

The maw of Ichabod Crane, that pink of pedagogues, we are told, "possessed the diluting powers of an Ananias," and the consequence was, that he ate himself into the good graces of all in Sleepy Hollow. In like manner, no teacher can be popular in H— if he has not the appetite of a shark. The agent's house, at which I tarried night and morning, was a mile and a half distant from the anatomy of a building where my pupils daily assembled to shiver, not with terror, but with cold, for all the birch consumed in school, was consumed by fire; and I have the satisfaction to know, that, as it was never employed to produce heat by impulse, it never yielded any at a sensible distance. But a mile and a half was too far to travel for dinner. I was, therefore, kindly permitted to dine at Mrs. Dunning's, in the vicinity of the school-house. The first forenoon was spent in an idle attempt to learn forty-five christianity, I would say barbarous names, compared with which, the names of Oliver Cromwell's jury dwindle into absolute propriety. At twelve o'clock I retreated to Mrs. Dunning's, where a hearty welcome awaited me. Dinner shortly appeared—but as this is the meal, that in a week's time had well nigh sunk me to the grave, it merits a particular description. It will be sufficient to enumerate the articles set before me on the first occasion, for I can say to the reader, "ex uno disces omnes"; which is, being interpreted, there was no variation during twenty-eight days. First, came on an unknown quantity of tea, contained in a coffee-pot that might have served for a moderate sized light-house. Secondly, a plate of what Mrs. Dunning, with apparent sincerity, called sliced pork; but what I suspected from its color and tenacity to be gum elastic. This was followed by a quart bowl of real pork in a state of fusion. Some one who had previously told me, by way of encouragement, that all schoolmasters live upon the fat of the land. Alas! the ambiguity of language; till now I had never understood the expression. On one corner of the table stood an article that would have staggered Heligabale; namely, a conical turret of dough nuts. This detestable esculent, the pride of our country dames, sometimes resembles one of your inflexible little soup dumplings! at others, it appears to be a kind of mongrel pancake. The opposite corner was defended by a turret of a similar shape, and nearly as formidable, consisting of minced dun fish. A plate of brown bread, an irregular mass of junk beef, an apple pie resembling the top of an overgrown toast stool, a bowl of corn-pudding in violent perspiration, and a batter pudding of cylindrical shape, livid complexion, and the most appalling specific gravity conceivable, completed the dinner. It is difficult to find a simile for this pudding—the reader may obtain a faint idea of its appearance and constitution, by inspecting a leaden clock weight. I sat down with the stubborn resolution of eating till the family were satisfied—a sure, but terrible path to popularity. "Come master," said Mrs. Dunning, "reach to and help yourself—when you are among poor folks, you must put up with poor folks' fare." I strove to allay the good woman's anxiety by word and deed. I seized a potato, squashed it on my plate, and gazed in silent agony on the four spoonfuls of liquid pork generously poured upon it under the name of gravy. A reputation and twenty-eight dollars being at stake, it would have been rashness in me to refuse the half pound of minced fish, four cups of tea, ninety degrees of apple pie, and eleven dough nuts, which were thrust upon me with the most distressing kindness. It is said that the N. Carolina militia, when commanded to fire, shut their eyes, banish thought, and pull trigger. A feeling, somewhat similar, prompted me to close mine as each mouthful was conveyed to its predestinated place, and my jaws labored mechanically, like any other grist mill.

By dint of these conclusive efforts, all the articles just mentioned were soon made to disappear; and now, thought I, I have a deep impression in my favor. Delusive idea! an evanescent as the provender that vanished before the knife and fork of Mrs. Dunning's son, a promising young Vulcan whose operations I was watching with a jealous eye—and my heart sunk within me at the comparative insignificance of my own exploits. The despondence created by this scene was heightened by an exclamation from Mrs. Dunning: "ah! master, you won't make out a dinner. I am afraid you don't like our fare." At that instant I wished myself an Esquimaux or an ostrich. As it was, I made one effort and devoured two more dough-nuts; but here a symptom of strangling rendered me stiff-necked against all further solicitations. I had realized and could demonstrate an absolute plenum. I pass over the difficulty of walking two rods to the school and merely remark that had I gone to the agent's for dinner, my pupils would have gained half a holiday.

Let me stop a moment to remind the reader that this narrative is not written for applause—that sympathy is not expected—that a smile would be an insult; for to me it is a moment of anything but the ludicrous. He may bear in mind also, that I have disclaimed exaggeration, and profess to be the advocate of truth. These reflections will enable him to treat without a sneer the solemn assurance, that in 6 successive days, I devoured seventeen meals of equal magnitude with the one described. Nor can my sacrifices be fairly censured as extravagant. For although at dinner, yet his favor is easily lost at supper or breakfast. His votaries must be consistent in their piety. From an imperfect register of these offerings, it appears, that among other articles, I consumed during the first week, six pounds of minced fish, two gallons of tea, a pint and a half of melted pork, a cubic foot of solid ditto, five apple pies, and one hundred and nineteen dough-nuts.

On Saturday morning, three of the agent's hogs followed me to school. I thought of the pork I had eaten, and ever and anon cast a timid glance at the swine. "Their tameness was shocking to me." But it shortly ceased to be so; for after this they followed me with canine regularity; and without any inclination to be witty, I regarded them merely as intolerable bores.

A week had now elapsed, and not only found me in existence, but also brought along with it a pleasure I had long been a stranger to—that was, the benefit of eating. My popularity was unparalleled, and built upon a foundation too solid for premature decay. Well has a modern writer contended that the stomach is the seat of the soul. It is an ingenious and plausible doctrine, and not without its advocates; for in H—, at last, they estimate a man's intellects by

the capacity of his bread basket. The whole district rang with my praises. "The master," said they, "is a fine accommodating man—he isn't a mite partikler about his vittles." So much accomplished in a single week would have puffed up any body, and meekness herself might have pardoned the innocent strut that conveyed me to the neighboring village of B—, on Saturday afternoon. An acquaintance met me in the street—was struck with my altered appearance, and expressed much sarcastic regret to find that I had fallen into consumptive habits—Taunts and jeers, however, affected me not. An honest pride supported me. But pride must have a fall, and the fall of mine was a heavy one. During that memorable Saturday night, fancy, in the shape of the incubus, caused me to execute a somerset, the like of which was never performed but once, and then it was done by Lucifer. The tumble, however, being only a part of my involuntary freaks and sufferings on the night aforesaid, I shall take the liberty to narrate them in order and at large.

As for the reader, be he ever so sleepy, the night-mare shall keep him awake while we are in company—but if he has not the patience to read a description of it, I heartily wish him the reality, and leave him to his slumbers.

At nine o'clock, I found myself in bed, and a few minutes after, in the desert of Zuharra—for the night-mare is an excellent traveller. Notwithstanding the short period of time occupied in crossing the Atlantic, my sides ached horribly. I was no less jaded than if the journey had been performed on a trip-hammer. I strained my eyes in vain to find a place of shelter. There was nothing to be seen but a circular plain of reddish sand, bounded by the horizon. Suddenly the heavens assumed a tempestuous aspect; but I failed this symptom of rain water with ecstasy, for hitherto a burning sun had consumed the outward man, and burning thither the inward. Oh! how I longed for one of those well saturated clouds, that seemed to withhold their moisture on purpose to tantalize me. In ten minutes I could have made a dry sponge of the whole atmosphere. My contemplation of the skies was all at once interrupted by the most frightful grunts, proceeding from myriads of swine, who encompassed me round about in concentric circles, and knashed their tusks in vengeance. They were apparently broiled by the sun, and destitute of bristles. The latter of these misfortunes they suffered in common with myself, for terror had made me shed all my hair. Yes—I was attacked, literally, by a legion of live pork. The horrid circle contracted rapidly around me. Flight, in any sense of the word, was impossible. In this agonizing moment the clouds opened and discharged a tremendous shower of—dough-nuts. Henceforth I felt no melancholy victim of ennui complain of feeling blue, till he has felt the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Every nut seemed to strike like the ball of a nine-pinner. I was reduced to paste in a twinkling. In a short time the clouds began to slacken fire, when I ventured to raise my head, which had been pummeled into the sand, and take a peep at the horizon. But, O! horror of horrors, the circle of hogs remained unbroken. They had stopped but a moment to riot on the manna which had fallen to invigorate them, and to seal my fate. I watched them awhile, without the power of motion. They soon prepared for another onset, and I was quietly resigning myself to destiny, when my natural gravitating powers were suddenly suspended. For me this world had lost its attraction. I fell into the air, rent asunder the dense canopy of dough-nuts, tumbled head over heels through space and landed flat upon my back on the broad side of Saturn's belt. The planet, which, to my inexpressible dismay, I now found to be an immense batter pudding, of thousands of miles in diameter, was jostled out of its orbit—instantly rolled over my carcass, and left it a slap-jack. The crash awoke me. I was lying on my back, with the pillow on my face. After looking out of the window to assure myself that the universe was in good order, I crawled again to bed; and there awaited the dawn of day in a state between sleeping and waking—I state from which I sincerely hope the complaisant reader is exempt.

VIOLENT EARTHQUAKE.

BOGOTA, June 18.

We are all here in a state of confusion and excitement. Last night was the most awful one I ever passed. We were sitting at whilst as the clocks chimed quarter to eleven: at that moment were all sensible of the shock of an earthquake, not, however, violent enough to make any extraordinary impression, and we pursued our game. About two minutes elapsed, when we experienced a most awful repetition. The walls of the house were most dreadfully agitated, our candles were overturned, chairs and tables thrown from one side to the other—we could scarcely maintain our erect position, and were so perfectly paralyzed, that we never thought of getting out of the house; indeed my own belief was that the house must fall before we could possibly get out of it, and that it was therefore useless to move. The ceiling was coming down in large flakes, and the fall of a large mirror at the moment, which we took to be part of the house, added to the alarm. It was indeed appalling—never, never shall I forget it. It passed, after having lasted 40 seconds.

We then went into the street, where crowds were on their knees praying most fervently. A general rush was made for the square in which the palace is. There we found thousands collecting and collected.—Women and men just as they had jumped out of bed, with the addition of a blanket thrown across the shoulders—mothers in the agony of grief and apprehension clasping their children to their bosoms—fathers and brothers endeavouring to provide them with covering—groups of females in every direction calling each other by name to be assured that all were safe. Dismay and despair were general. No one would return home, and thousands passed the whole night in the square.

3 o'clock, P. M.—I have just returned from making a round of the town to observe the extent of damages. Several houses are thrown entirely down—many are rent asunder from top to bottom. The Cathedral, a splendid edifice, has one of its wings rent from the base to the tower. Scarcely a house in the city is without injury—mine has every one of its principal walls split in several places—dining room in ruins—the partition of my bed room has fallen in, and I been in bed, I should have been severely

bruised. A severe shock has not been felt here until now, since the year 1805.—About six years ago, there was a slight one, but no injury was done. Many who are here, and were at Caracas during the great earthquake there, say that this has been better than severe; but the houses being better built here, the injury has been less.

Half past five.—I have been taking another survey, and was surprised to find that hundreds of families are sending beds and bedding out into the plain, and are erecting booths there for the night. All fear another shock.

12th, twelve o'clock, noon.—The night has passed quietly, and the alarm is subsiding.

MRS. BEAUCHAMP.—From the statement of the editor of the Franklin Argus, we extract the following, relative to Mrs. Beauchamp, and the cause of the murder of Col. Sharp:

"In a letter to Wm. C. Bradburn, of the 18th of March last, Mrs. Beauchamp says, 'My father, brother, sister and friends, were all dead. I was a defenceless female, unjustly robbed of character.'"

"To Mr. Wingate, Beauchamp said in the presence of his wife, and to which she yielded her confirmation and assent, that the Sharp had forged certificates, showing that the child of Mrs. Beauchamp was a Mulatto and showed them to Mrs. Sharp to reconcile her, and quiet the repose of his own family. And that Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Scott her mother, might blame themselves in a very great degree, for the murder of Col. Sharp."

The nearest that I have been able to come to correct knowledge of Mrs. Beauchamp's original cause of complaint against Col. Sharp, was a conversation she had with Mr. Edgington. In that she said, as she stated to me, 'I came of as good a family as any in Virginia. I moved in the first circles of society.—And now, to reflect and see what Colonel Sharp has brought me to, is more than I can bear. He first seduced me; and not content with that, he then slandered me to gratify the feelings of others.—And now I am by the instrumentality of the Sharps, in a dungeon with my hus and condemned to die, for what you, or any other man of your spirit would have done.' These observations together with what she has written and done, shew very clearly what she considered her wrongs to consist in. Colonel Sharp is said to have addressed her. He obtained her confidence and her affection. He rifled her chastity, and then abandoned her for another. But whether she afterwards fell a sacrifice to her affections or her revenge, is what the spirit of her feelings and the course of her actions leaves very doubtful. Ambition, love and revenge, appear to be the predominant traits of her character and feelings. And my own opinion is that disappointed in the two first by Col. Sharp she intended to indulge the latter, by pouring poison in the cup of his domestic bliss, by taking from Mrs. Sharp, what she could not herself enjoy—the blessings of domestic peace and the happiness of conjugal faith. But in this design she found herself again disappointed, by the production of certificates, and then she determined upon her life, as the last means of gratifying her revenge and disappointing the hopes of those who she considered in the enjoyment of what she believed ought to have been hers."

FROM LATE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

GREECE.

The following private letter, dated Zante 15th. May, and which appears in the Paris press, gives some shocking details of the atrocious conduct of the Turks on their capture of Missolonghi. The palace of the Sultan at Constantinople was decorated with "trophies of human heads and festoons of ears and noses."—and these are the barbarians whose aggressions upon the brave Greeks are looked upon by Christian statesmen with perfect apathy and indifference! "The details of the sacking of Missolonghi are but imperfectly known as the approach of Ionian coasters is forbidden;—but we know that Ibrahim cut off 5, or 6000 heads, some of which were sent off daily to Constantinople. The body of Bishop Joseph was salted, and as a present for the Sultan. The women and the young girls were distributed to the officers, and privates to be disposed of as each thought proper. The churches were all destroyed, except one, which was converted into a mosque.—Previous to being murdered the people found at Missolonghi were put to the torture for the purpose of extracting from them whether there was not treasure hidden in the fortress. Upon the Christian legations at Constantinople receiving official intelligence of the fall of Missolonghi, they sent their dragomans to congratulate the Sultan, and there, on entering the palace, had to pass amidst trophies of heads and festoons formed of ears and noses."

It is a remarkable circumstance that in Prussia a Jewish rabbi has made an energetic appeal to his flock in favour of the Christians of the East, and this appeal has not been in vain, as subscriptions in the Greek cause have been opened in several synagogues.

A Society formed in Silesia in aid of the Greek cause, has remitted within a few weeks to the Paris Hellenist committee the sum of 30,000 fr.

The Frankfort Journal states that Colocotroni's party, has triumphed at Napoli di Romania. Mavrocordato quitted the town in the night to escape an ignominious death, and he, as well as Conduriotti, has taken refuge at Hydra.

The National Assembly of Greece has issued a decree, temporarily vesting the civil and military affairs of the country in a commission of eleven members.

Five sacks full of heads and ears of the Greeks who fell at Missolonghi, have been received at Constantinople. It was intended to exhibit four Greek Captains there alive, and kill them before the Seraglio, but they were seized and carried off on the road. It is supposed that the Captain Pacha's fleet will next descend upon Hydra and Spezzia.

The Gazette of Genoa gives the following statement of the loss of the Greeks at the capture of Missolonghi.—Killed in the town, 2100; killed at the foot of the mountains, 500; men made prisoners, 150; women killed by the Greeks themselves, upwards of 1300; women and children who drowned themselves to escape the fury of the Turks, 8000; women and children made prisoners, 5000. These details adds the above journal, are extracts from a letter from one of Ibrahim's officers.

A letter of the 29th April, from Trieste, states that since the fall of Missolonghi, all the Greek chiefs have redoubled their ener-

gy in calling their countrymen to arms. Ibrahim Pacha remains perfectly inactive, awaiting reinforcements from Alexandria.

Foreight.—A letter from the Isle of France, quoted in a Calcutta paper, gives the following particulars of a species of foresight for which this island is celebrated:—"In my next letter, I must tell you of the abilities of some here to discover ships some days before they appear above the horizon. You may remember the phenomenon having been noticed some time ago in a voyage in the Northern Ocean; I forget the name of both the ship and captain (Scoresby) on that occasion; but the ship appears in the air inverted, and, of course, the appearance is accounted for on the common theory of reflection. It is however, peculiar to certain situations, or at least certain latitudes. One of the men at this place was invited to Paris, by the Institute, but he could not observe the same appearance there and came rarely out. He has been known to announce a ship dismasted for five days before any other person could discover her (the Dunira Chinaman), and among many other incontrovertible proofs he not long ago announced the approach of two brigs unaccountably lashed together; and in three days after, a ship, with four masts made its appearance—a thing that had not been seen for twelve years before.—There are two old men that have skill to discern very accurately, but they have pupils whom they are teaching, and who can see the objects though they cannot yet perceive distinctly the particular character of them."

Little Rock, (Arkansas) June 27.

A Frolic—dearly paid for.—On Monday, last week, five persons from the country—a father, his three sons, and son-in-law—came into town for the purpose of taking a frolic. After getting comfortably drunk, they became exceedingly noisy and quarrelsome, showing a disposition to fight, knock down and drag out, all who came in their way, or attempt to oppose them. They carried on in this manner for some time, when Mr. Brumback, the town constable, found it necessary to stop their sport, by apprehending and taking the whole party before Mr. Justice Bradford where they were very properly fined—two of them in the sum of ten dollars each, and the other three, five each. One of the former, for using highly insulting and disrespectful language to the magistrate, while sitting as such, had three several fines, of twenty dollars each imposed on him.

The trial being over, and the parties not finding it convenient to raise the *needful* to pay their fines, were ordered to be taken to gaol. Not relishing the order, they refused to submit to it, and set the constable, and the posse whom he called to his assistance, at defiance. The constable however, determined not to be out-generated by them, led on his forces in good order, and commenced the attack, by liberally dealing out blows on the heads and shoulders of all who resisted. The besieged, it is said, fought manfully, but were soon vanquished by the superior manoeuvres and numbers of their opponents. One of them armed with a dirk in each hand while in the act of attempting to stab the Constable and one of his assistants, received the contents of a pistol, loaded with shot, in his face, and fell, severely, though not dangerously wounded; and two others were severely beaten with clubs, one of whom it was feared, for the first two or three days, would not recover.

The fracas having ended, the scene closed by closing the door of the gaol on four of the vanquished combatants—the one who was shot not being in a situation to bear them company—where they remained until the next day, when they were liberated, on paying into the county treasury the sum of 95 dollars, being the amount of their several fines, together with 12 or 15 dollars costs.

No greater curse can be entailed upon a country than a general use of ardent spirits. The following paragraph taken from a Boston paper of Wednesday, is a melancholy instance in support of this position:

On Monday last, four lads from ten to fifteen years of age, were examined on the charges of being common drunkards and vagabonds. Three of them were sentenced to the house of correction for four months and one for six months.

Mr. G. G. Brewster, watch-maker, of Portsmouth, N. H. has made two pair of well proportioned Scissors, one of which weighs but one half of a grain, with the blades connected by a suitable size screw; and the other is of only half the size of the first. Of the former it would require 960 to weigh one ounce, and of the latter 1229.

In the last number of the Revue Encyclopedique, there is an account of a very extraordinary proposal, to communicate vocal intelligence, in a few moments to vast distances, and this not by symbols as in the telegraph, but by the human voice. The plan originated with M. Dick, an Englishman; who states that the human voice may be made intelligible at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. It is to be conveyed through tubes.

Painted Carpets.—We find the following notice of a new invention in the Boston Commercial Gazette:—"We visited a few days since the extensive establishment of our enterprising townsman, Samuel Perkins esq. who after many years of close application and labour, and at no inconsiderable expense, brought the business of carpet painting to a perfection unequalled in this or any other country. We saw about fifty different patterns, resembling the Brussels Kidderminster and other imported carpeting, and understood that the proprietor had blocks or stamps for about one hundred more. The carpets, for neatness, elegance and durability, are in many cases preferred to those manufactured of wool; and must eventually form an important branch of the manufacturers of our country. Each carpet receives nine distinct coats of paint previous to being stamped—and it requires about a twelve-month to complete it, from the time the canvass is put in the hands of the painter."

Pluck.—We learn, upon good authority that the laughing-stock and booby of Philadelphia, denominated Col. Pluck, and bearing a commission from the Governor of Pennsylvania, has set himself up for a show, at one of the public houses in the Bowery—123 cents a sight. The price of admittance is

the same for all ages, from seven to seventy! This is one of the boldest attempts at spunging a community that ever was heard of. Such a nuisance ought to be removed head, pluck and all, and this ostler Colonel, ordered to be taken home to the place from whence he came.

N. YORK MONEY AFFAIRS.

Fulton and Morris Banks.—There is still some difficulty in coming to a settlement. \$250,000 of Morris Canal Stock, it is said, has been loaned on Life and Fire bonds.—N. Y. Eng.

Trade-smen's Bank.—The report of the Receivers is on file—therefore, every person can see it, as a public document. About \$100,000 have been lost to that institution. In one instance, it is said a minor has overdrawn \$20,000.

Greenwich Fire Insurance.—An expose of the concerns of this Company is published. All that is left out of \$250,000 is \$24,000 to secure the Hon. Philip Hone for a loan of \$22,000. This is really a fleemish account, but still it is a statement, which is more than can be obtained from some others.

Mount Hope Loan Company.—Rather an unpleasant circumstance took place this afternoon, at the office of this company in Cedar street. Some of the gentlemen interested in the affairs of the concern thought that they had a right, by the charter, to examine the books, and repaired thither for that purpose. They were readily produced by the secretary, and after looking at them for a short time, one of the gentlemen insisted upon taking them away with him, but this was resisted by the President of the company, until at last a violent struggle ensued followed up by blows, which finally terminated in recapturing the books for the benefit of the institution. A large mob collected in the street before the office, but we understand no bones were broken.

Reports are abroad that all is not exactly as it should be in the Mechanic's Fire Insurance Company. The president of that institution was dismissed from office yesterday by the Board of Directors.

THE WILMINGTONIAN AND DELAWARE ADVERTISER.

Thursday, August 10, 1826.

Capt. Knight, who a few days ago arrived at Philadelphia, from Jeremie, a port near Port au Prince, states that he heard nothing of the blockade of any part of the Island of St. Domingo, nor does he believe that any blockade had or would take place. All was quiet when he left; but it was feared that some disturbance would take place in consequence of the late tax of ten dollars per head, levied by the Government to pay the instalments due to France, by the late commercial arrangements.

A correspondent, in a note addressed to us some few days ago, complains bitterly of a prevailing practice among a certain class of readers, of borrowing books, which they neglect ever to return. This is indeed a reprehensible practice, and which almost every one who is liberal enough to comply with the solicitations of book-borrowers, has cause to lament; but if any remedy short of a flat denial, to the requests of all such persons, can be suggested, we will, with cheerfulness, give it publicity.

The Gentleman who, not long since, without the permission or knowledge of the owner, borrowed 25 numbers of the United States Literary Gazette, from this office, (each of which had *Wilmingtonian* written on the front cover,) would do well to return them without much delay, or he will be likely to hear from us more pointedly.

To the Editor of the Wilmingtonian.

Sir.—I have seen in your paper of last week, an article headed "Dr. Franklin and *The's Paine*," and had read but a few lines of it, when, in my judgment, I pronounced it to be a forgery;—for these reasons: It charges Paine with disbelieving in a particular Providence. Now, no person whose motives are pure can, after reading the work alluded to, say that he denies a particular Providence; and I would not believe that a man of Franklin's candour and judgment could charge any person with that of which he was not guilty. Another conclusive evidence against its genuineness is, that Dr. Franklin died at Philadelphia in the year 1790, and Paine did not write his noted work until 1794, when in Paris!

You will now readily perceive that this forgery as I have termed it, is a palpable falsehood, and the advocates and believers of Christianity should consider her character too fair to require the support of such pious fabrications.

TRUTH.

Mr. Clay has been invited to Public Dinners in the counties of Scott, Franklin, and Clark, Ky. but has declined to accept these testimonials of the esteem of his fellow citizens, in consequence of the state of his health, engagements in private business, and a desire to return with as little delay as possible to the discharge of his official duties at Washington City.

James Pleasants, the late governor of Virginia, has been appointed to be a Judge of the General Court, in place of Judge Parker, of Northampton county, who departed this life on the 12th of July; and James Monroe, late President of the United States, is to be a Visitor of the University of Virginia, in place of Thomas Jefferson.

Niles' Weekly Register says, that the conversion of a Jew, costs the society in London an average sum of about £1000, and about one half of the converted return to the error of their ways. The making of half a christian out of a full Jew, would render 20 poor and honest christians comfortable for a whole year.