

for those who are in want of them. Few persons have bestowed more attention to this subject than the Editor of this paper; and knowing, from this cause, the difficulties that stand in the way, he cannot help thinking that those who venture to condemn a whole body of men, because they cannot effect one of the most difficult tasks that falls to the lot of man, deserve to be censured. It is those only who have not reflected upon the subject sufficiently, to get even an idea of what ought to be done, who can bring themselves seriously to believe what common sense should teach them is incredible, *viz.* That a great number of men should be so stupid and so wicked, as uniformly to punish themselves, for the sake of bringing persons who never did them any injury into a state of misery and distress.

An Anonyme sends the following letter and communication, which are here inserted entire. "It is requested as a favour that Dr Anderson will insert the inclosed in his paper called the Bee, being the production of a genius not generally known.

TO MARIA.

Why fades the rose upon thy cheek;
 Why droop the lilies at the view?
 Thy cause of sorrow, Maria speak,
 Why alter'd thus thy sprightly hue?

Each day, alas! with breaking heart,
 I see thy beauteous form decline;
 Yet fear my anguish to impart,
 Lest it should add a pang to thine.

JAMES WATT.

B. T. sends a poem of considerable length, against the very reprehensible practice of impressing seamen; a practice which we are happy to say we have seen, *for once* at least, entirely abolished during a very busy armament in Scotland*, in consequence of the liberal encouragement granted by individuals to seamen to enter. Let it be recorded also, for an information to future times, that this is the first experiment of the kind that ever was generally adopted in any part of Britain, and that the success has been such as to authorise us to say, on undoubted authority, that never were nearly so many persons raised in the same time by the severest pressing that ever could be carried into practice.

The following is a genealogical account of the origin of the title of Clarence, which is at present enjoyed by the third son of our king, a seaman. It is given as a note on the poem.

* This was written before the late press commenced.