

T H E S C O T S M A G A Z I N E.

O C T O B E R, 1755.

C O N T E N T S.

THE WORLD. Domestic distress occasioned by the seduction of a young girl 465.
MEDICINE. Signor Cusio on an extraordinary disease of the skin 467. The weather and diseases 489. The meteorological journal 490
A new history of PENNSYLVANIA 471 Its government 473. Its exports and imports 475,6.
LINEN-PRINTING. A new colour discovered for printing lincens 476.
AMERICA. A view of the French incroachments in America 477. Reflections of a French writer on this subject 481. A scheme for driving the French out of the continent of America in one year 482.
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. An account of Doddsley's collection of poems 484. Reflections on taste and genius 485.
P O E T R Y, &c. The tears of Old May day 486. Wrote in a blank leaf of Prof. Forbes's posthumous works 487. On the new frontispiece to the Night-thoughts *ib.* On flowers in a young lady's hand *ib.* Britain's Genius, an ode *ib.* Verses occasioned by Gen. Braddock's defeat 488. Epigram *ib.* H. L.'s epitaph *ib.*

HISTORY 490. A religious riot 491. The Prince of Ventimiglio's insolence, and just punishment 493. The Prince of Morocco's barbarity *ib.* The refusal of the sacraments forbidden by the French clergy 494 An arret relating to the chapter of Orleans 495.
 —Gen. Johnson's account of the action at Lake George 496. American affairs related in two letters 500, &c. A French account of Gen. Braddock's defeat 503. Gov. Glen's interview with the Cherokee Indians 504.
 —The subject of this year's Cambridge prize-poem 507. The clause of Mr Seaton's will establishing this prize *ib.* A press-gang punished 508. Lord Harry Powlet's trial *ib.* The Edinburgh address 509. Packet-boats established between Britain and North America *ib.*
 —Extracts of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland's speech to the parliament 510. The Irish Commons address, and the King's answer 511.
 —An act of Aberdeech synod for reforming church-music 512. A suspension of precipitancy in burials, with reflections 513.
LISTS, TABLES, &c. 513.—520.

The WORLD, N^o 144. O^r. 2.

Mr FITZ-ADAM,

IF your breast has any feeling for the distresses of a ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to give my most unhappy story a place in your next paper. It may possibly come time enough to prevent a catastrophe, which would add horror to ruin, and drive to utter distraction a poor helpless family, who have more misery already than they are able to bear.

I am the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to sell his commission; and from a state of ease

and plenty, has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children.—Alas! that I should live to say it! happy would it have been for us, if one of them had never been born!—The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service, where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. O! he is a dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.

His sister was, in the eyes of a fond father and mother, lovely, to an extreme.

VERSES on Gen. BRADDOCK's defeat.

—Mares animos in martia bella

Verfibus exacuit.

[The dying general speaks.]

Then 'tis decreed—the vain exulting Gaul,
In these ill-fated fields beholds my fall.
But let not Britain, when she hears the tale,
In timid indolence my fate bewail.
O! rather let her sons, unus'd to fear,
To women leave the tribute of the tear:
A brave revenge alone becomes the brave,
A brave revenge these dying heroes crave.
See where their mangled limbs bestrew the field:
Firm, undismay'd, unknowing how to yield.
Behold them with their latest gasp of breath,
Implore their country to revenge their death.
May Britain then let loose her vengeful ire,
Redoubled force repeated wrongs require;
Each active hand with martial terror arm,
Each martial bosom with her spirit warm:
So haughty Gaul, when her exploits she hears,
Shall with her ill-star'd triumph mix her fears;
As midnight-thieves, that wrap in vile disguise
Have made some luckless traveller their prize,
Afraid of justice, drop the booty won,
And tremble for the mischief they have done.
In vain the fetter'd Gaul prepares his chains,
For British freedom, ev'n in India's plains,
Great George, born to command the free and brave,
Shall break his weapons, and chastise the slave.
My blood I freely spill; rejoic'd to make
The first libation for fair Freedom's sake.
For, as in Greece of old, the warrior's meed
For liberty, is nobly thus to bleed.

Here then I cheerful quit life's poor remains,
For glory well exchange'd in martial plains:
In future times, (nor do I boast in vain),
When Britain numbers o'er her warrior train;
When time my errors shall obliterate,
And veil my faults in pity to my fate;
In the fair list perhaps shall stand his name,
Who thro' these regions shew'd the road to fame;
Who 'midst these pathless wilds, and streams that
roll

From sources unexplor'd, first taught the Gaul
That Britain's freeborn sons, inspir'd by fame,
Nor danger daunts, nor toilsome marches tame.
What though by me these ill-star'd heroes led,
With me, oppress'd by numbers, fought and bled?
What tho' our blood these barb'rous currents dye,
To savage rage expos'd our bodies lie?
Yet still our name a terror shall remain,
For length of ages to the servile train.
Oft shall these warriors shades, who fallen rove
Along th' o'er-shaded stream or twilight grove,
Or o'er savannahs drear, in dread array,
By moonlight-gleam their marshal'd ranks display,
Affright the Gaul, whose dazzled fancy sees
The horrid armour glittering through the trees.
His shrivell'd soul within him dies with fear,
Whilst bursts of imag'd cannon wound his ear.
Nor will our pensive ghosts one comfort know,
Till destin'd vengeance overtake the foe;
Till (servile Gaul expell'd) fix'd in these plains
By British valour, British freedom reigns,

EPIGRAM.

FOR toilet-cares by wishful beauty known,
The myrtle wreaths bestow'd by Love alone
The hero's laurel, and the poet's bay,
The toils of battle, and of verse repay:
To painful study, knowledge is decreed;
And virtue's self is virtue's glorious meed:
For wealth the labours of the base are sold,
And thieves and statesmen are content with gold.

An EPIGRAM.

Here,
In a tempest of fatigue, anxiety, and impatience
Self-raisc'd, and prolonged through half an age,
Foundered at length,

H - - - - L - - - - - ;

Who,

Without strength of head,

Suavity of tongue,

or

Readiness of hand,

Natural or acquired,

Without private patrimony, or public esteem,

Accumulated,

During ten years collection of the crown-revenue

At Barbadoes,

TEN TIMES TEN THOUSAND POUNDS;

And

Studious that his labours should not be confin'd:

That narrow spot,

Wearied the succeeding twenty years,

In amassing,

From the orphan,

The mariner,

The planter,

and

The public,

Through various provinces of the British empire

THRICE THAT ENORMOUS SUM!

Divine vengeance,

Having wrought its purpose on a dissolute generation

By his agency,

Deprived him of sight.

But

Impatient of looking only,

(Where none could look more hopeless of comfort or entertainment)

Within,

He rashly incurred for once the charge of inco-

sistency,

And, by a miserable suicide, Oct. 6. 1753,

Did justice

To himself, to his country, to mankind.

Reader,

When the lust of riches

Shall hereafter prompt thee to wish

Their illicit attainment,

Remember

This record of Providence,

And suffer not H - - - - L - - - - -

To have lived unbelov'd, died unlamented,

and

Perish irremediably,

In vain.