

T H E
AMERICAN MAGAZINE,



PRÆVALEBIT ÆQUIOR.

AND
 MONTHLY CHRONICLE for the *BRITISH* Colonies
 Vol. I. N^o. X. FOR *JULY* 1758.

C O N T A I N I N G.

PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY. | IV. HISTORY of the WAR in N^o AMERICA. |
 MONTHLY ESSAYS. | AMERICA. |
 POETICAL ESSAYS. | V. MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

to be continued (Price One Shilling Pennsylvania Currency each)

By a SOCIETY of Gentlemen.

Veritatis cultores, Fraudis inimici.

P H I L A D E L P H I A.

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T H E

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FOR JULY, 1758.

AS it is part of our design, as often as we can find room, to lay before our readers a sketch of the most material transactions in *Parliament*, especially where the COLONIES are concerned, we shall subjoin that part of the proceedings of the parliament 1757 which relates to the importation of *Bar-Iron* from his majesty's colonies in *North-America*.

On the 1st of *April*, the following accounts were referred to the committee, viz.

An account of the quantity of *Iron* imported into that part of *Great-Britain* called *Scotland*, from foreign countries, since *June 24, 1750*, with the duties payable thereon, and how much the same amounted to, distinguishing each country and each year: And also,

An account of the quantity of pig and bar-iron, which had been imported from the *British* colonies in *America* into *Scotland*, from *June 24, 1750*, to *June 24, 1756*, distinguishing each year, and each colony, and how much in pig, and how much in bar.

Among the petitions too, which were presented during this time, there was one of a particular nature, from the herein underwritten importers

of iron, ironmongers, and manufacturers of the city of *London*, and places adjacent, which was presented, and read on *March 23*, and alledged, That, by a clause in an act, made in the 23d of his present majesty's reign, for encouraging the importation of pig and bar-iron, the petitioners were subjected to very great troubles, difficulties, and expence; and therefore praying, that in case a bill should be brought into the house, to allow the importation of bar-iron into the out ports, so much of the said act as related to the sending bar-iron coastways, might be thereby repealed, or that the petitioners might have such relief as the house should think proper. Which petition, as well as all the others, were referred to the said committee. And, on the said 1st of *April*, as soon as Mr. Speaker had resumed the chair, Mr. *John Pitt* reported from the committee, that they had, in the course of their consideration of the matter to them referred, examined several witnesses, and that they had come to some resolutions, which they had directed him to report, when the house would please to receive the same. Whereupon it was ordered, that the report should

least word or sentence of what was read. This put the whole body into a still greater rage, and the witnesses were that moment ordered to be brought in. What sort of evidence they gave against me, how

just a trial I obtained, and what remarkable speeches were made by some of the Ladies present, will appear in my following papers.

POETICAL ESSAYS, for July, 1758.

THE following small collection of poems was sent us from an ingenious clergyman in Virginia. Their merit sufficiently entitles them to a place in our Magazine, and engages us warmly to solicit the continuance of the author's correspondence.

One or two inaccuracies in the rhymes he has industriously disregarded, not thinking it worth his while, perhaps, to mangle the sublime sense of the passages for the sake of such critical nicety. Yet this might possibly have been avoided, and it may be thought carelessness, tho' we hope it is not unpardonable carelessness:

To the Proprietors of the American Magazine.

GENTLEMEN

THO' it is my misfortune to live at a distance from your metropolis, and in a colony where your magazines, tho' an object of general curiosity, are not likely to circulate, till the post become a more cheap and sure medium of conveyance; yet I see! myself interested in your design: A design that so directly tends to promote not only the literary honour, but the real utility, of these infant colonies; and that bears so favourable an aspect upon the progress of religion, learning and good policy. I would willingly contribute my quota to carry it to perfection: But neither my leisure nor abilities can give you sanguine expectations from me. And I am glad to find, by the perusal of the numbers already published, that you have so little need of my assistance. However, I allow your claim to whatever is in my power. Now and then I may perhaps send you some scraps of poetry, or criticisms upon the sacred classics (my favourite study) some fortuitous thoughts, upon subjects that are not now in my view; or the careless productions of some future hour of leisure; or extracts from my manuscripts, which would have lain by me in perpetual secrecy, had you not thrown this agreeable temptation in my way to make them public. These you may lend to my devout friend the *Hermit*, or insert in separate articles, as you may think proper. And I beg leave to inform you for all, that I have no such selfish or paternal fondness for my own productions, as to take it ill, if you should delay their publication, or entirely suppress them. On the other hand, I appoint you licensers of the press to me, and charge you to publish nothing of mine, to which you cannot justly prefix your IMPRIMATUR. It would be stupid arrogance to insist, that you should humour me, at the expence of the public approbation. Whether I hear from myself thro' the medium of your magazine, or not, I am,

gentlemen,

your obliged humble servant,
VIRGINIANUS HANOVERENSIS.

July 16, 1758.

A Father's Reflections on the Birth of a Son. August 20, 1752.

THOU little wond'rous miniature of man,
Modell'd by wisdom's all consummate plan!
Thou little stranger, from eternal night
Just risen into *Being's* endless light!
'Thou heir of worlds unknown, thou candidate
For an important everlasting state;
Where this young embryo shall its powers expand,
Enlarging, ripening still, and never stand:
Thou glimmering spark of life, just call'd abroad,
From nothing, by the all-creating God,
Thro' scenes immortal shalt thou flame and burn,
When yonder sun and stars to darkness turn!
Thou shalt the ruins of the world survive,
And thro' the round of endless ages live!

Now thou art born into an anxious state,
Of dubious trial for thy future fate.
Now thou art list'd in *the War of Life*,
The prize immense ——— and oh! severe the strife.

Another birth awaits thee: when the hour
Arrives, that lands thee on th' eternal shore,
(And oh! 'tis near; with winged haste 'twill come;
Thy cradle rocks thee to the neighbouring tomb.)
Then shall th' immortals shout, "A SON IS BORN!"
While thee as dead mistaken mortals mourn.
From glory there to glory thou shalt rise,
Or sink from deep to deeper miseries:
Ascend perfection's everlasting scale,
Or still precipitate from gulph to gulph in hell.

Thou embryo-angel, or an infant fiend!
A being now begun, but ne'er to end!
What boding fears a father's heart torment,
Trembling and anxious for the grand event!
Lest thy young soul, so late by heaven bestow'd,
Forget her father, and forsake her God!
Lest while a poor inhabitant of clay,
To tyrant-lusts she fall a helpless prey:
And lest, deprav'd by their impetuous force,
Her immortality become her curse.

Father of souls! avert so dire a doom,
Or snatch her back to native nothing's gloom.

A PARAPHRASE on Jer. XXXI. 18, 19, 20. [By the same.]

HOMER's interview of *Hector* and *Andromache*, *Virgil's* elegiac lines upon *Meleagrus*, and *Eve's* intercessions with *Adam* for reconciliation in *Milton*, have justly been the admiration of critics for their passionate tenderness and resplendent energy. But they all appear to me much less moving and pathetic, than these admirable strains of *Jeremiah*; an author, whom natural genius and divine inspiration formed to teach all the springs of the passions, and charm us into pleasing melancholy with the harmony of melodious sorrows.

The supreme of Beings represents himself earnestly listening to catch the harmony of potential groans, so grateful to his ears, from whatever spot of our guilty globe they issue.

And lo! He bears Ephraim bemoaning himself thus, "Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the lord my God." Thus he prays, and mercy hears. The converting influence he sought, is granted: And by this, his heart, once so reluctant and unmanageable, is so effectually turned, that he cannot but reflect upon the sudden and surprizing change with delightful wonder—"Surely, says he, after I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth." The father can no longer bear these mournful strains of the broken hearted penitent: He can no longer keep silence, but agreeably surprizes and interrupts him with the soothing voice of mercy—"Who is this that affects my ears with his penitential groans? "Is this my dear son, Ephraim?" * Is this my pleasant child?" So I call him notwithstanding the aspect of wrath a farther was constrained to put on; "for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him: I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord."—Can there be a heart so hard, as not to be dissolved with those melting strains of penitential sorrow? Or can there be despondency so deep and fullen, as not to be animated with these tender strains of paternal goodness?

HARK! saith the Lord, what moving sound
Affects my listening ear?

'Tis Ephraim all in sorrow drown'd,
That moans himself in tears.

2. "Kindly severe, thy chastening
Thy stubborn child reclaim'd: [stroke
So the wild bullocks to the yoke
Must be subdu'd and tam'd.

3. Made wise by thy instructive rod,
My wanderings now I mourn:
Sain would I turn to thee, my God;
Turn me, and I shall turn."

4. Thus groan'd the mourner: mercy
And gave the help implor'd: [heard
Ephraim with joy and wonder fir'd,
Was quicken'd, and ador'd.

5. "When grace, he cries, my spirit
Before averse to move) [drew,
My God, I turn'd, I ran, I flew,
Nor could resist thy love.

6. With trembling consternation struck,
My guilty thigh I smote:
My stony heart dissolv'd and broke,
For follies long forgot.

7. The impious vanities that stain'd
My young unthinking days,
My heart with keen reproaches pain'd
And blushes flush'd my face.

8. Guilty, confounded, sunk in shame,
Here at thy feet I fall.
Should all thy wrath this moment flame,
Lord, I deserve it all."

9. "Is this my son, my darling son?
Is this my pleasant child?
My bowels move to hear him moan,"
The father said, and smil'd.

10. "I'm reconcil'd, my threats re-
That wounded but to heal: [peal'd,
When all their terrors stood reveal'd,
Thee I remember'd still,

11. All thy complaints shall be redrest,
And all remov'd thy fears."
He said, and sooth'd his child to rest,
And wip'd the mourner's tears.

*The Invitations of the Gospel. (Annex to a
Sermon on Rev. XXII. 17. April 9,
1753.*

1. T O-day the living streams of grace
Flow to refresh the thirsty soul:
Pardon and life and boundless
In plenteous rivers round us roll. [bliss

2. Ho! ye that pine away and die,
Come, and your raging thirst allay:
Come all that will; here's rich supply;
A fountain that shall ne'er decay.

3. "Come ALL," the blessed Jesus cries,
"Freely my blessings I will give;"
The spirit echo's back the voice,
And bids us freely drink and live.

4. The saints below, that do but taste,
And saints above, who drink at will,
Cry jointly, "Thirsty sinners! haste,
"And drink, the spring's exhaustless still."

5. Let all that hear the joyful sound,
To spread it thro' the world unite;
From house to house proclaim it round,
Each man his fellow-man invite.

6. Like thirsty flocks, come let us go;
Come every colour, * every age:
And while the living waters flow,
Let all their parching thirst assuage.

* Whites and Negroes. THERE

* So I would chuse to render it, rather than our translators do: and the next, may bear this emphasis, "Is this my Son?"

[תבן]

THERE is a soft pleasing melancholy that runs thro' the first part of the *CXXXIX*
Pfalm, composed by some pious patriot-captive on the banks of the *Euphrates*.
 And at the request of a friend, the following version of it, fitted to a proper tune,
 has been attempted: But like all other translations of sacred poetry, it falls infinitely
 short of the divine original.

SITTING by the streams, that glide
 Down by *Babel's* towering wall,
 With our tears we swell'd the tide,
 While our mournful thoughts recall
 Thee, o *Zion!* and thy fall.

On the willows there we hung
 Our neglected harps on high,
 Silent, useless and unstrung,
 Strangers now to harmony,
 Once our business and our joy.

There our proud triumphant foes,
 Haughty, insolent and gay,
 Call'd for music in our woes,
 "Sing us some sweet *Hebrew* lay,
 "Sacred to some holy day."

Cruel foes, t'insult us so!
 Sunk so deep in helpless grief:
 Sighs and groans to vent our woe,
 Now our only poor relief,
 To the charms of music deaf,

Ah! shall *Zion's* sacred songs
 Warble sweet in ears profane?
 Shall we prostitute our tongues,
 With a consecrated strain,
 To delight the gay and vain?
 No! *Jerusalem*, no! thy fate
 Wounds my bleeding heart so deep,
 Let my skillful hand forget
 How the tuneful strings to sweep,
 When for thee I cease to weep.

In that guilty moment, let
 Endless silence seize my tongue,
 When this heart shall once forget
 Thy dear image (there so long,
 Or indulge a cheerful song.
Zion! thy deliverance first
 Shall awake the silent string,
 When thy walls shall from the dust
 In their ancient grandeur spring.
 Then my harp and tongue shall sing.

The following extract from a hymn sung at
 the initiation into the *Eleusinian* myste-
 ries, is a curious orthodox relique of hea-
 then antiquity, strongly asserting the unity
 and perfections of the Deity.

—'Εἰς δε λόγον θεῖον βλέψας,
 τέτα περσέδρευε,
 Ἰδύων κραδίης νοερόν κυτος· εὐ δε
 ἐπιβαίνε

'Ατράπιτε' μῦνον δ' εσώρα κοσμίον
 α' ναιον
 *Εἰς δ' ες' αὐτογενῆς, ἐνός παύση
 τέτυκται,
 *Εν δ' αὐτοῖς αὐτός περιεστειται.
 ἰδ' ε' τις αὐτόν
 *Εισοράσθαι δυνάων, αὐτός δε γα
 πάντας ἔργατα,
 EUSEB. *Præp. Evang. L. 19.*

WITH eager eyes and heart refin'd,
 Look up, and view th' eternal mind.
 Boldly ascend the arduous road
 Thro' nature up to nature's God:
 King of the world, he reigns alone;
 The cause of all, himself but one;
 The cause uncaus'd: His nature spreads
 Immense, and all his works pervades.
 Himself unseen, with one wide view
 He looks the vast creation thro'.

A Hymn adapted to the present State of
 public Affairs: In Allusion to *Isai. XXXII.*
 13—18. Upon the land of my people
 shall come up briars and thorns—UN-
 TILL THE SPIRIT BE POURED
 UPON US FROM ON HIGH—And
 then the wilderness shall be a fruitful
 field—And my people shall dwell in a
 peaceable habitation.—

WHILE in a thousand open'd veins,
 Contending nations bleed;
 While briars and thorns in
 blooming plains
 And fruitful fields succeed:

While desolation rages round,
 Like an o'erwhelming flood;
 Where can a remedy be found,
 To stop those streams of blood?

Eternal SPIRIT! source of good!
 Sole author of all peace!
 Pour down thine influence, like a flood,
 On this wide wilderness.

O grant us one reviving shower,
 And let it spread afar:
 Thine influence alone can cure
 The bleeding wounds of war.

Come thou!—and then the wilderness
 Shall bloom a paradise:
 And heavenly plants of righteousness
 O'er this wild waste shall rise.

Then peace shall in large rivers flow,
 Where streams of blood have run:
 Then universal love shall glow,
 And melt the world in one.

Then numerous colonies shall rise
 From this vile world of sin,
 To people regions in the skies,
 And with bright angels shine.

*Criticism on 1 Thes. V. 19. Quench
 not the spirit.*

THERE is a latent metaphor of great
 significancy in the word *Quench*.
 The divine spirit is represented as
 pure celestial *Fire*, which would kindle
 every grace and virtue in the breast, if
 cherished: But if quenched, every spark
 of true goodness dies, and leaves the soul
 cold and benumbed towards every thing
 great and good. From the effects of his
 influences on the mind of man, he may be
 nominated—*a warming fire*, yet diffu-
 ses the vital heat of divine love and bene-
 volence thro' the whole soul—*a softening*
fire, yet melts down a hard heart into ge-
 nerous penitential relentings, like snow
 before a warm sun—*a refining fire*, yet
 purifies a corrupt heart, as the furnace
 purifies gold—*a fire* productive of heavenly

Light, which enables a blind mind to view
 eternal things in all their awful reality
 and importance—a fire that *aspires* hea-
 venward, and draws up with it every heart
 within the sphere of its attraction.

ETERNAL spirit! source of light,
 Heart-melting purifying fire!
 Descend, and with celestial heat
 These hard and frozen hearts inspire:
 Our souls refine; our dross consume:
 Come, heart-refining spirit! come.

In our cold hearts, O strike a spark
 Of that pure flame which *Scraps* feel:
 Nor let us wander in the dark,
 And lie to dull and senseless still.
 Come, purifying spirit, come,
 And make our hearts thy constant home.

Whatever hardy sinners dare,
 We would not quench the heav'nly
 fire:
 Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
 Tho' in the flame we should expire.
 Our breasts expand to make thee room:
 Come, purifying spirit, come.

Let flames of warm devotion rise;
 Let every pious passion glow:
 O may the fire that fills the skies,
 Kindle in this cold world below.
 Come, purifying spirit, come;
 And make our hearts thy constant home.

To the Proprietors of the American Magazine.

GENTLEMEN

THE following poetical definitions of the principal tropes in Rhetoric,
 I received a few days ago from their author, a worthy and ingenious
 gentleman in *London*, who composed them for the use of his pupils. They
 appear to me to have more of the rigid accuracy of a logical definition and
 the looser defhabille beauties of poetry united, than any essays of the like
 kind that I have seen: And I doubt not but you will think them worthy of
 public view. My friend has promised me his verification of the figures,
 when he writes next: And when it arrives, you may expect a copy from,
 gentlemen

your most humble servant
 VIRGINIANUS HANOVERENSIS;

ATROPE a sovereign power b'er language shews,
 And upon words a foreign sense bestows.
 God is a *Rock*, and guards his saints from ill,
 Herod's a *Fox*, and will be cruel still.

A

A METAPHOR compares without the sign, *
Virtue's a Star, and shall forever shine.

AN ALLEGORY, in a length of chain
Will the redoubling metaphor detain.

A vine was rescu'd by th' almighty's hand
From *Ægypt's* waste, and plac'd in *Canaan's* land:
Fenc'd round by heav'n, the fruitful branches grew,
Bless'd the warm sun, and drunk th' enlivening dew:
But now the trampling bull, and hungry boar,
Wild from the woods, the lovely tree devour;
Fence, clusters, boug's one general ruin share,
And fire consumes what savage monsters spare:
Look, gracious heaven! on this thy mourning vine,
And let thy guardian care attest it thine.

A METONYMY will for kindred sake
The name of one thing for another take.

Causes Effects intend—his *Sin* will find
Th' offender out, and rack his guilty mind.
Effects the Cause denote—Pale death destroys
Gay giddy youth, and withers all its joys.
Subjects for Adjuncts stand—friends, take the *Cup*,
And, thankful for its blessings, drink it up.
Adjuncts the subjects mean—mankind despise
Virtue alive, but wail it when it dies.

A METALEPSIS throng'd with tropes appears;
The spikes of corn denote the golden ears,
The ears the crop, the crop the summer means,
Summer the year in all its various scenes.

—*Post aliquot mea regna videns mirabor Aristas?*

Virg. *Æt. 1.*

ANTONOMASIA for a common name
Bestows a proper—he in virtuous fame
Is quite a *Socrates*—

On th' other hand,

A common for a proper name shall stand.
The Thunder of the Orator † controuls
The senate's will, and vanquishes their souls.

SYNECDOCHE our style diversifies
And at her call unnumber'd beauties rise.

* as, like, &c.
† Cicero:

The Whole intends a Part — the silver *Thames*
 Eager we drank, and quench'd our raging flames.
A Part denotes the Whole — 'twas *Malborough*,
 At *Blenheim* fought, and crush'd the *Gallic Foe*.
Generals for Specials stand — new life proclaim
 To every *Creature* in the saviour's name.
Specials a General mean — the *East-Wind* raves,
 And heaves th' *Atlantic* in ten thousand waves.

An **IRONY** in soft mellifluous phrase,
 Strikes an invenom'd sting of deep disgrace.
 Ye are the men of all mankind most wise;
 And when ye die, no doubt all wisdom dies!

SARCASM is irony in its excess.
 King of the Jews, the humbly we address;
 Low at thy feet we bend submissive down;
 Revere thy reed, and hail thy thorny crown.

HYPERBOLE the truth will oft neglect
 By bold *Excess*, or by as bold *Defect*.
 Mark how it **RISES** — yon' tall mountain shrouds
 Its height in *Heav'n*, and tow'rs above the *Clouds*.
 Again its **SINKS** — shall man his grandeur boast,
 An *Atom* of an *Atom-World* at most?

A **CATACRHESES** thro' the want of words,
 Or the sweet charms which novelty affords,
 Most boldly breaks expression's wonted fence,
 And makes the reader tremble for the sense.
 For me the wheat's fat *Kidneys* crown the plains,
 And mine's the *Blood* the mellow grape contains.
 " If tempted with the whistling of a name,
 " See *Cromwell damn'd* to everlasting fame."

Farewell, my friend! with forc'd praise do not damn,
 But dare to censure what is worthy blame.

THEODORE or the HERMIT, N^o. VI.

A solemn Meditation on the late Fast.
 EARLY on the morning of the late
 Provincial FAST, being much agi-
 tated with divers doubts and con-
 jectures, and awfully impressed with the vast
 solemnity of the occasion, I started from
 my couch to meet the dawn. The Sun
 was just peeping over the mountain-
 tops; and the damps and shades, that
 had hovered the night among fens and low-
 vales, began to roll up their fleecy
 mantles, dripping with dew, and to fly
 away before him. Fragrance and
 sweetness dwelt in every breeze; Nature

wore her blandest aspect, and the young
Summer wantoned in all his prime.

Wrapt in the depth of thought, I sought
 my accustomed walk along the yellow mar-
 gin of my neighbouring stream----

" Most merciful CREATOR, said I,
 whose wondrous *Fiat* called me from kind-
 red dust, to glory in life and reason, whose
 goodness supports me, whose grace vivifies
 me, and whose peculiar indulgence gives
 me to count this day as one more added to
 those of my pilgrimage here----O LOVE
 unbounded, grant me to devote it, even
 more than all my former, to the manifes-
 tation of thy praise and honor!"

○ ○ ○

" What