

Boston, Nov. 19, 1783.

At a meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, on the 12th inst. the following communications were made, viz.

An Estimate of the excess of the Heat and the Cold of the American atmosphere beyond the European in the same parallel of latitude: to which are added, thoughts on the causes of this excess—by EDWARD A. HOLYOKE, M. D.

Observations of the variation of the Magnetic Needle, continued from the 15th. of August last, to the 10th. instant—by STEPHEN SEWALL, Esq.

The result of an assay of Sal. soda, or Kelp-ashes—by AARON DEXTER, M. D.

An easy method of drawing an Ellipsis, with a description of the compasses used for that purpose, also, An account of an inscribed rock at Dighton, accompanied with a copy of the inscription—by JAMES WINTHROP, Esq.

The following books were presented at this meeting by their respective authors, viz.

Nouvelles Decouvertes sur la Lumiere—by M. LE DA MARAT.

Essai sur L'Education intellectuelle—by M. ALEXANDER CESAR CHAVANNES.

Considerations of the relative situation of France and the United States of America, translated from the French of ETIENNE CLAVIERE and J. P. BRISBOT WARVILLE.

The History of the Insurrections in Massachusetts in 1786, and the Rebellion consequent thereon—by GEORGE R. MINOT, Esq.

The weekly papers of Messrs. ADAMS & NOURSE, JOHN WINCOLL ALLEN, BENJAMIN RUSSELL, and EDMUND FREEMAN & LORING ANDREWS, Printers in Boston, and of Mr. BENNETT WHEELER, Printer in Providence, sent by them to the recording Secretary for the Library of the Academy.

MISCELLANY.

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

[The following extract from Col. Humphrey's Essay on the Life of Gen. ISRAEL PUTNAM, lately published, will be interesting to the reader—and does honour to the descriptive talents of the author.]

At the house of Col. Schuyler, Major Putnam became acquainted with Mrs. Howe, a fair captive, whose history would not be read without emotion, if it could be written in the same affecting manner, in which I have often heard it told. She was still young and handsome herself, though she had two daughters of marriageable age. Distress, which had taken somewhat from the original redundancy of her bloom, and added a softening paleness to her cheeks, rendered her appearance the more engaging. Her face, that seemed to have been formed for the assemblage of dimples and smiles, was clouded with care. The natural sweetness was not, however, soured by dependency and penitence; but chastened by humility and resignation. This mild daughter of sorrow looked as if she had known the day of prosperity, when serenity and gladness of soul were the inmates of her bosom. That day was past, and the once lively features now assumed a tender melancholy, which witnessed her irreparable loss. She needed not the customary weeds of mourning, or the fallacious pagantry of woe to prove her widowed state. She was in that stage of affliction, when the excess is so far abated, as to permit the subject to be drawn into conversation without opening the wound afresh. It is then rather a source of pleasure than pain to dwell upon the circumstances in narration. Every thing conspired to make her story interesting. Her first husband had been killed and scalped by the Indians some years before. By an unexpected assault in 1756, upon fort Dummer, where she then happened to be present with Mr. Howe, her second husband, the savages carried the fort, murdered the greater part of the garrison, mangled in death her husband, and led her away with seven children into captivity. She was for some months kept with them: and during their rambles she was frequently on the point of perishing with hunger, and as often subjected to hardships seemingly intolerable to one of so delicate a frame. Some time after the career of her miseries began, the Indians selected a couple of their young men to marry her daughters. The fright and disgust which the intelligence of this intention occasioned to these poor young creatures, added infinitely to the sorrows and perplexities of their frantick mother. To prevent the hated connection, all the activity of female resource was called into exertion. She found an opportunity of convey-

ing to the Governour a petition that her daughters might be received into a convent for the sake of securing the salvation of their souls. Happily the pious fraud succeeded.

About the same time the savages separated, and carried off her other five children into different tribes. She was ransomed by an elderly French officer, for four hundred livres. Of no avail were the cries of this tender mother—a mother desolated by the loss of her children, who were thus torn from her fond embraces, and removed many hundred miles from each other, into the utmost recesses of Canada. With them (could they have been kept together) she would most willingly have wandered to the extremities of the world, and accepted as admissible portion, the cruel lot of slavery for life, but she was precluded from the sweet hope of ever beholding them again. The insufferable pang of parting, and the idea of eternal separation, planted the arrows of despair deep in her soul. Though all the world was no better than a desert, and all the inhabitants were then indifferent to her—yet the loveliness of her appearance in sorrow had awakened affections, which, in the aggravations of her troubles, were to become a new source of afflictions.

The officer, who had sought her of the Indians had a son who also held a commission and resided with his father. During her continuance in the same house, at St. John's, the double attachment of the father and son, rendered her situation extremely distressing. It is true the calmness of age delighted to gaze respectfully on her beauty, but the impetuosity of youth was fired to madness by the sight of her charms. One day the son, whose attentions had been long lavished on her in vain, finding her alone in a chamber, forcibly seized her hand and declared that he would now satiate the passions which she had so long refused to indulge. She recurred to entreaties, struggles and tears, those prevalent female weapons, which the distraction of danger not less than promptness of genius is wont to supply: While he, in the delirium of vexation and desire, snatched a dagger and swore he would put an end to her life if she persisted to struggle. Mrs. Howe, assuming the dignity of conscious virtue, told him it was what she most ardently wished, and begged him to plunge the pointard through her heart, since the mutual importunities and jealousies of such rivals had rendered her life, though innocent, more irksome and insupportable than death itself. Struck with a momentary compunction, he seemed to relent, and relax his hold—and she, availing herself of his irresolution or absence of mind, escaped down stairs. In her disordered state, she told the whole transaction to his father, who directed her in future to sleep in a small bed at the foot of that in which his wife lodged. The affair soon reached the Governour's ears, and the young officer was, shortly afterwards, sent on a tour of duty to Detroit. This gave her a short respite, but she dreaded his return, and the humiliating insults for which the might be reserved. Her children too, were ever present to her melancholy mind. A stranger, a widow, a captive, she knew not where to apply for relief; she had heard of the name of Schuyler—she was yet to learn that it was only another appellation for the friend of suffering humanity.

As that excellent man was on his way from Quebec to the Jerseys, under a parole for a limited time, he came with feeble and trembling steps to him. The same maternal passion, which sometimes overcomes the timidity of nature in the birds, when plundered of their callow nestlings, emboldened her, notwithstanding her native diffidence, to disclose those griefs which were ready to devour her in silence. While her delicate aspect was heightened to a glowing blush, for fear of offending by an inexcusable impertinency, or transgressing the rules of propriety, by representing herself as being an object of admiration; she told, with artless simplicity, all the story of her woes. Colonel Schuyler from the moment became her protector, and endeavoured to procure her liberty. The person who purchased her from the savages, unwilling to part with so fair a purchase, demanded a thousand livres as her ransom. But Col. Schuyler, on his return to Quebec, obtained from the Governour, an order, in consequence of which Mrs. Howe was given up to him for four hundred livres.—Nor did his active goodness rest, until every one of her five sons was restored to her.

Business having made it necessary that Col. Schuyler should proceed the officers who were

exchanged, he recommended the fair captive to the protection of his friend Putnam. She had just recovered from the measles when the party was preparing to set off for New-England. By this time, the young French officer had returned, with his passion rather increased than abated by absence.—He pursued her where soever she went, and, although he could make no advances in her affection, he seemed resolved by perseverance to carry his point. Mrs. Howe, terrified at his treatment, was obliged to keep constantly near Major Putnam, who informed the young officer that he should protect that lady at the risk of his life. However, this amorous and rash lover, in whose boiling veins such an agitation was excited, that while he was speaking of her, his blood would gush from his nostrils, followed the prisoner to Lake Champlain; and when the boat in which the fair captive had embarked had pushed from the shore, he jumped into the lake and swam after her, until it rowed out of sight. Whether he perished in this distracted state of mind, or returned to the shore, is not known.

In the long march from captivity, through an inhospitable wilderness, encumbered with five small children, she suffered incredible hardships. Though endowed with masculine fortitude, she was truly feminine in strength; and must have fainted in the way, had it not been for the assistance of Major Putnam. There were a thousand good offices which the helplessness of her condition demanded, and which the gentleness of his nature delighted to perform. He assisted in leading her little ones, and carrying them over the swampy grounds, and runs of water, with which their course was frequently interdicted. He mingled his own mews with that of the widow and the fatherless, and assisted them in supplying and preparing their provisions. Upon arriving within the settlements, they experienced a reciprocal regret at separation, and were only consoled by the expectation of, soon tingling in the embraces of their former acquaintances and dearest connections.

After the conquest of Canada in 1760, she made a journey to Quebec, in order to bring back her two daughters whom she had left in a convent. She found one of them married to a French officer; the other, having contracted a great fondness for the religious sisterhood, with reluctance consented to leave them and return.

A few years previous to the war between Great-Britain and America, a question of some consequence arose respecting the title of the lands in Hinsdale (the town in which Mrs. Howe resided) inasmuch that it was deemed expedient, that an agent should be sent to England to advocate the claim of the town. It may be mentioned as a proof of the acknowledged superiority of the understanding and address of this gentlewoman; that she was universally designated for the mission. But the dispute was fortunately accommodated to the satisfaction of the people, without their being obliged to make use of her talents.

For the CENTINEL.

POLITICAL LITANY.

FROM seekers, shifters, and trimmers—from such as have no opinion of their own, but are of every one's opinion, Deliver us good Lord.

From the sin of Antifederalism—the iniquity of Rhode-Island rulers—and the plots of anarchy, and its disciples, Good Lord deliver us.

From the evil of our times—from the plentiful lack of cash—and the abundance of luxury, which makes the want of it, Deliver us good Lord.

From stupid, left-handed preachers—whose only system is back-biting—and whose whole conduct is baseness, Libera nos Domine.

From scolding wives—from ever-prating wives—and wives who are not husbands, Good Lord deliver us.

From old maids, and old bachelors—from late marriages, and long courtships, Good Lord deliver us.

From all unclean women—from street-walkers, whether by day or by night—from coquettes without brains—and from prudes without virtue, Good Lord deliver us. A M E N.

A F A B L E,

Addressed to the Legislature of Rhode-Island. IN the days of yore, there was a man of wealth, who was fond of hunting, and had a large pack of well-trained hounds. When on the chase, if any respectable member of the pack,

CASTALIAN FOUNT.

MR. PRINTER,
The success which certain double-tongued Tyrians, among us, are likely to meet with, will render the following not mal-apropos, at the present time.
The BAT, and the two WEAZELS.

A [third] FABLE.
A LEWD young Bat, for rambling sake,
Was out one evening on the rake,
And while the Weazel was at rest,
Popt (sans façon) into his nest.
" Ah! says the Weazel, have I got ye—
A mouse!—if you're not dead—then rot me."

" Stop, stop—cry'd out the young intriguer,
Why, my dear Sir, you're vastly eager:
You're quite diverting. Canst thou see
No difference 'twixt an A and B?
Sure, any bird wou'd think you mad:
A mouse too! pretty hags, egad!
Pray have Mice wings? Wings like to these, Sir,
Nay, I can fly too, if you please, Sir.
Long live my brethren of the "feather,"
And let us two sit down together."

The Weazel drank't him—was content—
And off the Bat rejoicing went.
E'er he had flown a mile or so,
(How far I don't for certain know)
He paid a visit to a second—
But fore he with his host had reckoned—
Mine host, who lik'd a fowl for supper,
Quick seiz'd our hero by the crupper,
Here was the devil again: but he,
" What means this outrage, Sir, on me?
D'ye take me for a bird? Why, Sir,
For Heaven's sake—I'm a Mouse—ne'er stir—
But this is odd."—The landlord saw
The Mouse's head and little paw:
He begg'd his pardon—'twan't intended
To one he'd sooner have defended—
Hop'd he'd forget it—a mistake
Which any one at night might make.

Be sure Bat made not much ado,
But off the rogue in buckram flew.
APPLICATION.
READER, IF YOU SHOULD WISH TO SEE
YOUR NAME AMONG THE "POWERS THAT BE,"
OBSERVE THIS RULE, WITH SPECIAL CARE,
BE THIS THING HERE, AND T'OTHER THERE.

MISCELLANY.

THOUGHTS, by the late J. J. ROUSSEAU.
WE are curious in proportion as we possess
knowledge.
Ignorance is neither an obstacle to good nor
evil: It is only the natural state of man.
Ignorance has never done any harm; error
alone is fatal. We do not go wrong because we do
not know a thing; but because we think we know it.
Man naturally thinks very little. Thinking is
an art which he learns like all the rest, and even
with greater difficulty.
A fool may sometimes reflect, but it is never
until he has committed a folly.
It is only a geometrician and a fool that can
talk without tropes and figures.
Criticism is very convenient; for, where we
attack with one word, whole pages are requisite
to defend.
There is a certain similarity of disposition, which
is discovered in a moment, and which soon produces
intimacy.

The manly thoughts of a great mind, give them
a particular idiom; and common souls do not possess
that language.
Those who are the slowest to promise, are, in
general, the most faithful to their promise.
A languishing heart is naturally tender; melancholy
excites love.
To praise people to their face, unless it be one's
mistress, is nothing else than taxing them with
vanity.
There is no association more common than that
of luxury and parsimony.
Never did a man, who had no faults, possess any
great virtues.
I never knew a man who was possessed of real
pride, shew any in his carriage. This affectation
is much better suited to mean and vain men.
It is very difficult for a State so contrary to nature
as celibacy, not to produce some publick or
private irregularity. Shew us the means of escaping
the enemy that we continually carry with us.
One would suppose, from the murmurs of impatient
mortals, that God owes them rewards before
they merit them; and that he is obliged to pay
their virtue beforehand. Let us first be good, and
then we shall be happy. Do not let us ask the
glory before the victory, nor the wages before the
work: It is not in the lists, said Plotarch, that
the victorious in our sacred games are crowned;
but after the contest is over.

The first reward of justice is the consciousness of
having practised it.
Peace of mind consists in despising every thing
that may disturb it.
The luxury of the world corrupts the heart, in-
digeuce debases it. Melancholy softens the heart;
deep affliction hardens it.
It is all lost time, that might be better employed.
It is a second crime to fulfil a criminal vow.
Pure morality is so overcharged with severe du-
ties, that if we overcharge it still more with foolish
formalities, it is almost always at the expense of
the essential part of it. This is said to be the case
with priests in general, who, being subjected to a
thousand useless rites and ceremonies, know honour
and virtue only by name.
No person can be happy who does not enjoy the
esteem of himself.
Bad precepts are worse than bad actions. Dis-
orderly passions inspire bad actions; but bad pre-
cepts corrupt even the understanding, and leave no
opportunity of returning to virtue.
The abuse of knowledge produces incredulity.
Every learned man disdains the vulgar opinion;
every body will have one of his own. Ostenta-
tious philosophy leads to the want of faith, as blind
devotion does to fanaticism.

The first step toward vice, is to make a mystery
of innocent actions; and whoever loves to conceal
himself, has sooner or later occasion to do so. One
precept of morality alone, may hold the place of
every other. It is this: "Never do nor say any
thing, which the world might not see or know."
And for my part, I have always looked upon that
Roman as the most estimable of men, who wanted
his house to be constructed on such a plan, that
people might see every thing which was done in it.
It is the last degree of infamy, to lose with inno-
cence the sentiment which made it beloved.
Whoever blushes, is already guilty. Real inno-
cence is ashamed of nothing.
Injustice and fraud often find protection; but
they never have the approbation of the publick;
it is in this respect, that the voice of the people is
the voice of God.

CURE FOR SWEARING.
SOON after the settlement of Virginia, Capt.
Smith, then President of the Council, con-
ducted a party of men a few miles from James-
Town, to cut timber.—Among the rest were two
gentlemen, who had not been used to labour. As
they were at work, their fingers began to be blis-
tered, and the pain of holding their axes was
such as to extort an oath at every blow.
To prevent this, the Prekident ordered the oaths
each day to be numbered, and at night ordered
each man to have a can of water for each oath
poured into his sleeve. These washings had the
desired effect, and it was afterwards rare to hear
an oath in a week. *Smith's History.*

SAMUEL BARRETT,
HEREBY notifies the publick in ge-
neral and his friends in particular, that he
has removed his Office from Waicr-Street to the
house of Mr. ANDREWS, next below the house
of JOHN COFFIN JONES, Esq. in Hanover-Street,
leading from the Mill-Bridge to Concert-Hall—
where he carries on the JUSTICIARY BUSI-
NESS as usual, and draws Deeds, Leases, Con-
tracts, Letters of Attorney, Wills, and all kinds
of instruments for securing or transferring pro-
perty. Constant attendance and dispatch may
be depended upon, and all favours gratefully ac-
knowledged. *Boston, Nov. 12, 1788.*

To be SOLD,
AN HOUSE with a small garden-plot,
situated in PITT'S Lane, West-Boston, it
is convenient for two families, having three
rooms on a floor and a well of water, belong-
ing. *Also,*
Six Hundred and Eighty acres of
LAND, lying in the town of Douglas. *Also,*
One Thousand one Hundred and
Twenty-six acres, lying in different tracts in
the towns of Hollis and Dunstable, State of New-
Hampshire—that of Hollis, within two or three
miles of the Meeting-House, and center of the
town. Whoever desires to become purchasers of
either, may apply to Dr. SAMUEL WHIT-
WELL, of Newton, or Mr. SAMUEL WHIT-
WELL, Cornhill, Boston. *Nov. 12, 1788.*

LOST, a few days since, two GOLD
SEALS, a KEY, and a TRINKET upon
a metal Ring. Whoever having found the same
and will bring them to Mr. J. DEVERELL'S
Shop, in Marlboro'-Street, shall be rewarded
for their pains. *November 12, 1788.*

To be LET,
A HOUSE, pleasantly situated at the
bottom of SUMMER-STREET—three Rooms
on a floor, with a large rain-water Cistern, a
Stable, and Garden. Inquire of the Printer.
Boston Nov. 8, 1788.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED,
And to be sold at the BOOK-STORE of
ISAIAH THOMAS & Co.
No. 45, NEWBURY-STREET, Boston,
Price 20s. per gross, 4s. per dozen, and 6d. single.
THOMAS'S ALMANACK, with an
EPHEMERIS, for the Year of our Lord
1789—being the first Year after *Biffextile*, or *Leap*
Year, and the thirteenth of the Independence of
America. From Creation, according to the
Scriptures, 5751. Fitted to the latitude and
longitude of the town of Boston, but will serve
without essential variation, for the States of
Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode-Island, New-
Hampshire and Vermont.—Containing, besides the
more than usual Astronomical Calculations, a
larger quantity and greater variety than are to
be found in any other Almanack, of matters
curious, useful and entertaining.
Printed at Worcester, by I. THOMAS, and sold
at his BOOK-STORE.

At I. THOMAS & Co.'s BOOK-STORE,
No. 45, Newbury-Street, may be had.
BIBLES of all sizes and prices, Spel-
ling-Books of all kinds, Children's Books, by the
groce, dozen or single, Blanks, Stationary, and
a valuable assortment of Books in most branches
of literature.
Gentlemen who have in their hands
Subscription Papers for the intended MASSA-
CHUSETTS MAGAZINE, are requested to
be so kind as to return them immediately.
Boston, November 19, 1788.

For LONDON,
THE Boston Packet, EDWARD
DAVIS, Commander, now lying
at Governour Hancock's Wharf, will
positively sail on the 20th of next
month, having the greatest part of her cargo
ready to take on board. For freight or passage,
apply to the Commander on board.
Boston, Nov. 25, 1788.

For DUBLIN,
THE Ship AMERICA,
ROBERT CALDWELL, master,
Will sail on or before the 10th of
December.—For Freight or Passage,
apply to the master on board, at
Governour Hancock's Wharf, or
to WILLIAM STACKPOLE, at his Store
STATE-STREET. *Nov. 15, 1788.*

Publick Securities.
CONTINENTAL, Massachusetts and
Connecticut NOTES, bought, sold and ne-
gotiated, by
Jonas Addoms & Co.
STATE-STREET, North side of the State-House.
Wanted—Pierce's Final Settlements,
Loan-Office Notes, and Indents. —26

ALL persons having any demands a-
gainst the subscriber, are desired to present
them, for an immediate settlement—and those
indebted to him, are earnestly requested to dis-
charge their accounts, as he intends leaving this
town in a few days.
STEPHEN DEBLOIS.
Boston, Nov. 5, 1788.

A PERSON having a good Vessel, of
about 70 tons burthen, well found, and
has a Captain well acquainted with the trade—
wishes to charter her for Charleston, (S.C.) In-
quire of the Printer. *Nov. 5, 1788.*

To be LET, and entered on immediately,
THE DWELLING-HOUSE and
SHOP of the late ROBERT BRUCE, de-
ceased. Inquire of the Printer. *Nov. 12.*

To be SOLD,
A Good HOUSE-LOT, in Mary-
Street, West-Boston, containing 125 feet
deep, and 40 feet wide. Inquire of the Printer.
Boston, Nov. 15, 1788.

BOARDING and LODGING,
FOR four Persons, on reasonable terms.
Inquire at Mrs. BALLS, in Center-Street, just
below Draw-Bridge.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A YOUNG WOMAN to attend on a
Lady, bound to Nova-Scotia—Any one of
a good character, who chuses to go, will meet
with advantageous wages. Inquire of the Prin-
ter. *Nov. 15, 1788.*

Novemb. H. W. [Or. & I.] marks.
19 Wed. 4 28 7 15 5 [morn.]
20 Thur. 5 21 7 16 5 [Last quarter 8 in the
21 Frida. 6 12 7 17 5

Published by BENJAMIN RUSSELL, near
the State-House, Boston.