

# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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[N° XXXII.]

## BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

*Morality, Literature, Biography, History,  
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

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## MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GOSSIP—N° XXVIII.

*Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna  
Felix oporuit. Quintam fuge; pallidus Orcus,  
Eumenidesque satæ.*

THE idea of lucky and unlucky days, whose influence acts upon every thing undertaken at those periods, has, in all ages, amongst all nations, been more or less entertained, but particularly in the more savage and unenlightened countries, ignorance being the parent of superstition; and this we see clearly proved, by the gross folly of this species, which pervades the lower class of people even in the most civilized nations—and it often happens, that persons of strong natural sense, and liberal education, having imbibed superstitious prejudices from those who had the care of their infancy, find it almost impossible to shake them off, even when mature judgement, and ripened understanding, teach them to laugh at their own fears.

I know a man of sense and science who would not cut his hair in the decrease of the moon, nor his corns in the increase, lest one should fall rapidly off and leave him bald, and the other increase until he could not wear a shoe smaller than the foot of a French postillion's half-boot: and a woman, of excellent understanding, who would not, on any account, begin a piece of work on a Saturday, from the idea that work begun on that day is never finished, either death, or illness, or misfortune of some kind or other, intervening, to prevent its completion.

The great OLIVER CROMWELL was infected with these superstitious notions, and imagined that any thing undertaken on his birth-day, would be sure to succeed; and indeed the most extraordinary events of his life, certainly took place on the anniversary of that day; and on that day, the last scene of its eventful drama closed. But in his time was the reign of fanaticism and superstitious enthusiasm; and not only lucky hours and days were attended to, but visions were asserted to have been seen, and immediate divine revelations to have been made, by supernatural agents.

Where these follies have power to affect the human mind, they are generally attended by a train of chimeras, equally as ridiculous as fallacious; a belief in dreams, a fear of disembodied spirits appearing in their human semblance, foretelling future events, portending death, or revealing secrets of horrid or momentous import.

When I was a child, the domestics in my father's kitchen, were much infected with nonsensical fears of dreams, ghosts, &c. &c. Every morning at breakfast, the dreams of all were recited, and the countenance of each individual was either cheerful or sad, according to the portent of the vision of the preceding night. In the evening, they gathered round the fire and told tales, which, as I sat on the lap of my favourite maid, clung close, and hid my face in her bosom,

—“Froze my young blood,  
Made each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine.”

And a valued domestic, dying when I was about eight years old, I remember I was not half so much affected with grief at his death, though he had been uncommonly fond of me, as I was with fear lest I should see his apparition. Of stories, of supernatural appearances, witchcraft and compacts, with the devil, I knew a surprising number, and was ready to

vouch for the truth of every one. Nor was it until within a few years past, that I have divested myself entirely, of this ridiculous folly; nay, even now, any appearance or noise for which I cannot immediately account, will make me start, and give a palpitation to my heart, which I cannot for a moment recover—though it is my general practice to ascertain by enquiry and inspection, the real cause of my alarm.

I was well acquainted with a young lady, who lived in continual trepidation from fears of this kind. If by chance, she saw the new moon over her left shoulder, she turned pale, from the idea that she should meet repeated disappointments in the course of that month's revolution. To be left alone in the dark, was almost death to her; and no human power could have prevailed with her to go near a burial ground, after night fall; and these terrors were increased, by her reading every book which treated of omens, witches, spells, charms, and supernatural agency of every kind; I have heard her say that she has read *Glauville* upon witches, until even at noon day, she has been afraid to look behind her, lest she should see the *Demon of Darkness* standing at her elbow. Nor did she get the better of these terrific ideas until she had reached her twenty-fifth year. Her cure was then effected in the following manner.

Her father possessed a country residence some miles from the metropolis; it was an ancient building, having been one of the first that was erected in a style of respectability upon the settling that part of the new world. It was his custom to go to this house about the latter end of April; Lucy had always accompanied her mother, and many young visitors from town being invited to spend part of the summer there, the attention necessary to pay them, and the cheerful parties formed in the neighbourhood on their account, prevented her from pursuing her favourite studies, and consequently, in some measure, repelled her fears. In the winter of seventy-seven, she lost her mother, and, from the fatal effects of the war, then ravaging the country, her father's circumstances were greatly reduced. She had a brother in the army, and was in constant agony of mind, interpreting every trifling circumstance which took place, into an omen of his death. The candle was incessantly watched, the sparks suddenly bouncing from the fire, from the explosion of confined air, were examined with a scrutinizing eye. In this frame of mind she was obliged to accompany her father to his usual summer residence, with only one domestic, and a little girl about ten years old. Fortunately, this child had been brought up free from superstition of every kind, and had not been long enough with Lucy to have imbibed any of her ridiculous notions.

The night after their arrival, her father was obliged to go from home, and just as he was going out, the servant was sent for by her mother, who was very ill, and lived at a distance, of several miles. What was to be done? Poor Lucy was half dead with fear, but the case was irremediable, and she found she must inevitably stay in the house that night, without any company but little Kitty. As soon as her father was gone, she went round the house, flung every door and window, fastened them carefully, and then returned to her own chamber, determined not to quit it again, until day-light had in some measure quieted her apprehensions.

They had not sat more than half an hour, when a noise was heard in the room beneath them, a kind of scratching, and then a deep groan. “What is that?” cried Lucy. —“A rat, perhaps,” replied her companion, not in the least discomposed. Again the noise was repeated more violently, then a tremendous crash, as if a whole window had been broken in, and the groans multiplied. “I shall die with terror,” said Lucy. “I will go and see what it is,” said Kitty, taking up the candle, and before her trembling companion could prevent her, she was out of the room. She ran nimbly down stairs, Lucy flew after her, impelled forward by the mere fear of being left alone in the dark. Kitty threw open the door of the apartment from whence the noise proceeded, the air of opening the door extinguished the light, and Lucy saw two glaring orbs of fire before her one moment—the next, something rushed violently by her, with a hissing noise; she screamed, and fell. “Why Miss Lucy,” said Kitty, laughing, “what are you afraid of? it is only the great black cat!”—Lucy felt ashamed; she argued within herself on the folly of her conduct, and

ever after, when she found her former fears returning, thought on the intrepid little Kitty and the black cat, and bade the foul fiend defiance.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

“BY THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.”

HOPE! thou best of heaven's gifts! When the gloom of distress gathers around me, let me never know the want of thy all cheering ray. But can I ever want thy presence? When I consider the perpetual change of nature, I am ready to hope my sufferings will have their change. I see the rudest storm succeeded by the gentlest calm; the dullness of night by the glimpe of day; and the thick gathered clouds dispersed by a breath, clearing the expansive firmament. The distresses of nature are thus changed to cheerfulness. So it is frequently with man. The rude blast of fortune subsides into the calm of patience, the heart oppressive sorrow is dispersed by the ray of hopeful expectation, and our congregated griefs are eased by a shower of tears. Thus our afflictions, like envenomed serpents, bear with them an antidote for their own sting. When I consider the changes of man, Hope is always my companion. Fortune's wheel of life being in continual rotation, is the cause; as some descend, others ascend—and if I am on the lowest spoke, I may reasonably expect to be higher; at any rate I cannot be lower. As the sun does not stop in its meridian glory, but continues declining, until it is entirely set, and leaves no trace of its course; let not the man who has reached the pinnacle of his ambition, exult—but rather bear his approaching decline, which soon may end, and leave not a trace of his having so gloriously existed.

I have always considered Hope as the gale of our life, which fills the sails of our bark, and prevents its laying as a hulk on this sea of troubles. Another reason why I am not without its comforts, is, reflecting that every man hath his different course. How then can the gale be propitious to us all at one time? While it is adverse to me, others are failing to their desired port. Hope then whispers me, despair not—to-morrow the wind may change, so as to wait you to the port of your desire.

T. C.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Communicated for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### FLECHIER THE CELEBRATED BISHOP OF NISMES.

THE charity which he exercised towards that part of his flock which had wandered from the fold,\* was still more conspicuous towards those, who, in the bosom of the church itself, had occasion for his indulgence and succour. An unhappy young woman whose parents had constrained to take the veil, but whom nature had disposed to love, had been so unfortunate as to give way to a sentiment forbidden by her vows, and to be unable to conceal from her Superiour the deplorable consequences of her weakness. Flechier was informed that this Superiour had punished her in the most cruel manner, by shutting her up in a dungeon, where, stretched upon a little straw, and reduced to a morsel of bread reluctantly given, she invoked death, as the sole termination of her woes. The Bishop repaired to the convent, and after much resistance, caused the door to be opened of the horrid recess, where the poor creature lay consuming in despair. As soon as she saw her Pastor, she stretched out her arms to him as to a deliverer, sent by the mercy of heaven. The Prelate casting an eye of horror and indignation on the Superiour, said to her “I ought, did I only listen to human justice, to cause you to be put in the place of this wretched victim to your barbarity; but the God of mercy, whose minister I am, commands me to practice, even towards you, that lenity, which you have not shewn to her. Go, and for your only penance, read every day in the gospel the chapter of the woman taken in adultery.”

He immediately relieved the poor Nun from her dreadful habitation; ordered that the greatest care should be taken of her, and strictly watched over the execution of his orders. But the charitable hand which had freed her from her tormentors, could not restore her to life. After some

\* The Protestants.



## SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

## ON INTEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE is a jewel, which the possessor may deem invaluable—it is the parent of industry, of health, of respect, and the only way to ensure an happy and venerable old age. How often we see the middle aged and even youth, go down prematurely to the mansion of the dead, through intemperance—how often the tenderest ties of society, are rent asunder—how frequently are heard the deep rending sighs of a loving wife, bedewing with her tears, her shivering and starving offspring, by the folly of an unfeeling and brutal husband. O Man! that he should thus abuse the bounties of a benevolent Providence—that he should so far forget the dignity of his nature, that reason, his boasted possession, should be overpowered, by the gratification of sensual appetite, his, in common with the beast of the field.

Misfortune is no excuse, his relation to his God, to his family, to the world, call aloud upon him to exercise the nobler faculties of his soul. Let him learn fortitude, let him practice resignation to that overruling will, who hath numbered the hairs of our head.

## THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

A WRETCHED youth, distracted with love, was wandering through the desert, his head uncovered, and his feet bare—tormented by hunger, and unable to procure the smallest morsel of bread, he murmured against Providence, and exclaimed, "that no creature in the world was in such want of food." At this moment a grisly and half-famished wolf rushed on the affrighted wanderer, and began, with horrible growlings, to tear his garments. "Gracious God (cried he) pardon my impious murmurs—life is still sweet—wretched as I am, let me not be destroyed! I now behold a creature more afflicted by hunger than myself—thy justice has consigned me to the jaws of this ravenous beast; but thy mercy can still extricate me from them." When the prostrate youth had uttered these words, the wolf retreated from him, and vanished in the desert.

## AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ORIGINAL SURGICAL BON MOT.

IT is well known that the Veterans who preside at the examination of Surgeons, question minutely, those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous enquiries made, a young gentleman was asked what he would prescribe, if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration. He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines, in case the first failed, and had some hopes he should pass with credit; but the unmerciful examiner thus continued; "Pray, Sir, suppose none of those succeed, what step would you take next?" "Why, Sir," replied the harassed and enraged young *Esculapius*, "I would send him here to be examined: and if that would not give him a sweat, I candidly confess I do not know what would."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

*A Letter from a Gentleman, who advertised for a Wife in the public papers. [From the French.]*

"THE most common defect in women is coquetry; but I would not have my wife possess that unruly taste for the toilette, so common at the present day. The brilliant allurements of gauze, flowers, feathers, and lawn, with which the heads of our fine ladies are so heavily loaded, do not embellish them.

Shall I ask, what it is to be pretty?—It is here, that my hand trembles. . . . Well!—If I am obliged, as *Montaigne* says, to dine on the fumes of roast-meat, many others are in the same predicament, and I am resigned. I call a pretty woman, one, whose figure announces a combination of spirit and sensibility; a sweet and forward air, joined to a play of satirical physiognomy; what, in her manner of saying and doing, has a certain grace, more easily imagined, than defined. . . . I would not desire a woman, who is the subject of general admiration: it would be too much for me, to have all the men for enemies. Let her be neither too tall, nor too gross: these qualities give them a solemn air, which does not please me. . . . Brown or white, the outside, here, is of no consequence.

I would not wish her a wit (*bel-à-propos*) carping and deciding upon all; much less, a learned woman. *Dacier* had rendered me a fool: I should like as well to marry *Sauvaise* or *Casaubon*. Besides, I have not forgot, that from the time of *Martial*, husbands made solecisms.

Let her not be what, for some time past, has been called a

*Philosopher*; because I have remarked, that a great number of them have falsified the etymology of the word.

Education is of too much consequence in the happiness of human life, not to desire it in the woman of my choice. I should wish, then, that her mind might be cultivated;—that she might have a tincture of the great events which have already passed, and be disposed, by her instruction, to take part in those which are passing under her eyes. It is not necessary that she should have read *Vopiscus* or *Ducange*; but I would not have her take *Fredegonde* for a Roman, nor *Cornéille* for a Greek. To marry a wife without education, is to attach one's self alive, to a lifeless corpse.

"*J'y veux un autre point :*

"*C'est de l'esprit ; car les sots n'aiment point.*"

I call wit that facility of saying, with agreeableness, things which divert or move us, by awaking in us numerous ideas or sensations. Taste consists only in choosing them.

I shall not take a *plebeian* for my wife. I will explain myself: capacity, talents, among women, constitute quality; the mind alone is noble; all fools are *plebeians*.

Let my wife be modest, and even a little timid. I cannot endure those impudent looks, which appear to dispute audacity with man.

Let her be virtuous and chaste; not, however, resembling those dragons of virtue, whose sham-modesty is eternally blustering against what they ought not to know.

I wish her to possess a tender heart and a forward character: without the one, there is no happiness in marriage—and without the other, it is assisting at a banquet without being invited. I see no obstacle to my gleaning in the field of widowhood.

With respect to her age, it must not be under eighteen, nor over five-and-twenty. Sooner, the fruit is not mature; later, it begins to be too much so. I do not desire an old woman; it would be necessary to tickle her, in order to make her smile: I have lost that habit.

As to fortune, I could wish her to have at least a thousand crowns rents. I ask too much, without doubt, and shall, perhaps, be found too exacting: but of this I do not excuse myself; it is one of my failings.

I advertise, however, Sir, that with respect to things, I could compound a little; and this reflection determines me to ask her *portrait*, as that which shall decide her becoming my dear wife."

## MATERIALS FOR THINKING.

MR. Burden, a literary gentleman of Northumberland, has now in the press, an octavo volume of essays, entitled, "*Materials for Thinking.*"

## THE COUNTRYMAN AND WATCH.

LORD Brooke, being in the road, accidentally left his watch on the ground; it was of great value, and the café set with diamonds. He did not even think of it, until one of the company asked what o'clock it was. This made him feel for his watch, which he immediately remembered having left. They all rode back with him, and near the place met a countryman, and asked him whether he had seen a watch? "What's that?" said he, having never seen one before. They told him it was a thing that clicked and stirred. "O! ho! (says he) I'll show you; I have mauled it, and made it give over clicking, with my stick. You may come near it, it will not hurt you, I warrant you."—He had battered the watch to pieces, thinking it some poisonous animal!

## HEARING COUNSEL.

AN indolent youth being asked why he was so shamefully fond of his pillow, to the manifest injury of his reputation—replied, I am engaged every morning in hearing counsel: *Industry* and *Health* advise me to rise; *Sloth* and *Idleness*, to lie still, and they give me their reasons at large, pro. and con. It is my part to be strictly impartial, and hear patiently what is said on both sides; and by the time the cause is fairly argued, dinner is generally on the table!

## AN ARITHMETICIAN OUT-WITTED!

A YOUNG man, who had attended considerably to arithmetic, and formed pretty towering ideas of his skill in that science, the other day addressed himself to an African in the following manner: "Boston, I can take a pen and ink, and in three minutes can cypher out and can tell you how many minutes you have to live." "Canna you, massa, you must be a very good cipher indeed. I ask you a question. Which can see best, a *mare stone blind*, or a *horse without eyes*?" "Pho, that's no question at all." "I ask you another, *posse be ten rods to Nichol's*: how far you call him away out yonder?" "That I can't tell neither," replied he. "Well, alke one more, *posse fifty rail make one load*, how many he take to make a d—d great pile?" So many unanswerable questions quite confounded our young conceited arithmetician. He began to think he did not know every

months of languishing, she died, pouring blessings on the name of the virtuous bishop, and hoping from the supreme goodfellow, that pardon, which had been denied her by monastic cruelty.

While the bishop of Nismes, alleviated, as far as lay in his power, the evils occasioned by the malice of mankind, he consoled his unfortunate flock under the afflictions, with which Providence was pleased to try them. To an aged and infirm person he wrote—"Resign yourself into the hand of God; he sends upon his children no sufferings beyond what they are able to bear."

In the scarcity of 1709, his charities were immense, and equally shared between Catholics and Protestants, the measures being what they endured, not what they believed. He refused to employ the fund destined to alms, in the construction of a Church. What Anthems, said he, are of equal value with the benedictions of the poor; and what spectacle is more worthy the sight of God, than the tears of the indigent, wiped away by his Ministers. When the excess of his zeal and charity were mentioned to him, "Are we bishops for nothing?" said he. He has been seen more than once, with a simplicity worthy of the primitive ages, walking through the streets of Nismes, distributing alms with one hand, and his blessings with the other. He thought these public acts of episcopal beneficence, the best answer to the enemies of the church. He knew however, to conceal this benediction when it fell upon persons forced by their condition to make a secret of their indigence. He then added to the ready and abundant relief he gave, those delicate attentions which prevent alms from being humiliating, but which piety itself thinks it unnecessary to observe towards the wretched, when it regards charity rather as a religious duty, than as the gratification of a feeling heart.

## EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF MALKIN.

THERE has died lately at Hackney, in England, a youth of six years and an half old, who was a prodigy of learning and genius, named *Thomas William Malkin*. He understood his own language, and spoke and wrote in it with uncommon facility and correctness, and had so far advanced in his study of the Latin language as to read easily the most familiar works of Cicero. He had also made some progress in French, and knew so much of Geography, that he not only was able to reply without hesitation to all questions respecting the situation of the principal countries, rivers and towns, but he could execute charts with a neatness and precision, quite surprising. Without any lesson, he had pushed his talents for painting so far, that he had taken copies of the heads of Raphael, if not with the success of the first scholars, yet with a style and expression which discovered original genius, and a knowledge of his models. But what distinguished him was, a force of mind, and a readiness to comprehend all subjects, even such as were most foreign from his studies. With all his love of study, he still looked in health; was active and full of life. At his studies only he appeared more grave, but it was not difficult to detach him from any studies, by proposing any active sports to him. He had even formed in his imagination, a country which he called *Allestone*, of which he was to be King. This was a kind of Utopia to him, though he never had heard of that celebrated political romance. He wrote the history of this country, and drew a curious and ingenious map of it, giving names of his own invention to the principal towns, mountains, and rivers. And as he had a fondness for science, he founded Universities, established professors, and gave statutes and rules to them. His last sickness, which he supported with patience and courage, gave him an opportunity to shew that he knew how to employ the treasure he had amassed, for his own consolation, and to fortify his mind against distress. He employed himself in bed reviewing what he had read, seen, or done while in health. The most indifferent objects passed as distinctly before his mind, as if they had appeared for the first time. One day when he was very ill, he wished to know the sense of the words, *still-born*, which he had read upon a grave stone. He spoke often of his recovery, but never with impatience. The triumph of his mind over the body was so constant and so complete, that half an hour before his death, he appeared perfectly engaged with his maps of Geography. Without entering into the minute circumstances of the sickness of this youth, of such extraordinary powers, we cannot agree in the opinion that an early development of the faculties of mind is made at the expense of health and life. The head of young Malkin was opened after his death, and examined attentively. The brain was of an extraordinary size but in good order. The seat of the evil was in the stomach. This youth, with his perfect organization, might hope for the age of man, had he not suffered from those accidental evils to which man is exposed in all periods of his existence.

: : : Salem Register.



thing, and retreated from the lifts of his African antagonist with shame and confusion.

#### PUNISHMENT OF CRUELTY.

EARLY in the 15th century, a Highland robber having taken two cows from a poor woman, she declared he would wear no shoes until she had complained to the king. The savage in ridicule of her oath, nailed horse-shoes to her feet. When her wounds were healed she proceeded to the royal presence, told her story, and shewed her scars. The just monarch instantly dispatched orders to secure the thief, who being brought to Perth, and condemned, the king commanded that he should be clothed in a canvas-frock, on which was painted the figure of a man fastening horse-shoes to a woman's feet. In this dress he was exhibited through the streets of the city for two days, then dragged at the tail of a horse to the gallows, and hanged.

#### REMARKABLE.

##### METEORS.

The electrical phenomenon of Shooting Stars, as mentioned in the papers, to have been seen at Richmond, Vir. was at the same time seen at Stockbridge, Medway, Portsmouth, &c. The following is the account from the latter place:—

Portsmouth, May 24, 1803.

SIR, AGREEABLE to your request, I will give you a detail of the circumstances of the Meteors falling.—I think it was about four weeks ago, on Wednesday morning about one o'clock, I went to the door; as soon as I opened the door, the heavens seemed to be all on fire, the Meteors fell in every direction; four, six, or eight, would fall at once towards the South, that I could count, (you will observe that I could not count all that fell) and I could see the light of them which fell toward the North, but could not count them.—I numbered 167 in about ten or fifteen minutes; I found I could not count them regularly—they fell so fast I counted no more; I stood there until about two o'clock, I then went up to go to bed, and looked out of the window towards the North, and they continued to fall in the same manner as before; I stood there about an hour, and then went to bed—this was about three o'clock.

The circumstance of one was very peculiar, the first I saw of it was directly over my head, it appeared about one foot diameter; it fell to the Eastward, the houses prevented my seeing how far it fell—There was light enough to see a pin on the ground, the tail of it was about one minute disappearing. Your very humble servant, D.

#### UNCOMMON PHENOMENON.

THE London Monthly Magazine, for Oct. last, says, "About the middle of Sept. a very uncommon phenomenon presented itself in a mountain that borders on Loch Tay, in the highlands of Scotland. A shepherd happened to be pasturing his flocks about the summit of the mountain, when he was suddenly surprised by a shower of stones which fell all around him. Terrified at such an unusual appearance, he hastily ran down the mountain to the villages situated in the low-grounds beneath, and told the astonishing prodigy which he had seen. The inhabitants gave him little credit; yet, as ghosts and other strange appearances are not altogether disbelieved in that part of the kingdom, he at last prevailed on some of them to visit the spot and ascertain the fact. On coming to the place, they were no less surprised than he to find the ground all strewn over with a vast number of loose stones that evidently bore the marks of having recently fallen there. On looking round to discover the cause of this strange appearance, they perceived an aperture in the earth, of a cylindrical form, in the centre of the place about which the stones were scattered. From this aperture the stones had evidently been emitted, but by what impulse they were unable to discover. The mountain where this phenomenon took place lies not more than twenty miles distant in a straight line from the village of Comrie, where so many convulsions of the earth have been felt. An uncommonly violent shock took place at Comrie, soon after the appearance of the above phenomenon; from which we may conclude that they must have had some connection together."

#### A CHICKEN WITH A HUMAN COUNTENANCE!

LAST year, (says the London Monthly Magazine for Oct. 1802) a Jew exhibited for money at Posen, in South Prussia, a chicken with a human countenance. This chicken was hatched on an estate near Wreschen, (Pol. Wrzesnia) in the district of Posen; and the Jew had accepted of it as an equivalent for a tailor's bill due to him by the owner of the estate, who asserted, that another similarly-formed chicken had been at the same time hatched by the same hen, but soon after died. The chicken which was shewn

by the Jew survived, had a very lively appearance, was full grown, and above a year old. The body was covered with variegated feathers, and, as far as the part of the neck where the head begins, in no respect distinguished by any singularity from other chickens. The head did not exceed in size that of other chickens; but it was without feathers, and covered with a skin of a somewhat blueish colour.—The sockets of the eyes were shaped exactly as in the human countenance, and over them two arches of very fine down formed regular eye-brows. The upper part of the bill was so bent and blunted off as to form a well-shaped nose, except that it was of a horny substance. Under the nose a regular human mouth, with lips, and two rows of closely united white pointed teeth, completed this singular *lusus nature*. The tongue was rounded and shaped like a human tongue. Indeed, the whole countenance had so astonishingly exact a conformity with that of a human being on a diminutive scale, that, to discover it, there was not the least occasion to call in the aid of the imagination. The above account of this phenomenon was signed and published by M. Schwarz, a gentleman holding a respectable office under the Prussian government at Posen.

#### USEFUL.

##### THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

##### CALCULATED TO INSTRUCT CHILDREN AT HOME.

LET us lay before our children the plainest instruction, respecting our duty to them and their duty to us. Let us give them the most simple informations to their destination here and hereafter—and we may inspire them with a relish for reading. One reason why children do not read newspapers, and other things, is because we do not simplify our instruction, and speak to their understandings.

Parents and masters should question youth on the plainest things and on the plainest subjects. Let us afford them correct and plain definitions, on plain things around us, and they will soon listen to us, and begin to use means for informing themselves. They will soon begin to ask questions, which will afford the fairest opportunity of giving them important counsel.

My children, I wish you to feel daily sensible, that God, our heavenly father, made you—He feeds and clothes you—He gives you life and all you enjoy—You must love and obey him—Do you this day feel dependent on him? Do you thank him every morning?

My children, I wish you to enquire about God, every day, so as to remember his favors, and feel his goodness—He is your heavenly Father—We live in him—He guards and directs us—In him we have our being—He gives us the air which we breathe. Every day you must learn something of God—give him praise—think on him, and make grateful returns to him. God enables me to train you up, to get you food and raiment. I give you to God, who gives us all things.

You are given to me to train up for God. Now I wish you to be mindful of God. I lay out money for your good. I wish you to learn your letters, learn to spell, read and write. God has given us letters, that we may know our duty. Now at school you must be obedient, and improve your time, so as to acquire learning, and I will get you bibles, that you may shape your course wisely through this world. : : : Ver. Journal.

#### TO NAVIGATORS.

IT is of importance to be known, that relief may be expected to navigators ship-wrecked on a desert coast, by means of inclosing an account of their case in a bottle, well-corked, and committed to the waves. A letter, put in a bottle, and thrown overboard at the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, was, in nine months taken up on the coast of Normandy. Another, abandoned to the waves at 42° lat. east of the meridian of Teneriffe, travelled 120 leagues in three weeks, and was taken up on the strand at Cape Prior. It was addressed to M. B. de St. Pierre, and was immediately forwarded to him by the French Vice-Consul at Ferrol. A third traversed upwards of 900 leagues, in a direct line, and landed at the Cape of Good Hope, containing an oiled letter, which was sent to the Governor of the Isle of France.

#### LITERARY.

WE have seen with pleasure the late edition of Zollikofer's Exercises of Piety, from the press of Mr. Thomas, jun. at Worcester. It has passed through the hands of the classical and pious Mr. HARRIS, who was able to judge of the merit of the work, and was disposed to recommend the spirit of true piety which it promotes. We have long been in the possession of the original works of Mr. Zollikofer, and have regretted that the English reader could not enjoy the instruction of his knowledge and piety. The wor-

thy Mr. HARRIS, it appears, entertained the same sentiments, and has assisted in preparing an edition, which we receive with great approbation, because we are persuaded that no book has yet appeared, which is better adapted to promote true piety, and the principles of the Christian faith. We are still more abundantly gratified in the prospect of an American edition of that part of Zollikofer's Sermons, intitled the "DIGNITY of MAN." They who know the character, and are acquainted with the talents of this great and good man, will consider these a great acquisition; and the other discourses, which are miscellaneous, have an intrinsic worth, and, as early as in 1772, many of them had passed through three editions at Leipzig, the place which enjoyed the pious labors of this eminent preacher and ornament of his country, who died in 1788, in the 58th year of his age. "The Exercises" already published, are a proper book for all families, and are adapted to answer the benevolent purposes of those sincere Christians, who think a small portion of their wealth not ill bestowed in the distribution of the best books of piety and devotion.—S. Reg.

Just received, and for sale at this office, a few copies of "A Sermon, delivered March 2, 1803, at the Ordination of the Rev. Thomas Beede, to the care of the church in Wilton—by WILLIAM EMERSON, Pastor of the First Church in Boston."

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We would willingly gratify "Many," but the subject treated of, we think, would enervate the taste, from too frequent exercising. We allow all the merit given.

Several Communications are on hand.

We are indebted to a valuable Correspondent, for the loan of a volume of the London "Monthly Magazine," up to January, 1803; from which we have made some extracts.

We thank a Portsmouth friend for the bill of mortality of that town, for 1802. The number of deaths was 152. The account gives the various diseases of which they died, and is the most particular, of any we have ever seen. It was drawn up by Lyman Spalding, M. A.

The Decorations for the Magazine, which we promised, are not yet completed.

#### ORDAINED.

In this town, on Wednesday last, to the pastoral care of the church in Federal-street, the Rev. William Ellery Channing. The officiating clergymen, were, the Rev. Messrs. Holmes, and Tappan; Rev. Dr. Osgood, Rev. H. Channing, Rev. Mr. Tuckerman, and Rev. Dr. Eckley. The performances were conducted with the greatest order and decorum, to a large and respectable assembly.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Norton, Mr. Solomon Child of Brookline, to Miss Elizabeth Wifwell. In Menotomy, Col. Jeduthan Wilington to Mrs. Elizabeth Winnek, of Boston. In Dracut, Mr. Josiah Brown, to the amiable Miss Abigail Varnum, daughter of Gen. Joseph Varnum.

"At Chelsea, Mr. Benjamin Watts, aged 42, to the amiable Miss Polly Pratt, aged 19, eldest daughter of Lieut. Samuel Pratt, of that place."

In Boston, Capt. James Gorham, to Miss Charlotte Kneeland; Mr. Robert Mitchell, to Miss Elizabeth Clarke; Mr. Charles Sigourney, jun. merchant, of Hartford, to Miss Jane Carter, of this town.

#### DEATHS.

In London, Mrs. Adderly, æt. 25. A Lady of the highest respectability. She was in the act of catching a favorite squirrel, for the purpose of putting it into its cage, and overset the candle which immediately communicated to her cloaths. In this situation she ran down stairs, and threw herself in the passage. Mrs. C. opened the door, calling out for assistance. The son of Mr. Piddington, the watch-house keeper, happening to pass at the moment, flew to her assistance, and with much difficulty, succeeded in extinguishing the flames. She was conveyed to bed, burnt in a most dreadful manner. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but she was so much burnt, that after languishing until six o'clock on Saturday morning, she expired.

In Scotland, the Rev. Dr. John Erskine, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. In England, Dr. Samuel Arnold, a respectable ornament of the musical world.

In Charlestown, Mr. Lorenzo Low, æt. 18, son of Mr. Lorenzo, Low, of Andover, (N. H.) In Watertown, Mrs. Eleanor Gardner, æt. 60; Mr. Daniel Hastings, æt. 54. In Concord, Maj. Phineas Paine, æt. 61—an officer in our revolution.—In Little Cambridge, Mr. William Milliquet, æt. 19. In Roxbury, Mrs. Penelope Butler, æt. 55. In Salem, Miss Ann Grafton, æt. 75.

In Boston, Mr. William Dall, sen. æt. 87; Mrs. Nancy Smith, æt. 42; Mrs. Nutten; 3 others; and 5 Children. Total for this week, ending yesterday, eleven.



## POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT &amp; DEAN,

AFTER ZAMA's first Address to his Mistress, fancy bid him suppose himself an innocent wanderer, or a careless lover; but sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, he prayed for forgiveness; but what surprises him beyond conception is, that "Marcia" should be able to foresee what he would next say, and read his very soul. For though she is too, much too severe in her conjectures, yet there is such a familiarity between the situation that he was willing to suppose himself in, and the one she has thought fit to describe, as applicable to him, that the following Address designed for an ideal mistress, will, with the alteration of her name, bear to be inscribed, and it accordingly is,

## TO MARCIA.

WHY fond Marcia, wilt thou not,  
Again believe me kind and true?  
Although I've oft myself forgot,  
I never have forgotten you.  
I own mine eyes have often rovd,  
And dar'd survey some form divine;  
But tho' they wander'd, still they lov'd  
To meet, and gaze on none but thine.  
These hands too, often would transgress,  
And seize on one almost divine;  
But did they e'er with ardor press,  
My soul would whisper, 'twas not thine.  
This foolish heart too, thought 'twas bound,  
And sigh'd as if it would be free;  
But no asylum could be found,  
And now it sighs to rest with thee,  
Receive it then, and bid it rest,  
And banish all its guilt and pain;  
Secure within thy peaceful breast,  
It will not, cannot, rove again.  
But if thou dost with steady will,  
Deny it ever can be thine;  
Then it must be a wanderer still,  
For it can ne'er again be mine.

ZAMA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## LINES,

Adapted to the Air of "As penfive I thought on my love."

AS twilight grew pale in the west,  
I pensively watch'd its decline;  
I thought on the friend I love best,  
And wish'd that his virtues were mine.  
Whilst fancy delighted to dwell,  
On scenes that to memory were dear;  
I knew not alas that they fell,  
Till I felt on my bosom a tear.  
A dusky shade stole o'er the scene,  
The landscape was hid from my view;  
Its vernal and beautiful green,  
Was wrap'd in dun evening's hue.  
The moon her faint crescent display'd,  
Yet visible scarce to the eye;  
It seem'd to my fancy it said,  
"So brief are thy moments of joy."  
And few are the joys I require,  
And few are the wishes that rise;  
Yet I own I do fondly desire,  
The respect of the good and the wise:  
Oh! grant me kind heaven but this,  
I would not to many be known:  
And to fill up my measure of bliss,  
I ask the esteem of but one.

## MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Selected from an old Magazine.

OLD John, who had in credit liv'd,  
Tho' now reduc'd, a sum receiv'd;  
This lucky hit, no sooner found,  
Than clam'rous duns came swarming round.  
To the landlord, baker, marry more,  
John paid, in all, pounds ninety-four.  
Half what remained, a friend he lent;  
On Joan and self, one fifth he spent;  
And when of all these sums bereft,  
One tenth o' the sum receiv'd had left.  
Now show your skill, ye learned youth,  
And by your work the sum produce.

An Answer is requested.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[From the Italian of LORENZO DE MEDICI, translated by ROSCOE.]

## Fanciful description of the formation of the LOVER's CHAIN.

DEAR are those bonds my willing heart that bind,  
Form'd of three chords, in mystick union twin'd:  
The first by beauty's rosy fingers wove,  
The next by pity, and the third by love.

The hour that gave this wondrous texture birth,  
Saw in sweet union, heaven, and air, and earth;  
Serene and soft all ether breath'd delight,  
The sun diffused a mild and tempered light;  
New leaves the trees, sweet flowers adorned the mead,  
And sparkling rivers gush'd along the glade.  
Repos'd on Jove's own breast, his favourite child  
The Cyprian queen, beheld the scene and smil'd;  
Then with bold hands, from her ambrosial head,  
And amorous breast, a shower of roses shed.  
The heavenly shower descending soft and slow  
Pour'd all its fragrance on my fair below;  
Whilst all benign the ruler of the spheres  
To sounds celestial open'd mortal ears.

The Fiery Temperament of an Habitual Drunkard, is described by the following whimsical hyperbole.

HE sneezed: and as the burning humour fell,  
The dust with vital warmth began to swell;  
Hot, moist, and dry, their genial powers unite,  
Up sprang a frog, and leapt before our sight.

## THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL  
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

## LETTER I—SARAH TO ANNE.

London, May 19, 1775.

YES! Anne, the die is cast—I am a wife. But a less cheerful bride; one who looks forward with less hope, perhaps never existed. You were surprised, you say, to hear to whom I had relinquished my hand and heart—leave out the latter, Anne, it had nothing to do with the transaction. Why were you not here, you say, to have prevented a union which you are morally certain will not conduce to my happiness. You cannot be more certain of it, than I am; but what could I do? Frederic gone to India; hemmed round with persuasive meddlers, who I am more than half convinced, urged me to this measure, fearful I should be burthened to them; another thing, I was told it was necessary for the preservation of my reputation that I should accept Darnley. I had no natural protector; my father so far distant he was the same as dead to me; Frederic gone; my health not sufficiently established to enable me to undertake the journey I meditated before you left England; my finances reduced to a very small portion, and though most earnestly entreated to forbear, Darnley continuing his visits. I found I must accede to his proposals, or be thrown on the world, censured by my relations, robbed of my good name, and being poor, open to the pursuits and insults of the profligate. One thing which encouraged me to hope I might be tolerably happy in the union—though my heart felt no strong emotions in his favour, it was totally free from all partiality towards any other. He always appeared good humoured and obliging; and though his mind was not highly cultivated, I thought time might improve him in that particular; however, I was candid with him; told him the situation of my heart, and asked if he could be content with receiving attentions which would be only the result of principle. He seemed to think this only maidenish affectation, and perfectly convinced within himself that I loved him already. I have read and heard much of the hilarity of a wedding day. Oh, God! my dear Anne, when my aunt entering my chamber told me it was time to rise, my soul sunk within me, and like a condemned wretch who hears the bell announce the last hour of his existence, an involuntary ejaculation arose that I might escape from what on its near approach seemed more terrible than death itself.

My aunt Vernon, who had invited me to her house a few days previous to the one which determined my fate; and when she was convinced I should soon have a house of my own, was very officious about dressing me; she observed the languor of my looks, and the redness of my eyes, and attempted to rally me; my spirits could not bear it. I burst into tears, "oh why! why!" said I, in an agony, "have I given my assent to a transaction which my better reason disapproved. Aunt, dear aunt, indeed I do not love this man; and I fear"—"Nonsense!" said she hastily, "you are

a silly romantic girl, you are too young yet to know any thing about love; marry him first, you will learn to love him afterwards." "But should I see one I may like better?"—Her look petrified me—"Impossible," said she, "impossible, a woman whose passions are kept under the dominion of reason, will never let a thought wander to another, when once she is married, though she may not love her husband, she will not love another." "I am very ignorant in this respect," I replied, "and I hope God will enable me to do my duty in the state I am about to enter." I endeavoured to assume a tranquil appearance when I went down to breakfast; Darnley was there; he rose, put a chair to the breakfast table, seated himself beside me and took my hand. Why my dear girl, said he, your hand is as cold as ice; it is not colder than my heart, said I, and even now, Mr. Darnley, I think you would consult your own happiness by declining this union. I know better, said he, what will promote my own happiness than you do; I love you, I cannot live without you; and I will compel you to love me; nay, you do love me now. A coach was at the door; I strove to swallow a cup of tea; it was impossible; the moment was arrived when I must dash at once into the tempestuous sea of wedlock; or recede and perish in the flames of calumny, reproach and ignominy, that would burst upon me from all sides. I rose hastily; Darnley led me to the coach, my aunt and her daughter followed. At the church we met two gentlemen and the father of Darnley. I strove to repress my emotions as I knelt before the altar; I prayed for grace to fulfil the duties which would be required of me: Tears rose to my eyes; I endeavoured to chase them back to my swelling heart; I succeeded, but the consequence was worse than had I suffered them to flow; for just as the clergyman pronounced us man and wife, my nose gushed out with blood; my handkerchief and clothes were suffused with the crimson torrent; it seemed to relieve the poignancy of my feelings, for my temples had throbbed violently, and my bosom seemed swollen almost to bursting. I felt a faint sickness come over me, but a glass of water and the air prevented my appearing like a foolish affected girl by fainting. The derangement of my dress obliged a return to my aunt's. When I got into my chamber I begged to be left one hour to myself to compose my spirits. The moment I found myself alone, I threw myself on my knees by the bed side, and covering my face in the bed clothes gave a free vent to my tears. I cannot describe my feelings. I did not pray; I could not collect my thoughts. Oh! that I could call back the last hour, said I—but I cannot, I have vowed; I must, I will submit.

The remainder of the day was spent at Windfor; when we returned to town, an elegant supper was provided at Darnley's own house, and I was placed at the head of the table as its mistress. Henceforth it is my home. I have not seen much company. I have been considerably indisposed; my hectic complaints have returned; I was for a fortnight confined to my chamber; I am now convalescent. Darnley loves society—I must not make his house a dungeon—I will rouse myself from the lethargic stupor which has for more than two months pervaded every sense. I see I may be tolerably happy if I do not wilfully shun the path that leads to peace. Perhaps, Anne, my heart was not formed to be agitated by those violent emotions which some experience. It is probable the passions so forcibly portrayed by the pen of the fabulist, dramatist, or historian, are merely the children of romance, and exist only in a heated imagination. You tell me you shall not return to England until autumn. I anticipate the moment of your return as the moment in which I shall taste pure unmixed felicity. Adieu, my dear Anne, may the pleasures that hover round your head and wait upon your steps, be equal to the purity and integrity of your heart. S. S. D.



AN excellent motto, for all those who wish to make a fortune, viz. "NIL EST DESPERANDUM!"—Tickets, halves, and quarters, in Hadley Lottery, which will commence drawing in eleven days from this date, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. A correct list of all the prizes and blanks, will be exhibited during the drawing. June 4.

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