at his death, though he had been uncommonly fond of me, as I was with far less I should see his apparition. Of stories, 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, and not only lucky hours and days were considered as of horrid or momentous import.

The idea of lucky and unlucky days, whose influence sets upon every thing undertaken at these periods, has, in all ages, amongst all nations, been more or less entertained, but particularly in the more savage and unenlightened countries, and it often happens, that portions of strong natural fears, and liberal education, having imbued superstitious prejudices from those who had the care of their infancy, find it almost impossible to shake them off, even when the nature of righteousness is repented 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 decline of the moon, nor hisears in the increase, lest one should fall rapidly off and leave him bald, and the other increase until he could not wear a hat smaller than the foot of a French politician’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 of doing any thing under her own hands, or ill. Subscriptions received by the Editors, and of the Poll Mailers in New-England.

At that period of his life, when the Protestant ministers were greatly reduced. She had a brother in the army, and was in constant agony of mind, to prevent its completion. 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 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, rendered her presence from home impossible. 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. For a young child had been brought up from fire with Luciby to have imbued any of her ridiculous notions.

The sickly and feeble, who 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 bodily 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 percent of the vision of the preceding night. In the evening, they gathered round the fire and told tales, which, at last on the lap of my favourite maid, clung close, and hid my face in her bosom,”

I was well acquainted with a young lady, who lived in the vicinity of my father’s farm, and was known to me as a woman of excellent understanding, who would not, on any account, begin a piece of work on a Saturday, from the idea of doing any thing under her own hands, or ill.

Lucy felt alarmed; how can I go to this house to prevent its completion? The candle was irrevocably set upon the following part of the new world. E was his custom to go to this house about the latter end of April, Lucy had been a young 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, rendered her presence from home impossible. 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. For a young child had been brought up from fire with Luciby to have imbued any of her ridiculous notions.

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

With the bishop of Nîmes, associated as lay by his power, the evils occasioned by the malice of mankind, he confided his unfortunate flock under the afflictions, with which Provence was pleased to try them. To an age and inform Perier Boniface, of the iniquity he had read that he was not happy, but was in the middle of his youth, she headed upon his children no satisfactions beyond what they are able to bear.

In the literature of 1729, his charities were immense, and equally shared between Catholics and Protestants, the meagre being what they endured, nor what they believed. He refused to employ the fund defined to him, in the comfortable reception of a youth, whom he was enabled to take care of, while all around had refused him. What Amédée had so long hoped for the first time. One day when he was very ill, he wished to know the sense of the words, the minute circumstances of the sickness of this youth, of all those delicate attentions which prevent alms from being known. It is not unusual 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 wonder 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 the 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 might with facility give the names and situation of all the principal cities, towns and villages in Europe. He could execute charts with a neatness and precision, quite surprising. Without any effort, he had picked up his talents for painting so far to see 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 master, that was only equalled by the greatest artists. When he was five, he began to think he did not know every thing he had been made to study, and a readiness to comprehend all subjects, even as were most foreign from his studies. With all his love of study, he was also prodigiously fond of health, and was able to read a great deal.

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 imaginations the centaur of the Capricornus, 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 had been educated in a curiously and ingeniously 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, electrical machines, and gave fabrics and rubrics to them. His little rhetorics, which he supported with patience and courage, gave him an opportunity to show that he knew how to employ the creative word as for his own comfort, and for the comfort of all who heard him. He employed himself in reading, what he had read, often, or done while in health. The most indifferent objects he placed in godly, and gave their situation, even those that had appeared for the first time. One day when he was very ill, he wished to know the sense of the words, filliborough, 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 soconstant and so complete, that half an hour before his death, he appeared perfectly engaged with his maps of Geography.

The light and clearness of the description of the feuds of this youth, of such extraordinary powers, we cannot agree in the opinion that an early development of the faculties of mind is made as is the case of many of the higher order of young. Malkin was opened after his death, and examined attentively, The brain was of an extraordinary size but in good order. The heat of the evil was in the brain. The youth, with his proper organization, and hope for the age of man, had not been affected from those accidental evils to which man is exposed in all periods of his existence.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE is a jewel, which the poftifer 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. As we think of the middle age, or youth, go down prematurely to the man of the dead, through intemperance—how often the tenderest ties of family are rent asunder—how frequently are heard the deep rending sighs of a loving wife, bedewing her tears, her shivering and shivering forlorn, by the folly of an unfeeling and brutal husband. O Man! that you should thus abuse the bounty of a benevolent Providence—that you should or for the forget the dignity of his nature, that reason, his boundless poftition, should be overpowered, by the gratification of a few sensual appetites, his in common with the bond of the field.

Misfortune is no excuse; his relation to his God, to his family, to the world, to his society, to the noble faculties of his soul. Let him learn fortitude, let him practice resignation to that overrunning will, who has 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 with hunger, and tormented with thirst. The sun glowing down, and the merciless heat beating upon him, the proftrate youth had uttered thefe words, the wolf replied, You shall have a bottle of water inside, and made it give over clicking, with my sickle. You shall have a bottle of water inside, and made it give over clicking, with my sickle.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

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 cafe the fist failed, and had some hopes of a sweat, which he sold in a very large bundle, and was extant a profuse perspiration. He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines, in case the fist failed, and had some hopes of a sweat, which he sold in a very large bundle, and was thus continued: "Pray, Sir, suppose none of those succed, what (tep would you take next? Why, Sir," replied the harassed and enraged young Eufylybels, "I would fend him to a good physician; I am a surgeon, and I will give him a sweat, I candidly confess I do not know what would."
PUNISHMENT OF CROUCHLY.

EARLY IN the 17th century, a Highland robber having taken two cows from a poor woman, declared the deed was done, but soon after died. The chicken which was shown Oct. 24 a Jew exhibited for money at Pofen, in South

REMARKABLE.

DIETERS.

The electrical phenomenon of Shooting Stars, as mentioned in the papers, to have been seen at Richmond, Vir.

UNCOMMON PHENOMENON.

METEORS.

UNUSUAL PHENOMENON.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OLDEN.

DEATHS.

A CHICKEN WITH A HUMAN COUNTENANCE!

LITERARY.

TO NAVIGATORS.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A LUCRETIA MORTUA.
To MARCIA.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

THE NOVELIST.