
T H E

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 3, 1792.

Short View of the Origin of Polytheism.

By the Rev. Dr. GREGORY.

THE first principles of religious knowledge, imparted to the fathers of the human race, were few and simple. They were unsupported by the knowledge of letters, and such as would easily admit of corruption from the timid and credulous nature of man. One of the first deviations from the truth was certainly the worship of the heavenly bodies. The first men had been accustomed to a direct communication with the Supreme Being; it was, therefore, not unnatural in their offspring to expect a continuance of the same indulgence, but, in looking round for the visible manifestation of the Great Ruler of the Universe, to what object would ignorance and superstition so naturally direct themselves as to that glorious luminary whose nature and phenomena must be necessarily so imperfectly understood, and who is the dispenser of light, of warmth, and of cheerfulness, to the whole creation? The sun was, therefore, very early an object of worship with all nations but that singular people to whom the knowledge of the Omnipresent God was revealed. From the adoration of the sun, the transition to that of the moon was the most natural that possibly could be imagined. Thus the Egyptians worshipped the sun and moon by the names of Osiris and Isis; the former of which, in the Egyptian tongue, signified *many eyed*, from the sun's overlooking all that passes in the world; the latter signified,

figured, *the ancient* : Isis, more properly, was always painted with horns, in allusion to the lunar crescent.

When the traces of ancient tradition were grown faint in successive generations, the human imagination sported in the wantonness of fiction. From the broken fragments of true history, and the vestiges of ancient language, innumerable superstitions were fabricated, and received with all the avidity of popular credulity. The deluge proved a most fertile source of error. The venerable patriarch Noah, from being revered as the father of men, came at last to be worshipped, under different names, as their creator. He is evidently the Saturnus, the Janus, the Poseidon or Neptune, the Thoth, Hermes, Menes, Osiris, Zeuth, Atlas, Prometheus, Deucalion, and Proteus, of all the ancient fables. Not only the patriarch himself, but all the circumstances of his history, have been strangely metamorphosed into divinities. The dove, the ark, even the raven and the olive-branch, have all occupied different places in the sacred mysteries of paganism, and with direct allusions to their derivation.

The next grand depravation of the human mind, with respect to religion, proceeded from confounding the names and characters of the early monarchs with those of the gods. Perhaps the first legislators might be ambitious of asserting the divine origin of their institutions; perhaps they might assume to themselves a celestial character, and might find it no difficult matter to persuade their ignorant countrymen that the immortals had condescended to visit the earth in a human form. Or perhaps, with more probability, they might only appropriate to themselves the appellations of the deities; and the mistakes of future ages may have fabricated a mythology from this confusion of names. The names of Isis and Osiris, which I have already noted as the first of the Egyptian divinities, were soon applied to the early monarchs of that mythologic region: And thus the original application of these titles was soon forgotten. The history of these divinities is no longer that of the two heavenly bodies which they originally denoted, but that of a succession of Princes, who assumed those high denominations, and whom the unfaithful records of tradition have strangely converted into two celestial potentates, who continue to direct the affairs of men, but who formerly condescended to visit that favoured people in a human form. Where there is no exact register of time, facts or histories traditionally preserved will naturally recede, and the distance of time be enormously increased. The tradition was, in the time of Herodotus, that no
god,

god, in the form of man, had reigned in Egypt for upwards of 11,340 years; a period which the active genius of their priests had taken care to fill up with events suited to the capacity and the taste of their disciples. During that period of miracles, the sun had no less than four times altered his course; twice rising where he now sets, and twice setting where he now rises. When, according to the same tradition, the gods reigned in Egypt, they reigned by turns, nor were they all at once upon earth. Orus, the son of Osiris, was the last who reigned among them; and this Orus was the Grecian Apollo.

THE PILGRIM:

A T A L E.

[From Vancenza, a Novel, in 2 Vol. by Mrs. M. Robinson.]

Concluded from Page 530.

THE pilgrim at length arrived. The steward had conducted him to his apartment, whither the Marchioness and her pupils instantly repaired to bid him welcome. A variety of refreshments were placed before him, but he declined the proffered luxuries. The scanty nourishment his scrip afforded, being nearly exhausted, he replenished it with thanks, and drawing a wicker chair to the corner of the spacious hearth, blessed Heaven—and smiled contented! “Are you going much farther?” said Carline; the Marchioness shook her head as a mark of disapprobation. “Yes, fair Lady,” replied the pilgrim, “I am going to pay my devotions at the chapel of the Lady of Loretto.”—Carline’s curiosity, arrested by her mother’s frown, waited impatiently for farther information.

“If my melancholy story,” resumed he, “could either instruct or amuse you, I would gladly recite it; but, alas! uninterrupted woe will only awaken your pity, without repaying your lost time.” Elvira assured him, that to alleviate his grief would be to them the proudest gratification; and that if sympathy could administer comfort to the wounds of misfortune, he might depend upon receiving some degree of consolation in communicating his calamities.

“Sweet ladies,” said the venerable man, “I shall but tire your patience: But if it is your wish to hear a tale of sorrow, I feel, that gratitude and respect demand it of me. The Mar-
chioness

chioness would readily have excused him, but her inclinations were overruled by Carline and Emma, who seating themselves on each side of the pilgrim, with anxious curiosity awaited the recital.

THE PILGRIM'S STORY.

“ MY eyes first opened to the vicissitudes of life, in the city of Avignon. My father was a General in the French service; and, my mother, the only offspring of her noble, but indigent parents. They were united by disinterested affection, and as their happiness centered in each other, they were above the envy, or the malice, of mankind. My father's fortune, though not competent to procure the luxuries of the world, was, by my mother's economy and exemplary prudence, sufficient for the enjoyment of every comfort.

“ I was the only fruit of their unfulfilled attachment. My amiable mother only survived a few minutes after she gave me being. She embraced me, and clasping me to her bosom, resigned her gentle soul to endless happiness.

“ My father, whose profession called him from Avignon when I was scarcely three years old, committed the care of my education to the Abbe de Versac, a distant relation of my mother. He was a man celebrated for his profound erudition and brilliant talents: He instructed my young mind in all the elegant acquirements of a scholar and a gentleman. The labours of his anxious hours were repaid by my close application to the precepts he wished to inculcate.

“ At the age of seventeen I had acquired a competent knowledge of the classics, and had already composed many successful pieces in imitation of the Greek and Latin poets. The rocks of Vaucluse consecrated by the inspiration of the muses, had often echoed with my matin song, and the celestial form of the immortal Laura, frequently blessed in visionary dreams the slumbers of the evening!

“ I felt rapt, inspired, as I traversed the deep valley, or mused beneath the laurelled bower, dedicated to love and virtue! I wandered on the margin of the shallow rivulets that were once dear to the faithful Petrarch; their murmurs soothed my pensive heart; and as I dropped a tear upon their bubbling surface, I felt the conscious delight of having paid the tender tribute due to his memory and his sorrows! Often did I cast my little form upon the sod, made sacred by the footsteps of the wandering lovers. These were my happy moments—transient indeed they were, for they now almost appear to have been the phantoms

toms of a bewildered fancy. The subduing hand of misery has nearly erased the very shadows of my early hours; the bright delusions of youth's glowing day are sunk in cold oblivion, as the glorious sun sets in the border of the dark and troubled ocean!

“ Filled with romantic inspiration, my mind was softened like the tempered wax, and ready to receive the tenderest impressions.

“ In the vicinity of Avignon, beneath the shades of an empowering wood, devotion had long performed her sacred orisons at the monastery of St. Tereſe; the lofty walls were inaccessible, except on the fifteenth of June, when at the celebration of the fete de Dieu, the grates were thrown open, and every eye was permitted to view the solemn ceremony of the High Maſs.

“ Curioſity, more than zeal, led me to be a ſpectator: The holy ſiſters arranged in the chapel of the convent, ſung their choral anthems, replete with ſeraphic harmony; the vaulted arches repeated the thrilling ſounds, while the fumes of heavenly incenſe curled around a thouſand quivering tapers.— Among the veſtals, my every ſenſe was fascinated by one, whoſe beauty far ſurpaſſed all I had yet conceived of mortal woman! A ſweet melancholy gave inexpressible ſoftneſs to features exquisitely regular, and the meek bluſh of unaffected modeſty heightened a complexion beauteous and glowing as the rays of the morning. Her age pronounced her but newly initiated in holy duties, and her every look declared ſhe was formed for that world from which ſhe was ſecluded, in the deep and cheerleſs gloom of monaſtic apathy. I gazed upon her with a devotion more warm, more chaſte, than even piety itſelf could have ſuggeſted. Her eye encountered mine—I fancied a thouſand childiſh things;—my earneſt attention ſeemed to perplex her; the crucifix fell from her trembling hand, ſhe roſe and left the chapel.

“ I returned to Avignon. The image of this peerleſs angel never forſook me; I beheld her in midnight ſlumbers, her voice vibrated on my enraptured ear, and awoke me to all the agonies of dire deſpair. Often did I wander, when the ſun ſunk beneath the horizon, to catch its laſt beam that illumined the vanes of her lonely habitation. Often did I liſten whole hours beneath the hated wall, that enclosed the treaſure of my ſoul, to catch the diſtant and imperfect ſound of the holy evening ſong. I fancied I could diſtinguiſh her voice from every other,

other, and my heart panted sadly ; responsive to every swelling note.

“ I remained several months in this state of perfect wretchedness, when an accident opened to my distracted mind a gleam of transitory comfort. The Abbe de Versac, having embraced the most rigid state of holy bondage, was frequently employed in the pious office of confessor to the nuns of St. Terefe. A sudden indisposition preventing his usual attendance, I availed myself of the opportunity that presented itself, and, in the habit of a monk, bore to the abbess of a convent a specious recommendation of myself, deputing me as worthy of the sacred confidence. I was readily admitted into the cell of ghostly admonition, and fortune directed the heavenly Louisa to the footstool of contrition !

“ The purity of her life scarcely left her a single error to acknowledge ; my penance was gentle, as her soul was spotless : I requested her to peruse a lesson I had written, and to abide by the injunctions it contained ; she thanked me, then, with the voice of meekness and humility, implored my benediction, and departed.

“ My safety required that I should instantly withdraw from the sacred walls, lest the imposition should be detected, and at once destroy my reputation and my hopes. The transaction was soon made public, and I frequently heard eternal vengeance denounced against the perpetrator of so vile a fraud. The abbess offered an immense reward for apprehending the sacrilegious hypocrite, and every tongue united to condemn me. My letter informed her of my name, quality, and fortune ; which, by my father’s death, was not inconsiderable ; I implored her compassion for my sufferings, and earnestly requested a decisive answer. I told her, in the language of despair, that nothing should induce me to survive her resentment, and concluded my frantic prayer by informing her, that I should watch for ten successive nights beneath the walls that immured her, to receive the fiat of my irrevocable destiny.”

“ At the twilight hour of the seventh day, when every breeze was hushed, and nature seemed to pause in melancholy silence, musing beneath the trees that encircled the prison of my idol, my ear was suddenly enchanted by the melody of a female voice. I drew near the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and distinctly heard the words of her complaint : They pierced my very heart—attuning every chord to sympathetic piety.”—
[For the Verses alluded to here see p. 439 of our present Volume.]

“ From

“ From that moment I determined to release the beautiful Louisa, or perish beneath the stony confines of her prison; the difficulties attending such an undertaking, and the dreadful punishments that would be inflicted on the perpetrators of such a crime, rendered every precaution necessary to ensure success.

“ Chance, however, completed what years of indefatigable industry might not have accomplished: The abbess of St. Teresa was suddenly seized with an alarming indisposition, her life was supposed to be in extreme danger, and as the Lady Louisa was of the highest rank among the holy sisterhood, she was entrusted with the entire government of the convent, and unlimited possession of the rights of a superior. It was not difficult, under these circumstances, to accomplish her wish; my letters were delivered without creating the smallest suspicion, and the rapturous hour was appointed for her escape from misery.

“ Her heart was susceptible of the finest passions; she relied on my honour, and I never deceived her. She had long considered herself as a victim doomed to eternal solitude; the extraordinary change my propositions presented, the prospect of happiness that opened to her soul, gave energy to hope, and strength to resolution! I provided horses, and a convenient disguise. Heaven smiled upon the deed, and gave to my fond arms the beautiful Louisa.

“ We traversed the wood for some miles, and taking the route toward Marseilles, in three days reached that port in safety.

“ There we were united in holy bands. The mistress of my affections became the wife of my bosom! and I—became the proud possessor of a treasure worlds could not have purchased!

“ Having procured a vessel, we set sail for Florence: The winds were propitious, we arrived unmolested at Leghorn, and from thence proceeded to the most beautiful city in the universe!

“ My adored Louisa, whose early days had been devoted to religious duties, evinced not the smallest desire to relinquish the delights of retirement; her mind, accustomed to an uninterrupted scene of tranquillity, dreaded to engage in the tumultuous bustle of the busy world. We hired a beautiful little villa in the vicinity of Florence, and, blest in the full possession of all that mutual affection and mental gratification could afford, looked down with pity on the proudest distinctions in the power of any earthly monarch to bestow!

“ Three delicious years of perfect happiness cemented the bonds of undeviating attachment, when a regatta, in celebration of the Pope’s accession, awoke the attention, and excited the curiosity of all ranks of people.

“ My Louisa was tempted to partake of the amusement; and in the midst of delightful festivity, when every heart bounded with rapture—mine alone received the dreadful fiat of eternal anguish!

“ The Arno was beautifully serene; the silvery surface reflecting, as in a gently moving mirror, the verdant banks sloping to the margin, enamelled with flowers, and crowded with spectators. Thousands of little boats decorated with variegated streamers, were seen skimming along the lucid current; some containing the most dulcet harmony, and others lightly shading with their silken awnings, the sparkling eyes and roseate blushes of enchanting beauty!

“ My Louisa was charmed with this new and fascinating spectacle; our *barchetta*, which was decorated with festoons of myrtle, was gently rowed by youths, dressed in the habits of Arcadian shepherds. The mind, charmed to repose by the enchanting scene, sunk into that sweet indolence, which, like the slumber of wearied and exhausted nature, replenishes its faculties, and awakens its perfections to renovated lustre! My Louisa reclined her gentle form upon a matras of yellow taffeta; the warmth of the evening heightened the glow upon her lovely cheek, and threw a delicious languor on her eyes, that rendered her the object of universal admiration!

“ My heart was full of rapture—I beheld my precious treasure with more delight than language can describe. The universe had nothing to bestow, beyond what I possessed, and my enchanted senses could scarcely conceive any thing more divine, even in the regions of celestial happiness!

“ We arrested our oars, to gratify the soul with the exquisite harmony proceeding from a magnificent barge moored near the margin of the river; when, on a sudden, a young man, of athletic form and noble mien, darted forward, and seizing my beloved Louisa, was bearing her in his arms to a boat alongside of us. Every nerve that quivered round my heart, throbbled at this unexpected outrage; the stranger committed his prize to the care of his companions, then advanced toward me, drew a stiletto from his sleeve, and aimed a stroke at my unguarded breast. I warded off the blow, and turned his dastard weapon on himself.—The point entered his heart—he sunk breathless at my feet.

“ Louisa

“ Louisa opened her beautiful eyes to all the horrors of despair and death! She had only time to exclaim, “ My brother!” when the life-blood rushing from her convulsive lip—she hid her icy cheek in my distracted bosom—and instantly expired.

“ Frenzy now seizing on my tortured brain, suggested the foul crime of self-annihilation; but justice, like a pitying cherubim, snatched the dire weapon, reeking with kindred blood, from my assassin hand. I was torn from the lifeless victims of impatience, and thrown into the dungeon of horror and repentance.—The Count de Clairville, the brother of my murdered angel, was the only relation relentless fate had left her; her name is now extinct—but her virtues are immortal! She had been compelled to take the veil from a base and little pride, which too frequently sacrifices the younger female branches of illustrious, but indigent families, to a shameful and perpetual imprisonment.

“ The unfortunate De Clairville was returning from his travels; destined to a military life, he had lately received a commission, and was hastening to join his regiment, then at Lyons.

“ He had long given up the fruitless search after his adored sister—Fate brought her to his view—then closed his eyes for ever.

“ The Count having given the first assault, my punishment was mitigated; my doom ten years imprisonment; and afterward, perpetual banishment from a country, whose laws I had violated, and whose annals I had stained with blood.—The former part of my sentence expired in days of weeping, and in nights of anguish—till the excess of grief produced a sul- len stupor, that rendered me insensible to every calamity.

“ Time gave again to my sad eyes the cheerful light of Heaven, and with it, all the pangs of fatal recollection! Driven from society, an alien to my native country—an out- cast from every hope of future happiness—alone, unfriended, lost, forgotten—I knew not whither to direct my course, one half my little fortune was forfeited to the state, and meagre poverty stretched forth her icy fangs to seal my destiny. By perseverance through a long and painful journey, I arrived in Spain, a wanderer, and unknown, labouring under all the agonies of conscious misery.

“ I have from that hour resided among the mountains in the vicinity of Madrid. My hovel was too obscure to excite curiosity, and its solitary tenant too poor to dread interruption

Poverty and sorrow are the strongest securities against the intrusions of mankind; let adversity guard your threshold, and you may enjoy an uninterrupted life of mournful seclusion.

“ Yet I do not presume to repine, for alas! every hour convinces me that prayers and tears are not sufficient to expiate my crimes. The penance I have imposed upon myself, is a pilgrimage to Loretto, and the first instance I experience of divine benignity, is the benevolent hospitality I now enjoy in the forest of Vancenza.”

The pilgrim, rising from his wicker chair, bowed respectful to his lovely auditors. Elvira gave his sorrows a tributary tear—it fell upon his hand that rested on his staff as she stood near him—he pressed it to his lips—it revived his mournful heart—for it was the holy tear of commiserating virtue!

Before the sun rose from its eastern canopy, the pilgrim resumed his toilsome journey of penitence and sorrow.

An Account of the Caravans which constantly visit Mecca and other Parts of the East.

By Dr. ROBERTSON.

THE first is the caravan which takes its departure from Cairo in Egypt, and the other from Damascus in Syria. The former is composed not only of pilgrims from every part of Egypt, but of those which arrive from all the small Mahomedan states on the African coast of the Mediterranean, from the empire of Morocco, and even from the Negroe kingdoms on the Atlantic. When assembled, the caravan consists at least of 50,000 persons, and the number of camels employed in carrying water, provisions, and merchandize, is still greater. The journey, which, in going from Cairo and returning thither, is not completed in less than a hundred days, is performed wholly by land; and as the route lies mostly through sandy deserts, or barren uninhabited wilds, which seldom afford any subsistence, and where often no sources of water can be found, the pilgrims always undergo much fatigue, and sometimes must endure incredible hardships.

The caravan from Damascus, composed of pilgrims from almost every province of the Turkish empire, is little inferior to the former in number, and the commerce which it carries on is hardly less valuable. The pilgrimage was performed in the year 1741, by Khizeh Abdulkureera. He gives the usual
route

route from Damascus to Mecca, computed by hours, the common mode of reckoning a journey in the East through countries little frequented. According to the most moderate estimate, the distance between the two cities must be above a thousand miles; a great part of the journey is through a desert, and the pilgrims not only endure much fatigue but are often exposed to great danger from the wild Arabs. It is a singular proof of the predatory spirit of the Arabs, that although all their independent tribes are zealous Mahomedans, yet they make no scruple of plundering the caravans of pilgrims, while engaged in performing one of the most indispensable duties of their religion. Great as these caravans are, we must not suppose that all the pilgrims who visit Mecca belong to them; such considerable additions are received from the extensive dominions of Persia, from every province of Indostan, and the countries to the east of it, from Abyssinia, from various states on the southern coast of Africa, and from all parts of Arabia, that when the whole are assembled they have been computed to amount to 200,000. In some years the number is farther increased by small bands of pilgrims from several interior provinces of Africa, the names and situations of which are just beginning to be known in Europe.

In the report of the Committee of the Privy Council on the Slave Trade, other particulars are contained; and it appears that the commerce carried on by caravans in the interior parts of Africa is not only widely extended, but of considerable value. Besides the great caravan which proceeds to Cairo, and is joined by Mahomedan pilgrims from every part of Africa, there are caravans which have no object but commerce, which set out from Fez, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and other states on the sea-coast, and penetrate far into the interior country.—Some of them take no less than 50 days to reach the place of their destination; and, as the medium of their rate of travelling may be estimated at about 18 miles a day, the extent of their journey may be easily computed. As both the time of their outset, and their route, are known, they are met by the people of all the countries through which they travel, who trade with them. Indian goods of every kind form a considerable article in this traffic, in exchange for which the chief commodity they can give is slaves.

As the journies of the caravans, which are purely commercial, do not commence at stated seasons, and their routes vary according to the convenience or fancy of the merchants of whom they are composed, a description cannot be given of

them with the same degree of accuracy. But by attending to the accounts of some authors, and the occasional hints of others, sufficient information may be gathered to satisfy us, that the circulation of Eastern goods by these caravans is very extensive. The same intercourse which was anciently kept up by the provinces in the north-east of Asia with Indostan and China, and which I formerly described, still subsists. Among all the numerous tribes of Tartars, even of those which retain their pastoral manners in greatest purity, the demand for the productions of these two countries is very considerable. In order to supply them with these, caravans set out annually from Boghar, Samarcand, Thibet, and several other places, and return with large cargoes of Indian and Chinese goods. But the trade carried on between Russia and China in this part of Asia is by far the most extensive and best known. Some connection of this kind, it is probable, was kept up between them from the earliest period, but it increased greatly after the interior parts of Russia were rendered accessible by the conquests of Zingis Khan and Tamerlane.

The commercial nations of Europe were so well acquainted with the mode of carrying on this trade, that soon after the Portuguese had opened the communication with the East by the Cape of Good Hope, an attempt was made in order to diminish the advantages which they derived from this discovery, to prevail on the Russians to convey Indian and Chinese commodities through the whole extent of their empire, partly by land-carriage and partly by means of navigable rivers, to some port on the Baltic, from which they might be distributed through every part of Europe. This scheme, too great for the monarch then on the throne of Russia to carry into execution, was rendered practicable by the conquests of Ivan Basilowitz, and the genius of Peter the Great. Though the capitals of the two empires were situated at the immense distance of 6378 miles from each other, and the route lay above 400 miles through an uninhabited desert, caravans travelled from the one to the other. But though it had been stipulated when this intercourse was established, that the number of persons in each caravan should not exceed 200, and though they were shut up within the walls of a caravanserai during the short time they remained in Pekin, and were allowed to deal only with a few merchants, to whom a monopoly of the trade with them had been granted; yet, notwithstanding all these restraints and precautions, the jealous vigilance with which the Chinese government excludes foreigners from a free intercourse with its subjects was alarmed,

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and the admission of the Russian caravans into the empire was soon prohibited. After various negotiations, an expedient was at length devised, by which the advantages of natural commerce were secured, without infringing the cautious arrangements of Chinese policy. On the boundary of the two empires, two small towns were built almost contiguous, the one inhabited by Russians, the other by Chinese. To these all the marketable productions of their respective countries are brought by the subjects of each empire; and the furs, the linen and woollen cloth, the leather, the glass, &c. of Russia, are exchanged for the silk, the cotton, the tea, the rice, the toys, &c. of China. By some well judged concessions of the sovereign now seated on the throne of Russia, whose enlarged mind is superior to the illiberal maxims of some of her predecessors, this trade is rendered so flourishing, that its amount annually is not less than 800,000*l.* sterling, and it is the only trade with China carried on almost entirely by barter.

Mr. Justice Ashburst's Charge to the Grand Jury for the County of Middlesex, delivered Monday, November 19, 1792.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY,

I Have the honour of meeting you upon the stated return of this solemnity of putting in execution the criminal law, and of bringing such offenders to justice as have been guilty of a breach of the law.

Gentlemen, there is no nation in the world that can boast of a better system of Government than that under which we have the happiness to live. Here no man is so high as to be above the reach of the law, and no man so low as not to be within the protection of it. The power of the Crown on the one hand, and the liberty of the subject on the other, are both effectually secured, and at the same time kept within their proper limits. Gentlemen, the law of this country only lays such restraints on the actions of individuals as are necessary for the safety and good order of the community at large; and such restraints are so far from being infringements of civil liberty, that civil liberty could not subsist without them: For, if every man were left to the free and uncontrouled impulse of his own mind, as in a state of nature, no man could be secure of his person or property, and the weak would become a prey to the strong

strong. But in a state of civil government, each individual grows strong in the strength of the community.

Gentlemen, it is civil liberty that is the parent of industry, and consequently of wealth; for in a state of nature there was no security to property, and no man thought of property further than for the momentary supply of his own immediate necessities. But when men have entered into society, the consciousness that their property is secure, induces to habits of industry. Man, in that state, does not bend his pursuits to the mere supply of his present wants, but looks forward to future ages. The mutual wants of men produce a mutual supply; this leads to trade and commerce, and extends a man's connections beyond the narrow circle of his own family; and thus mutual wants bring mutual happiness.

But, gentlemen, as a preliminary step to the procuring of these enjoyments, it was necessary that mankind, on entering into society, should give up into the hands of Government that species of liberty which resulted from the perfect equality of man, and where no man had a right to impose on another a rule of conduct, but every man, as far as his strength carried him through, followed his own will.

But, gentlemen, a state of society cannot subsist without subordination; there must be general rules laid down by the coercive power of the state wherever it resides, as a standard by which the actions of men are to be measured and punished, so as to prevent them from being injurious to the rights and happiness of their fellow citizens. And there must be a coercive power in such hands as the Constitution has thought fit to place it, to enforce such laws and rules of action as the wisdom of the state has prescribed.

Happily for us, gentlemen, we are not bound by any laws but such as are ordained by the virtual consent of the whole kingdom, and which every man has the means of knowing; and if men judge right, they would be persuaded their happiness entirely depended on a due observance and support of those laws. There have, however, under the best systems of Government, been found men of corrupt principles, who, having forsaken honest industry, wish to throw every thing into confusion, and to live by rapine and plunder; when that is the case, it is become necessary for the coercive power of the state to lend its restraining hand, and to punish offences of such a flagrant nature. There is no prospect of a reformation till such corrupt members be cut off, to prevent others from being contaminated by their example. But though crimes must
not

not go unpunished, I may venture to affirm, that there is no nation whatever that is so careful of the natural liberty of the subject, or has made such humane provision for offenders, as the nation in which we live.

Gentlemen, the ordaining of this preliminary step, the inquest, such as that on which you now appear, composed of gentlemen of rank and figure in the country, is a guard and caution unknown in every other country. And after you have given your opinion that the matter is fit for further inquiry, the accused has a right to have his indictment tried by a Jury, which is a most invaluable privilege.

The law, gentlemen, is no less careful in protecting men's civil rights. There is no country where the law is more uprightly or more impartially administered. For this blessing we are indebted to the wise and prudent form of our Constitution, and to that security which naturally results from it. Hence it is that our commerce has been extended beyond the example of all former ages. And we all know that this is the case of every manufacturing town in this country. Such is the flourishing state of this kingdom, and such the happy fruits of liberty and peace. One would suppose there was not a man in this kingdom who did not feel it, and feel it with a grateful heart; and yet, I am sorry to say, there are men of dark and gloomy hearts, who would wish to overturn the general fabric of our Constitution, which has been the work of ages, and would give us in return a system of universal anarchy and confusion. There have been publications in which the authors disclaim all idea of subordination, as inconsistent with the natural rights and equality of mankind, and recommend the example of a neighbouring nation as a model for our imitation. Alas! humanity is called upon to pity the deplorable situation of that country; but it is a very ill-chosen example of imitation, to hold forth to a nation in a most flourishing state of happiness; and it is pretty extraordinary, that, with our eyes open, we should wish to plunge ourselves into the same abyss of misery with that neighbouring nation. One might naturally have expected that doctrines so absurd, so nonsensical, and so pernicious, would have been treated with that contempt they deserve, and would have sunk into oblivion. But when one not only finds such tenets held, but societies of men formed, who meet for the express purpose of disseminating such doctrines; and who hold a regular correspondence with other societies in a neighbouring nation; it is time for every sober man, who is at all interested in the welfare and safety of his country, as much as in him lies to endeavour

endeavour to crush such unconstitutional and pernicious doctrines. Gentlemen, his Majesty, who is always anxious and watchful over the safety and prosperity of his people, did some time ago issue his Royal Proclamation, which received the approbation of every good citizen of this kingdom. And, gentlemen, I am afraid the circumstances which gave rise to that Proclamation are not yet so totally at an end, as to make it unreasonable for me now to recal them to your recollection.—Gentlemen, his Majesty in that Proclamation states—“That divers wicked and seditious writings,” &c. [Here his Lordship recited the substance of the proclamation.]

Gentlemen, I cannot help expressing the happiness I feel that his Majesty's proclamation has been received with every mark of respect through the kingdom; and there are scarcely any parts of the kingdom that have not presented an address to his Majesty in consequence of it, and who have not expressed their hatred and abhorrence of such pernicious doctrines, and shew they are not to be duped out of their happiness by the shallow artifices of such men as have nothing to lose, and who would wish to enrich themselves by the destruction of all Government. His Majesty's servants and Ministers have paid due attention to this proclamation so far as to have instituted proceedings against several libellous and seditious publications. But, Gentlemen, though the proclamation has tended to produce the desired effect, it has not done it so effectually as to prevent the disseminating of such kind of writings; and all sober men ought to be diligent in supporting the cause of order and Government.

Gentlemen, I trust your minds will be impressed with these ideas, and that you will be assiduous in supporting our form of Government. Such of you as are in a private station will endeavour by your example to discountenance such kind of doctrines; and those of you who are clothed with the robes of magistracy, will be diligent in exerting yourselves to bring to justice all who have been guilty of a breach of the law, by publishing tenets of that pernicious nature.

I shall not take up more of your time, but recommend it to you to proceed with all due dispatch to the public service, and I have no doubt but you will discharge your duty in a manner honourable to yourselves, and so as to deserve the thanks of your country.

AN ANECDOTE.

ON Sunday, November 11, 1792, was married at Gretna Green, Mr. Richard Harrison, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Goodfellow, of Cross Hill, in Cumberland.

The following singular circumstance attended this union:— William James, a bombardier of the Royal Artillery, paid his addresses to this young lady, who is under age, and an heiress. Having obtained her consent, he engaged Mr. Harrison, his friend, to accompany them to Gretna, that he might assist, in case of a rescue being attempted. He placed his intended bride upon a horse behind the last mentioned, and, mounting another himself, they set off for the Temple of Hymen.

Upon the road, they fell in with some company, to whom James could not refrain communicating his successful negotiation with the lady, and the prospect of his approaching happiness.— In the mean time the lady urged her conductor to a more speedy flight, and they alighted at Longtown, some time before the intended bridegroom. On his arrival, he found them taking a little refreshment, and, as ill luck would have it, he could not avoid reproaching them for “leaving him on the road.” The lady retorted, pretty warmly, his want of attention; the friend of both interfered, and, in short, a violent quarrel ensued; blows were exchanged, and it required the salutary aid of the constable to restore quiet.

When the parties had time to recollect themselves, the lady declared, that, from the specimen she had seen of Mr. James's gallantry, she was determined *not* to marry him, but being at the same time resolved not to return home without a husband, she made a surrender of her person and two estates to Mr. Harrison, if he thought proper to accompany her to the place of their first destination. Mr. H. was too much a man of spirit to refuse a challenge; they were instantly upon horseback again, and the Old Cobler at Gretna soon made them one—and within a few hours of their first acquaintance.

A Description of the Association of the Common Caterpillar.

By Mr. SMELLIE.

ABOUT the middle of summer a butterfly deposits from three to four hundred eggs on a leaf of a tree, from each

of which, in a few days, a young caterpillar proceeds. They are no sooner hatched than they begin to form a common habitation. They spin silken threads, which they attach to one edge of the leaf, and extend them to the other. By this operation they make the two edges of the leaf approach each other, and form a cavity resembling a hammock. In a short time, the concave leaf is completely roofed with a covering of silk. Under this tent the animals live together in mutual friendship and harmony. When not disposed to eat or to spin, they retire to their tent. It requires several of these habitations to contain the whole. According as the animals increase in size, the number of their tents is augmented. After gnawing one-half of the substance of such leaves as happen to be near the end of some twig or small branch, they begin the great work. In constructing this new edifice or nest, the caterpillars encrust a considerable part of the twig with white silk. In the same manner, they cover two or three of such leaves together with the twig. The nest is now so spacious that it is able to contain the whole community, every individual of which is employed in the common labour. By different plain coverings extended from the opposite sides of the leaves and of the twig, the internal part of the nest is divided into a number of different apartments. To each of these apartments, which seem to be very irregular, there are passages by which the caterpillars can either go out in quest of food, or retire in the evening, or during rainy weather. The silken coverings, by repeated layers, become at last so thick and strong that they resist all the attack of the wind, and all the injuries of the air, during eight or nine months. About the beginning of October, or when the frost first commences, the whole community shut themselves up in the nest. During the winter they remain immoveable, and seemingly dead; but, when exposed to heat, they soon discover symptoms of life, and begin to creep. In this country they seldom go out of the nest till the middle or end of April. When they shut themselves up for the winter they are very small; but, after they have fed for some days in the spring upon the young or tender leaves, they find the nest itself, and all the entrances to it, too small for the increased size of their bodies. To remedy this inconveniency these disgusting reptiles know how to enlarge both the nest and its passages by additional operations accommodated to the present state. Into these new lodgings they retire when they want to repose, to screen themselves from the injuries of the weather, or to cast their skins. In fine, after casting their skins several times,

the

the time of their dispersion arrives. From the beginning to the end of June they lead a solitary life. Their social disposition is no longer felt. Each of them spins a pod of coarse brownish silk; in a few days they are changed into chrysalis, and in eighteen or twenty days more they are transformed into butterflies.

TRANSLATION of GRAY'S ELEGY.

By Mr. PERCEVAL.

Continued from Page 524.

UN des vieillards alors peut-être s'écrira,
 " Souvent nous l'avons vu dès l'aube matinère,
 " Vers le coteau prochain précipitant ses pas,
 " Contempler le soleil entrant en sa carrière
 " Sur le gazon fleuri qu'ombrage ce fouteau,
 " Quelque fois évitant la chaleur trop ardente,
 " Nonchalamment couché sur le bord du ruisseau,
 " Il le suivoit de l'œil en sa course bruyante.
 " Quelque fois paroissant de colère agité,
 " En reproches altiers il exhaloit sa haine;
 " Tantôt pâle, abattu, d'un amour rejeté
 " Il sembloit être en proie aux horreurs à la peine.
 " En descendant un jour son coteau favori,
 " Je le cherchai des yeux le long de la bruyère;
 " Le lendemain j'allai, sous son arbre cheri,
 " Eu vain; it n'étoit plus, tout étoit solitaire.

Sherborne Grammar School.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Answer, by R. Liscombe, of Newton Abbot, to J. K. C's Enigma,
 inserted September 24.

TWIXT heaven and earth the THATCHER's often seen,
 And when it rains he wets his own poor skin;
 An useful covering for the corn he makes,
 And shelter for the cottager he takes.

*Answer, by R. Liscombe, of Newton Abbot, to N. Abbot's Charades,
inserted October 1, 1792.*

BLACK seems more dismal than the night,
A CAP Eliza fair has crown'd;
BLACK-CAP the villain doth affright,
 While the Judge pronounces his doom.
 Your first is nothing but a **NAME**,
 Your second's is still **LESS**;
 Then if your third's of smaller fame,
 It sure must be **NAMELESS**.
 The **SILK-WORM** is both poor and mean,
 Ladies make it their care;
 Without it silks would ne'er have been,
 Which so adorn the fair.

Answer, by Fidelio, of Bath, to Orlando's Rebus, inserted Oct. 1.

HAPPY the studious youth whose mind
 To useful science is inclin'd;
 Who takes delight in reading o'er
 The **BOOK** replete with nature's lore.
 But ah! how different is the case
 With those who vicious ways embrace,
 And who their time and thoughts engage
 In poring over folly's page.

* * * We have received the like answer from S. Hill, Daw-
 lish; a pupil of Mr. Smyth's school at St. Stephen's; T. C.
 of Grampound; J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell; and William
 Hodgson, of Tywardreath.

An ENIGMA, by J. K. C. near Wells.

ATTEND each worthy Sir and Madam,
 Of Mother Eve and Father Adam,
 To my delighted ditty;
 So charming fluent, smooth, and easy,
 It surely cannot fail to please ye,
 In jingling sounds so pretty.
 'Tis now an hundred years ago,
 Or something more, for what I know,
 Since I became a neighbour;

And

And such a progress have I made,
That now a days there's scarce a trade,
In which I do not labour.

Yet work not always is in view,
I sometimes play as well as you,
And take my fill of pleasure;
Where gamblers spend the midnight hour,
And some look gay, while others low'r,
I watch them at my leisure.

In courts and palaces I'm seen,
And frequently upon the green,
With honest Hodge the peasant;
And when old Boreas' blustering howls
To croaking toads, and hooting owls,
My company is pleasant.

I am a well-known friend to Watts,
In vending of his patent shot,
And Harvey's battle-powder;
While some with quiet, subtle snares,
Take pheasants, partridges, and hares,
We make our conquests louder.

Respected both in peace and war,
I love the soldier and the tar,
And brave with them all dangers;
Tho' light'nings flash, and thunders crack,
And billows dash o'er me and Jack,
Still we to fear are strangers.

Oft when a dreadful storm's begun,
I up and down am seen to run,
Amongst the masts and rigging;
While waves the tatter'd bark o'erwhelm,
Stout hearted Jack holds fast the helm,
And keeps the ship still jogging.

In heaven and earth I'm known to dwell,
By sea and land, and e'en in hell,
Where burning sulphurs flame;
And tho' this hint may prove too plain,
I to eternity shall reign,
And blot out empty fame.

P O E T R Y.

A W I N T E R's D A Y.

THE night comes on apace——
Chill blows the blast, and drives the snow in wreaths,
Now ev'ry creature looks around for shelter,
And, whether man or beast, all move alike
Towards their several homes; and happy they
Who have a house to screen them from the cold!
Lo! o'er the frost a rev'rend form advances!
His hair white as the snow on which he treads,
His forehead mark'd with many a care-worn furrow,
Whose feeble body, bending o'er a staff,
Still shew that once it was the seat of strength,
Tho' now it shakes like some old ruin'd tow'r.
Cloth'd, indeed, but not disgrac'd with rags,
He still maintains that decent dignity
Which well becomes those who have serv'd their country.
With tott'ring steps he to the cottage moves:
The wife within, who hears his hollow cough,
And patt'ring of his stick upon the threshold,
Sends out her little boy to see who's there.
The child looks up to view the stranger's face,
And, seeing it enlighten'd with a smile,
Holds out his little hand to lead him in.
Rous'd from her work, the mother turns her head,
And sees them, not ill-pleas'd.
The stranger whines not with a piteous tale,
But only asks a little, to relieve
A poor old soldier's wants.
The gentle matron brings the easy chair,
And bids him sit, to rest his wearied limbs,
And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children, full of curiosity,
Flock round, and, with their fingers in their mouths,
Stand staring at him; whilst the stranger pleas'd,

Takes

Takes up the youngest boy upon his knee.
 Proud of its feat, it wags its little feet,
 And prates, and laughs, and plays with his white locks.
 But soon the foldier's face lays off its smiles;
 His thoughtful mind is turn'd on other days,
 When his own boys were wont to play around him,
 Who now lie distant from their native land
 In honourable, but untimely graves.
 He feels how helpless and forlorn he is,
 And bitter tears gush from his dim-worn eyes,
 His toilsome daily labour at an end,
 In comes the wearied master of the house,
 And marks with satisfaction his old guest,
 With all his children round.
 His honest heart is fill'd with manly kindness;
 He bids him stay, and share their homely meal,
 And take with them his quarters for the night.
 The weary wanderer thankfully accepts,
 And, seated with the cheerful family,
 Around the plain but hospitable board
 Forgets the many hardships he has pass'd.

ODE to the EOLIAN HARP.

QH! from thy shell, where many a joyless month,
 All silent thou hast slept, while winter stern,
 Shook o'er the trembling world
 His iron rod severe,
 Swell forth soft spirit of the tuneful harp
 Eolian! Thou, thro' all thy cadence sweet,
 Whose every note is love,
 And sympathy divine.

Lo zephyr wooes thee, and the sportive spring,
 With flowing tresses, interleav'd with flowers,
 Herself has cull'd, returns
 From many a fragrant heath:
 Thee, too, the virgins wait, in yonder bower,
 With wiles, and wit, and roseate dimples sweet,
 Touch'd by the tepid airs
 That wanton wildly round.

Oh! with thy mildest movements, melt their hearts
 To kindness; and some favour'd youth be near,
 To catch, in whispers breath'd,
 Th' assent that makes him blest.
 Ah! then, not angels emulate the bliss
 That must convulse his soul, as deep he feels
 The new sensation spread,
 The agony of joy.

Thee, sweet enchantress! and thy vocal strain,
 Now let me hear, when morn, with dewy locks,
 First climbs the uplands grey,
 And listens to the lark:
 Or, when mild evening mounts her silv'ry car,
 Skirted with shadows, and diffuses
 Her balmy breath benign:
 What time the pale-ey'd moon
 Lights the blue east, and calls the vagrant mind,
 Lost in the turmoils of the tiresome day,
 To solitude and peace,
 And contemplation pure.

Then let me hear thee. But Oh! chief attend,
 Sweet power of mildest moods! Or whether morn
 Climbs the green uplands bright,
 Or eve her silv'ry car,
 Skirted with shadows round, ascends sublime;
 Or, all refulgent, from his throne direct,
 The bright sun pours, profuse,
 His tide of dazzling day.

Whene'er, amid the changing scenes of life,
 Distress is mine, or turbulence and ire,
 Beneath their lawless sway,
 Inglorious, bend my breast,
 Oh then be present! For not all the powers
 Of modern music, modulated nice,
 Tho' boastful of success,
 Can then with thee compare,
 Soft fyren! whose wild cadence, stealing sweet
 O'er the fix'd ear, soothes more the wounded soul
 Than all that envious art
 Or nature knows beside,