to dis-
tinction her taper shall quench to a spark
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and
cheat in the dark.

Here

(r) Vide (f).

(s) Vide (g).

(t) The rev. Dr. Dodd.

(u) Mr. Kenrick lately read lectures at
the Devil Tavern, under the title of
'The School of Shakespeare.'

(x) James Macpherson, Esq; who
lately, from the mere force of his style,
wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

(y) Vide (a).

(z) Vide (g).

(s) Ms. T. Townsend, member for
Whitechurch.

(p) Vide (d).

(q) Mr. Richard Burke; vide (e). This
gentleman having slightly fractured one
of his arms and legs, at different times,
the Doctor has rallied him on those acci-
dents, as a kind of retributive justice for
breaking his jests upon other people.

Here lies (a) David Garrick, describe
me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant
in man;
As an actor, confess without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line,
Yet with talents like these, and an excel-
lent heart,
The man had his failings a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colour he
spread,
And bespatter'd, with rouge, his own
natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, af-
fecting,
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was
acting:
With no reason on earth to go out of his
way, [day;
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confound-
edly lick, [trick;
If they were not his own by finessing and
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his
pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could
whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd
what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it
for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to
disgust,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to
pleas'd. [mind,
But let us be candid, and speak out
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind,
Ye (b) Kenricks, ye (c) Kellys, and (d)
Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you
got and you gave?
How did Grab-street re-echo the shouts
that you rais'd,
While he was berous'd, and you were
beprais'd
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to
his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakspeare, receive him, with praise
and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his (e) Kellys
above.

(a) Vide (b).

(b) Vide (u).

(c) Hugh Kelly, esq; author of *Falſe
Delicacy, Word to the Wife, Clementia,*
School for Wives, &c.

(d) Mr. William Woodfall, printer of
the *Morning Chronicle.*

(e) Vide (c) immediately preceding.

Here (f) Hickey reclines, a most blam-
pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good-
nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a
bumper; (thumper)
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a
miser?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser;
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat;
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he consider'd in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest; ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it,
and born ye, [ney.
He was, could he help it? a special attor-
Here (g) Reynolds is laid, and, to tell
you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resolute and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and
bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averſe, yet most civilly steeri-
ing,
When they judg'd without skill he was still
hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphael's, Cor-
regios and stuff,
He shifted his (b) trumpet, and only took
snuff.

(f) Vide (l).

(g) Vide (k).

(b) Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remark-
ably deaf as to be under the necessity of
using an ear trumpet in company; he is
at the same time, equally remarkable for
taking a great quantity of snuff: his man-
ner in both of which, taken in the point
of time described, must be allowed, by
those who have been witnesses of such a
scene, to be as happily given upon paper,
as that great Artist himself, perhaps,
could have exhibited upon canvas.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem
was printed, the publisher received an
epitaph on Mr. (a) Whitefoord, from a
friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith in-
closed in a letter, of which the follow-
ing is an abstract.

"I have in my possession a sheet of pa-
per, containing near forty lines in the
Doctor's own hand-writing: there are
many

(a) Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of
many humorous essays.

many scattered, broken verses, on Sir Joseph Reynolds, Counsellor-Ridge, Mr. (b) Beauclerk, and Mr. Whiteford. The epitaph on the last-mentioned gentleman is the only one that is finished, and therefore I have copied it, that you may add it to the next edition. It is a striking proof of Doctor Goldsmith's good-nature. "I saw this sheet of paper in the Doctor's room, five or six days before he died; and, as I had got all the other epitaphs, I asked him if I might take it. "In truth you may; my boy," replied he, for it will be of no use to me where I am going."

Here Whiteford reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a (c)
grave man!

Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun;
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun!
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will,

Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might
A Scotchman from pride and from pre-
judice free,

A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.
What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to news-paper-essays
confined!

Who perhaps to the summit of science
could soar.

Content "if the table be set on a roar;
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Let happy if (d) Woodfall confess'd him a
wit.

The news-paper wittings! ye pert scrib-
bling felks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his
jokes,

The same imitators, ye servile herd come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the
vine,

And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no
less)

(e) *Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes
of the Press.*

(f) Topham Beauclerk, Esq; well
known to the polite world as a scholar, a
man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

(c) Mr. W. is so notorious a punster,
that Doctor Goldsmith used to say, it was
impossible to keep him company, with-
out being infected with the itch of punning.

(d) Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the
Public Advertiser.

(e) Mr. Whiteford has frequently in-
sulted the town with humorous pieces
under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

Merry/Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake
I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had al-
most said wit:
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst
humour'd muse!"

AN HYMN to RESIGNATION.

Written by a Clergyman of Philadelphia.

OH! from that high and holy sphere,
Where throned in light you dwell,
SWEET MAID, in all thy charms descend,
To gild my humble cell.

Thy presence heightens every bliss,
Draws out the sting of woe,
Allures to brighter worlds above,
And makes an heaven below

The PILGRIM roving all night long
Through trackless wilds forlorn,
Oft sighs oppress'd, and sighs again
The wished return of morn:

So I; in sorrow's gloomy night,
Condemned awhile to stray,
Look up with ardent eye to heaven,
And ask the devious way.

O screen me from surrounding ills,
Let dangers ne'er annoy,
The arrow that in darkness lies,
Commission'd to destroy.

Instant as the idle wind,
That sports with every flower,
When earthly friends by turns drop off,
Friends of our brighter hour;

Do thou, MILD CHARMS, fill my breast
With all that's good and wise,
Snatch me from earth's tumultuous scenes,
And lead me to the skies.

There kindred spirits ne'er deceive,
Soul mingles there with soul,
Sweet SYMPATHY and TRUTH are there,
And LOVE cements the whole.

More welcome to this sorrowing heart,
O pensive Queen, thy strain,
Than all the joys mad RIOR gives
To sooth his clamorous train.

You shade the POOR MAN's evening walk
With wreaths of endless green;
And when the lamp of life declines,
You tend the last, dread scene.

Oh! then from heaven, thy holy sphere,
Where throned in light you dwell,
Come RESIGNATION, sainted maid,
And gild my humble cell.

Monthly

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

R O M E, *October 1.*

As the deceased Pope left no will, his effects, which are valued at two hundred thousand crowns, come to the sons of his two sisters.

Among the papers of the late Pope there is nothing found regarding the Cardinals in Petto; but his Holiness, the day before his death, had some papers sealed up in two tin-boxes, and ordered them to be delivered to his successor. They are thought to contain some letters on that subject and are kept in the castle of St. Angelo.

Paris, Oct. 14 The Archbishop of Aix hath obtained permission of the king, that all the magistrates who composed the Parliament of that city, may return from their exile.

Utrecht, Oct. 27. They write from Leghorn, that an English ship has informed them, that an English Squadron of eight men of war, three frigates, and two bomb-ketches, were ready to sail from Mahon to Algiers, in order to bombard the Dey's residence, for his having declared war against the English nation.

L O N D O N, *October 19.*

By authentic letters from Rome, we are assured, the late pope was poisoned by the influence of the Jesuits, against which society he has distinguished himself in a very severe manner. The deleterious matter was said to have been given his Holiness in a salad.

Lord Mansfield's business with the King is of so very private a nature, that not one of the other great officers of state is admitted into the closet with them.

At the Court of St. James's, October, 19. The King's Proclamation was issued to prohibit the exportation of Salt Petre gun-powder, arms and ammunition for six months.

Yesterday Mr Remembrancer waited upon the Lord High Chancellor, and notified to his Lordship the election of Mr. Wilkes, as Lord Mayor for the year ensuing, when Thursday next was appointed for the Lord Mayor elect being presented to the Chancellor.

Extract of a letter from Portsmouth, Oct. 26.

"Sailed from St. Helen's, the *Asia*, Vandeput; the *Scarborough*, Barkeley; and the *Hind* man of war, Garnier, all for Boston."

Extract of a letter from Plymouth, Oct. 26.

"Sailed his majesty's ship *Somerset*, capt. Le Craff, and *Boyne*, capt. Hartwell, for Boston; the two ships have on-board upwards of 200 marines, besides officers: It is said they are to be put on board the ships of war now at Boston, if Admiral Graves thinks it necessary.

By accounts from Hamburgh we learn, that the King of Prussia has notified to his several military governors an immediate requisition of a certain number of recruits, in proportion to the extent of their respective districts or commandaries, amounting on the whole to 28,000. This is deemed a sure preface of an approaching rupture in the north of Europe.

London, Nov. 2.

The War between Russia and the Porte is at length at an end. But peace still keeps at a distance. The Ottoman Porte seems rather wearied out than beaten out; it is scarcely possible that Russia could ever have made a conquest of Constantinople. Her fleets has been rotting in the Dardanelles, ever since the year 1768; and her armies have never made much progress south of the Danube. It is likewise almost impossible for them ever to have passed the great mountains north of Adrianople:—A body of 300 merchants were here cut to pieces by a banditti of 18 robbers. The tracks over these mountains are so deep and narrow, that they may be guarded by an handful of men. The little progress which the Russian arms have made for the two last years indicates their inability to proceed, but that they were determined not to withdraw till the Porte should purchase their absence. It is supposed that France and Austria assisted her in concluding such a profitable peace. The discontent which appears in Constantinople is daily attended with some horrid and bloody circumstance. The populace are highly incensed against every one suspected of abetting the proceedings for peace and have already gone to such lengths as not only to endanger the place but even the safety of the state.

Extract of a letter from Warsaw, Oct. 10.

"It is not without the greatest sorrow and affliction that we have learned the unhappy end of several of our nobles who were the chiefs of the Confederates. The people at Constantinople, joined by the
Janis-

Justices, and privately supported by several members of the Divan, become so restless about the shameful peace concluded by the once glorious Porte, that a general rebellion was feared, and in order to appease the enraged multitude, the consequence was, that all the Polish confederates that were at Constantinople, fell a victim, were delivered to the people, and their heads struck off publicly, as they were considered as the only cause of the late unhappy war. Two or three were saved through the protection of the Prussian minister, who behaved in a very spirited manner, and went into the midst of the mob to several members of the Divan, declaring, that if they presumed to deliver up those unhappy Poles who had taken shelter in his hotel, he would immediately declare war against the Ottoman empire. This declaration put the people in a fright, and the inhuman carnage ceased. How glorious for a duke of Brandenburg to prescribe laws to so remote and powerful an empire!

Extract of a private letter from Rome, dated October, 4.

To-morrow the conclave will begin for the election of the 258th Pope. It is expected that this election will be attended with a stronger contest than it has been for many hundred years past; the Cardinals are greatly divided in their interest on account of the late order of the Jesuits, sixteen hats being vacant, and several of the foreign Cardinals will not be able to be present at the conclave, on account of their age and infirmity, so that the whole number of Cardinals will not amount to 50, among which the following offer themselves for the Papal chair: Casali, Albani, Bichi, Fantuzzi, Marefocchi and Cardinal York; so that a candidate has a chance to be elevated to the dignity of Pope by nine or ten votes; and as several of the Cardinals are of opinion to prefer a younger to an older one, the latter has the best chance. Besides, it is confidently asserted; that though the French and Spanish ministers have declared themselves publicly for the Cardinals Bichi and Fantuzzi, yet they endeavour secretly to put Cardinal York in the Papal chair, as it will greatly suit the political views of their respective Courts.

"It is greatly apprehended, that in case the election does not turn out agreeable to the sense of the people, it may be followed by a civil war in the ecclesiastical dominions; proper precautions are therefore taking, and orders have been issued by the Sacred College that no subject is

to have fire arms in his house under pain of death."

On Tuesday night some dispatches were sent from Lord Dartmouth's office for the several governors in North America, to Falmouth, to be forwarded by the packet boat now at that port.

We are assured that five new Peers of England will be made before the meeting of Parliament, three of whom are, Lord North, Lord Clare, and Mr. Onslow.

General Gage has received positive orders not to proceed to extremities, but to act upon the defensive, till the sense of the new Parliament relative to the Bostonians be finally known.

There are twenty-one men of war, and frigates, now building at the different Dock-yards of this kingdom. At Deptford, three 70 gun ships, and two frigates; at Woolwich, two of 60, and one of 54; at Sheerness, two frigates; at Chatham, five men of war and frigates; at Portsmouth, six ditto; besides two beginning at Plymouth.

Orders have been given for seizing every ship, of whatever nation, that is employed in carrying arms or ammunition to the Americans. This, it is thought, will certainly be the cause of some serious disputes.

It is thought the struggle for the Papal chair on the present election, will lie between Cardinal York, and J. J. Albani.

We hear that the Chancellor of France has had his head struck off by command of the King for speaking disrespectful words against the queen's honour.

On Thursday Elizabeth Grieve, commonly called the Hon. Mrs. Grieve, was tried at Hick's Hall for defrauding divers persons of several sums of money under pretence of procuring them places under government, and sentenced to be transported for seven years. This is the woman who a year ago rendered herself so famous at Bow-biret, having pretended to be the friend of the Prime Minister, cousin to the Duke of Grafton, and to have various other connections of the first rank. She produced a letter from Mr. C. F. which made a great laugh at court.

Nov. 1. Letters from Ratisbon by yesterday's mail, say, that a courier has passed through that city, who said he was going express to Vienna, with the account of the death of a crowned head, but did not say who.

At the court of aldermen held this day, Mr. Trecebeck begged leave to resign his gown, which was accepted by the court. Immediately afterwards the late Mr.

Mr Sheriff Lee and Nathaniel Newnham, Esq; of Botolph lane, declared themselves candidates, and soon after set out on the canvass.

Bristol, Nov. 3. The following are the imports of grain from America into this port from August 1st, 1773, to August 8th, 1774, inclusive, viz. 102388 bushels of wheat; 31682 do. of Indian corn; 22646 do. of barley; 15432 do. of oats; 14720 barrels of flour; and 2000 bushels of beans; besides many thousand bushels which have arrived since.

The delivery of all letters from America on government account is conducted with the utmost secrecy: Three different packets, by the way of Holland, are said to have been received in the space of ten days.

Nov. 5. When the Lord Mayor Elect was presented by the Recorder to the Lord Chancellor for approbation, Mr. Recorder in a short speech acquainted his Lordship, that the Livery of London had proceeded to choose a chief magistrate, and that their choice had fallen upon Mr. Alderman Wilkes; that having upon several occasions distinguished himself as a sensible, upright, and active magistrate, the Livery of London had thought his fidelity and abilities had been sufficiently proved, and for that reason had called him to so great and important an office as the first magistrate of that great city. The Lord Chancellor then addressed himself to the Mayor and the rest of the company; told them his Majesty had been acquainted with the proceedings of the citizens of London, relative to the having elected a chief magistrate, and that he was commanded to signify his majesty's approbation of the choice they had made.

Yesterday the Lord Mayor was so much indisposed, that he saw no company. It is said the lack of beauties at his feast on Wednesday, did not a little contribute thereto, though he was far from being well before.

Mr. Wilkes is still in a very poor way; he had a slight touch of the palsy on Tuesday, and two physicians who attended him, gave him the best assistance in their power, consistent with his present situation: They allowed him to go in the procession, but enjoined him to great regularity and attention. In consequence of which he rode in the procession with one side wrapped up in flannel, and left Guildhall very early in the evening.

Mr. William Gage, second son to Gen. Gage died in London about two months ago.

A M E R I C A.

The following is the Petition of the Continental Congress
To the King's most excellent Majesty.

Most gracious Sovereign,

WE your Majesty's faithful subjects of the colonies of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode-Island, and Providence plantations, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, the counties of New-Castle, Kent, and Suffex, on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, and South-Carolina, in behalf of ourselves and the inhabitants of those colonies, who have deputed us to represent them in General Congress, by this our humble petition, beg leave to lay our grievances before the throne.

A standing army has been kept in these colonies, ever since the conclusion of the late war, without the consent of our assemblies; and this army, with a considerable naval armament, has been employed to force the collection of taxes.

The authority of the commander in chief, and, under him, of the Brigadiers General; has, in time of peace, been rendered supreme in all the civil governments in America.

The Commander in Chief of all your Majesty's forces in North-America has, in time of peace, been appointed governor of a colony.

The charges of usual offices have been greatly increased, and new expensive, and oppressive offices have been multiplied.

The judges of Admiralty and Vice-Admiralty courts are empowered to receive their salaries and fees from the effects condemned by themselves.

The officers of the customs are empowered to break open and enter houses, without the authority of any civil magistrate, founded on legal information.

The judges of courts of common law have been made intirely dependant on one part of the legislature for their salaries as well as for the duration of their commissions.

Counsellors, holding their commissions during pleasure, exercise legislative authority.

Humble and reasonable petitions from the Representatives of the people have been fruitless.

The Agents of the people have been discountenanced, and Governors have been instructed to prevent the payment of their salaries.

Assemblies have been frequently and

dearly dissolved; and commerce burdened with many useless and oppressive restrictions.

By several acts of parliament made in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth years of your Majesty's reign, duties are imposed on us, for the purpose of raising a revenue, and the powers of Admiralty and Vice-admiralty courts are extended beyond their ancient limits, whereby our property is taken from us without our consent; the trial by jury in many civil cases, is abolished; enormous forfeitures are incurred for slight offences; venal informers are exempted from paying damages to which they are justly liable; and oppressive security is required from owners, before they are allowed to assert their rights.

Both Houses of Parliament have resolved, that the colonists may be tried in England for offences alleged to have been committed in America, by virtue of a statute passed in the thirty-fifth year of Henry VIII; and in consequence thereof attempts have been made to enforce that statute.

An act was passed in the twelfth year of your Majesty's reign, directing that persons charged with committing any offence therein described, in any part out of the realm, may be indicted and tried for the same in any shire or county within the realm; whereby inhabitants of these colonies may, in sundry cases by that statute made capital, be deprived of a trial by their peers of the province.

In the last session of Parliament, an act was passed for blocking up the harbour of Boston, another empowering the Governor of the Massachusetts-Bay to send persons indicted for murder in that province to another colony, or even to Great-Britain, for trial, whereby such offenders may escape legal punishment;

A third for altering the chartered constitution of government in that province; and a fourth, for extending the limits of Quebec, abolishing the English, and restoring the French laws, whereby great numbers of British freemen are subject to the latter, and establishing an absolute government, and the Roman Catholic religion, throughout those vast regions, that border on the westerly and northerly boundaries of the free Protestant English settlements; and a fifth for the better providing suitable quarters for officers and Soldiers in his Majesty's service in North-America.

To a sovereign, who glories in the name of Britain, the bare recital of these acts

must, we presume, justify the loyal subjects, who fly to the foot of his throne, and implore his clemency for protection against them.

From this destructive system of colony administration, adopted since the conclusion of the late war, have flowed those distresses, dangers, fears, and jealousies, that overwhelm your Majesty's dutiful colonists with affliction; and we defy our most subtle and inveterate enemies to trace the unhappy differences between Great-Britain and these colonies from an earlier period, or from other causes than we have assigned; had they proceeded on our part from a restless levity of temper, unjust impulses of ambition, or artful suggestions of seditious persons, we should merit the opprobrious terms frequently bestowed on us by those we revere. But so far from promoting innovations, we have only opposed them, and can be charged with no offence, unless it be one to receive injuries and be sensible of them.

Had our Creator been pleased to give us existence in a land of slavery, the tenor of our condition might have been mitigated by ignorance and habit; but, thanks be to his adorable goodness, we were born the heirs of freedom, and ever enjoyed our rights under the auspices of your royal ancestors, whose family was seated on the British throne to rescue and secure a pious and gallant nation from the popery and despotism of a superstitious and inexorable tyrant. Your Majesty, we are confident, justly rejoices that your title to the crown is thus founded on the title of your people to liberty; and therefore doubt not but your royal wisdom must approve the sensibility, that teaches your subjects anxiously to guard the blessing they received from divine providence, and thereby to prove the performance of that compact, which elevated the illustrious house of Brunswick to the imperial dignity it now possesses.

The apprehension of being degraded into a state of servitude from the pre-eminent rank of English freemen, while our minds retain the strongest love of liberty, and clearly foresee the miseries preparing for us and our posterity, excites emotions in our hearts, which, though we cannot describe, we should not wish to conceal. Feeling as men, and thinking as subjects in the manner we do, silence would be disloyalty. By giving this faithful information, we do all in our power to promote the great objects of your royal cares, the tranquility of your government, and the welfare of your people.

Duty

Duty to your Majesty, and regard for the preservation of ourselves and our posterity, the primary obligations of nature and of society, command us to entreat your royal attention, and, as your Majesty enjoys the signal distinction of reigning over freemen, we apprehend the language of freemen cannot be displeasing. Your royal indignation, we hope, will rather fall on those designing and dangerous men, who daringly interpose themselves between your royal person and your faithful subjects; and for several years past incessantly employed to dissolve the bonds of society, by abusing your Majesty's authority, misrepresenting your American subjects, and prosecuting the most desperate and irritating projects of oppression, have at length compelled us, by force of accumulated injuries, too severe to be any longer tolerable, to disturb your Majesty's repose by our complaints.

These sentiments are extorted from hearts that much more willingly would bleed in your Majesty's service. Yet so greatly have we been misrepresented, that a necessity has been alledged of taking our property from us, without our consent, "to defray the charge of the administration of justice, the support of civil government, and the defence, protection and security of the colonies." But we beg leave to assure your Majesty, that such provision has been and will be made for defraying the two first articles, as has been and shall be judged, by the legislatures of the several colonies, just and suitable to their respective circumstances; and for the defence, protection, and security of the colonies, their militias, if properly regulated, as they earnestly desire, may immediately be done, would be fully sufficient, at least in time of peace; and in case of war, your faithful colonists will be ready and willing, as they ever have been when constitutionally required, to demonstrate their loyalty to your Majesty, by exerting their most strenuous efforts in granting supplies, and raising forces. Yielding to no British subjects in affectionate attachment to your Majesty's person, family, and government, we too deeply prize that privilege of expressing this attachment, by those proofs which are honorable to the prince who receives them, and to the people who give them, ever to resign it to any body of misrepres-

enters. Had we been permitted to enjoy in quiet the inheritance left us by our forefathers, we should at this time have been peacefully, cheerfully, and usefully employed in recommending ourselves by e-

very testimony of devotion to your Majesty, and of veneration to the state from which we derive our origin. But though now exposed to unexpected and unnatural scenes of distress, by a contention with that nation on whose parental guidance, on all important affairs, we have hitherto with filial reverence constantly trusted, and therefore can derive no instruction in our present unhappy and perplexing circumstances from any former experience, yet we doubt not the purity of our intention, and the integrity of our conduct, will justify us at that grand tribunal before which all mankind must submit to judgment.

We ask but for peace, liberty, and safety. We wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favour. Your royal authority over us, and our connexion with Great-Britain, we shall always carefully and zealously endeavour to support and maintain.

Filled with sentiments of duty to your Majesty, and of affection to our parent state, deeply impressed by our education, and strongly confirmed by our reason, and anxious to vindicate the sincerity of these dispositions, we present this petition only to obtain redress of grievances and relief from fears and jealousies, occasioned by the system of statutes and regulations adopted since the close of the late war, for raising a revenue in America, extending the powers of courts of Admiralty and Vice-admiralty; trying persons in Great-Britain for offences alledged to be committed in America, affecting the provinces of Massachusetts-Bay, and extending the limits of Québec; by the abolition of which system, the harmony between Great-Britain and these Colonies, so necessary to the happiness of both, and so ardently desired by the latter, and usual intercourse, will be immediately restored.

In the magnanimity and justice of your Majesty and Parliament we confide, for a redress of our other grievances; trusting, that when the causes of our apprehensions are removed, our future conduct will prove us not unworthy the regard we have been accustomed in our happier days to enjoy. For, appealing to that Being who thoroughly searches the hearts of his creatures, we solemnly profess, that our councils have been influenced by no other motive than a dread of impending destruction.

Permit us then, most gracious Sovereign, in the name of all your faithful people in America, with the utmost ha-

mility,

ability to improve you, for the honour of Almighty God, whose pure religion our nations are underlining; for your glory, which can be advanced only by rendering you subject happy, and keeping them united; for the interest of your family, depending on an adherence to the principles that enthroned it; for the safety and welfare of your kingdoms and dominions, threatened with almost unavoidable dangers and distresses; that your Majesty, as the loving father of your whole people, connected by the same sacred law, loyalty, faith and blood, though dwelling in various countries, will see fit the transcendent relation forming these ties to be farther solidated, in ungenial expectations of effects; that, if any other means can compensate for the calamities through which they must be passed.

Therefore we most earnestly beseech your Majesty, that your royal authority and interposition may be used for our relief, and that your gracious answer may be given to this petition.

That your Majesty may enjoy every blessing through a long and glorious reign as our loyal and happy subjects, and that your descendants may inherit your territories and dominions till time shall be no more, is, and always will be, our sense and fervent prayer.

Done at the City of New York, Dec. 14.

John Throp, who in June last sailed with a large sum of money, in company of Messrs. Curson and Seaton, merchants, of New-York, and which he never has delivered at Quebec, sailed from Newport about the first of the present month on board the Brig Gideon, Gideon Crawford, master, of this port, bound for London. Captain Crawford landed said Throp at Beachy, in England, and retained here from London in October last; but never saw the instruments for apprehending him till his return.

ANNAPOLIS, Dec. 14.
 The meeting of the deputies of the several Counties, many Resolutions were agreed into to the following purport.
 To encourage the breed of sheep, and promote the woollen manufacture. To increase the manufacture of linnen and cotton. That no less seed of the growth of the present year (1774) ought to be purchased for exportation. That no merchant ought to sell his goods whole sale for more than six one-half per cent. At small for cash for more than 150 per cent,

On credit for more than 150 per cent advance on the prime cost. That a Provincial meeting be held at Annapolis the 24 of April next.

Their resolutions conclude with a pathetic recommendation of union, duty to God, to our Country and to Posterity.

PHILADELPHIA.

We hear the letter of the General Congress, to the inhabitants of Canada, had met with a very general and high approbation throughout that country, where a translation of it hath been published.

The Honourable John Biddle, speaker of the Assembly, John Dickinson, Thomas Miffin, Joseph Galloway, John Morton and George Ross, Esquires; are appointed Deputies to represent this city at the ensuing Congress.

The Butchers in this City, and several other parts have entered into Association to observe the resolves of the general Congress respecting Ewes and Ewe Lambs.

December 28.

On Saturday last the GENERAL ASSEMBLY of this Province adjourned to the 20th of February next, during their sitting the following LAWS were passed, viz.

A SUPPLEMENT to the Act, intituled, "An Act for creating the North-west Part of Bucks into a separate County." An ACT to suppress the disorderly practice of firing Guns, &c. on times therein mentioned.

A SUPPLEMENT to the Act, intituled, "An Act for emitting the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds, in bills of credit, on loan, and providing a fund for the payment of public debts."

An ACT to prevent frauds in the packing and preserving Shad and Herring for exportation.

The Provincial Congress assembled at Cambridge town, recommends the increase of sheep; the raising hemp and flax; manufacturing nails, steel, iron, tin plates, locks and gunlocks, saltpetre and gun-powder; creasing paper-mills, and powder-mills; making glass, buttons, and salt; manufacturing horns, and wool-combers combs, and the using all American made wares.

The following is a list of the Squadron in North America, under the command of Admiral Graves.

| Ships, | Commanders, | Guns, | Men, |
|------------|-------------------|-------|---------|
| Preston, | W. Ad. Graves, | 50 | 300 |
| Someriset, | capt. J. Robinson | | |
| Asia, | E. Le. Gras | 68 | 520 |
| Boyn, | G. Vandepout, | 64 | 520 |
| Tartar, | B. Hartwell, | 64 | 520 |
| | E. Meadows, | 28 | 160 |
| | | | Mercury |

MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

| | | |
|-----------------------------|----|-----|
| Mercury, J. Macartney, | 24 | 130 |
| Glasgow, W. Malthy, | 24 | 130 |
| Rowey, G. Montague, | 24 | 130 |
| Lively, T. Bishop, | 20 | 130 |
| Scadborough, A. Barclay, | 20 | 130 |
| Rose, T. Wallace, | 20 | 130 |
| Tamar, R. Thornborough | 15 | 100 |
| Suzan, J. Ayfoough | 14 | 100 |
| King-Fisher, J. Montague, | 14 | 100 |
| Cramer, Tyngna Howe, | 8 | 60 |
| Savage, H. Bromidge, | 8 | 60 |
| Gasper, W. Hunter, | 6 | 30 |
| Schooner Diana, T. Graves, | 4 | 30 |
| Margdale, Lieut. Collins, | 4 | 30 |
| St. John, W. Grant | 4 | 30 |
| Halligan, J. Nunn, | 4 | 30 |
| Hope, G. Dawson, | 4 | 30 |
| Diligence, J. Knight, | 4 | 30 |
| Canoeaux, Lieut. S. Mowitt, | 4 | 49 |

Total, 302 3475

We are told, that the military and naval expenditures at the town of Boston, face the blocking up the harbour, amount to fifty thousand pounds stock every three months.

Care has been, and is now taking, that the goods imported into this place from London since the first instant, be disposed of agreeable to the Act of Parliament; and we hear that the principal importers very cheerfully acquiesce in the same.

At the election of officers of the American Philosophical Society, the following were chosen:

President: Dr. Benjamin Franklin.
Vice Presidents: Joseph Galloway, and Samuel Rhoads, Esqrs. and Dr. Thomas Reid.

Secretary: Dr. William Smith, Robert Stieffel Jones, Dr. Benjamin Rush, and Robert Wells.

Clerk: David Rittenhouse, Thomas Bond, James, and Dr. Duffield.

Registrar: Thomas Gougeon, Esq.
The General Assembly of New-York met on January 20. and that of New-Jersey on January 23.

The speeches of the different governors pathetically lament the present distressed state of affairs: Yet they breathe a spirit of mildness as well as tenderness, and give encouragement to hope that some happy method of accommodation may yet arise.
Jan. 26. The brig Endeavour, Capt. Caldwell, from this port for London, took fire on Monday night last, at Bevy Island, and was destroyed.

The ship Britannia, Dixon, from London is arrived in the river.

D. E. A. P. H. S.
Mrs. Deborah Franklin wife of Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

Miss Rebecca Dear, of this city.
Mr. James Felix, merchant, &c.
After a few days illness, Thomas Lawrence, Esq. Vintner-master, one of the Aldermen, and sometime Mayor of this city, which offices he filled with unsullied reputation.

At Boston, Gabriel Martin, Esq.
At his house in Haverdraw county, John Del Noyelles, member for Orange county.

At New York, Dr. Ogilvie, who has left benefactions to several charities.
At Portsmouth, Massachusetts Bay, Mrs. Lear, aged 103.

At his seat at Port-Down, in Hampshire, Peter Taylor Esq. member in the present Parliament for Portsmouth.

At Salem, New-Jersey, Edward Mose Quirk, a noted and hotly opposing Whig Wilks election at Brentford, and after being tried, was committed for another month at the same time.

CORRESPONDENCE

L. W.'s poetical piece in our next of the English House of Commons has already come to hand, but in order to give the whole complete in one Magazine, we judge it advisable to defer it till next month.

The Publisher returns A. A. many thanks for his friendly hints. But as he does not seem to have attended to our original proposal, if he will take the trouble to glance his eye over them again, he will there find, that, although we did not "Politick and Religion, as objects of Philosophical disquisition," we are determined to exclude controversy in general. The subject of PATRIOT KNOWLEDGE has been already exhausted by Lord Bolingbroke. HANMER will therefore exceed us far not in stating his favour.

WILL: WATTS'S piece about paper money, we must decline publishing at present, from prudential motives. But we shall be happy to his correspondence upon any subject that fall within the limits of our plan.

It would give us pleasure to insert the next signed Joyous, were they a little more accurate. We will show them to a judicious friend, and give them a few corrections, we shall be glad to oblige him.

R. R. is desired to call for his SATURN and to send someone of the same sort. Other favours received, and will be attended to.

The Prospect and Title-page, and a complete Index, will be given with the Supplement, at the end of the year.