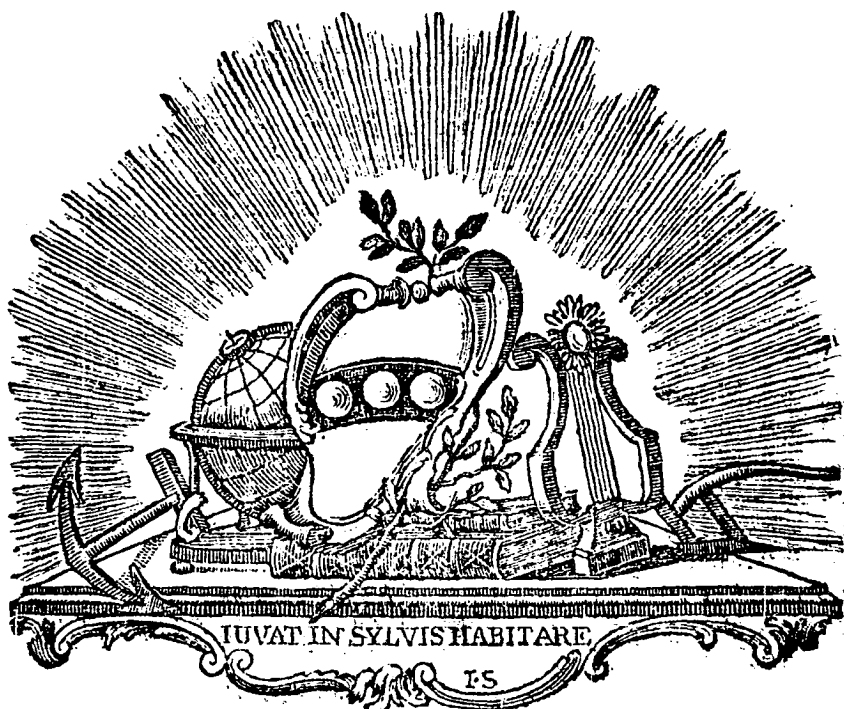


T H E *Pennsylvania Magazine:*



O R, AMERICAN MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FOR MARCH 1775.

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Embellished with New Music, beautifully Engraved on Copperplate.

P H I L A D E L P H I A :

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Having thus introduced his matter, he fell to the bounds of the land they had agreed to dispose of, and the price; which now is little and dear, that which would have bought twenty miles, not buying now two. During the time that this person spoke, not a man of them was observed to whisper or smile; the old, grave, the young, reverent in their department: They speak little, but fervently, and with elegance. I have never seen more natural sagacity, considering them without the help (I was going to say, the spoil) of tradition; and he will deserve the name of wise, that out-wits them in any treaty about a thing they understand. When the purchase was agreed, great promises pass between us of 'Kindness and good neighbourhood, and that the Indians and English must live in love, as long as the sun gave light.' Which done, another made a speech to the Indians, in the name of all the *Sachamackers* or kings; first to tell them what was done; next, to charge and command them 'To love the Christians, and particularly to live in peace with me, and the people under my government: That many governors had been in the river, but that no governor had come himself to live and stay here before; and having now such an one that treated them well, they should never do him or his any wrong.' At every sentence of which they shouted, and said, Amen, in their way.

XXIV. The justice they have is peculiar: In case of any wrong or evil fact, be it murder itself, they atone by feasts, and presents of their *Wampum*, which is proportioned to the quality of the offence or person injured, or of the sex they are of: For in case they kill a woman, they pay double, and the reason they tender, is, 'That she breedeth children, which men cannot do.' It is rare that they fall out, if sober; and if drunk, they forgive it, saying, 'It was the *drink*, and not the *man*, that abused them.'

XXV. We have agreed, that in all differences between us, six of each side shall end the matter: Do not abuse them, but let them have justice, and you win them: The worst is, that they are the worst for the Christians, who have propagated their vices, and yielded them tradition for ill, and not for good things. But as low an ebb as these people are at, and as glorious as their own condition looks, the Christians have not outlived their sight, with all their pretensions to an *higher* manifestation: What good then might not a good people graft, where there is so distinct a knowledge left between good and

evil? I beseech God to incline the hearts of all that come into these parts, to outlive the knowledge of the natives, by a fixt obedience to their *greater* knowledge of the will of God; for it were miserable indeed for us to fall under the censure of the poor Indian conscience, while we make profession of things so far transcending.

XXVI. For their original, I am ready to believe them of the Jewish race; I mean, of the stock of the *ten tribes*, and that for the following reasons; first, They were to go to "a land, not *planted* or *known*," which, to be sure, Asia and Africa were, if not Europe; and he that intended that extraordinary judgment upon them, might make the passage not uneasy to them, as it is not impossible in itself, from the easternmost parts of Asia, to the westernmost of America. In the next place, I find them of like countenance, and their children of so lively resemblance, that a man would think himself in Dukes-place, or Berry-street in London; when he seeth them. But this is not all; they agree in *rites*, they reckon by *moons*; they offer their *first-fruits*, they have a kind of *feast of tabernacles*; they are said to lay their *altar* upon *twelve stones*; their *mourning* a *year*, *customs of women*, with many things that do not now occur.

So much for the natives; next the old planters will be considered in this relation, before I come to our colony, and the concerns of it.

[To be concluded in our next.]

For the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE.

Reflections on the Life and Death of Lord CLIVE.

AH! The tale is told—The scene is ended—and the curtain falls. As an emblem of the vanity of all earthly pomp, let his Monument be a globe, but, be that globe a bubble; let his Effigy be a man walking round it in his sleep; and let Fame in the character of a shadow, inscribe his honours on the air.

I view him but as yesterday on the burning plains of Plassey*, doubtful of

* Battle of Plassey in the East Indies, where

of life, health; or victory. I see him in the instant when "To be, or not to be" were equal chances to a human eye. To be a lord or a slave, to return loaded with the spoils, or remain mingled with the dust of India.—Did necessity always justify the severity of a conqueror, the rude tongue of censure would be silent, and however painfully he might look back on scenes of horror, the pensive reflection would not alarm him. Though his feelings suffered, his conscience would be acquitted. The sad remembrance would move serenely, and leave the mind without a wound.—But, Oh India! thou loud proclaimer of European cruelties, thou bloody monument of unnecessary deaths, be tender in the day of enquiry, and shew a Christian world thou canst suffer and forgive.

Departed from India, and loaded with the plunder, I see him doubling the cape and looking wishfully to Europe. I see him contemplating on years of pleasure, and gratifying his ambition with expected honours. I see his arrival pompously announced in every newspaper, his eager eye rambling thro' the croud in quest of homage, and his ear listening lest an applause should escape him. Happily for him he arrived before his *faune*, and the short interval was a time of rest. From the croud I follow him to the court, I see him enveloped in the sunshine of sovereign favour, rivalling the great in honours, the proud in splendor, and the rich in wealth. From the court I trace him to the country, his equipage moves like a camp; every village

where Lord Clive, at that time Colonel Clive, acquired an immense fortune, and from which place his title is taken.

bell proclaims his coming; the wondering peasants admire his pomp, and his heart runs over with joy.

But, alas! not satisfied with uncountable thousands, I accompany him *again* to India. I mark the variety of countenances which appear at his landing. Confusion spreads the news. Every passion seems alarmed. The wailing widow, the crying orphan, and the childless parent remember and lament; the rival Nabobs court his favour; the rich dread his power, and the poor his severity. Fear and terror march like pioneers before his camp, murder and rapine accompany it, famine and wretchedness follow in the rear.

Resolved on accumulating an unbounded fortune, he enters into all the schemes of war, treaty, and intrigue. The British sword is set up for sale; the heads of contending Nabobs are offered at a price, and the bribe taken from both sides. Thousands of men or money are trifles in an India bargain. The field is an empire, and the treasure almost without end. The wretched inhabitants are glad to compound for offences never committed, and to purchase at any rate the privilege to breathe: while he, the sole lord of their lives and fortunes, disposes of either as he pleases, and prepares for Europe*.

Uncommon

* In April 1773, a committee of the House of Commons, under the name of the Select Committee were appointed by the House to enquire into the state of the East India affairs, and the conduct of the several governors of Bengal. The committee having gone through the examinations, General Burgoyne the chairman prefaced their report thereof to the house, informing them, "that the reports contained accounts of crimes shocking to human nature, that the most infamous de- signs

Uncommon fortunes require an uncommon date of life to enjoy them in. The usual period is spent in preparing to live: And unless nature prolongs the time, fortune bestows her excess of favours in vain.

The conqueror of the east having nothing more to expect from the one, has all his court to make to the other. Anxiety for wealth gives place to anxiety for life; and and wisely recollecting that the sea is no respecter of persons, resolves on taking his route to Europe by land. Little beings move unseen, or unobserved, but he engrosses

signs had been carried into execution by perfidy and murder. He recapitulated the wretched situation of the East-Indian princes, who held their dignities on the precarious condition of being the highest bribers. No claim, however just on their part, he said, could be admitted, without being introduced by enormous sums of rupees, nor any prince suffered to reign long, who did not quadrate with this idea; and that Lord Clive, over and above the enormous sums he might with some appearance of justice lay claim to, had obtained others to which he could have no title. He (Gen. Burgoyne) therefore moved, "That it appears to this House, that Robert, Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey, about the time of deposing Surajah Dowla, Nabob of Bengal, and establishing Meer Jassier in his room, did, through the influence of the power with which he was intrusted, as member of the Select Committee in India, and Commander in Chief of the British forces there, obtain and possess himself of two lacks and 80,000 rupees, as member of the Select Committee, a further sum of two lacks of rupees, as commander in chief, a further sum of 16 lacks of rupees, or more, under the denomination of *private donations*, which sums, amounting together to 20 lacks and 80,000 rupees, were of the value, in English money, of £ 234,000†, and that in so doing, the said Robert, Lord Clive abused the powers with which he was entrusted, to the evil example of the servants of the public."

† Equal to £ 340,000, Pennsylvania currency.

whole kingdoms in his march, and is gazed at like a comet. The burning desert, the pathless mountains, and the fertile valleys, are in their turns explored and passed over. No material accident distresses his progress, and England once more receives the spoiler.

How sweet is rest to the weary traveller; the retrospect heightens the enjoyment; and if the future prospect be serene, the days of ease and happiness are arrived. An uninquiring observer might have been inclined to consider Lord Clive, under all these agreeable circumstances: One, whose every care was over; and who had nothing to do but to sit down and say, *Soul take thine ease, thou hast goods laid up in store for many years.*

The reception which he met with on his second arrival, was in every instance equal, and in many, it exceeded, the honours of the first. 'Tis the peculiar temper of the English to applaud before they think. Generous of their praise, they frequently bestow it unworthily; but when once the truth arrives, the torrent stops; and rushes back again with the same violence*. Scarcely had the echo

P of

* Lord Clive in the defence which he made in the House of Commons, against the charges mentioned in the preceding note, very positively insists on his innocence, and very pathetically laments his situation; and after informing the House of the thanks which he had some years before received, for the same actions which they are now endeavouring to censure him for, he says,

"After such certificates as these, Sir, am I to be brought here like a criminal, and the very best parts of my conduct construed into crimes against the state? Is this the reward that is now held out to persons who have performed such important services to their country? If it is, Sir, the future consequences that will attend the execution

of applause ceased upon the ear, than the rude tongue of censure took up the tale. The news-papers, fatal enemies to ill-gotten wealth! began to buz a general suspicion of his conduct, and the inquisitive public soon refined it into particulars. Every post gave a stab to fame—a wound to his peace,—and a nail to his coffin. Like spec-

execution of any important trust, committed to the persons who have the care of it, will be fatal indeed; and I am sure the noble Lord upon the treasury bench, whose great humanity and abilities I revere, would never have consented to the resolutions that passed the other night, if he had thought on the dreadful consequences that would attend them. Sir, I cannot say that I either sit or rest easy, when I find that all I have in the world is likely to be confiscated, and that no one will take my security for a shilling. These, Sir, are dreadful apprehensions to remain under, and I cannot look upon myself but as a bankrupt. I have not any thing left which I can call my own, except my paternal fortune, of 500l per annum, and which has been in the family for ages past. But, upon this I am content to live, and perhaps I shall find more real content of mind and happiness, than in the trembling affluence of an unsettled fortune. But, Sir, I must make one more observation, that, if the definition of the Hon. Gentleman [Gen. Burgoyne], and of this House, is, that the *State*, as expressed in these resolutions, is, *quo ad hoc*, the Company, then, Sir, every farthing that I enjoy is granted to me. But to be called, after sixteen years have elapsed, to account for my conduct in this manner, and after an uninterrupted enjoyment of my property, to be questioned and considered as obtaining it unwarrantably, is hard indeed! and a treatment I should not think the British senate capable of. But, if it should be the case, I have a conscious innocence within me, that tells me my conduct is irreproachable. *Frangas, non flectes*. They may take from me what I have; they may, as they think, make me poor, but I will be happy! I mean not this as my defence. My defence will be made at the bar; and, before I sit down, I have one request to make to the House, *that, when they come to decide upon my honour, they will not forget their own.*

tres from the grave they haunted him in every company, and whispered murder in his ear. A life chequered with uncommon varieties is seldom a long one. Action and care will in time wear down the strongest frame, but guilt and melancholy are poisons of quick dispatch.

Say, cool deliberate reflection, was the prize, though abstracted from the guilt, worthy of the pains? Ah! no. Fatigued with victory he sat down to rest, and while he was recovering breath he lost it. A conqueror more fatal than himself beset him, and revenged the injuries done to India.

As a cure for avarice and ambition let us take a view of him in his latter years. Hah! what gloomy Being wanders yonder? How visibly is the melancholy heart delineated on his countenance. He mourns no common care—His very steps are timed to sorrow—He trembles with a kind of mental palsy. Perhaps 'tis some broken hearted parent, some David mourning for his Absalom, or some Heraclitus weeping for the world.—I hear him mutter something about wealth—Perhaps he is poor, and hath not where withal to hide his head. Some debtor started from his sleepless pillow, to ruminate on poverty, and ponder on the horrors of a jail. Poor man! I'll to him and relieve him. Hah! 'tis Lord Clive himself! Bless me what a change! He makes I see for yonder cypress shade—fit scene for melancholy hearts!—I'll watch him there and listen to his story.

L. Cl. Can I but suffer when a beggar pities me. Ere while I heard a ragged wretch, who every mark of poverty had on, say to a
footy

sooty sweep, Ah, poor Lord Clive! while he, the negro coloured vagrant, more mercifully cruel, curst me in my hearing.

There was a time when fortune, like a yielding mistress, courted me with smiles—She never waited to be told my wishes, but studied to discover them; and seemed not happy to herself, but when she had some favour to bestow. Ah! little did I think the fair enchantress would desert me thus; and after lavishing her smiles upon me, turn my reproacher, and publish me in folio to the world. Volumes of morality are dull and spiritless compared to me. Lord Clive is himself a treatise upon vanity, printed on a golden type. The most unlettered clown writes explanatory notes thereon, and reads them to his children. Yet I could bear these insults could I but bear myself.—A strange unwelcome something hangs about me. In company I seem no company at all.—The festive board appears to me a stage, the crimson coloured port resembles blood—Each glass is strangely metamorphosed to a man in armour, and every bowl appears a Nabob. The joyous toast is like the sound of murder, and the loud laugh are groans of dying men. The scenes of India are all rehearsed, and no one sees the tragedy but myself.—Ah! I discover things which are not, and hear unuttered sounds—

O peace, thou sweet companion of the calm and innocent! Whether art thou fled? Here take my gold, and all the world calls mine, and come thou in exchange. Or thou, thou noisy sweep, who mix thy food with soot and relish it, who canst descend from lofty heights and walk the humble earth

again, without repining at the change, come teach that *mystery* to me. Or thou, thou ragged wandering beggar, who, when thou canst not beg successfully, will pilfer from the hound, and eat the dirty morsel sweetly; be thou Lord Clive, and I will beg, so I may laugh like thee.

Could I unlearn what I've already learned—unact what I've already acted—or would some sacred power convey me back to youth and innocence, I'd act another part—I'd keep within the vale of humble life, nor wish for what the world calls pomp.

———But since this cannot be, [me,
And only a few days and sad remain for
'I'll haste to quit the scene; for what is life
When ev'ry passion of the soul's at strife.

* Some time before his death, he became very melancholy—subject to strange imaginations—and was found dead at last.

For the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE.

The OLD BACHELOR.

[Number I.]

MR. AITKEN,

I Have just met with something that has put me exceedingly out of temper, and fitted me to write, I believe, *elegantly*. It has warmed up my passions to such a pitch, that I think I can quarrel as *sublimely*, as my brother bachelor, Dr. Johnson.—O! he's the prince of ill-nature—he's an excellent fellow. I should like to see some of his best quarrelling faces, when he is maulling and tearing your poets, and your players, and your authors of all work to pieces. They tell me that he cuts up a critic like a goose, and quarrels so *deliciously* over the sects and dissections, that its a *feast* to hear him,