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## ON THE PARROT OF THE NUNS.

MILTON.

what a pack of fools these nuns are!" History says he learnt these words on the road. At this debut, sister Augustin, with a sugar-coated air, hoping to make him cautious, said to him, "For shame, my dear brother." The dear brother not to be corrected, rhymed her a word or two, too rich to be repeated. "Holy Jesus!" exclaimed the sister; "he is a sorcerer, my dear mother! Just Heavens! what a wretch! Is this the divine parrot!" Ver-Vert, like a reprobate at the gallows, made no other answer than, by setting up a dance, and singing, "Here we go up, up, up;" which to improve, he commenced with an oath. The nuns would have stopp'd his mouth; but he was not to be hindered. He gave a buffoon imitation of the prattle of the young nitters; and then shutting his beak, and dropping into a palsied imbecility, mimicked the nasal drawl of his old enemies the antiquaries!

It was worse, when tired and worn out with their stale sentences, he foamed and raged like a coisair, and thundered out all the horrible words he had learnt on board the vessel. Heavens! how he swore, and what things he said. His dissolute voice knew no bounds. All hell seemed to pass in review before them. Words not to be thought of danced upon his tongue. The young sisters trembled with horror. The nuns without more ado, fly a thousand ways, making as many signs of the cross. They thought it was the end of the world. Poor mother Conquardo, falling on her knees, was the ruin of her last tooth. "Eternal Father!" exclaimed sister Vivian, opening with difficulty a sepulchral voice; "Lord have mercy on us! who has sent us this Anti-Christ, this devil incarnate! Sweet Saviour! What a conscience can it be, which swears in this manner, like one of the damned? Is this the famous wit, the sage Ver-Vert, who is so beloved and cried up? For God's sake let him depart from among us without more ado."—"O, God of Love!" cried sister Ursula, taking up the lamentation: "what horrors! is this the way they talk among our sisters at Nevers! This their perverse language! And is this the manner in which they form youth! What a heretic! O, divine wisdom, let us get rid of him, or we shall go to the wicked place together." In short, Ver-Vert is fairly put in his cage, and sent on his travels back again. They pronounced him detestable, abominable, an attainted criminal, convicted of having endeavored to pollute the virtue of the holy sisters. All the convent sign his decree of banishment, but they shed tears in doing it. It was impossible not to pity a criminal in the flower of his age, who was unfortunate enough to hide such a 'depraved' heart under so beautiful an exterior. "For his part Ver-Vert desired nothing better. He was carried back to the river-side in a box, and did not bite the lay sister again."

But what was the despair, when he returned home, and when he would fain have given his old instructors a like serenade? Nine venerable sisters, their eyes in tears, their souls confused with horror, their veils too deep, condemned him in full conclave. The younger ones, who might have spoken for him, were not allowed to be present. One or two were for sending him back to his vessel; but the majority resolved upon keeping him and chastising him. He was sentenced to two months of abstinence, three of imprisonment, and four of silence. No garden, no walks, no bed-room, no little cakes. Nor was this all. They chose for his jailer the very Alcaid of the convent, a dowager old nun, a veiled and an unnecessary spectacle.

on purpose for the eyes of a penitent. In spite of the cares of this inflexible Argus, some amiable nuns would often contrive to win their sympathy to relieve the horrors of his imprisonment. Sister Rosalie, more than once, brought him almonds before breakfast. But what are almonds in a room cut off from the rest of the world? What are sweetmeats in captivity but bitter herbs?

Covered with shame and instructed by misfortune, or weary of the eternal old hag his companion, our hero at last found himself contrite. He forgot the dragons and the monk, and once more in unison with the holy sisters, both in air and tone, became more devout than a Canon. When they were sure of his conversion, the divan re-assembled, and agreed to shorten (in the term of his penitence. Judge, if the day of his deliverance was a day of joy! All his future moments consecrated to tenderness, are to be spun by the hands of love and security. O faithless pleasure! O vain expectation of mortal. All the dormitories were dressed with flowers. Exquisite coffee, songs, lively exercise, an amiable tumult of pleasure; a plenary indulgence of liberty, all breathed of love and delight; nothing announced the coming adversity. But O indiscreet liberality! O fatal superfluity of the heart of nuns! Passing too soon from abstinence to abundance, from the hard bosom of misfortune to whole seas of sweetness, saturated with sugars and set on fire with liquors. ~~Venus fell one day on a bed of soft amants,~~ and lay on his death-bed! His roses were all changed to cypress. In vain the sisters endeavoured to recall his fleeing spirit. The sweet excess had hastened his destiny, and the fortunate victim of love expired in the bosom of pleasure. His last words were much admired, but history has not recorded them. Venus herself, closing his eyelids, took him with her into the little world Elysium described by the lover of Coriuna, where he assumed his station among the heroes of the parrot race, close to the one that was the subject of the poet's elegy.

To say how his death was lamented, is impossible. The present history was taken from one of the long circulars, composed by the nuns on the occasion. His portrait was painted after nature. More than one hand gave him a new life in colours and embroidery: and grief, taking up, the stitches in her turn, drew him with tears of white silk around the margin. All the funeral honours were paid him, which Helicon is accustomed to pay to illustrious birds. His mausoleum was built at the foot of a myrtle; and on a piece of porphyry, environed with flowers, the tender Artemis placed the following epitaph, in letters of gold.

O ye, who come to tattle in this wood,  
Unknown to us, the graver interred,  
Hold for one moment, if ye can, your  
tongues, and hear how fortune wrongs.  
Ye novices, and hear how fortune wrongs.  
Hush: or if flushing be too hard a tale,  
Hush but another speak his all we ask:  
One word will pierce ye with a thousand  
darts: Here lies Vio-Vert, and with him his all  
Here lies Vio-Vert, and with him his all

They say nevertheless, that the males of the bird is not in the form. The immatures parrot, according to good authority, survives in the same themselves, and is changed, through all ages, to transfer from their to under the same, and his tail.

The House of Assembly of South Carolina have passed a bill to prohibit the instruction of people of colour in reading and writing. There is something unspeakably pitiable and alarming in the state of that society where it is deemed necessary for self-preservation, to seal up the mind and debase the intellect of man to mental incapacity. We shall not now consider the policy of this resolve, but to illustrate the terrors of slavery in a manner as eloquent and affecting as imagination can conceive. The slave holders at the south are conscious that "knowledge is power" and that the diffusion of light among their slaves would rouse up a host of armed men ready to give the dreadful retribution of emancipated bondage. Our boasted liberty is a gross paradox. We have warmed in our bosoms a serpent, the poison of whose sting is felt through every vein of the republic; we have been industriously creating mines of irremediable destruction, gathering the materials for a national catastrophe, and thickening the storm of accumulated vengeance,—and now we tremble at the first whispering of the tempest, and faint at the sound of the earthquake. Truly the alternatives of oppression are terrible. But this state of things cannot always last, nor ignorance alone shield us from destruction.

**N. P. ...**

On Friday afternoon, a boy of fourteen years of age, while herding cattle on the farm of Reideley's, was attacked by a bull without the least provocation. He was repeatedly knocked down, and trampled upon for a length of time so as to be severely bruised in all parts of the body. No person being near, his cries were not heard, and fatal consequences would very soon have ensued, had he not been released in a most singular manner. While the furious animal was getting more enraged, he was attacked by the rest of the cattle (cows) in so determined a manner, that in order to defend himself, he left the boy who was fortunately still able to remove, and who was thus enabled to escape. Such an example of the exertion of a degree of intellect in cattle, led to an enquiry of the boy regarding the circumstances of the case. The boy informed the writer of the fact, that only one of the cattle remained to rescue and attack the bull; and in the same time the other came, as if to take assistance of the first. This grateful and generous animal had been during the last winter in rather a sickly condition, at which time the boy had paid considerable attention, giving it handfeds of corn, and otherwise administering to its comfort, which intention he now so fully rewarded, rescuing its benefactor from a ruinous and shocking death. *The Herald*.  
A rather ludicrous scene took place at Worcester, England, yesterday. A coachman along nearly ran over a woman, and she, the coachman called "Sally." The girl, however, attempting to escape the danger, fell on the coachman with an iron rod, and broke his head.

[From the Christian Advocate & Journal.]  
IMPORTANCE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

"Do you belong to a Sunday school?" said I to one of a group of boys, whom I found playing on the Sabbath; his unabashed countenance immediately seemed to say, "Sir, I know it is wicked; for now I remember what my teacher said about this day—that I should keep it holy." But although he did not say just this, he told me he was a Sunday scholar; and all his playmates, who gathered around him, seemed to feel quite ashamed, and soon departed to go home. In traversing the streets to and from church on the sabbath, I have thought I could select all the boys who had been connected with these institutions from among all others, by the difference of deportment they manifest toward those who speak to them on the subject of the sabbath. Finding some at play on the platform of a corner store, in the upper part of the city I thought I would try my accustomed question; and on inquiring if they attended the school, "No," volunteered a boy with the greatest effrontery; blowing that he considered himself above being taught; while I could not but reflect how much better manners he might have learned at Sunday school. My note to also like Franklin's whistle, serves me many times to show why young men and boys are no better. When I see a young man loitering about the church door, after service has commenced, I say to myself—*he has never been to Sabbath school.*

When I see young men or boys, spending money for nuts and other things, and then taking them to the house of God, I say at once—they did not learn this at sabbath school.

When I see young persons, assembling in the beautiful summer afternoons, for the purpose of playing ball, &c. forgetful that the eye of God is upon them, and that for all these things he will bring them into judgment, my heart involuntarily sighs over them, and I exclaim—*Oh, that they would attend the sabbath school!*

When I see them in winter, with shawls in their hands, passing out of the city to find amusement on the ice on this day, instead of going to church, my heart has whispered—*poor foolish youths, to seek pleasure at the awful risk of the displeasure of Heaven—how much happier would they be at sabbath school!*

I one day met a group of boys, who were intending to go out of town for the purpose of bathing; and when spoken to, "Why," says one, "we have to work all the week, and have no other time for recreation." Ah, thought I, it is dangerous to steal God's time!—*This excuse never originated in sabbath schools.*

#### Queen Elizabeth's Fanaticism.

In 1603, Queen Elizabeth saw one night, as she lay in her bed, her own body, exceedingly lean and fearful, in a light of fire. After this she sat ten days and ten nights on the carpet ready dressed, and could never be brought by any of her council to go to bed, or to eat or drink, only the lord admiral persuaded her to take a little broth. She told him if he knew what she had seen in her bed, he would not persuade her, as he did.—She, shaking her head, said, with a pitiful voice, "My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck—I am tied, and the case is altered with me.—She seemed to place more confidence in charms and spells than in prayers to God; for she wore a piece of gold in her hair, by means of which an old woman in Wales was said to have lived to the age of one hundred years, and could not die as long as she wore it upon her body; and the card, called "the Queen of Hearts," was found nailed under the bottom of her chair. As her sickness grew worse, the council sent to her the Bishop of Canterbury, and other clergymen; but as soon as she saw them, she put herself in a passion, began to abuse them, and bid them be packing.—Upon this some of her ladies mentioned to her other bishops sent

for; but she answered, that she would have none of those hedge-priests!—Falling, soon after this, into a sleep, she departed. Her body was then opened and embalmed; it was afterwards brought to Whitehall, where it was watched every night by six ladies, who were on each side of the body, which was put within a broad coffin, and a lead coffin covered with velvet. It happened, that her body burst the coffin with a great violence, attended with a most dreadful noise, that it split the wood, lead, and tore the velvet, to the terror and astonishment of all present.

#### DOMESTIC NEWS.

**Baptist General Tract Society.**—The anniversary of the Baptist General Tract Society, was celebrated in Philadelphia on Wednesday evening last, in the Baptist Meeting-house, New-market street. This is the first year of the Society's operations since the change of its location. The annual report exhibited a pleasing evidence of the good favor with which this institution is regarded. A sum little short of three thousand and two hundred dollars has been received into the treasury during the year past, between three and four millions of pages have been published, 216 pages of Stereotype plates have been added to the number previously on hand, remittances in money have been received from 133 auxiliaries, and 25 depositories established in fourteen states. We hope in our next to give the report either in part or whole.—*Col. Star.*

**Foreign Missionary Society of New York and Brooklyn.**—The first annual meeting of this Society was held at the Masonic Hall on Friday evening, December 28th. The receipts of the year had amounted to 7,944 20 dollars, all of which had been received through the fifteen Associations auxiliary to the Society. The Report of the executive committee alluded to the success of those efforts as exemplified in the history of the Cherokees and the Sandwich Islanders, and concluded by replying to some objections which are occasionally made against the objects of the institution. The meeting was then addressed by Theodore Frelinghuysen, Esq. of New Jersey, Rev. Jonas King, late Missionary to Palestine, Rev. Mr. Kirk, and William Maxwell, Esq. Ten thousand dollars have been subscribed by the citizens of Pawucket, R. I. to be appropriated to the erection of a Congregational Meeting-house.

#### MAHMOUND II

##### The Reigning Sultan of Turkey.

He was born July 20, 1785, and is the son of Abdul Hamid, who died in 1789, and nephew of the Sultan Selim III. He was proclaimed Emperor, July 28, 1808. The following account of this sovereign is from "Recollections of Turkey," published in the London New Monthly Magazine.

His mother was the daughter of a French merchant at Martinique, who at the age of thirteen sent her to Marseilles, that her education might be completed in France. The vessel on board of which she had embarked, was taken, near the gulf of Lyons, by an Algerine ship of war, and carried into Algiers, where the young Crook was immediately transferred to the Harem of the Dey to render her peculiarly fit for a present to the then reigning Sultan Abdoulhamid, who soon judged her worthy of being honoured with his notice. She bore him a son, the present Sultan, who endeared her to the life she led in the seraglio, inasmuch that she declined availing herself of any of the opportunities of making her escape which her indefatigable and wealthy friends, who had discovered where she was, threw in her way.

The education of her son became the only object of her cares and occupations, and her counsels joined to those of Selim, who evinced a strong partiality for the

growing Prince, prepared him for the important duties of the throne. The principles of the system which he adopted, and has since pursued, may indeed be considered in some measure applicable to the temper and habits of his people; but generally speaking, a policy tending to the diminution and destruction of the population of an empire, to say nothing of the natural odium it necessarily excites, must be looked upon as calculated to defeat its own object. I shall not here specify the number of Janissaries, who, it is asserted by all well-informed persons residing in Constantinople, have gradually disappeared through mysterious means, from 1808 to 1834.—Suffice it to say, that it is not less than the amount of population in one of the second-rate kingdoms of Germany! And if the waters of the Bosphorus were, by some miraculous operation, suddenly withdrawn, the heaps of human bones which they perhaps still serve to conceal, would fill one with horror and amazement.

We have received a brief communication from the Rev. JOHN OGDEN, late Pastor of the Baptist Church at West-Cambridge, dated at Broome, N. Y. the place of his present location with a Baptist Church. It appears from his letter, of which the following is an extract, that the people in his vicinity are flocking to hear the word—

"I am happy to inform you that my health is very much improved since I came to this place. I have not been so well for seven years past as at the present. I have been enabled to preach five sermons and attend one conference this week. My time has been spent more like that of a Missionary than otherwise. I go from place to place during the week, and have more invitations to preach than I can possibly comply with; often I ride from five to ten miles and find the place of worship crowded with attentive hearers."—*Col. Star.*

#### Original Communication.

FROM THE FREEDOM'S JOURNAL.

THERESA. — *A Haytian Tale.*

During the long and bloody contest, in St. Domingo, between the white man, who flourished the child of sensuality, rioting on the miseries of his slaves; had the sons of Africa, who, provoked to madness, and armed themselves against French barbarity; Madame Paulina was left a widow, unhappy— unprotected, and exposed to all the horrors of the revolution. Not without much unhappiness, she saw that if she would save her life from the inhumanity of her country's enemy, she must depart from the endeared village of her innocent childhood; still dear to her, though now it was become a theatre of many tragic scenes. The once verdant plains, round its environs had been crimsoned with the blood of innocence, and the nature of the times afforded no security to the oppressed natives of Saint Nicholas.

Famine which had usurped the place of plenty and happiness, with her associate security, were banished from the humble dwellings of the injured Haytiens.

After much unpleasant reflections on her pitiable situation, Madame Paulina resolved to address a letter, soliciting the advice of her brother, then at Cape-Marie, and at the head of a party of his patriot brethren, who like him disdained slavery, and were determined to live free men, or expire in their attempts for liberty and independence. But reason had scarce approved this suggestion of her mind, when suddenly she heard a simultaneous volley of musketry, and the appalling roaring of heavy artillery rumbling along the mountain's ridge, like terrifying thunders; to this distant warfare, the lapse of fifteen minutes brought a cessation, which announced, that on either side, many that were, had ceased to be. Silence having ensued, there was stillness in the air.

All at Saint Nicholas, desirous to know the issue of the combat, remained in doubtful anxiety.

Each one's heart was the abode of fear and doubt, while the dense smoke, escaping the despot's fury, and evading the implacable resentment of those armed in the justice of their cause, was seen to overtop the dusky hills, winding its way upwards in sulphureous columns, as if, to supplicate at the Eternal's Throne, and plead the cause of the injured.

The French in this combat with the Revolutionists, suffered, both from the extreme sultriness of the day, and the courage of those with whom they contended; disappointed and harrassed by the Islanders; they thought it a principle of policy, to resort to acts of cruel war; and to intimidate them, resolved, that none of them should be spared; but that the sword should annihilate, or compel them to submit to their worst degradations; and St. Nicholas was the unfortunate village, first to be devoted to the resentful rage of the cruel enemy. All the natives were doomed to suffer; the mother and the infant that reposed on her bosom, fell by the same sword, while groans of the sick served only as the guides which discovered them to the inhumanity of the inexorable, at whose hands they met a miserable death.

The sun was fast receding to the west, as if ashamed of man's transactions, boasting itself in the dark mantle of twilight, when Gen. Le-

here, fired the few dwellings, then remaining in the village. Misery was now gabbled in her most terrifying robes, and terror possessed itself the heart of all, except the French, in whose hands were placed the weapons of destruction.

The intelligence of the defeat of the army recently stationed at Cape Marie, reached the ears of the unhappy Paulina, and with horror she heard that her beloved brother in his attempt to regain St. Nicholas, breathed out his valuable life in the cause of freedom, and for his country. At it was now no time to indulge in grief—Safety was the object of the wretched villagers.

To effect an escape from the horrors of this ominous night, was difficult in the extreme; for the passes leading out into the country were all occupied by the enemy's troops, who were not only vigilant, but relentless and cruel. Madame Paulina apprehended her own danger, but her greatest solicitude was for the safety of her daughters, who in the morning of life, were expanding, like the foliage of the rose into elegance and beauty. He had kept them long concealed from the knowledge of the enemy, whose will she knew was their law, and whose law was injustice—the mother's wretchedness, and the daughter's shame and ruin. In happier days, when peace blessed her native island, she had seen a small hut, during a summer's excursion, in an unfrequented spot, in the delightful valley of Vega Real, and on the eastern bank of the beautiful Yuma; and now she resolved, if possible, to retreat thither with both her daughters.

Necessity being the source of human inventions, was now ready to "commune" with her mind on subjects of moment, and to give birth to the events of its decision—and in the midst of the general uproar in which the village now was—The shrieks of the defenceless, the horrible clashing of arms, and the expiring groans of the aged, awfully hurried herself in the execution of her plans for escaping.

With a feigned pass-port and letter, she ingeniously contrived to pass out of the village conducting her daughters, like the pious Eneas, through all the horrors, in which St. Nicholas was now involved.

But though protected by the mantle of night, Madame was hovering on her way to safety and quiet; she frequently would turn her eyes bathed with the dew of sorrow and leave a farewell sigh towards her island village, and like "ot, when, departing out of Babylon, Paulina prayed, for mercy for the enemies

her country, and the destroyers of her peace. She and her daughters, driven by cruel ambition, from their peaceful abodes were wretched. Their souls were occupied by fearful doubts and anxiety. Every whisper of the winds among the leaves of the plantain and orange trees, caused her daughters to apprehend the approach of danger, and she to heave the anxious sigh.

The green lizard crossed not the road in the way to its hole, at the noise of the fugitives feet, but the beheld through the shade of the night a body of the enemy; the distant glare of the fire-flare was a light which pointed to the enemies camp; while the bat beating the air in its nocturnal ranges, often was the false messenger of danger to the fair adventurers. Every tree issued by the cypresses, that rustled its leaves, was an army approaching, and in the trunk of every decayed mahogany, was a Fenian in ambush—no less alarming to the fugitives, were the ripe fruit that frequently fell to the earth. Then having turned into a by-path, Paulina felt herself more secure; and with a soul oppressed with mingled grief and joy, she with maternal affection embraced her daughters, and observed to them, that however just may be the cause which induces us to practice duplicity, or the laudable object which gives birth to hypocrisy, Truth alone can make us happy, and prevent the internal Judge of the human mind, filling us with fearful apprehensions, and painting to our imaginations the result which would attend detection.

(To be continued.)

## FREEDOM'S JOURNAL.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 18, 1828.

From Paulina's American Observer.

**Coloured Children.**—We have pleasure in announcing the return of Hugh Constable Garrigues, after an absence of more than 3 months, on an excursion through the States of Louisiana and Mississippi, in pursuit of the coloured children, who were stolen away from this city, but regret to state, that, notwithstanding his unceasing efforts for the purpose, he succeeded only in bringing home two of the boys, to wit, James Dudley, a mulatto of about 15 years old, and Ephraim Lawrence, a black boy of about 17 years. The first named boy was given up by his master unconditionally. He was sent to the Alms House on his arrival here from whence he had been bound out, about 4 years ago, to a man by the name of Patrick Pickard, calling himself a tailor, and then living on the Moyamensing Road, who subsequently carried this boy, and several others down the Ohio and Mississippi, and sold him in Louisiana—he there claimed to be an inhabitant of Brooke County, Virginia. Baley is in a miserable state of health, from sickness and from the effects of repeated acts of cruelty and inhumanity, inflicted upon him, as he alleged, while in slavery. The probability is, he will not recover; he was unable to walk when brought into the Police Office. This boy says his mother is living somewhere near Woodbury, New Jersey. Ephraim Lawrence, is well known here by many white persons—and there will be no difficulty in producing evidence hereafter, as to his identity. Mr. Garrigues entered bonds to return him before the court in Mississippi in May next—Ephraim being wanted here to give evidence before our Mayor's Court, against Henry Carg, who had kidnapped him, and a boy named John—(Carr it will be recollected, recently died in Arch-street Prison, during the absence of Mr. Garrigues.) The holder of the absent boys demand strict legal proof of their identity, which is only to be made by the verbal oath of white persons in open Court—and this is, renders their relation so exceedingly difficult. F. T. January 12th, 1828.

## VARIETIES.

### A BURMESE EXECUTION.

THE scene took place a Ranggon, and the sufferers were men of desperate characters, who merited death. At a short distance from the town, on the road known to the army by the name of the Forty-first Lanes, is a small open space, which formerly was a field; and here all criminals used to be executed. On this occasion several gibbets, about the height of a man were erected, and a large crowd of Burmans assembled to feast their eyes on the sanguinary scene that was to follow.

When the criminals arrived, they were tied within wooden frames, which extended arms and legs, and the head-executioner going round to each, marked with a piece of chalk on the side of the men, in what direction his assistant (who stood behind with a sharpened knife) was to make the incision. On one man he described a circle on the side; another had a straight line marked down the centre of his stomach; a third was doomed to some other mode of death, and some were favoured by being decapitated. These preparations being completed the assistant approached the man marked with a circle, and seizing a knife, plunged it up to the hilt in his side then slowly and deliberately making it round, he finished the circle. The poor wretch rolled his eyes in unexpressed agony, groaned, and soon after expired; thus depriving these human hands of the satisfaction his prolonged torments would have afforded them. The rest suffered in the same manner; and, from the specimens I have seen of mangled corpses, I do not think this account overdrawn. Hanging is a punishment that seldom, if ever takes place.

The manner in which slight punishments are made is peculiar to the Burmans, and, as nearly as I can make it out, according to our pronunciation, is called "tong." The delinquent is obliged to kneel down, and a man stands over him with a bent elbow and clenched fist. He then rapidly strikes him on the head with his elbow, and then slides it down until his knuckles repeat the blow, the elbow at the same time giving a violent smack on the shoulders. This is repeated until it becomes a very severe punishment, which may be carried to great excess.

### Two Years in Ara.

#### THE BATTLE OF NAVARIN.

**Curious Coincidence.**—It has been already noticed that the famous battle of Salamis was fought on the same day of the month that the recent defeat of the Allies was achieved by the Allies. The coincidence, however, is far more striking than many imagine. On the 20th October, 480 years before the Christian Era, Theonistocles, with only 380 ships, defeated, and nearly destroyed, the fleet of Xerxes, consisting of 2,000 sail of vessels. Our readers will have read that Xerxes invaded the territories and the liberties of Greece, and paid the price of his temerity by the destruction of 200 of his ships, besides many which were taken with their stores and ammunition. The coincidence is the more singular, inasmuch as the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia, defeated the Turkish navy, in the same quarter, in defence of the same objects, on the same day of the month, and nearly under the same circumstances, although at a distance of two thousand three hundred and seven years from the period at which the liberties of Greece were preserved by Theonistocles.

**Happiness Within.**—If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost wait a name—every occurrence passes in review, like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill

dressed, but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

**Food.**—Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species—fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit, or excrement of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him. As to his meats, they are so disguised by cooking, that neither the eye nor the taste can discern the quality, compound, or name of many fashionable dishes, supplied by professed restaurateurs.

"Make way gentlemen," once cried a Massachusetts representative to the populace, in the procession on an election day, "make way, we are the representative of the people." "Make way yourself," replied a sturdy member of the throng, "we are the people themselves."

### EDENTON, N. C. January 18.

**A Solon warning to Parents.**—It is seldom we have to record a circumstance which call so loudly on parents, to bring their children up in a becoming manner, as the following:—A few days past, two small boys, aged 10 and 11 years (sons of Mrs. Rogers, a widow lady resident of Hartford county) commenced a game at cards, when a dispute arose, about a walnut, which it appeared was the wager. It seems that the eldest contradicted the other, and he was told if he repeated, he would shoot him instantly; not supposing, perhaps, that he was in earnest, the eldest boy contradicted him the second time, when the youngest, unhesitatingly, stepped into the house which he put far distant, brought out the gun, & put his diabolical threat in execution, by shooting his brother through the head, when he fell and expired in a few minutes. We are told that the boy has been safely lodged in jail. It is not unfrequent that such consequences ensue, what some are pleased to term innocent amusement.

**Truth.**—There is nothing says Plato so delightful as the hearing or seeking of the truth. For this reason there is conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray and speaks without any intention to deceive.

### SUMMARY.

**Accident.**—Abraham Thompson, a coloured man, was killed by the caving in of a well which he was sinking in Chittenden, Penn.—**Flour.**—Upwards of 165,000 barrels of flour were inspected at Baltimore the last quarter. **Steam-boat Disaster.**—The steamboat William Penn, while on her way from New-Orleans to New-Orleans, with a cargo of above 400 bales of cotton, sunk about 45 miles above the city. **Robbery.**—A comb and fancy store in North Second street, Philadelphia, was robbed between 8 and 9 o'clock on Saturday evening, of sundry combs and fancy articles, by some knave who is an adept in the business. A pane of glass was carefully taken out of the bulk windows, and the villain helped himself liberally. **Accident.**—A young man by the name of Mahan, of Washington county, Pa. lost his life a few days since, by the caving in of the earth, while he was engaged in digging a drain from a coal mine. **Vaccination.**—Dr. Nantecede, the vaccine physician of Philadelphia, vaccinated 1724 during the last year. **Sheep.**—Rhode-Island, 14 miles long, and less than 3 wide, has more than 30,000 sheep upon it. There are about 200,000 in Berkshire county, Mass.; about 400,000 in this state; between 2 and 300,000 in Pennsylvania; 1000,000 in Vermont, &c. **Canal.**—At the opening of the Champlain Canal, there were only 20 vessels on Lake Champlain. The number is now calculated at 250. **Fatal Mistake.**—Mr. Adam N. Swart, of Glenville, was lately shot in the woods by a young man, who observing something behind some bushes, fired at as he supposed some game, but lodged the contents of his gun in Mr. Swart's head. **Fire.**—The paper mill of Messrs. Peck & Co. at Rochester, was entirely destroyed by fire on Friday last. Loss six thousand dollars. Thomas M. Rathbun was killed by the fall

ments of a falling chimney. **Good.**—The owner and driver of a hack was lately deprived of his licence for indecent conduct. **Death.**—A couple of fine deer was lately killed at Islip, Long Island, by a company of sportsmen. One of the deer led them a chase of 50 miles. **Sleight.**—The sleight from Hudson to Buffalo is said to be good. **Robbery.**—On the 10th ult. Mr. Boyd, a farmer, was attacked early in the evening, on the Newburgh and Cohecton Turnpike by two ruffians, who robbed him of 105 dollars, beat him severely, and left him for dead. One person has been arrested on suspicion. **Caution.**—Mr. Judah Church, of Detroit; lately lost his life by a well caving in which he was digging. **City government.**—William Paulding, Jun. has been re-elected mayor of the city, by almost a unanimous vote. **New Papers.**—Proposals have been issued for publishing two newspapers at Chester, Vermont, under the title of the "Vermont" and "Frederick's Banner." In Maine, proposals have been issued for publishing no less than seven newspapers, to commence with the present year. **Navy.**—Dr. Jacob Jameson, of Buffalo, belonging to the Seneca Nation of Indians, has received the appointment of surgeon's mate in the navy. He was educated at Dartmouth College. **A promising youth.**—On Wednesday last, says the Lockport paper, we had the curiosity to weigh and measure a young man who came to this village a few days since in company with his mother, to visit some friends residing here. His height was six feet three inches, measured round the waist, four feet eight inches, weighed two hundred and ninety eight pounds, was eighteen years the 4th day of November last. **Editors.**—The editor of the Charleston Gazette, has bestowed a cowskinning on his neighbour the editor of the Mercury; and the editor of the Frankfort Ky. Spirit of '76, has caned one of the other editors in that place. **New Paper.**—A new weekly paper has been commenced in South-bridge, Mass. entitled the Reformer and Moral-ist. It is principally devoted to the suppression of intemperance. **Ladies Magazine.**—In Boston, proposals have been issued to publish three new magazines. Two of them to be called the Ladies Magazine, and to be edited, the one by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the other by Mr. Hamilton. The third, to be entitled the "Power of Taste," and to be edited by Mrs. R. A. Ware. At the Circuit Court in Washington county, says the Commercial, "Miss Mary Anthony recovered 450 dollars against Mr. William Legg, for not fulfilling his promise to marry her." Truly Mr. Legg had put his foot in it; he might better have craved the effects of Anthony's fire.

**Errata.**—The word "not," was omitted in the third paragraph of the Editorial, in which we made a few remarks respecting the Slave, Grace, in the decision of Lord Stowell, in our last week's paper.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. and Amicus, have been received, and shall appear next week. S. W. is under consideration. S. in our next.

### MARRIED.

In St. Philip's Church on the 15th inst. by the Rev. P. Williams, Mr. JOHN H. LAMORT, of Charleston, S.C. to Miss ISABELLA, adopted daughter of Richmond and Sophia J. Kinlock, of the same place.

In his City by the Rev. Benjamin Paul, Mr. GEORGE STUART, to Miss ELIZABETH MILLER.

By the same, Mr. JOHN LABART, to Miss ELIZA FREEMAN.

By the same, Mr. SIMON GREEN, of Providence, R. I. to Miss ELLEN CARINGTON, of this City.

The City inspector reports the deaths of 83 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 12th inst. viz 10 men, 21 women, 28 boys, and 17 girls.

### PEW.

WANTED—The whole, or part of a PEW, in the lower part of St. Philip's Church.—Enquire at this Office.

### ALMANAC.

JANUARY.	sun	Rises.	Sets.	Moon's Phases.
18 Friday	7 18	4 44	Full 2d	12
19 Saturday	7 15	4 45	Last 10 2 19	12
20 Sunday	7 14	4 46	New 16 7 28	12
21 Monday	4 47	4 47	First 23 5 28	12
22 Tuesday	4 48	4 48	Full 29 2 28	12
23 Wednesday	7 11	3 49	Last 7 12 14	12
24 Thursday	7 10	4 50		12



