

MR. MILLS,

I OBSERVED a few weeks since a correspondent of yours who affected a deep interest in the welfare of the Ladies of Kingston, and seemed much distressed lest their health and reputation should be impaired by the repetition of what we last Summer considered and do still consider a very innocent amusement—that of Swinging. At first it was generally agreed upon amongst the ladies of my acquaintance, to pass him over in contempt; but happening at a party the other evening, where a considerable number of Ladies were present, it was observed this production had afforded the lovers of detraction a very prolific source of remark. Several observations followed upon the merits of the production, and the motives that produced it, till at length we resolved ourselves into a kind of regular meeting, and passed the following resolves:

1st. That the writer of the piece alluded to is not altogether destitute of talents, but that in the present instance they were greatly misapplied.

2d. That altho' he assumed the mask of Friendship to hide his real motive, it is unanimously resolved, that the visor is quite insufficient for his purpose.

3d. That the said writer has some times mistaken his consequences, and made pretensions where he had none—which of course ended in disappointment and produced the effusion before us.

4th. That we consider the means inadequate to the end proposed.

5th and lastly, resolved, that our said monitor be notified, by publishing these resolutions in the Kingston Gazette, that so far from considering the least criminality or impropriety attached to "Swinging," we shall without the least hesitation recommence that favorite amusement, with the season that permits it.

Having taken a copy of the above proceedings, when I had returned home and retired to my room, I arranged my thoughts on the subject in the following address to Ferdinand Friendly:—

Hail, Ferdinand Friendly, thou wood'rous post  
hail,

Nor let thy muse our dearest pledge<sup>s</sup> assail;  
Why dost thou censure thus our aerial flight,  
Whilst thou art soaring to Parnassus' height?  
Why by allusions indecent and profane  
Wouldst thou on female innocence assize a stain;  
Why wouldst thou slander thus our rural sports,  
Why give the world of us such ill reports?  
In vain thou'lt thy friendship claim to cover thy de-  
ceit.

To thine's the veil to hide thy cloven foot;  
We think thou'rt some poor disappointed swain,  
Who'rt vent'ring thy spleen to dissipate thy pain.  
We think the archer's aim'd at thee a dart,  
And thou thou ranc'rst in hopes to ease the smart,  
Thus far we pity thy most hapless case,  
But hope some other means be found to give thee  
ease.

Nor will we deem thee thus in doleful plight,  
Without one gen'rous effort to set thee right;  
Thus we advise thee, whatever may be thy pain,  
Never to trust thy "profane mad" again.  
Nor yet thy aspiring muse, whose lofty strains  
Will rather increase than mitigate thy pains.

Yours, &c. LUCIA.

\* Reputation.

#### AGRICULTURAL.

##### ON GIVING SALT TO CATTLE.

An extract from an Address to the Board of Agriculture in England, by their President, Lord Somerville.

EVERY day's observation must add to our regret, that Salt is not a component part of the food of stock, of sheep more particularly. How many diseases, arising from damp weather, from relaxation & from rank green food, might it not subdue? Our duty on Salt forbids even the smallest waste in its application, but by no means precludes its use. The ingenious & no less benevolent Count Rumford, tells us, that, in Germany, Salt is universally given to oxen and cows in a fattening state, and that their increase is in proportion to the quantity given.

We are all sensible of the effect of Salt on the human body: we are told how unwholesome, we know how unpalatable, fresh meat and vegetables are without it. The ancients held it in the highest estimation. It is notorious, that hay, mouldy from rain, is rendered pa-

latable, and infinitely nutritious to cattle by simply srewing Salt on the hay at the rate of ten or fifteen pounds per ton when making. Equally notorious is it, that a sensible effect is hereby produced to the taste, that cattle will prefer it to better hay, which is well made, and will demand, when fed on it, much more water, which accounts for that aptitude to fatten, which is never denied to hay so salted. Salt is so important to cattle, and particularly to sheep, that notwithstanding the price is from 15s. to 20s. per bushel in this country, it ought not to prevent the free use of it by good farmers.

#### DIVERSITY.

##### UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN TESTIMONY.

The following remarkable instance of the uncertainty and danger of circumstantial evidence, is extracted from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1751.

A Gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, and appointed his brother to be her Guardian, and Executor of his will. The young lady was then eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or if married, without children, her fortune was left to her Guardian, and to his heirs. As the interest of the Uncle was now incompatible with the life of the Niece, several other relations hinted that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the Uncle in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumors to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the Uncle, however, took his niece to his house near Epping Forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great enquiry was made after her, and it appearing, that the day she was missing, she went out with her Uncle into the forest, and that he returned without her—he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him, as they were returning home; that he sought her in the Forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and, perhaps, the petulant zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day arising against him. It was found that the young lady had been addressed by a neighboring Gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out upon a journey to the North; and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned: that her Uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in strong terms; that she often wept and reproached him with unkindness, and abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore that on the day the young woman was missing, about 11 o'clock in

the forenoon, she was coming thro' the Forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness, upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, *don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me*; upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a gun very near, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man, who had murdered his Niece to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution, the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the North; but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the Forest, till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared.

That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. That as she was walking with her Uncle, he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man, of whom he disapproved; and after much altercation she said with some heat, *"I have set my heart upon it; if I do not marry him, it will be my death; and don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me"*; that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a gun discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees, with a wood pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her Uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted, and immediately rode off. That instead of going to the North, they retired to a house, in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor, where they were married the same day, and in about a week went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence, when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their Uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere; and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate enquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are culpable in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation.

##### Laughable Anecdotes of Swift.

AT a dining party, one day, at Dublin Castle, among others was Lord Pembroke and his Chaplain, a Mr. Mills, (who had an intolerable large Roman nose,) against whom Swift had entertained for some time a particular dislike. When dinner was over, Swift, who was one of the party, began to rail at the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland for bringing over such blockheads for Chaplains as they usually did. Lord Pembroke said that censure could not be applied to him, as his first Chaplain present, the Rev.

Mr. Mills, had been a professor at Oxford, and was accounted an excellent scholar.—"He a scholar," said Swift—"I will venture to say he does not know how to construe a single line in Virgil."—Lord Pembroke, who expected some sport from this, took part with his Chaplain, saying, "he was sure there was no passage in Virgil which he could not perfectly explain"—"Let the book be brought," said Swift—Accordingly a Virgil was sent for, and Swift opening the book, pitched on the following line: *Romanos reram getemque togatam*.—Mills immediately translated it very properly in the usual way—(i. e. The Romans, lords of the world, the gowned nation.)—"There!" said Swift, I knew he could not do it—he has not construed one word of it right."—"Pray, my dear doctor Swift, (said Mr. Mills, in a pet,) how would you have me translate it?"—Why thus—*Romanos*—you've a Roman nose—*rerum*—you're a rare rum—*dominos*—damn your nose—*getemque togatam*—and the whole race of chaplains.—Swift then took up his hat and walked off, leaving Lord Pembroke and the rest of the party laughing heartily at the droll scene which had just passed.

N. B. A rum is a cant word in Ireland for a parson.

#### MEMORY.

THE late Dr. Franklin, in the more early part of his life, belonged to a Debating Society in Philadelphia. At one of their meetings it was the Doctor's turn to propose two questions, which were as follow—"Who of all the people in the world, have the best memories?"—Second, Who of all the people in the world, have the worst memories?" This occasioned much learned disquisition among the members. One argued that the people of the best memories, are those blessed with health, strength, strong nerves, vigorous apprehensions and in prime of life. Others pretended, that memory, like all other human faculties, is improvable; and those have the best memories that had, during a long course of education, been obliged to learn much by heart, and thus became adepts in the art of remembering. Multitudes of arguments were brought, according to every one's fancy; but on the other question, it was universally agreed upon, that very old people must have the worst memory of any, as in the declining stage of human nature the nerves become weak and the organization of the brain become so calloused as to retain but weakly the impression of past events. There was no end to the learned theories broached on this occasion. At last Franklin got up, and with the gravest face in the world, informed the Society, that of all men living, Creditors have the best memories, and Debtor's the worst.

The son of Quintus Fabius Maximus, advising that General to seize on a post, said, "It will only cost a few men." Fabius answered dryly, "Will you make one of the few?"

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