

Royal American Magazine,



OR UNIVERSAL

Repository of Instruction and Amusement.

For JANUARY, 1774.

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With the following EMBELLISHMENTS, viz.

- No. I. A VIEW of the TOWN of BOSTON, with several Ships of War in the Harbour.
 No. II. THE THUNDER STORM, an affecting historical Piece, very neatly engraved.

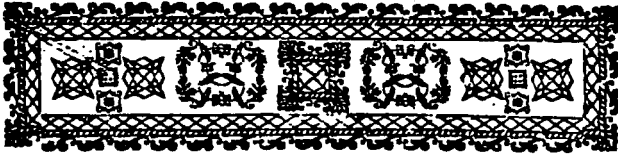
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T O T H E
S U B S C R I B E R S
F O R T H E
R O Y A L A M E R I C A N M A G A Z I N E .

AT length, generous Patrons, the long promised Royal AMERICAN MAGAZINE makes its appearance. The many materials, necessary to such a work, and the ship-wreck some of them suffered, have rendered the accomplishment of this first number much more difficult than the editor ever expected. New works, of whatever kind they may be, can hardly be expected to arrive at perfection on a sudden. All that was in his power, the Editor has this month presented you with, and hopes in the next number to entertain you with many more original pieces, as his correspondents have hardly realized the establishment of this vehicle to convey

convey their lucubrations to the public.

With the greatest assiduity and attention he will apply himself to the collection, selection and publication of every thing he conceives will tend to your profitable or pleasing entertainment ; and in nothing will esteem himself more happy, than in obtaining and securing your generous approbation.



THE ROYAL
AMERICAN MAGAZINE,

OR UNIVERSAL

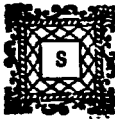
REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT :

For JANUARY, 1774.



To the EDITOR of the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,



INCE it is essentially necessary to the freedom and happiness of mankind, that *learning* should be universally dispersed, and since this cannot be done by *mere tradition*, in great favour to the world the use of LETTERS was introduced, but how and by what means the knowledge of letters was at first introduced is not generally known. A matter, therefore, of such transcendent advantage, may justly claim some curiosity as to its *original*, especially when the genuine antiquity of history so much depends on the knowledge of the date of this art. An enquiry of this sort may, with some propriety claim the first page in the first number of your *literary* entertainment, the American Magazine.

Some have imagined writing to be almost coeval with mankind, and rank it among the first inventions of *human sagacity*. The greatest number of Pagan authors, agree to ascribe it, not only to one nation, but to one man of that nation, even the *Egyptian Theuth* or *Mercury*.—*Saeboniathe*, largely describes the invention and propagation of this art, by and from this *Theuth*, and asserts that he was the very first that wrote records.

Plato affirms, that the first invention of letters was by *Theuth*; but that it was doubtful whether he was a god, or a man. *Diodorus Siculus* mentions the *Egyptian Mercury*, as the inventor of letters. *Cicero* and *Plutarch*, confirm the same opinion.—But now farther these Pagan hints may give us an opportunity to approach that *Myth* was

etc

the first person who had the knowledge of letters; and that he derived it from the two tables of stone, miraculously engraven by the finger of God.—This is not a new opinion; several ancient authors expressly affirm the same. *Eusebius* is cited by *Eusebius* for this purpose. *Artapanus*, another ancient writer, cited also by *Eusebius*, intimates that *Moses* imparted the knowledge of letters to the Egyptians, and that he was the *Mercator* who first taught the art of writing to that people.—*Clemens Alexandrinus*, takes notice that *Cadmus* first brought letters to Greece, so he had them from the *Phœnicians*, who being neighbours to the *Hebrews*, obtained them from thence. *Cyril of Alexandria*, takes notice, that as *Cadmus* first brought letters to Greece, so he had them from the *Phœnicians*, who being neighbours to the *Hebrews*, obtained them from thence.

The same *Cyril* insists upon this point, that *Moses* was the first who instructed the *Hebrews* in the art of writing; from whom other nations received it, and says *Clemens Alexandrinus* is of the same opinion. *St. Augustine* says, the *Hebrew* letters began from the law given to *Moses*.

And *Lactantius Placidius* observes, that it is the common opinion of both *Jews* and *Christians*, that *Moses* first gave letters to the *Hebrew* nation.

Supposing that the books of *Moses* are, though a very short, yet a good history of the times and countries to which he refers, there is no probability that the use of letters obtained before the flood. And as *Moses* records the first husbandman and shepherd, the first inventor of tests for cattle, of music and mettle work, one should think he would have mentioned the invention of writing had it been found out. There is no probability that there was any use of letters before the days of *Moses*, as writing is never mentioned on any occasion whatsoever, before the giving the law; and yet the mention of it is scarce ever omitted, on any proper occasion, after the giving the law, in the writings of the same author. This single conduct of so accurate an historian, cannot be accounted for, on any supposition but this, That writing was discovered about the time of giving the law. This subject may, probably, be continued in your next magazine.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

To the LITERATI of AMERICA.

THE dispensations of Providence, and the present aspect of the world, make it evident, that AMERICA will soon be the seat of science, and the grand theatre where human glory will be displayed in its brightest colours. The present age may lay a foundation for the shining improvements which shall adorn future periods, and thereby contribute to all the splendor and felicity which shall illumine this NEW WORLD through the successive eras of its duration. And as LANGUAGE, is the foundation of science, and medium of communication among mankind, it demands

our first attention, and ought to be cultivated with the greatest assiduity in every seminary of learning. The English language has been greatly improved in Britain within a century, but its highest perfection, with every other branch of human knowledge, is perhaps reserved for this LAND of light and freedom. As the people through this extensive country will speak English, their advantages for polishing their language will be great, and vastly superior to what the people in England ever enjoyed.

I beg leave to propose a plan for perfecting the English language in America,

America, through every future period of its existence; viz. That a society for this purpose should be formed, consisting of members in each university and seminary, who shall be styled, *Fellows of the American Society of Language*: That the society, when established, from time to time elect new members, and thereby be made perpetual. And that the society annually publish some observations upon the language, and from year to year, correct, enrich and refine it, until perfection stops their progress and ends their labour.

I conceive that such a society might easily be established, and that great advantages would thereby accrue to

science, and consequently America would make swifter advances to the summit of learning. It is perhaps impossible for us to form an idea of the perfection, the beauty, the grandeur, and sublimity, to which our language may arrive in the progress of time, passing through the improving tongues of our rising posterity; whose aspiring minds, fired by our example, and ardour for glory, may far surpass all the sons of science who have shone in past ages, and may light up the world with new ideas bright as the sun.

AN AMERICAN.

America, 1774.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Whatever you would that Men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

JESUS CHRIST.

IF this divine rule of righteousness was the universal rule of human conduct, the greatest calamities in life would be unknown, and the world would be a paradise of pleasure. The cries of the oppressed no more would be heard, and hated tyranny no more sully humanity. O JESUS! hasten the glorious days when this bright law of thine shall rule the mind of man!

Although it may not be proper for me to enter much into politics, I may plead for the laws of christianity and reason; I have beheld with high satisfaction the zeal and exertions of the American patriots in defence of their rights and liberties, and earnestly wish that HE who holds the universe in his hands may crown their efforts with everlasting success. But, unless we give that liberty to others, for which we contend, I cannot hope that the righteous Lord who loveth righteousness, will smile upon us, and give us the blessing of freedom. While we refuse to extend freedom to all our fellow men, our principles are narrow and corrupt, we regard iniquity in our hearts, and the

Lord will not hear us.—Freedom is the greatest blessing in this world, and therefore to deprive man of it, is the greatest injury we can do him; and must be a heinous sin in the sight of GOD.—All the attempts that have been made to justify tyranny and slavery, have been so many feeble efforts to oppose the great laws of nature and of God, and have served to show the weakness and wickedness of the human heart.

I have been informed, that the truly illustrious and patriotic House of Representatives in the Massachusetts province, have determined to put an end to all slavery in that free government, and to make freedom universal and equal to all mankind who may inhabit there.—This will immortalize their names, and all the sons and daughters of virtue through the world to all generations will rise up and call them blessed.—And these will be the brightest men for liberty through America, and a town that God will grant freedom to us and our children after us forever.

A CHRISTIAN.

America, January, 1774.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,
Your inserting the following extract of a Letter from Berkshire county, in this colony, and the Answer to it, in your Magazine, may possibly advantage some of your readers. Should this first effort be well received, you may probably again hear from your humble servant

FERNELIUS.

To Dr. ———.

DEAR SIR,

WE have had a disease among children in this neighbourhood which has bade defiance to mine and my brethren's skill, which I shall attempt to describe to you, and beg your sentiments thereon. It seizes children of about three or four years old—they appear drooping for two or three days with the symptoms of a bad cold, a hoarse dry cough, a slight fever—this stage commonly passes unnoticed with regard to calling in medical assistance—the next stage is more alarming and advice commonly called for in it, but often in vain. The fever now encreases—respiration proves more laborious and hollow—the cough hoarse and dry, and in some cases there seems to be a collection of phlegm on the trachea.

—These symptoms sometimes abate after active emetics, vesicatories, diluters, &c. and the patient appears as if on the recovery; But in less than twenty-four hours the disorder returns with renewed violence and in defiance of any method I have fallen upon, carries off the victim in a like space, of time. Doubtless, Sir, in your extensive practice you have seen cases similar to what I have endeavoured to describe, and I confide that your clearness of judgment and penetration into the causes of diseases will enable you to throw light on the present malady. It appears to me to be between what is called a Catarrhus suffocativus and a *suffocatio Stridula*: The respiration is more like what is described in the latter.

The ANSWER.

I HAVE read and weighed the description you have given of the *Suffocatio Stridula*, which unfortunately prevails among the children in your neighbourhood. I consider all these affections, even up to the most malignant sore throat, as differing only in degrees and circumstances, and owing materially to an acrid and inspissated lymph. This matter every one knows is obstructing, corroding and stimulating enough, and hence capable of producing fever, which dries up the fauces immediately. Whenever the lymph degenerates so far as to become highly corrosive, mortifications take place, and death speedily ensues.

My practice on all these occasions is very simple. I first set out with puking, perhaps with Ipecacuan wine, adding always a grain of turpeth mineral. If the stridulation be instant and violent, mix a grain or two of turpeth with honey, and often touch

the tongue and fauces, down to the pharynx with the composition. This is repeated occasionally till the salivary ducts are opened and yield a free discharge; for on this solely depends recovery.

Dr. Ogden's notion of giving calomel in small doses, incorporated in Venice treacle, is certainly well founded. An anodyne, diaphoretic and alexipharmic addition to the mercury, must retain it at least from passing off by the bowels, and the sooner a gentle salivation is obtained in all these disorders, even locked jaw and hydrophobia, the safer is the patient. During the whole of the cure, the bowels are to be kept gently open, and an infusion of the bark in fair water, given very freely as speedily as may be. Bark and mercury given in proper quantities, are the principal substances in the whole *materia medica*, to turn a sharp ichorous humour into a well digested one. For.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY.

The thinking few, the Laws of Heaven obey,
And find their joys the Vulgar never know.

IT has been observed, that the more riches increase in wealth and the happiness of life, the less the inhabitants are disposed to obey the laws of Reason, Nature and Heaven, by entering into that SOCIAL UNION, which the beneficent Creator instituted for the happiness of Man, and which is at once the greatest ornament and blessing to human society. This truth, has been experienced by the wise observers of mankind in all ages, and in proportion to the increase of learning, politeness and virtue, in every nation the importance of matrimony to the public welfare has appeared; and without this virtuous union, there cannot be prosperity and happiness in a community, or among individuals. The busy mind of man is unhappy when not employed, and his felicity consists in noble pursuits, therefore it is that this social union is so essential to human happiness. This collects a man's views to a proper centre, calls in his wandering affections, animates him to new exertions for the welfare of the little circle with which he is more intimately connected; his new relations, being sensible of their dependence on him, will with grateful smiles make those returns of gratitude, which cheer and delight the human mind. Thus, by pursuing their welfare, he promotes his own, and by giving pleasure he receives it back a-

gain with increase. By this endearing intercourse of friendship and communication of pleasure, the tender feelings and soft passions of the soul are awakened with all the ardour of love and benevolence, which are the source of the most sublime and transporting joys below the blissful regions of immortality!—In this happy state, man feels a growing attachment to human nature, and love to his country; his sphere of attraction enlarges, and his joys increase like a fountain fed with innumerable streams. The chilling winter of age is warm and smiling in the view of a numerous offspring, and his declining sun is brightened by the dawning rays of posterity: their filial affection sweetens the evening of life, and kindles new vigour in the expiring mind.—The rapture may extend to the future world, and his joys rise to see the empyrean realms people from age to age by beings descended from him, and formed to virtue by his example, which shines as a perpetual star to lead them to the mansions above.

"O Marriage! happy, calm, soft state,
"Lac debauchees and drunkards, from thy
"rise,
"Who in their senseless thoughts and idle
"prophane
"Both thee, and heaven, by whom thou
"well obtain'd."

L.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

"The Virgin having read the Page o'er,
Pensive, and recollects her mental store;
And charm'd with Truths substantial and refin'd,
Exults the wise Instructions on her Mind."

NOBLE and enlightened minds, with the sun-shine of learning; that have ever lamented that so even in those countries where she shines with her brightest beams, many shall a part of mankind were blest pass

pass through life without one ray to light them on their journey. Painful is the thought, that the finest part of human nature (at first double refined by the creating hand) should so often be neglected, and, wanting the polish of education, lose half its lustre.—How many female minds, rich with native genius and noble sentiments, have been lost to the world, and all their mental treasures buried in oblivion?—Like the India ship freighted with diamonds, which never reached the port for want of a pilot, is many a fair one's fate.

The hours which run to waste in the flowery days of youth, if spent to improve the mind, would furnish it with learning sufficient to adorn every department of life. The human mind was made for improvement, and "knowledge is sweet to the soul," which, joined with the shining advantages that result from it, ought to

be a powerful incentive to acquire what is so ornamental, and necessary to human happiness. Learning brightens the day of life, and gives vigour to its declining sun. And when *Mas* shall consider the *Female Mind* as the first object under the sun upon which he should bestow his wisdom to improve, then will the halcyon days dawn, and human nature appear in its highest beauty and perfection.

Another weighty motive to induce the fair sex to acquire an education, is the advantage it will be to those who are under their care, and as persons live in their heirs, their learning and virtues may survive in posterity and shine with improvement, as the declining sun sets to rise more fair.

"From th' lofty summit of her Mind looks down,
"Rich without Gold, and great without
renown."

CLIO.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The ADDRESS of AMERICA'S GENIUS, to the PEOPLE in the AMERICAN WORLD.

"Roof up your power, and exalt your mind."

AMERICA blossoms as the expanding rose, and rises like the towering cedar; every morning sun views her increased fame, and each new day extends her domain and adds new glories to her crown.—Here the streams of wealth, the beams of science, the stars of wisdom, the light of virtue, and the sun of liberty, will all unite their rays, and form the sublime circle of human splendor and felicity.—

AMERICANS! Look eastward, and westward, northward and southward—the stores of nature, and the blessings of the universe, are ready to pour into your happy land.—The friendly ocean flows round you, and your countless ports are open to the four winds of Heaven.—The inspiring voice of LIBERTY echoes from province to province, and her ani-

ating spirit kindles from the city to the country, and flashes like lightning through the distant regions of your vast Continent. The time is coming, when the knave of empires and splendid kingdoms will bow to your greatness and supplicate favour of your liberal and peerless Majesty.—Go on my SONS; in the ways of virtue and religion, and you shall be the glory and the astonishment of the whole earth.—The name of AMERICAN, will carry honour and majesty in the sound—and men will esteem it a blessing to wear the venerable and commanding file.

HARVARD, with her sister SEMINARIES, will bloom with bright laurels of literature, and their shining SONS write something new on each hour as it flies—And brighten every page of revolving time with the PA-

RIOTS.

TRAITOR'S glorious deeds! The wings of Fame will bear their immortal names round the globe—kindle the spirit of freedom from pole to pole, and rouse up a world of Slaves!

Hark! ye Immortals! who inhabit other worlds, stand still, and with new kindled rapture, hear the glory of AMERICA.

'Fame clips her wings and sounds it to the skies.'

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Against IDOLATRY and BLASPHEMY.

IT has long been matter of astonishment that *Protestant Christians*, should practice *idolatry* and *blasphemy*—which I think they have often done, even in the British nation, in their addresses to their Kings and Queens. Such epithets as these, *Most gracious Sovereign—Most excellent Majesty*—can justly be applied to none but God; and therefore, applying them to men, is idolatry, for it is paying *divine* honour to mortals; and it is blasphemy, as giving *divine* honour to men, is speaking against God, by exalting men above him. This is evident; for if a man, is the *most gracious* and *most excellent* King, he is above all beings; and such pro-

fane epithets exalt mortal man 'above all that is called God.'

We easily see the folly and wickedness of the Roman catholics, in paying divine honours to a vain empty *Pope*, and are ready to censure them for their stupid profanity; but are not Protestants, and Englishmen, in some degree *guilty* of the same guilt?—If any of the Americans, have in time past incautiously fallen into this sin, I hope they will guard against it in future; and while they pay honour to whom honour is due, among men, they will pay *supreme honour* to none but the SUPREME. A CHRISTIAN.

January, 1774.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The BIBLE is the BOOK of KNOWLEDGE.

IT is observed by travellers, that no people in the world read the Bible so much as the inhabitants of New-England; and that they are in general far superior to the people of other countries in knowledge. The former observation naturally accounts for the latter; the Bible came from the fountain of wisdom, and therefore is a compendium of all knowledge, consequently they who study it with a good disposition and proper attention, will thereby gain spiritual and political wisdom. Whoever wishes well to mankind will promote the study of the Bible, for this will form the statesman as well as the divine; this opens a boundless field of knowledge, enlarges, animates and exalts the human mind; it at once forms the christian and the friend to liberty.—But an angel's pen will fail to dis-

play the advantages of a temporal, as well as spiritual nature, which flow from this divine spring of knowledge.

I observe with pleasure, that the public reading of the scriptures in the religious assemblies in country towns, is more generally practised than it was some years ago; and I ardently wish, for many important reasons, that it may become universal. It is doing honour to the word of God to read it in public, and set a pious example; it teaches the ignorant how to read the difficult passages with propriety; and as it requires so little time to read a chapter before sermon, and the advantages are so numerous and great, I hope no assembly who meet to worship God will omit to read his word.

A PIOUS

12 THE ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE,

To the EDITOR of the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Boston, January 13, 1774.

If the following attempt to a plain and familiar narrative be thought worth inserting in the American Magazine, you may bear occasionally from,
Your most humble servant,

BARNARD ROMANS.

THE growing importance of these flourishing northern colonies to themselves, and to the whole of America and Europe, induces me to think that by all means they ought to find new ways to save their money at home and not to export any, if possible.

For this end one of the most considerable means appears to me to be an introduction of NEW ARTICLES OF AGRICULTURE. I mean such as are now cultivated abroad, and which we are absolutely obliged to import and pay our cash for.

One not the least among these is INDIGO.

To make what I judge to be a very moderate computation of the consumption of that article in this province, I would say there are 123 represented towns in this province,

the unrepresented ones are by no means less than ———— 100

Each town on an average, I am sure, contains no less than one hundred and forty families, which makes 33240 families who consume, one with another, one pound † weight annually; which, at four shillings and sixpence per pound is ————

234151
dollars.

This, I hope, must be allowed a low estimate, and the article demands cash.

• The counties of Nantucket and Lincoln send each but one representative, and the last has at least 25 towns in it.

† One gentleman in this town told me he had last year disposed of 16000 pounds weight, in a very short time.

This plant every farmer might cultivate here, as he does many other seemingly insignificant ones for his own use.

This article is now raised chiefly in Carolina, Georgia, and West Florida, and is cut there three times in a year. The culture is easy, and one cutting at least might be obtained in this province. For supposing it to be planted about the 24th of May, a frost when all danger of frost is generally past, it will grow fit for manufacturing within the first four or five days of July, and its seed will ripen before the end of that month.

Its cultivation requires a piece of middling rich, loose soil, reduced into a fine garden mould, the seed must be sown in drills, and care must be taken to keep it very clean by hoeing the whole time of its growth. The criterion whereby to know when it is fit for steeping is when it is in full bloom, and before the leaves grow rigid or hard; if it stands too long it will give less in quantity, as well as of a worse quality. To try to get a second crop it ought not to be cut in dry weather.

When cut it ought to be tied into bundles, of the size of a small head of oam loosely fastened; afterwards put into a vessel (similar to those in which dye is drawn from skins) with a cock near the bottom, here water must be let on, just enough to cover them, and according to the heat of the weather, maturity of the plant or some other circumstances, it will begin (sometimes in 8 or 10, at other times not till 18 or 20 hours) to ferment; when the liquor grows hot, throws up a froth, thickens and begins to be of a violet blue colour, care must

must be had not to let the fermentation go on beyond this crisis.

The liquor must now be drawn off into a large churn, and then churned like milk, till the dying particles are separated, a good deal of mucus is to be observed in regard to this part of the business, for if you heat it less than necessary, part of the dying steam remains dissolved in the liquor, and if it be heat too long, part will again dissolve. To know the time, take up some of the liquor in a phial, and observe if it is inclined to let fall its sediment. Experience must teach the knowledge of this criterion. In it consists the secret of the art. In the English colonies Lime is used to hasten the separation; this hardens and spoils Indigo. The French use none.

After this churning it must remain to settle entirely, and a cock being introduced, just above the sediment, and the water drawn off which is good for nothing; the sediment must be put into linen bags; these must be hung up in the shade till entirely drained; it will then be reduced to a paste; this paste is to be spread on a board in the shade also, where when it is nearly as dry as clay fit to form into bricks, it must be cut into squares by a thin broad-bladed knife; these being left to dry in the shade is the Indigo as it comes to market.

To obtain the seed I would advise to send to the Mississippi, from whence Carolina, and even Hispaniola, for some time past have had their best seed in great quantities. Last winter the price was about ten dollars a barrel, two dollars and a half per bushel. The vessel I came in from Mississippi, had above six hundred casks on board, and this, if arrived in Charlestown in March, would have been the most profitable article, by far of any we had with us, but we unluckily over-set at sea. The white seed has been till lately mistaken for unripe and unfit to sow; but the truth is, that this was originally brought from Guatimala, and is the best kind. Was some imported here, and sown the first year; it ought to be sutured to

ripen into seed, which feed will prove more hardy. If an unfavorable season should interfere, the seed will remain good for three years.

As a hint, if some merchant should have a vessel in the Mississippi in the beginning of January, and buy Indigo seed, if it could arrive about the latter end of February in Savannah, or in Charlestown with 800 or 1000 barrels, he would find a very pretty return for his voyage.

The people of this province having an awkward and troublesome process of dying; I have subjoined the common way to dye Woollen blue in Europe.

Indigo, Pot or Pearl-Ash will dissolve in water.

DISSOLVE the Pot or Pearl-Ash, and in the solution digest the Indigo, with a gentle heat, a shining copper coloured-skin, will soon cover the surface; when stirred a large blue froth will rise, and the liquid below will appear of a deep green.

Woollen, yarn or cloth, wants no other preparation than moistening with warm water; then dip it in this hot liquor, it comes out a good green, and will almost instantly change into a fine blue by being exposed to air.

To print on Linen or Cotton.

TAKE the blue kind of Indigo, copper colour is not so good for this.

Indigo, — — — 2 parts,
Pearl Ashes, — — 1 part,
Green Vitriol, — — 3 parts,
New slacked Lime, — 2 parts.

DILUTE the Indigo with water into the consistence of syrup, then add the other ingredients, and occasionally as much water as will bring it to the consistence of thin paint, mixing the whole thoroughly, and stir it every now and then, till it gains a copper colour on the surface.

To dye tanned Skins of a durable blue.

TAKE six pounds of water to one pound of Indigo; in this dilute and boil the composition for Linen, the leather dypt in it hot or cold will acquire a lasting blue colour.

From the LONDON MAGAZINE, for October, 1773.

The O L D M A N.

From GESNER.

HOW Jovely are the sun-beams of the morn, that 'twixt the hazels and the prickly wild-rose, play on my window! How blithe the Swallow twitters on the scattings of my roof! How sweetly sings the lark, the soaring Lark! All nature's wide awake, and every plant inhales fresh vigour from th' enlivening dew. Even I seem young again. — My staff shall aid me to the open air. There on my threshold will I sit me down; there face the rising sun, and view the verdant prospect. — How beautiful is every thing I see. — All that I hear is harmony and praise. The birds in air, the shepherds on the plain, their cheerful ditties sing; the lowing herds around, on fertile hill or watery dale, still as they, grass proclaim their generous joy; aloud exulting. Oh! how long, ye gods, how long shall I remain a living witness of your bounty? Full ninety years already have I seen the varied seasons in their course return; and when revolving o'er my former days back to the hour that gave me birth, delightful retrospect! whose distant bounds yet fade upon the sight. — O then with what emotion glows my heart! The unutterable transports that I feel, my tears of grateful joy, ye gracious gods, are these not thanks too poor for all your goodness? Ah, flow my tears, flow down my aged cheeks — When I review the past scenes of my life, I seem to have lived a long, long summer's day; my gloomy moments but as transient showers, that cheer the plants, and fertilize the plains. No sickness e'er hath visited my flocks, no blight my trees, nor hath misfortune dwelt beneath my cottage.

How delightful was my future prospect, when in their infancy my playful children smiled in my arms, or hung upon my hand! I roud of

those tender shoots, and looking forward to their future growth, mine eyes shed tears of joy. "I will defend them, (said I) from sinister accidents; I will watch over them as they grow up to maturity. The gods will second my efforts, and these young plants shall be fruitful. They shall become spreading trees, and mine age find repose under their cool refreshing shade." Thus as I spoke, I clasp'd them in my arms, and pressed them to my breast. And now, the gods have bless'd them, lo! I find beneath their shade that cool delicious shelter I foretold. Thus have I seen these pear-trees flourish, these silbert stuns, and the rich apple-trees, that in my youth I planted round this cottage. Now do they spread their shady boughs, and yield a pleasant shelter to my hut.

The greatest stroke misfortune e'er gave, was that that I felt when my dear Mirta, leaning on my breast, expired within my arms. Twelve times the spring hath strewn thy grave with flowers. But now the day, the happy day's at hand, when near to thine my bones must mouldring lye. Perhaps this very night may prove my last.

O with what pleasure do I behold my grey beard waving on my breast, and witnessing the goodness of the gods! Ye little zephyrs, sport in the silver hairs that from my chin descend: ah! not less fair than are the locks of youth, or those that flow in brown and shining curls on the white necks of blooming maids.

Be this a day of gratitude and joy! I'll call my children round me; all shall come, my little lisping grand-child too; and here I'll sacrifice unto the gods. Their altar at my threshold shall be placed, and, with my heavy temples crown'd with flowers, my feeble hands shall once more strike

the lyre; whilst all in concert join
to sing their praise. Then, strew
my table with the choicest flowers,
we'll eat the victim and express our
joy. Thus spoke Palmon; then
rising up, and leaning on his staff, he
call'd his children round him; in the
midst the good old man making a
feast, in honour to the gods.

Still evening came; and now Pa-
lmon, fill'd with a sacred preface,
thus address'd his children: "Come
let us go and visit Mirra's tomb,

there sprinkle wine and honey all
around, and end our feast in hymns."
They repaired together to Mirra's
grave, where the good old shepherd
embracing them, in a sacred ecstasy,
was, in the midst of their embraces,
converted into a cypress, whose mourn-
ful boughs shade Mirra's grave.

The silent moon stood still to see
the scene; and all that sit beneath
that cypress shade feel holy tran-
spore, while their eyes o'erflow with
pious tears.

Of the HISTORY of LITERATURE.

From Dr. FERGUSON'S HISTORY of CIVIL SOCIETY.

WE are apt to consider arts as
foreign and adventitious to
the nature of man: But there is no
art that did not find its occasion in
human life; and that was not, in
some one or other of the situations in
which our species is found, suggested
as a means for the attainment of
some useful end. The mechanic
and commercial arts took their rise
from the love of property, and were
encouraged by the prospects of safety
and of gain: The literary and li-
beral arts took their rise from the un-
derstanding, the fancy, and the heart.
They are mere exercises of the mind
in search of its peculiar pleasures
and occupations; and are promoted
by circumstances that seize the mind
to enjoy itself.

Men are equally engaged by the
past, the present, and the future,
and are prepared for every occu-
pation: that gives scope to their
powers. Productions, therefore,
whether of narration, fiction, or rea-
soning, that tend to employ the ima-
gination, or move the heart, continue
for ages a subject of attention, and a
source of delight. The memory of
human transactions being preserved
in tradition or writing, is the natu-
ral gratification of a passion that con-
sists of curiosity, admiration, and the
love of amusement.

Before many books are written,
and before science is greatly advanced,

the productions of mere genius are
sometimes complete: The performer
requires not the aid of learning
where his description or story relates
to heat and contiguous objects;
where it relates to the conduct and
characters of men with whom he
himself has acted, and in whose oc-
cupations and fortune he himself has
borne a part.

With this advantage, the poet is
the first to offer the fruits of his geni-
us, and to lead in the career of these
arts by which the mind is destined to
exhibit its imaginations, and to ex-
press its passions. Every tribe of
barbarians have their passionate or
historic rhymes, which contain the
superstitions, the enthusiasm, and the
admiration of glory, with which the
breasts of men, in the earliest state
of society, are possessed. They de-
light in verse compositions, either
because the cadence of numbers is
natural to the language of sentiment,
or because, not having the advan-
tage of writing, they are obliged to
bring the ear in aid of the memory,
in order to facilitate the repetition,
and insure the preservation of their
works.

When we attend to the language
which savages employ on any solemn
occasion, it appears that man is a
poet by nature. Whether at first
obliged by the mere defects of his
tongue, and the scantiness of proper
expressions.

impressions, or seduced by a pleasure of the fancy in fixing the analogy of its objects, he clothes every conception in language and metaphor. "We have planted the tree of peace, says an American orator; we have buried the war under its roots: We will henceforth repose under its shade; we will join to brighten the chain that binds our nations together." Such are the collections of metaphor which those nations employ in their public harangues. They have likewise already adopted those lively figures, and that daring freedom of language, which the learned have afterwards found to well fitted to express the rapid traditions of the imagination, and the ardours of a passionate mind.

If we are required to explain, how men could be poets or orators, before they were aided by the learning of the scholar and the critic? We may inquire, in our turn, how bodies could fall by their weight, before the laws of gravitation were recorded in books? Mind, as well as body, has laws, which are exemplified in the practice of men, and which the critic collects only after the example has shewn what they are.

Occasioned, probably, by the physical conception we have mentioned, between the emotions of a heated imagination, and the impressions received from music and pathetic sounds, every tale among rude nations is repeated in verse, and is made to take the form of a song. The early history of all nations is uniform in this particular. Priests, statesmen, and philosophers, in the first ages of Greece, delivered their instructions in poetry, and mixed with the dealers in music and heroic fable.

It is not so surprising, however, that poetry should be the first species of composition in every nation, as it is, that a style apparently so difficult, and so far removed from ordinary use, should be almost as universally the first to attain its maturity. The most admired of all poets lived be-

hind the reach of history, almost of tradition. The earliest songs of the savage, the heroic legends of the bard, have sometimes a magnificent beauty, which no change of language can improve; and no refinements of the critic reform.

Under the supposed disadvantage of a limited knowledge, and a rude apprehension, the simple poet has impressions that more than compensate the defects of his skill. The best subjects of poetry, the characters of the violent and the brave, the generous and the intrepid, great dangers, trials of fortitude and fidelity, are exhibited within his view, or are delivered in traditions, which animate like truth, because they are equally believed. He is not engaged, in recalling, like Virgil or Tasso, the sentiments or scenery of an epic poem from his own: He needs not be told by the critic, to recollect what another would have thought, or in what manner another would have expressed his conceptions. The simple passions, friendship, resentment, and love, are the movements of his own mind, and he has no occasion to copy. Simple and vehement in his conceptions and feelings, he knows no diversity of thought, or of style, to mislead or to exercise his judgment. He delivers the emotions of the heart in words suggested by the heart: For he knows no other. And hence it is, that while we admire the judgment and invention of Virgil, and of other later poets, these terms appear misapplied to Homer. Though intelligent, as well as sublime, in his conceptions, we cannot anticipate the lights of his understanding, nor the movements of his heart: He appears to speak from inspiration, not from invention; and to be guided in the choice of his thoughts and expressions by a supernatural instinct, not by reflection.

The language of early ages, in one respect, simple and confined; in another, it is varied and free: It allows liberties, which, to the poet of after-times, are denied.

In rude ages men are not separated by distinctions of rank, or profession. They live in one manner, and speak the dialect. The hard is not to shut his expression among the vulgar accents of different conditions. He that will to guard his language from the vulgar spots of the mechanic, the peasant, the scholar, or the tradesman, in order to find the elegant propriety and just elevation, which is far from the vulgar of one class, the poetic of the second, or the dignified of the third. The name of the third, and of every feminine, is false; and if his conception has the dignity of nature, his expression will have a purity which does not depend on his choice.

With this apparent confinement in the choice of his words, he is at liberty to break through the ordinary modes of construction; and in the form of a language not established by rules, may find for himself a cadence agreeable to the tone of his mind. The liberty he takes, while his meaning is striking, and his language is raised, appears an improvement, not a trespass on grammar. He delivers a style to the ages that follow, and becomes a model from which his posterity may judge.

But whatever may be the early disposition of mankind to poetry, or the advantages they possess in cultivating this species of literature; whether the early maturity of poetical compositions arise from their being the first studied; or from their having a charm to engage persons of the liveliest genius, who are best qualified to improve the eloquence of their native tongue; it is a remarkable fact, that, not only in countries where every vein of composition was original, and was opened in the order of natural succession; but even at Rome, and in modern Europe, where the learned began early to practise on foreign models, we have poets of every nation, who are perused with pleasure, while the prose-writers of the same ages are neglected.

As Sophocles and Euripides preceded the historians and moralists of Greece, so only Nævius and Ennius, who wrote the Roman history in verse, but Lucilius, Plautus, Terence, and we may add Lucretius, were prior to Cicero, Gallus, or Cæsar. Dante and Petrarch went before any good prose-writer in Italy; Corneille and Racine brought on the fine age of prose composition in France; and we had in England, not only Chaucer and Spenser, but Shakspeare and Milton, while our attempts in history or science were yet in their infancy; and deserve our attention, only for the sake of the matter they treat.

Hyllanicus, who is reckoned among the first prose-writers in Greece, and who immediately preceded, or was the contemporary of Herodotus, set out with declaring his intention to remove from history the wild representations, and extravagant fictions, with which it had been disgraced by the poets. The want of records or authorities, relating to any distant transactions, may have hindered him as it did his immediate successor, from giving truth all the advantage it might have reaped from this transaction to prose. There are, however, ages in the progress of society, when such a proposition must be favourably received. When men become occupied on the subjects of policy, or commercial arts, they wish to be informed and instructed, as well as moved. They are interested by what was real in past transactions. They build on this foundation, the reflections and reasonings they apply to present affairs, and wish to receive information on the subject of different pursuits, and of projects in which they begin to be engaged. The manners of men, the practice of ordinary life, and the form of society furnish their subjects to the moral and political writer. Mere ingenuity, justness of sentiment, and correct representation, though conveyed in ordinary language, are understood to constitute literary merit, and by applying to reason more than to the imagination

imagination and passions, meet with a reception that is due to the instruction they bring.

The talents of men come to be employed in a variety of affairs, and their enquiries directed to different subjects. Knowledge is important in every department of civil society, and requisite to the practice of every art. The science of nature, morals, politics, and history, find their several admirers; and even poetry itself, which retains its former station in the region of warm imagination and romantic passion, appears in a growing variety of forms.

Masters have proceeded so far, without the aid of foreign examples, or the direction of schools. The art of Theopis was changed into a theatre, not to gratify the learned, but to please the Athenian populace: And the prize of poetical merit was decided by this populace equally before and after the invention of rules. The Greeks were unacquainted with every language but their own; and if they became learned, it was only by studying what they themselves had produced; the childish mythology, which they are said to have copied from Asia, was equally of little avail in promoting their love of art, or their success in the practice of them.

When the historian is struck with the events he has witnessed, or heard; when he is excited to relate them by his reflections or his passions; when the statesman, who is required to speak in public, is obliged to prepare for every remarkable appearance in studied harangues; when conversation becomes extensive and refined; and when the social feelings and reflections of men are committed to writing, a system of learning may arise from the bustle of an active life. Society itself is the school, and its lessons are delivered in the practice of real affairs. An author writes from observations he has made on his subject, not from the suggestion of books; and every production carries the mark of his character as a man, not

of his mere proficiency as a student or scholar. It may be made a question, whether the benefits of seeking for distant models, and of waiting for instruction, through dark influences and languages unknown, might not have quenched his fire, and rendered him a writer of a very inferior class.

If society may thus be considered as a school for talents, it is probable that its lessons are varied in every separate state, and in every age. For a certain period, the severe applications of the Roman people to policy and war suppressed the literary art, and appear to have stifled the genius even of the historians and the poet. The institutions of Sparta gave a professed contempt for whatever was not connected with the practical virtues of a vigorous and valiant spirit: The charms of imagination, and the parade of language, were by this people classed with the arts of the cook and the perfumer. Their songs in praise of fortitude are mentioned by some writers, and collections of their witty sayings and repartees are still preserved: They indicate the virtues and the abilities of an active people, but their proficiency in science or literary taste. Possessed of what was essential to happiness in the virtues of the heart, they had a disengagement of its value, unembarrassed by the numberless objects on which mankind in general are so much at a loss to adjust their esteem: Fixed in their own apprehension, they turned a sharp edge on the follies of mankind. "When will you begin to practice it?" was the question of a Spartan to a person who, in an advanced age of life, was still occupied with questions on the nature of virtue.

While this people confined their studies to one question, how to improve and to preserve the courage and the disinterested affections of the human heart? Their rivals the Athenians gave a scope to refinement on every object of reflection or passion. By the rewards, either of pro-

of reputation, which they bestowed on every effort of industry, displayed in ministering to the pleasure, the discretion, or the convenience of His; by the variety of conditions in which their cities as were placed; by their inequalities of fortune, and the several pursuits in war, politics, commerce, and lucrative arts they awakened whatever was either good or bad in the natural dispositions of men. Every road to excellence was opened: Eloquence, fortitude, military skill, envy, detraction, faction, and treason, even the muse herself, was courted to her importance among a busy, acute, and turbulent people.

From this example, we may safely conclude, that, although business is sometimes a rival to study, retirement and leisure are not the principal requisites to the improvement of genius, nor even to the exertion of literary talents. The most striking exertions of imagination and sentiment have a reference to mankind: They are excited by the presence and intercourse of men: They have most vigour when actuated in the mind by the operation of its principal springs, by the emulation, the friendships, and the oppositions, which subsist among a forward and aspiring people. Amidst the great occasions which put a free, and even a licentious, society in motion, its members become capable of every exertion, and the same scenes which gave employment to Themistocles and Thrasylbulus; inspired by contagion, the genius of Sophocles and Plato. The petulant and the ingenious find an equal scope to their talents; and literary monuments become the repositories of envy and folly, as well as of wisdom and virtue.

Greece, divided into many little states; and agitated, beyond any spot on the globe, by domestic contentions and foreign wars, set the example in every species of literature. The fire was communicated to Rome; not when the state ceased to be warlike;

and had discontinued her political agitations, but when she mixed the love of retirement and of pleasure with her national pursuits, and introduced an indolence of study in the midst of ferment, occasioned by the wars and pretensions of opposite factions. It was revived in modern Europe among the turbulent states of Italy, and spread to the North, together with the spirit which shook the fabric of the Gothic policy: It rose while men were divided into parties, under civil or religious denominations, and when they stood at variance on subjects held the most important and sacred.

We may be satisfied, from the example of many ages, that liberal endowments bestowed on learned societies; and the leisure with which they were furnished for study, are not the likeliest means to excite the exertions of genius: Even science itself, the supposed offspring of leisure, pined in the shade of monastic retirement. Men at a distance from the objects of useful knowledge, untouched by the motives that animate an active and a vigorous mind, could produce only the jargon of a technical language, and accumulate the impotence of academical forms.

To speak or to write justly from an observation of nature, is necessary to have felt the sentiments of nature. He who is penetrating and ardent in the conduct of life, will probably exert a proportional force and ingenuity in the exercise of his literary talents; and although writing may become a trade, and require all the application and study which are bestowed on any other calling; yet the principal requisites in this calling are, the spirit and sensibility of a vigorous mind.

In one period, the school may take its light and direction from active life; in another, it is true, the remains of an active spirit are greatly supported by literary monuments, and by the history of transactions that preserve the examples and the experience

experience of former and of better times. But in whatever manner men are formed for great efforts of education or conduct, it appears the most pleasing of all other deceptions, to suppose the accomplishments of a

human character in the mere attainment of greatness, while the great part of the qualities of fortitude and public utility, which are necessary to render our knowledge an article of happiness or of use.

From the LADY'S MAGAZINE, for October 1775.

ADVICE to the LADY.

LOVELY creature! take well this advice, formed to wipe off blemishes in your conduct; some of which are rather the fault of your situation in the world, and your education, than your natural disposition.

If you would be truly valuable, estimate not your lives times according to your money and lands, but on the grade of your passions and minds.

Read a little more; read divinity, morality, history, innocent poetry, and the stories of prudent, generous love.

You dress well, and have the best air and mien; be as polite in your language as in your dress; and learn to write a stile, I mean, to be able to write on all occasions, not as scholars, but as gentlewomen.

As you are ingenious, a little application forms you good housewives,

but to improve the beauty of the mind and carriage will cost you more; blend both accomplishments together, and do not, as some, be mates and fixtures in company, nor, as others, personal terms.

No longer be won by faces, with braided heads to them, or like lockings with run-away tangles like beneath them. Neither mistake a low bow for pure good manners; nor a powdered, nurtured head with a long tail for gentility; nor forced smiles for an visage; nor servile cringing for true love; nor a smooth tongue for good sense.

Above all do not mistake wit for wisdom; and cast a benign and tender eye on him who has ready, manly virtue, and prudence in his conduct, and give him hopes of succeeding in heart, and in success.

From the LONDON MAGAZINE, for October 1775.

The POWER of MONEY.

MONEY, with more than vulgar power, protects its votaries from insults and oppressions: it silences the enraged accuser, and searches the sword from the hand of justice. Towns and cities like *Feride*, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it: it has stopped the mouths of cannons, and more surprising still of faction and murder. It has thrown a sort of glory about the globe and opaque skulls of mercenary magist'ers; it has imparted a dread and reverence, the ensigns of authority; and strange — passing strange, to say it has made youth and

beauty fly to the arms of aged impotence; it gives charms to deformity and detestation, transforms *Homes* into *Manis*, and the *God of Love* into a *Sisy*. It has built bridges without foundation, formed libraries without books, hospitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned conscience into a Devil, honour into a pimp, courage into a modern officer, and honesty into a stock-jobber. — There is nothing wonderful it has not effected — except making us wife, virtuous, and happy.

EPITOME

From the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, for September 1773.

EPITOME of Captain WALLIS'S VOYAGE round the WORLD.

THE Dolphin, soon after her arrival in the Bay of Dames, was ordered to be brought out of bottom, and the equipment given on Captain Wallis's The Swallow Schoop, mounting 24 guns, was committted to attend her, and the command given to Captain Carteret. Among the stores taken on board by Capt. Wallis for this new voyage, was a pair of east-jackets (an article that was scarce of value in the former voyage) and 3000lb. of portable soup; the Surgeon also purchased an extraordinary quantity of medicinal drugs, and the ship was stocked with provisions for the crew, and loads of various kinds for presents to the Indians.

On the 22d of August, 1766, they sailed from Plymouth Sound, accompanied by the Prince Frederick store ship, but soon found that the Swallow was a very indifferent sailer.

On the 7th of September they anchored in Madras road; and, having taken in what wine and fresh provisions, and water was thought necessary, they sailed again on the 12th, and continued their voyage. On the 16th as they were sailing at a great rate, with the wind at West, it suddenly died away, and left the ship at sea, five days without motion. They were then off Madras, in lat. 23° 45' N.

In the night between the 21st and 22d the Swallow was missing, and it was the 24th before the ships joined company.

They now sailed together till they reached Port Praya, where they anchored, as the Dolphin had done before when commanded by Commodore Byron. It happened to be the fishy season; and, besides the ordinary epidemics, the small pox raged to a violent degree, and was very fatal. They obtained leave, however, to take in water, and they purchased some fresh provisions, and had in a flock of parrots, which served them for greens a whole week. They also caught fish in abundance. And on the 28th they weighed, and pursued their voyage.

Nothing remarkable happened till the 20th of October, when, all the butter and cheese being expended, the Captain ordered the crew to be served with oil, and some a fortnight to have mustard and vinegar given them during the remainder of the voyage, by which precaution the fatal effects of the scurvy were in a great measure prevented.

On the 27th the Prince Frederick made signals of distress. She had sprung a leak under the lashed chest. The men were worn down with fatigue in pumping; their provisions were bad; they had nothing on board but water to drink; and they were, besides, sickly and unable to proceed without assistance. The Captain sent a Carpenter on board, and six shot more. With the help of these the Prince

Fredrick continued to keep company till the 17th of November, when she again made signals of distress; and, it being midnight weather, the Dolphin and Swallow ordered her off part of her force, relieved the men who had been sent on board before, and endeavoured, but in vain, to stop the leak.

On the 29th of October, in the night, they observed a globe of fire to the north-east, which flew off in a direct line to the south west, and in its passage illuminated the decks as if it had been noon-day.

From this time till the 16th of December they continued their course, when, entering the Straights mouth, they all came to an anchor in a bay a little to the southward of Cape Virgin Mary, where they were immediately surrounded by a whole troop of Europeans, who made signs for them to come on shore.

The Captain, having made previous dispositions for the security of his men in case of an attack, ranged all the boats belonging to the three ships, and with a party of marines landed on the beach where these natives had assembled.

The commanders of the three ships, and most of their officers, were of this party. On their landing others, the Indians formed to welcome them; and, being by signs desired to retreat, they all fell back, and made room for the natives to advance. When they were drawn up, Capt. Wallis advanced, and by signs directed the Indians to put themselves in a line, which they readily understood and obeyed. He then distributed among them knives, knives, buttons, beads, combs, and particularly ribbons, with which he complimented the women, who received them with a mixture of pleasure and respect. He then gave them to understand, that he had still more valuable articles to bestow, and shewed them axes and bill-hooks; but, at the same time, pointed to some garbancos and ostriches, intimating that he expected some of those in return; but they either did not, or would not understand him; so that no traffic took place.

The whole company that were assembled on this occasion had each a horse with a saddle and bridle. The saddle had a sort of stirrups, and the bridle was made of thongs of leather very well put together for the purpose of guiding the horses. The women, as well as the men rode astride. The men, in general, wore each a wooden spur; but one of them had a large pair of Spanish spurs, brass stirrups, and a Spanish stirrimer. Their horses were a middle and spirited, but small in proportion to their riders, seemingly not above fourteen hands high. Their legs were of the Spanish breed.

The Captain, having peripatety provided himself with necessaries, found that the greatest man among them measured only six feet seven inches.

headed with a net, in the use of which they were very expert.

Their manner of kindling their fires was very different from that of the Indians between the Tropics; for instead of sticks by wood, they struck a flint against a piece of sandstone, and by holding dry moss, or some other combustible underneath, they caught the sparks. This done, by waving about briskly in the air whatever was thus ignited, a flame was presently produced; and having every where plenty of wood, their fires were soon kindled, and cast a great heat. Their huts are generally formed under the shelter of hills, in thickets or in caverns, and near some slow or running stream. As they drink nothing but water, they are careful to be well supplied with that element.

It is not easy to conceive by what contrivances they are enabled to paint their arrows and javelins, the floss of which the heads of them are composed, being cut with sufficient skill.

Bougainville, who had several interviews with these people, gives them the name of *Pacahis*, from their often repeating that word. He thinks they are superstitious: that they believe in evil spirits; and that they have impostures among them, who pretend to influence those spirits, and who practise both as priests and physicians. He grounds his opinion on the following incident: Being detained in *Pan-Collat* bay by contrary winds and tempestuous weather, some of these *Pacahis*, with whom his people had condescended to form an acquaintance on shore, had desired themselves to get on the vessel, and when they came on board, it was observed, that they had now painted their faces and arms, and that the flames with which they were clothed were of the better sort. Having been made to eat and to drink, and presented with some trifling toys, they began to sing and to dance, and to show more expensive tokens of mirth, than the *Pacahis* expected from savages, whose ordinary deportment is generally grave.

Their joy, however, was but of short duration. A boy, about twelve years of age, the only one among them whose countenance attracted their attention, was all at once seized with a spitting of blood, attended with violent convulsions. The unhappy youth had been on board the *Entelle*, where among other things they had given him some bits of glass and chrysal, not suspecting the consequence. The savages have a custom of stuffing pieces of talc into their throats and nostrils, probably as a charm against some malignancy, which they may be taught from their infancy to dread. The boy had certainly applied the pieces of glass to this use, and had suffered some bits of it to pass down his throat; for his mouth and palate were cut in several places, and the blood came from his mouth very freely. His accident fixed the *Pacahis* with consternation and mistrust. They certainly suspected foul play, and went instantly for their conjurer who came to the vessel's side. The first thing he did

was to strip him of a jacket that had been given him, and to remove it to the *Pacahis* who stood by; but they refusing to let the conjurer do their duty, which one of the *Pacahis* observing, was, as Bougainville expresses, heard justice more than he feared consequences: made him to take it up.

The conjurer then placed the patient flat upon his back, and kneeling down before him, with his head and hands smothered his belly with all his might, making as the Europeans a solemn noise without articulating a single word. Every now and then he lifted himself up, and flourishing as if he grasped the evil spirit in his dusky fist, he suddenly opened his mouth, and with a blast from his nostrils discharged him in the air. During these signs and ceremonies, all looked in terror, some and howled in the poor child's ear, who appeared to suffer more from the remedy than from the disease. The conjurer at length gave the child some snuff, in order to go far his conjuring death. It was not long, however, before he returned, with his hair powdered, and his head dressed on with two white wings like those on Mercury's cap; and he again went on as he with more confidence, but no better success than before; and the child seeming to grow worse, the French chaplain fancied an opportunity fitly to bestir him.

In the same time, Bougainville, being much acquainted with what had happened, took his surgeon-major along with him, and went on shore. They ordered the child's face milked and greased, which the surgeon had brought from the ship; but it was with difficulty that the old vessel would suffer the child to make any use of it. By this time the conjurer was joined on the shore, and they both renewed the services which had before been performed upon the patient, with these additional incantations, the meaning of which the Europeans did not comprehend; but all without effect. The grief of the parents, their sobs, lamentations, and howlings, were infallible indications of their exquisite feelings on this successful occasion; and there is reason to believe, from the striking behaviour of these simple people, that they are not so deficient of the tender passions as travellers are apt to suppose them. As night came on, Bougainville and the surgeon returned on board.

About two next morning the most horrible yellings were heard from the shore; and at day-break, though the weather was as tempestuous as can be conceived, the savages all fled away so from a place polluted by death; and so from a people whose malignant eyes they are apt probably to be taught to believe could infect them with diseases, and by which they destroy them all.

Bougainville takes notice that one of the conjurers suffered his surgeon just to peep into his bag, in which was contained his cap and feather, some white powder, and the implements of his art; but that the instant the

wizard opened it, he clofen it again, not being willing to suffer him too nearly to examine the contents.—To return to our voyagers.

On the 4th of February, Captain Wallis, after crossing Jerome's Bay to be founded, went himself and examined Bachelor's river, where passing the bar, he beheld on the West side a strait of a most astonishing appearance, precipitated from mountains of a stupendous height, rolling over rocks for a considerable descent, and then tumbling all at once with a perpendicular fall many hundred yards.

Contrary winds drained the ships in York road till the 17th, when the Dolphin, attempting to sail, was precipitated by the currents to near the cliffs, that the crew had abandoned themselves to despair, their utmost efforts by towing and working the ship proving ineffectual till opening St. David's loam, another current came rushing in upon them, and drove them to the middle of the channel; the very moment they expected to be dashed in a thousand pieces. The Swallow, being on the opposite shore, knew nothing of the Dolphin's danger until it was past: And barely was one disaster escaped, when another equally terrifying succeeded; for on the 20th a hurricane came on, which blew with such violence, that although apprized of its approach, and every precaution had been taken to steady the ship, the sea broke from the fore-castle in upon the gunner's deck, and spread a general consternation throughout the crew.

Next day, when the storm abated, the Captain sent out his boat to know how it had fared with the Swallow: When the boat returned, the officer on board reported, that the Swallow being in the lee had scarce felt the storm, but that she had well nigh been cast away by the currents, and that she steered so badly, that she could be of very little use in the prosecution of the voyage; and, therefore, Capt. Carteret was desirous of knowing what was best to be done for the service in so critical a situation. He was told, that as the Lords of the Admiralty had ordered the Swallow to continue the expedition, Capt. Wallis had no authority to dispense with her attendance; and that, as long as she could swim, she must accompany the Dolphin, who would give her every possible assistance.

With this message the Swallow was forced to comply; and, though the prospect from the mountains of desolation that appear above the clouds in this horrible region, was the most unpromising that ever was beheld, and the perils that every where surrounded her, such as no man on board ever thought to escape, yet Capt. Carteret determined to obey the orders of his superiors, or perish in the attempt.

At this time the Dolphin was at anchor in Bather's Bay, and the Swallow in Island-Bay, at two leagues distance on the opposite side. Here they remained eight days, and employed the men in catching fish, and repairing the rigging, and in recovering by exercise the use of their

limbs, which had been numbed by the intense cold, and by too long confinement under hatches during the perpetual tempests that had rendered standing on the decks utterly impracticable.

On the 1st of March the Swallow ventured to sail, and the same day the Dolphin followed. Next day they were both in danger of shipwreck, but on the third and fourth their deliverance was miraculous; for the blasts that succeeded each other almost instantly, brought such sheets of water from the ocean, that one ship thought it impossible for the other to ride out the storm; and it was four days before a boat could pass to learn each other's fate. The sufferings of the sailors during this dreadful interval were almost incredible: The crews of both ships were three days and as many nights upon deck, the weather, intensely cold, and their cloaths never dry; yet not a man fell sick, being afterwards comfortably supplied with warm jackets, which the Commodore caused to be made of woollen cloth, and of which every man on board both ships, the officers themselves not excepted, had one.

Happy it was that the Swallow, soon after the storm subsided, discovered one of the finest harbours in the Straights, which on account of the fortunate discovery was called *Swallow-Harbour*.

In this harbour both ships refitted and refreshed; and on the 16th they weighed to pursue their voyage; but on the 18th were forced to moor their ships near Cape Upright. Here they received a visit from some natives, who seemed, if possible, a more miserable race of wretches than any they had yet seen; they were of a low stature, stunk abominably, lived upon rotten seals fish, and devoured whatever provisions they caught raw. A fish, given to one of them by a sailor, the savage snatched by the gills, and devoured it, as a shark does a dolphin's bones, entrails and all. Their arms were pointed with bone, and their canoes the worst constructed of any seen during the whole voyage. Their clothing was a seal skin thrown lightly over them, and, when embarked, they rode naked. They had all four eyes; one of them had a kind of an iron chiffer, which was probably the gift of some European adventurer; the others were armed with bows and javalins. About 30 sailors, having chosen to sleep on sheet, were surprized in the night by a company of these savages, who came to pilfer their boats; but, being opposed, they flew precipitately, and took shelter in their canoes, where they armed, and stood on the defensive; but no violence being offered, and some few baubles presented to them, a perfect reconciliation was soon established, and they continued friends while the ships remained. It should seem, that, in the neighbourhood of Cape Upright, the savages are more numerous than in any other part of the Straights, as, during the stormy weather, while the ships lay windbound, they were every day to be seen by

troops of them, to whom the Capatins gave toys, and to some hatchets, and knives, in exchange for birds called race-horses. Here a remarkable incident happened, which marked the character of these Indians; for, while some of the men were on board, the ship's boat had occasion to row to shore, and there being some women gathering muscles on the beach, the Indians took the alarm, jumped suddenly into their canoes, and with loud vociferation pursued the boat, and neared it at a great rate. To calm their apprehensions, and to learn the cause of their distress, the boat's crew lay upon their oars, to let them come up; but, without stopping to parley, they continued their rout, alarmed their women, who hastily fled, and were followed by the men, after landing and hauling their canoes safe upon the beach. Perhaps this

incident does not mark their jealousy so much as their timidity; they might fear being deprived of their women, though under no concern about their chastity; as they might dread the loss of their children, without being at all apprehensive of their future prostitution.

In this tedious business of anchoring and weighing, they continued employed till Friday the 10th of April, when with an easy breeze both ships set sail for the Straights mouth; but the Swallow, as has been said, being a bad sailer, lost sight of the Dolphin in the night of the 12th, and never saw her afterwards till her return to England. The Dolphin cleared the Straights on the morning of the 12th, and entered the Pacific Ocean after a passage of near four months.

(To be continued.)

From the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

THE THUNDER STORM.

A MORAL TALE.

[Illustrated with an elegant Plate.]

WHATEVER the young libertines about town, and the old ones also, may think of their successful attempts against the virtue of the credulous fair ones, who put themselves imprudently in their power, they may fairly be ranked among the peits of society, as they very largely contribute to the disturbance of its peace. To the lawless libertines of the age the following tale is particularly addressed. May the fate of him on whose account it was written, sink deep into their hearts, and deter them from pursuits which, though not punishable by human laws, deserve the severest that can be inflicted.

Thrown into the gay world, before he had entered into his nineteenth year, with an affluent fortune at his disposal, and no command over his passions, Sir Frederick Wootton distinguished himself by a strong propensity, to many vices which degrade the man, and disgrace the gentleman. His passion for women, however, was predominant, and in the gratification of that passion he

felt; as well as most unwarrantable, not to say criminal, actions. Is it not criminal to seduce the artless fair one from the paths of innocence, and for a momentary triumph, to blast her reputation for ever? Is it not criminal to destroy the happiness of a married pair, by alienating the affections of a wife from, and shaking her fidelity to her husband?

Sir Frederick was formed by nature to captivate the fair sex: He was finished by art to ruin them. His person was remarkably striking; and his manners were inexpressibly seductive. With his appearance he charmed the eye of every woman who beheld him; with his elocution he delighted the ear of every woman whom he thought worthy of his attention; that is, of every woman whom he marked out for destruction. His assiduity was unwearied; and his elocution was not to be resisted. To make "the worse appear the better reason," he was dangerously qualified; yet, though his triumphs over female virtue were frequent, he still met with very little opposition from the weak discretion. Every new conquest

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The Thunder Storm.

W. H. Woodcut

conquest served to increase his insolence; and as he found that every new conquest increased his importance in a female circle, he was additionally stimulated to persevere in his infamous pursuits.

As Sir Frederick associated chiefly with young fellows of his own principles, and addicted to the same pleasures, he received no checks to his proceedings from their admonitions, or reproofs. He was at length, however, both admonished and reprehended by a man with whose company he did not expect to be troubled, after his behaviour to him. He had been a student with him in the same college at Cambridge; but never thoroughly liked him, because he was, in his opinion, too rigid in his ways of thinking, and wanted spirit: In other words, because he would not be as wicked as himself.

Mr. Morden, though he was not surprised at his fellow student's breaking off all acquaintance with him on the great change in his affairs, was concerned at it, as he had really some qualities which might have been denominated amiable; he was exceedingly good-natured, and he was as generous as a prince; but good nature and generosity, though they are very powerful recommendations, ought not, by any means, to prejudice us so far in favour of a man as to make us ready to apologize for those parts of his conduct which deserve no palliation.

Mr. Morden, in consequence of the cessation of his acquaintance with Sir Frederick, had for some years, never troubled him with a single visit; and had he not been provoked by his trifling with a young lady for whom he had a sincere regard, as a friend, he would not have, perhaps, visited him again.

It was Sir Frederick's common practice, if he found the girls whom he wanted to seduce, too much upon their guard to yield to his delectable solicitations, to amuse them with promises of marriage, and

those promises being gilded by his title, too often enabled him to carry his point without the performance of them. By such promises he had lured several credulous females to their undoing, and he was taking an infinite deal of pains to add a Miss Norris to the number of the seduced, when his old fellow collegian very unexpectedly made his appearance before him.

Mr. Morden, on his arrival at Sir Frederick's house, in Hanover square, would not give in his name, but desired the servant to tell his master that a gentleman from the country wished to speak with him upon particular business. Thomas had received no deaying orders; he was therefore introduced to the baronet.

Sir Frederick at that time having just looked over, with a cruel satisfaction, a long list of the frail creatures whom he had seduced, was planning future conquests.

On Mr. Morden's entering the room, he could not help starting with surprize: He started; and though extremely a man of the world, was disconcerted.

Mr. Morden drew a favourable conclusion from his embarrassment, by ascribing it to a consciousness of having acted in a manner not to be justified by reason or by honour; but he was mistaken. Sir Frederick's confusion arose only from the natural antipathy which all bad men have to good ones; and he was at that moment pained at the sight of Mr. Morden, as he felt himself indebted to his title and his fortune, not to be so. Had he imagined that he came to talk with him about Miss Norris, he would have been probably more disconcerted.

Mr. Morden, not thinking any ceremony necessary, though he was treated with great politeness, immediately went upon the affair which had detained his visit.

"You seem very much surprized to see me, Sir Frederick," said Mr. Morden, "and I am surprized to see you."

brought me hither. You shall soon be informed. I wait on you, not upon my own account; I wait upon you on a lady's. I come as a friend to Miss Norris."

The word Norris produced a second start. "Miss Norris!" replied he, with a careless air, affecting to be quite unacquainted with the name: "Miss Norris! Who is she? What is she?"

Morden, who plainly perceived that his looks betrayed him, and that he was apprehensive of a galling lecture, passed his condition; but his pity was momentaneous: It instantly gave way to contempt and indignation, and he attacked him in very spirited terms for his keeping a woman of sense and virtue in a state of suspense concerning his designs. "If you intend to marry her," continued he, "your behaviour is ridiculous: If your intentions are disonourable, you act, let me tell you, an infamous part."

"Infamous!" exclaimed Sir Frederick, violently agitated. "I have not been used to this kind of language, Sir; and by G— I will not bear it from any man breathing."

Mr. Morden, not in the least intimidated, not even discomposed, by the loudness or the energy with which that speech was uttered, answered with his usual calmness upon every occasion, "there is nothing in my language, Sir Frederick, of which I am ashamed: I do not say you are absolutely infamous, but I again say that you will act an infamous part if your intentions, with regard to Miss Norris, are dishonourable: And I am afraid they are so, from the manner in which you behave to her. It is cruel to avail yourself of her affection for you, to keep her sighing for the performance of your promise to her. You cannot but suppose that your taking no steps to perform it must make her very unhappy. She loves you too well not to wish for an honourable union with you, your title and esta-

quite out of the question. Should you desert her, your desertion may prove fatal to her: She will certainly rather die, than have the wifdom of her heart gratified at the expense of her virtue."

Sir Frederick, during the delivery of this speech, walked up and down the room, biting his lips, and looking as if he wished his wife a thousand miles off. When Mr. Morden paused, he said, "I do not know what you mean, Sir, by troubling me in this way; nor do I see what business you have to be inquisitive about my designs with regard to Miss Norris: I do not think it at all necessary to acquaint you with my designs of any sort; and therefore, if you have nothing else to say to me, I must take the liberty to request you to leave my house."

The few last words of this reply were articulated in such insolent tones, that if Mr. Morden had not very much interested himself in Miss Norris's becoming lady Wootton, he would not have failed to receive another address of the same kind: And as he not only had her happiness at heart, but wished also to reclaim Sir Frederick, to make him quit the paths of licentiousness, and retrieve his character by a life of decent domestication, he was determined not to leave the spot till he had entered more deeply into the subject which engaged his whole attention.

In consequence of this determination, Mr. Morden began to read a very sensible, though rather severe lecture against libertinism in general, and against the seduction of women in particular. He talked indeed, in so forcible, as well as so free a style, that he almost persuaded him to spend the remainder of his days like a true man of honour; a very different being from him, commonly called so by a violent misapplication of one of the most respectable words in the English language.

When Mr. Morden had, with a secret delight (for the goodness of his heart

heart was equal to the goodness of his understanding) found what he had said not only gave no offence, but seemed to make the wished for impression upon the mind of the bearer, he with a natural and easy transition, proceeded to his behaviour to Miss Norris; and by expatiating largely on the various merits of that lady, obtained an answer from him which gave him additional pleasure.

Sir Frederick having thanked his monitor for his friendly efforts to convince him of the errors of his conduct, and to induce him to renounce them, told him that he was exceedingly obliged to him for his visit, and that he would, as soon as some little affairs of his were settled, go down to Berkshire, and offer Miss Norris his hand.

Mr. Morden was so thoroughly fastidied with the concluding words of Sir Frederick's last speech, that he took his leave in a short time, after he had declared the pleasure received, went home, and wrote immediately to Miss Norris to prepare her for the reception of her lover in the happiest disposition imaginable.

"How finely I have hummed this bookish fellow, who has pored over the old philosophers so long that he will never make any figure in the world! His notions about virtue and religion may do well enough for a parson; but, by G—, they are sufficient to render a gentleman contemptible."

At the close of this characteristic soliloquy, Sir Frederick rightly supposing that Mr. Morden would immediately take some method to inform Miss Norris of what had passed between them, and as rationally conjecturing that the information he received would animate her to meet him, on his re-appearance, with double delight, resolved to whirl away to Berkshire; and, by availing himself of the increased prepossessions in his favour, to sink her to a level with those believing females over whom he had been scandalously victorious.

While he was hurrying to finish the business which detained him (particularly against his inclination at that time) in town, Miss Norris was pleasing herself with the perusal of Mr. Morden's very friendly epistle to her. The apparent reformation of the man whom she could not help loving, libertine as he was, with a fondness bordering upon folly, transported her; and a little self-adulation served to heighten her joy upon the occasion: the change in her lover's principles she ascribed to his prejudices in her behalf; and she was vain enough to impute those prejudices to charms which he had never discovered in any woman except her.

Miss Norris was not a beauty of the first magnitude, but handsome enough to be taken notice of by almost every man who beheld her; even in public assemblies (though she seldom went to them) she had never the mortification to be overlooked. An unexpected alteration in her circumstances had made a retired life prudent, and she soon began to be more than contented—to be happy in retirement. She was, indeed, very eligibly situated, in the pleasantest part of Berkshire, at the house of a worthy farmer, who had been a servant of her father's, and who had married a servant whom her mother, with reason, greatly esteemed for her many valuable qualities. By this good couple she was gratefully, faithfully attended, and she was extremely respected by all the ladies in the neighbourhood; beloved by all who were acquainted with her intrinsic worth. It was upon a visit to a family near the cottage at which she resided, that Sir Frederick first fell into her company. He saw, heard, admired, loved. Loved! No—a coarser word would be more proper; he certainly wished to enjoy her upon his own terms, and in her situation was explained to him, he, concomb like, reckoned upon the fall. His distinguishing behaviour to her alarmed the whole village. He

made his addresses to her in form, and all the girls who envied her were afraid that he would marry her; they were sometimes, however, relieved, in the midst of their apprehensions, by their hopes; they hoped to see her his mistress; they could not bear the thoughts of seeing her his wife.

Having been thrown into a train of agreeable reflections by the perusal of Mr. Morden's letter Miss Norris received Sir Frederick with more pleasure than she had yet done; and her reception flattered his vanity to such a degree, that he imagined he should certainly be as successful as he wished.

When the first effusions were over on both sides, Sir Frederick told his Lucy that he was come to acquaint her with his final resolution to offer her his hand; and he informed her, at his departure, that he would in a few days fix his wedding one.

Miss Norris now felt herself so happy, that she could not refrain from exulting a little over those of her female acquaintance, who had taken pains to set her against her titled lover. He on the other hand, was wholly employed in preparing matters for the achievement which he had long projected.

Miss Norris sitting one afternoon, in a pretty arbour at the bottom of the garden, in which she often amused herself, received the following note from Sir Frederick.

"If my dear Miss Norris will favour her fond lover with a visit at Farnley Gosling's, she will not, he trusts himself, repent of her condescension: as he has something to communicate of the most consequence to her."

By this note Miss Norris was for some time perplexed: after much hesitation, however, she returned a consenting answer.

Sir Frederick, transported with the answer to his note, waked for the writer of it with the greatest impa-

tience, as he had secured all the Goldings in his interest. At last, his patience being exhausted, he fell forth in ordered to meet the destined victim.

While he was walking up and down a field through which he knew she must pass, if she came, as he naturally supposed she would, the nearest way, he was so much affected by a sudden glowing heat in the air that he could not proceed. Feeling himself insupportably drowsy, he lay down, and in a few minutes fell asleep. Miss Norris, having been strongly advised by the worthy couple with whom she lodged, not to go far from home that afternoon, as the general appearance of the sky prognosticated a thunder-storm, remained for some time in a suspended state: but her love at length got the better of her fears, and she ventured; even while she heard a rumbling at a distance, the moment she quitted the farm.

As love had prompted her to set out, love carried her on; though black clouds gathered round her, and frequent flashes of lightning darted across her eyes.

When she arrived at the spot where Sir Frederick lay asleep, she started: concluding, in the hurry of her spirits, that he was dead, she screamed. Finding, however, upon a nearer approach, that he breathed, she innocently spread a handkerchief over his face, and offered up a fervent prayer to heaven to protect him.

The pressure of the handkerchief upon his face, slight as it was, waked him. When he saw his Lucy standing over him in the tenderest attitude, his passion for her became too violent to be controuled. In spite of the thunder rolling over his head, he attempted, incited by opposition, to force her to the gratification of his desires: but before he could accomplish his brutal design, he was struck to the ground a corpse.



Poetical Essays, for January, 1774.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

A PROPHECY of the FUTURE
GLORY of AMERICA.

TWO years for distant, and to scenes more
bright,
Along the vale of time extend thy sight,
Where hours and days and years, from yon
bright pole,
Wave following wave, in long succession roll ;
There see in pomp, for ages without end,
The glories of the WESTERN WORLD ascend !
See, this blest LAND in her bright morn
appears,

Wak'd from dead slumbers of six thousand years;
While clouds of darkness will'd each cheering ray,
To savage beasts and savage men a prey.
Fair FREEDOM now her ensigns bright displays,
And peace and plenty bless the golden days.
In mighty pomp AMERICA shall rise,
Her glories spreading to the boundless skies :
Of ev'ry fair, she boasts th' assembled charms,
The queen of empires and the nurse of arms.

See where her HEROES, mark their glo-
rious way,

Arm'd for the fight and blazing on the day :
Blood stains their steps ; and o'er the conqu'ring
plain,

'Mid fighting thousands, and 'mid thousands
slain ;

Their eager swords promiscuous carnage blend,
And ghastly deaths their raging course attend,
Her mighty pow'r the subject world shall see,
For laurel'd conquest waits her high decree.

See, her bold vortels rushing to the main,
Catch the swift gales, and sweep the wat'ry plain ;
Or led by commerce, at the merchant's door,
Unlade the treasures of each distant shore ;
Or arm'd with thunder, on the guilty foe
Rush big with death and aim th' impending
blow ;

Bid ev'ry realm, that hears the trump of fame,
Quake at the distant roar of her name."

New-Haven, 1774.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

T O B A C C O.

CANST thou, my muse, thy just resent-
ments spare,

While steamy pipes pollute th' unhallo'd air,
Shall puff still in triumph, till enlarge its life,
And still mankind's head heating by its slow

Rouls, fatyr, rouls, thy quick'ning flames pro-
voke,

Let all thy rage, against tobacco smoke ;
Burn ev'ry pipe, to snuff thy breath convey,
And puff the dusty vanity away.

TO B A C C O, mortal pest ! of weeds the worst,
When careful cut, or when reduc'd to dust ;
Drawn thro' a tube, oft have I seen thy fume
In clouds, wide-spreading, fall around the room,
Ascending slowly, with a ling'ring grace,
Curl from the lips, and play before the face ;
Still rolling onwards, taint the dying light,
And o'er the eye-balls call the shades of night.
So frowning Pluto, in his dark abodes,
Tremendous, grins behind a gloom of clouds ;
While mould'ring smoke, and lazy fogs arise,
And from the monster, snatch the unweird'd stores.

Let others, pois'ous plant ! thy virtues tell,
And in an ointment say thou dost excell ;
He that can patiently thy stretch endure,
His priceless doubtless needs an ointment cure.
So the first day when *Sal* in *Texas* rules ;
(Call'd by the vulgar, *Day of April's Falls*),
Jack Shylocks, witty man, with cunning head !
For *St. of Straps*, bids *Tom Stemple* speed.
Strait to the coblers with unthinking *St.*,
Tom cuts along, and tells his meitige there,
Thence rushing round him, while 'too late he
moans,

The shouting operators baste his bones.

But tho' vile weed, in ev'ry shape thou'rt bad,
Yet worst of all when in fine powder spread,
There most alluring, crowds thy slav'ry own ;
How universal is th' infection grown !
For as mankind of earth was form'd at first,
His abject mind still grovels in the dust.

Contagious box ! what plagues dost thou
contain ?

Without all fair, but ruin all within.
The shaded beauty of thy tartar-hell,
Does sure destruction, in gay clouds conceal.
In every grain a latent mischief lurks,
A secret venom in each atom works.

Fate him is ambusc'd, in the centre lies,
And death itself hangs hovering o'er his life.
Strange ! that such numbers should be led
thy sway !

And, menial slaves, thy sovereign laws obey
Thy servile chains link every wretched soul,
With thee, each blackhead swains in servitude,
Long story-tellers still repeat to thee,
And with a pinch supply, and thus thou art
Infused by thee, tops write their names
And with thy dung manure the common soil,
By thee, each clumsy clown, and every
And, backward, guides thee to the

Sung by the *Amazons*, into a dire grimace,
 The wrings the *horrid* features of his face;
 And *scattering* *lutes* from his lungs rebound,
 And all the laughing crowd bespatter round.
 But, O my muse, conceal poor *Clelia's* fate,
 Nor in *palpitant* strains the tale relate.
Clelia the *free*, while *erotic* feelings joy,
 Bloom'd on her cheeks, and triumph'd in her eyes;
 But, ah! unhappy, on her lips display'd,
Stung, *wicked* *fruit*, in *careless* lapses was laid.
 Her *Lobbia* *Cleopatra* at a distance saw,
 And view'd the goddess with a heavenly awe;
 Struck at the wonders of a nymph so gay,
 He nearer gaz'd—Then instant, *flour'd* away;
 Still as he *turns*, he cry'd, "I've *scarcely* *seen* *you*,
 "I *lose* a *feely* with a *fly* beard."
 Hence then, thou *freest* *inhabitor* of the breast,
 Thou *gay* *detraction*, and thou *heinous* *death*,
 With these, the *meat* shall *was* *impertinent* *savage*,
 And boldly bear th' united *rabble's* *rage*.
 I'll *hail* *at* *before*, in my *elbow* *chair*,
 Nor *ask* thy *aid* to *make* me *easy* *there*;
 Superior *straps*, with *regardless* *eyes*,
 Mock thy *low* *pleasures*, and *selfish* *chances* *despite*.

To the Editor of the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,
 The following piece, showing that its author had a true idea of the Worth of AMERICA, I submit to your judgment, whether proper for the American Magazine, or not, if so, by inserting it you will oblige. Sir,
 Your humble Servant,

BERNARD ROMANS.

MY muse,
 A new world found, extend thy daring wings.
 Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
 From high Parnassus, the unwear'd toil
 Of industry and valour, in that world
 Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.
 Happy the voyage, o'er the Atlantic brine,
 By *admiral* *Raleigh* made, and *great* *the* *joy*,
 When he *discover'd*, above the *foamy* *surge*,
 A rising coast, for future colonies,
 Opening her bays, and figuring her eyes,
 E'en from the northern tropic to the pole.
 No land gives more employment to the loom,
 Or kinder feeds the indigent; no land
 With more variety of wealth rewards
 The hand of labour: rither, from the wrong
 Of lawless rule, the free-born spirit flies;
 Thither addition, thither poverty,
 And arts and sciences: thrice happy clime,
 Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind.
 But joy superior far his bosom warms,
 Who views thy shores in every culture dress'd;
 With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
 On hill and valley; and his countrymen
 I count'd into various states, powerful and rich,
 In regions far remote: who from our looms
 Take *large*, for themselves, and for their tribes

Of *Indians*, *sovereign* *possessors* of the land;
 In *easy* *corpses*, *as* *they* *lie*
 The *compact* *tasks*, and *various* *new* *degrees*,
 Which *kindle* *arts* to occupy the poor,
 And spread *Britannia's* *flocks* o'er every dale.
 Ye, who the shuttle cast along the loom,
 The *filthy* *wool* thrust juggling with the
serge,
 Pray for the culture of the Georgian trade,
 Nor slight the green savannah, and the plains
 Of Carolina; where thick woods arise
 Of mulberries, and in whole water'd fields
 Up springs the verdant blade of thorny vicia,
 Where are the happy regions, which afford
 More implements of commerce, and of wealth?
 Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
 Which overshades some crystal steep, spreads
 Her wealthy cultivations wide around.
 And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
 The *steezy* *shuttle*: to her growing marts
 The *Iroquois*, *Cherokees*, and *Ojibwas*, come
 For woolly garments; and the *chiefs* of *USE*,
 The *cheers*, but not the *vices*, learn to taste.
Spain, *Europe*, whom the *chilling* *cup*
 Of *luxury* *intoxicates*; ye *roasts*,
 Who for your crimes, have fled your native land;
 And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
 Seek easy habitations, void of care:
 The *lots* of *nature*, with *abandonment*,
 And *detestation*, mark your evil deeds;
 And view, no longer w'd, your nerveless arms,
 Unfit to *conquer* *Ohio's* *banks*.

See the bold emigrants of Acadia,
 And Massachusetts, happy in their arts,
 That join the politics of trade and war,
 Bearing the palm in either, they appear
 Better exemplars; and that hasty crew,
 Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
 Hang their white fish amid the parching winds.
 The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield wool,
 Their limbs benumb'd, enfold with cheery
 warmth,
 And frise of Cambria, worn by those who seek,
 Their gulphs and dales of Hudson's winding
 Bay,
 The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain
 While winters frosty rigour checks approach,
 Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
 (If ye, the travel'd sons of commerce, know)
 Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
 Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice;
 While the Rhine's fertile shores, and Gallic
 realms,
 By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
 Warm varieties of Phœbus, and, supine, behold
 Their plains and hills look black with clustering
 vines,
 Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
 Of mighty labour drain their gully lakes,
 Enlarge the bright'ning *lakes*, and, peopling, warm
 The opening valleys, and the yellowing plains,
 Or rather shall we burst from Darien's chain,
 Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
 And thro' the great Pacific every joy
 Of civil life diffuse! Are not her isles
 Numerous and large; have they not harbours
 calm, Inhabitants

Inhabits, and manag'd? hapy, too,
 Poesies sciences, and other forms
 Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
 For woolly vesture. This a tedious course
 By the Atlantic circle; now beyond
 Those sea-wrapt gardens of the Dulcis road;
 Bahama and Caribbees, may be found
 Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's isle
 The standard of Britannia shall arise,
 Proud Spains Ayres, low couched Paraguay,
 And rough Comitates, made with hostile eye
 The hab'ring vessel; neither may we trust
 The desart naked Patagonian land,
 Which sweeps in the wind. No traffic there,
 We hope for the future. There angry storms
 Bend their black levers, and raging hurt around
 Their thunders. Ye adyant rock mariners
 Be firm like courage from the brave.

Ye too rejoice, ye future;
 Increasing commerce shall reward your care.
 A day will come, if not too deep we drink
 The cup, which luxury on circles wealth
 Fertigation gift, bestows; a day will come,
 When through new channels sailing, we shall
 The Californian coast, and all the realms
 Their stretch from Asia's Straights to proud
 Japan;
 And the green isles, which on the left arise
 Upon the glassy brine; whose various capes
 Not yet unfigur'd on the sailors chart:
 Then every variation shall be told
 Of the magnetic fluid; and currents mark'd,
 Which drive the headlike vessel from her coast.

To the Editor of the ROYAL AMERICAN
 MAGAZINE.
 Sir,
 Your publishing the following in your Magazine,
 will oblige your humble servant,
 The AUTHOR.

A Thought on the CONNUBIAL
 STATE. In answer to a Letter
 from a Friend in the Country.

METAPHORS I for my honour'd friend,
 Keen as he reads the tender scene:
 The lifting pow'r's attention lend,
 With many positive signs between.
 Life, resting on the wings of time,
 Stands doubtful, ready to retire;
 The numbers lost, (though not sublime)
 Fill ev'ry passion with desire.
 Your reason now no longer reigns,
 While love, sets reason on the mind;
 This frenzy runs thro' all your veins,
 Makes honour partial—virtue blind.
 But soon reviving from this state,
 And calmly thinking as a man,
 Reason again resumes her seat,
 And forms a noble general plan:
 Revises the marriage state with care,
 While virtue ev'ry thought inspires:

The pleasures pure without alloy,
 Kindle within, sensible fire,
 Pleas'd with the thought, cheer'd at the sight,
 I bear you, at a distance fly,
 O glorious scene! form'd for delight,
 To fill with joy, each sitting day.
 My glowing heart, longs to possess,
 That glorie's fire, which heav'n's affords,
 To make me happy, to enjoy,
 And fill the compass of the mind.
 My panting soul, and beating pulse,
 (Impatient of the least restraint)
 Think Time (that friend) a foe to bliss,
 And pass each moment in complaint.
 O—, where is this angel fair?
 In what bliss'd region does she dwell?
 What happy clime—what pleasant air,
 What chaste dome, or humble cell?
 Did I but know the hallov'd ground,
 Or where to find the wish'd-for place;
 I'd leap all o'er this ample road,
 And take her to my near embrace.
 Happy we'd live, nor care we those,
 Who growling spend the prime of life!
 Our friends we'd bless; and love our foes,
 Devoid of pride, deceit and strife.
 Each rising sun's refulgent ray,
 Should shine with beams serene and bright,
 And give new lustre to the day,
 By smiling on our vast delight.
 Yet let us not confine our views;
 To what this kanty term displays;
 Nor be so vain, easy to chide,
 The pleasures of some transient days.
 Perhaps our fond desires may fail,
 A disappointment seize the soul,
 Sorrow and pain will then prevail,
 And anguish reign without controul.
 Virtue alone, affords that peace,
 Which age, nor death can never destroy.
 Affords the mind a lasting ease,
 And feeds it with immortal joy.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

AN ELEGY,
 To the Memory of Miss E—, who
 deceased in Decemb'r, 1773.

I F ever merit claim'd the generous tear,
 Or taught the friendly heart to melt with
 woe;
 Ye pious minds attend and pay it here,
 For death has crop'd the sweet flow'r below.
 The monster, jealous for his dreary realms,
 And griev'd that earth should boast so rich a
 gem,
 With poignant woe a parent overwhelm'd;
 Sent the keen shaft, and far Eliz—
 Ell's a dead, ah fatal, piercing wound!
 The lovely friend to virtue is no more;
 In clay and slumber; ev'ry sense is bound.
 The silent exp'ries, and human tears are stop'd
 No more we hear the music of her tongue;
 No more the gentle accents of her voice;

No more the feeble old, and helpless young,
Her friendly hand again shall make rejoice.
No more the traverser these paths of woe ;
Her couch must sleep a " long and morne-
less night ! "

A stranger to the variant scenes below,
The raptur'd soul explores the realms of light !
Ye's fighting train, whose hearts her loss deplore,
Your *life*, to her is everlasting gain ;
Nor can your tears her valu'd life restore :
Put would, if possible, afford her pain.
Ye lovely *fair*, whom friendship's sacred ties
Had made your pleasures and your griefs the
same ;
Pursue the path thro' which *she* gain'd the skies.
Whose you with her, shall feel a nobler flame !
Thare happy spirits find the blissful goal ;
Where friendships in a glorious circle move ;
There joys on joys in long succession roll,
Crown'd by the vision of the God of love !
With angel's speed the winged moments fly ;
The slender thread of life how fine it weaves !
And death with hasty strides advances nigh
To put a period to our fleeting years—
O then, let *reason* with a *low* reign sway
Rule the wide empire of each deathless mind ;
That sacred wisdom with a *heav'n*'s riy,
May light to pleasures lasting and refin'd !
MOMENS.

Then be resign'd, and learn from *heav'n*,
Earth's happiness is brevity ;
With not from sorrows a defence,
For sorrows serve to wean you hence ;
With not of joys an endless flow,
T'were misery to have it so !
Again, 'tis madness to repine,
Since if there be a fault, 'tis this :
Whenever from a friend remov'd,
Or from the mistress whom you lov'd,
Though time with steady *jealous* flow,
You call'd it long, uneasy too ;
Whenever with your charmer blest,
Or with the friend you lov'd the best,
How often hast thou with'd the pow'r,
To make an age of every hour ?
How oft impatient hast thou said ?
When bursting from my *sure* bed,
Pharos why hadst not earlier sprung
To listen to *LUCINDA*'s tongue ?
And oft hast with'd me down the sky,
To bask beneath my rival's eye :
'E'en now you cannot with my *flow*,
LUCINDA waits.—Then plung'd away—

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

A SONG.

For the ROYAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

TO LUCINDA,

ON A NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

SUN slack thy over-hasty pace !
Thy steeds pant lung-sick with the race ;
They whirl so swiftly up the sky,
They beat the progress of the eye ;
'Twere better take a midway baiting,
Than strain them downlong while they're sweat-
Ere long thy couriers forely prest, (ing)
Will need strategy of rest.—
Thus sung the poet as he found
The orb had roll'd his annual round,
Already had he bow'd and spoke,
But check'd his steeds, and silence broke.
" Could poets make the moments long,
Lag to the magic of a song ;
The year had linger'd on its way,
Nor shone it's last on yesterday ;
But time is otherwise design'd,
Its residence below confin'd ;
'Tis a rich talent, and is meant,
A curse or blessing as it's spent ;
The shortest well improv'd is best,
Which points the direct way to rest :

WHERE dwells the casuist to reveal,
What madmen think, or lovers feel ?
Connect the thoughts which disagree,
And tell, O tell what this can be ?
Once *ser* free, and ever gay,
Life stole on silken wings away ;
No more alert, no more I'm free,
Tell me, O tell what this can be ?
Once social joys my soul could share,
And taste superior raptures there ;
But now forgets her former gleam,
Tell me, O tell what this can be ?
No more the silent *lunatic* are fled,
But what avails the silent shade ?
I feel the discontent, I'd flee,
Tell me, O tell what this can be ?
Silent I view, and still approve,
My timorous tongue forgets to move ;
I dare not, cannot lift the plea,
Tell me, O tell what this can be ?
Ye gods unkindly ye ordain,
Such pangs, and give not to complain ;
Have I, deserv'd this harsh decree,
Tell me, O tell what can it be ?
Yes, dear lov'd *MIRA* ! O approve,
The dying sighs of humble love ;
I think, I dream; and talk of thee,
This must be love, O pity me.

STEPHEN.



Historical



Historical Chronicle, January, 1774.

GENERAL HISTORY of AMERICA, for January, 1774.

THE Royal American Magazine being principally intended a repository of such interesting events as occur from one month to another, it seems necessary to go back some months for the beginning of the most considerable subject, that for years past has engaged the attention of the public.

The northern colonies having very generally agreed not to import such articles from Great-Britain, as the British parliament presumed to lay a duty upon, for the purpose of raising a revenue in the colonies without their consent, so distressed the trade and manufacture of England, that the imposition was taken off all the articles on which the 5th of G. III. laid it, besides the East-India teas, which remain subject to a duty of 3-pence sterling per pound on importation into the colonies. The proprietors of that commodity finding it greatly accumulating on their hands, by means of the colonies resolution not to purchase it, subject to the unconstitutional tribute, applied to parliament, or rather administration, for a repeal of the act. But as the minister conceived the requested repeal would be considered as a renunciation of their power to tax the colonies, he flattered the India company with a prospect of the entire monopoly of the tea trade, empowering them to export it to the colonies on their own account.

In their first entrance upon this expedient, they met with a rebuff by the Ship-masters from New-York and Philadelphia, and several from Bolton,

refusing to take the teas on board: Two persons however, one in particular in the employ of one of the consignees, accepted teas; and a third and fourth conceiving it would be general to Boston, also brought them.

To the great honor of the citizens of Philadelphia, they were first in meeting, and resolved, as follows, (their resolves were adopted by many principal towns on this Continent): viz.

Resolved, I. THAT the disposal of their own property is the inherent right of freemen; that there can be no property in that which another can, of right, take from us without our consent; that the claim of parliament to tax America, is, in other words, a claim of right to levy contributions on us at pleasure.

II. That the duty imposed by parliament upon tea landed in America, is a tax on the Americans, or levying contributions on them without their consent.

III. That the express purpose for which the tax is levied on the Americans, namely, for the support of government, the administration of justice, and the defence of his Majesty's dominions in America, has a direct tendency to render assemblies useless, and to introduce arbitrary government and slavery.

IV. That a virtuous and steady opposition to this ministerial plan of governing America, is absolutely necessary to preserve even the shadow of liberty, and is a duty which every free man in America owes to his country.

country, to himself, and to his posterity.

V. That the resolution lately come into by the East-India company to send out their tea to America, subject to the payment of duties on its being landed here, is an open attempt to enforce the ministerial plan, and a violent attack upon the liberties of America.

VI. That it is the duty of every American to oppose this attempt.

VII. That whoever shall, directly or indirectly, countenance this attempt, or in any wise aid or abet in unloading, receiving or vending the tea, sent, or to be sent out by the East-India company, while it remains subject to the payment of a duty here, is an enemy to America;

VIII. That a committee be immediately chosen to wait on those gentlemen, who, it is reported, are appointed by the East-India company to receive and sell said tea, and request them, from a regard to their own characters, and the peace and good order of this town and province immediately to resign their appointment.

At the same time they raised a committee to apply to the gentlemen to whom the cargo of tea bound for Philadelphia was to be consigned, signifying the desire of the citizens, that they might refuse the commission, as it was apprehended dangerous to the public liberty. To the great satisfaction of their country, these gentlemen generously complied with the general desire. Far from this was the behaviour of the consignees at Boston, who were applied to, first by a spontaneously collected body of people, and then by committees from several regular meetings of the inhabitants; who defended to treat with them as if they were indeed persons of great consequence, yet they refused to comply with any thing farther than landing and storing the tea. This was perfectly consistent with the view of the minister, who had bargained to receive the duty in

England, on producing certificates of the tea being landed here; and the people being timely apprized of the snare, had sense and resolution enough to avoid it. And accordingly finding that the consignees could not be bro't to terms by any fair means in the power of the town of Boston, the neighbouring towns being apprized of the difficulty and common danger by their committees joined that of the metropolis, and concluded to apply to the several shipmasters and owners with intimation of the general desire that the tea might not be landed, but return to England in the bottoms on which they came; and this being either refused or unsatisfactorily complied with; several meetings of the body of the people of Boston and the neighbouring towns were held, wherein it was peremptorily resolved, that the tea should be returned at all events, in the bottoms on which they were imported, and the masters and owners of the ships informed that they refused or delayed to comply with the votes of the body at their peril. Mr. Francis Rotch owner of the ship Dartmouth, which first arrived with the tea, having unloaded the rest of his cargo went to the consignees and required of them to take their tea then incumbering his vessel, and pay the freight, both which they refused; and he entered a protest, Mr. Rotch then was directed to make application to the custom-house for a clearance for his ship in the state she then was, with the tea on board; and being refused a clearance; he was then directed to enter a protest, and proceed to the governor at Milton and request a pass by the castle. The body being in full meeting when this was done, Mr. Rotch hastened to Milton, and the meeting continued till he returned. On Mr. Rotch's reporting he could not obtain a pass, there was a considerable murmuring among the people, but some gentlemen of influence entertained them with observations that every thing enjoined upon Mr. Rotch by their

votes

was had been complied with by him, and that notwithstanding their just expectations had been frustrated by the obduracy of the governor and custom-house officers, the owner of the ship had done his duty and ought to be esteemed a good citizen. During the above address a number of persons in the dress and appearance of the aboriginal natives whooped and huzzad before the meeting-house door, and made the best of their way to the tea ships which they speedily cleared of that troublesome article, throwing every pound of it into the deck.

On the first meeting of the body they formed a set of resolves, which with their other proceedings were printed and sent by express to the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, both of which signified their full satisfaction with our resolutions, but were infinitely more pleased, when by another express sent from Boston, on the 17th of December, being the next day after the tea was destroyed, they found their brethren here were capable of something more than barely resolving.

Mr. Clarke's brigantine being the fourth and last vessel freighted with that detested article was cast away on the pitch of Cape Cod, but the cargo saved. Some of the tea was disposed of by Mr. Clarke's son and the rest brought in a fishing schooner (all other vessels there refusing to take it on board) to the castle where it now lies stored.

Many towns in this colony have met and signified their hearty approbation of the measures taken by Boston and the neighbouring towns respecting the tea.

The tea ship for Charlestown, South Carolina arrived there the latter end of December, a numerous body of the people resolved she should land

her other cargo, take in freight for, and then immediately proceed to England with the tea on board. But the sending back said ship, freighted by the East-India company, "having been by accident or design, delayed till the expiration of the 20 days, after which by the act, the duties are to become payable, she was then seized by the custom-house officers, and landed in their custody. We have no circumstantial account of the affair, nor by what means the patriotic designs, which by our last accounts were so warmly and unanimously pursued by the Carolinians were defeated, nor what is likely to be the consequences of landing the tea. It has been reported that a difference had arisen between the merchants and the planters, and that through private animosity, public duty was neglected. It is, however, conjectured, that both parties will recover their sense of the rights and liberties of their country."

The East-India company's tea, arrived at Philadelphia on the latter end of December last, and a numerous and respectable body of people immediately assembled. After informing the master of the tea ship with their former proceedings, &c. they resolved that he should supply himself with necessaries, and proceed with the tea on board his ship on his voyage to England. This was fully complied with; the next day the tea ship weighed anchor, and set sail with all her cargo on board.

The long expected tea ship for New-York, was not arrived there when our last advices came away. We are well informed that as soon as she arrives, the inhabitants there will proceed in the manner that the Philadelphians did, and send her immediately back to England, with the tea on board.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

BOSTON, MONDAY January 3.
WE hear from Chester, in the province of New-Hampshire, that on Monday last, one Thomas Wells, of that town, was shot

through the body, and died instantly. The person who committed the fact, is taken into custody in order for trial.

T. Under.

THURSDAY 6.

A court of wills and probate, for the county of Grafton, in New-Hampshire, is to be held at Plymouth on the 24th instant, and at Haverhill on the 25th of April next; of which court the Hon. John Fenton, Esq; is appointed judge, and Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, Esq; late of Salem, Register.

MONDAY 10.

It seems to be the opinion of many people that tea sent here from the neighbouring colonies, subject to no duty, should be sold at a limited price: The great object is, to lay aside the liberal sale and use of tea that pay duty, until the act of parliament is repealed: This appears to be the universal resolution of the inhabitants in the several colonies, and must entirely prevent any tea being imported from Great-Britain.

THURSDAY 13.

Tuesday last the Princess Carolina Matilda, alias, the Princess of Cronenburgh, alias, the Marchioness de Waldegrave, who has travelled every-where all the southern provinces, and has resided in this metropolis for about a month past, set out for Portsmouth, New-Hampshire. She is certainly the most surprising genius of the female sex that ever was obliged to visit America.

MONDAY 17.

The trustees of the Dudleian-Lecture, have chosen the Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WEBSTER, of Salisbury to preach the next lecture on the *Validity of Freyherias Ordination*.

THURSDAY 20.

The committee appointed at the late meeting of the dealers in tea in this town, joined by a gentleman from the committee of correspondence in this place, to repair to the persons concerned in the sale of that article, to obtain their assent and subscription to the resolves passed at said meeting; have in conformity applied to the principal dealers, and find the numbers to stand thus, 79 against the sale and use of all tea; 9 for the sale and use only of such as may not be subjected to duty. This being the day fixed when the sale of tea will cease, it is desired and expected, that such who have agreed to, as well as those who have subscribed the resolves offered to them by the committee, will strictly adhere thereto, and it is wished that the few who have not, will, on a reconsideration, perceive the utility and necessity of the measure, and immediately join their disinterested fellow citizens in the same resolutions.

MONDAY 24.

Tuesday last being the anniversary of the Queen's birth-day, the same was observed here as usual.

We learn from New-York; that early on Saturday morning the 25th ult. the brig Nancy, George Smith master, (lately arrived there from Scotland, whose inhuman behaviour to about three hundred Highlanders who were so unfortunate as to be passengers in his vessel, occasioned the death of near one third of them)

with equal prudence and precipitation, took her departure for Charleston, South-Carolina, the Captain being apprehensive that the justice of this country would bring him to condign punishment.

THURSDAY 27.

Captain ——— Lowell of Newbury-Port, who some time ago was most terribly wounded by the discharge of a cannon at the Essex hospital, having recovered, the cure was in the Physician who has the care of the hospital. — He had been inoculated but twelve days, and the small pox was just making its appearance, when the accident happened, by which his left arm was blown off and never found, and the remaining part was amputated within four inches of the shoulder. The right hand and part of the arm were torn to pieces; and this arm was amputated just below the elbow. The large vessels of the neck, the windpipe and the lower jawbone, from the chin to the ear, laid quite bare; and three of the upper fore teeth broken off with a piece of the jaw. The coats of the right eye pierced, and its humours discharged, and the bone between the eye and the nose broken through; the other eye greatly hurt, the whole skin of the face and breast much hurt, and several shivers of bones driven into the skulls in different places. Besides this, he also had a wound four inches long in the inside of his thigh, which was so filled with powder that it was not discovered till several days after the accident. Notwithstanding in the short space of thirty-seven days he is so far recovered as to need no further care of a surgeon.

MONDAY 31.

Wednesday the Great and General Court of this Province met at the State-House in this town. About twelve o'clock his Excellency made the following SPEECH to both Houses of Assembly, viz.

"Gentlemen of the Council, and

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives. THE letters which I have received since your last session, from the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, have diverted matters in them which I am now to communicate to you.

"The Indians of Manha's-Vineyard have, by their Agent, made their application to his Majesty in Council respecting their claim to the Island Chabboquiddick. A copy of their petition shall be laid before you. No determination shall be made upon it. They are recommended to my countenance and protection. In the year 1763 their case was brought before the General Court and referred to a committee of both Houses, by whom, I have reason to think, it was fully and impartially considered; but, by some means or other, no report from that committee was ever laid before the Court. — I am to desire you now to take the affair into consideration, and hope you will prevent all

all grounds or pretence for any further complaint of the denial or delay of justice.

"The settlement of the Western Line of this province, where it is bounded by the Eastern line of the province of New-York, has been laid before his Majesty. I have the satisfaction of being informed that the part which I took in the settlement of this line, is considered as an acceptable service to the King, as it tended to bring to an issue a dispute which has been the source of so much mischief to two of his colonies. I have reason to expect his Majesty's confirmation as soon as the necessary formalities of office will admit.

"I gave the earliest attention to the request of the Council and House in their address to me of the 3^d of January last. I made the clearest and fullest representation of the case to which it referred, and I am encouraged to hope for such determination and order as shall be satisfactory to you.

"The judicial proceedings of the Governor and Council as the Supreme Court of Probate and as the court for determining in cases of marriage and divorce having been impeded in many instances where the opinion of the Governor has been different from that of the majority of counsellors present, the governor having always considered his consent as necessary to every judicial act, in the year 1771, I stated the arguments, as well against as for the claim of the Governor, and his Majesty having been pleased to order the case thus stated to be laid before the Lords of his Majesty's most honorable privy council, I am now able to inform you that it has been signified to me to be his Majesty's pleasure, that I do acquiesce in the determination of the majority of counsellors present voting as a court for proving wills and administrations, and deciding controversies concerning marriage and divorce, although I should differ in opinion from that majority. His order more immediately respects the Council; nevertheless, the tender regard which his Majesty has shewn for the interest and convenience of his subjects, in a construction of the charter different from what had been made by all his Governors ever since its first publication, makes it very proper for me to communicate the order to both Houses.

"I am required to signify to you his Majesty's disapprobation of the appointment of Committees of Correspondence in various instances, which sit and act during the recess of the General Court by prorogation.

"These are all the matters which, from my public letters, I am to lay before you, at present.

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, I have never had a time since the first settlement of the country, when the Treasury has been in so good a state as it now is. I may congratulate the Province upon its being entirely free from debt, the tax of the last year with the stock in the Treasury being equal to all the securities due from the Government and to the charges of the current year. It is at

least, worth considering whether it may not be advisable in your present sessions, by a moderate duty on spirituous liquors, by an additional impost, or by such other ways and means as you may think more fit, to provide for the charge of another year. This will prevent the necessity which the assembly, at the session in May next, will otherwise be under of contracting a new public debt.

"Gentlemen of the Council, and
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

"There are certain parts of the public business of the province, which have usually been omitted in the session which by charter must be annually held in May, in expectation of another session at this season of the year, and I need not particularly point them out to you. I may not neglect earnestly recommending to you to employ the powers with which you are intrusted in promoting the tranquility and good order of the government. You have no reason to doubt of the consent of the Chair to every bill or vote which shall have that tendency.

T. HUTCHINSON.

Council-Chamber, January 26, 1774.

We hear that the Hon. John Hancock, Esq; is appointed to deliver the oration in commemoration of the bloody tragedy, on the 5th of March, 1770.

On Monday last week, a meeting was called at Marblehead, to put a stop to the disorders which for several days before had happened in that place. As the disorder rejected the Effect Hospital, it was agreed by the proprietors to shut it up, and at their desire a committee of the town was chosen to inspect the cleaning of furniture, apparel, &c. On Tuesday the committee went to the hospital, and attended their business until Wednesday night when they awaked with the rest of the family, being closed in number, surrounded with flames. The Russians, who perpetrated this act, were from the town prepared with tar, rubs, &c. and proceeded setting fire to all parts of the house without any attempt to awake the people. So infernal were the villainies, that they struck down one man who in amazement had jumped from his bed, and was running from the flames. The Steward had a blow from another of them with an andorn; it was aimed at his head, but happily missing it, took his shoulder, and brought him to the floor. One of the parrots, with a child at her breast, was driven to the inside walls, fainting several times at the noise. And others were carried out, cold as a wall, with scarcely any thing to cover them.—The proprietors are not yet apprehended. I believe it is in the confusion that a military watch is nightly kept, as it is thought lives and properties are at stake without it.

The weather for several days past has been severely cold; many persons have had their fingers, toes, &c. frost-bitten.—The harbor is so blocked up with the ice, that navigation is at a stand.

Marblehead.

MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

MARRIED: Mr. Lechariah Bridger, Goffsbury, to Miss Betty Olinas.—Mr. Samuel Smith, to Miss Hannah Binnes.

DIED: Mrs. Mary Whiting, Wife of Mr. Stephen Whiting.—Dr. Williams Snodgrass.—Miss Abigail Leverett.—Mrs. Ruth Davis, Wife of Mr. Edward Davis, Merchant.—Mrs. Susannah Johnson, Relict of the late Mr. Andrew Johnson, Distiller, deceased.—Mrs. Hooper, Wife of Mr. John Hooper, Stone-Cutter.—Deacon Shand Drowned.

At Roxbury, Mr. Hunter, Butcher.—At Dorchester, William Spurr, Esq; in the commission of the Peace for Suffolk County.—

At Newbury, Mr. Thomas Woodbridge, Ship-Builders.—Mr. Stephen Wooddy.—

At Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth Frye.—Mr. Josiah Withersell.—Mr. George Gardner.—

Mr. John Ward.—Miss Hannah Stone.—Captain Jonathan Orne, Merchant.—At Milton,

Capt. Lemuel Bent.—Joseph Bent.—At Methuen, Mr. Samuel Swales.—At Dedham,

the Rev. Mr. Thomas Balch.—Mrs. Sarah Ford.—At Northcutt, Hepzibah Coffin, Relict of the late Jonathan Coffin, Esq.—At Merrimack, the Rev. Jacob Burnap.—At Palanctoth

Doctor John Swift.—At Chocuttus, Captain Ann, Hon. Thomas Saunders, Esq; formerly a Representative for that town, and for several years one of his Majesty's Council.—At Mendon, Mr. George Kitch, Innholder.—

At Hanover, Capt. Thomas Burtin.

NEWPORT, December 27.
DY is judicious calculation, the province of Massachusetts lay out this winter 80,000 fighting men.

PORTSMOUTH, January 24.
 Yesterday came to town in the Sloop-catch from Boston, the lady who is said to be the Dutchess of Palanctoth-Cornwall.—In front of the southern paper she has gone by the above and different names and titles. A correspondent says, it is a pity this lady came from New-York to Rhode-Island in a packet; for had she come through the colony of Connecticut, we should certainly have known who and what she was; as it is generally the custom of all the public houses there, to affix a sign, what is his name, and his business, where he came from, where he is going, &c. &c. before they will ever give you a horse and.

NEW-YORK, December 27.

Left night about eleven o'clock, a beautiful fire broke out at Fort George, in this city; it was so sudden, and rapid with such amazing violence, that his Excellency the Governor, his Lady and daughter being in land, very narrowly escaped with their lives; the magnitude of the destruction, that every article of property fell victim to the insupportable rage of the flames, which for a considerable time threatened the safety of the whole city; about twelve o'clock the whole mansion was burnt to ashes; but the fire was so much violent as to afford the inhabitants hopes of its being extinguished.

Meteorological Observations on the Weather, for January 1774.

Jan.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Ther.	25	27	27	27	23	23	23	23	22	3	5	6	17	22	27	28	32	27	8	27	27	4	12	4	4	2	2	2	2	2	
Ther.	31	37	36	41	27	27	27	27	21	8	10	17	22	27	31	32	34	32	20	30	30	4	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	
Ther.	30	30	31	31	26	26	26	26	20	8	10	18	23	28	33	34	36	34	22	32	32	6	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	
Wind																															
Clouds and Rain	Fair	do.	Rain then Fair.	Cloudy, Snow.	Cloudy.	Rain.	Fair.	Snow, then fair.	Fair.	do.	do.	do.	Snow.	Snow and Cloudy.	do.	Fair then Snow.	Snow.	Fair.	do.	Fair, then Cloudy.	Fair.	Fair, Cloudy, Snow.	Snow, then Fair.	Fair.	do.	do.	do.	do.	do.		

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