ginning of the ninth century, had founded on the coaſts of Pomerania a city named *Julin* or *Jomſburg.* To this place he ſent a colony of young Danes, beſtowing the government on a celebrated warrior called *Palnatοkο.* In this colony it was forbidden to mention the word *fear,* even in the moſt imminent dangers. No citizen of Jomſburg was to yield to ∙ny number of enemies however great. The fight of inevitable death was not to be taken as an excuſe for ſhowing the ſmalleſt apprehenſion. And this legiſlator really appears to have eradicated from the minds of moſt of the youths bred up under him, all traces of that ſentiment ſo na­tural and ſo univerſal, which makes men think on their deſtruction with horror. Nothing can ſhow this better than a ſingle fact in their hiſtory, which deferves to have place here for its Angularity. Some of them ha­ving made an irruption into the territories of a power­ful Norwegian lord, named *Haquin,* were overcome in ſpite of the obſtinacy of their reſiſtance; and the moſt diſtinguiſhed among them being made priſoners, were, according to the cuſtom of thoſe times, condemned to death. The news of this, far from afflicting them, was on the contrary received with joy. The firſt who was led to puniſhment was content to fay, without changing countenance, and without expreſſing the leaſt ſign of fear, “Why ſhould not the fame happen to me as did to my father? He died, and ſo muſt I.” A warrior, named *Thorchill,* who was to cut off the head of the second, having aſked him what he felt at the fight of death, he anſwered, “that he remembered too well the laws of Jomſhurg to utter any words that denoted fear.” The third, in reply to the ſame queſtion, ſaid, “he re­joiced to die with glory; and that he preferred ſuch a death to an infamous life like that of Thorchill’s.” The fourth made an anſwer much longer and more ex­traordinary. ‘I ſuffer with a good heart; and the preſent hour is to me very agreeable. I only beg of you (added he, addreſſing himſelf to Thorchill) to be very quick in cutting off my head; for it is a queſtion often debated by us at Jomſhurg, whether one re­tains any ſenſe after being beheaded. I will therefore graſp this knife in my hand; if, after my head is cut off, I ſtrike it towards you, it will ſhow I have not loſt all ſenſe; if I let it drop, it will be a proof of the con­trary. Make haſte therefore, and decide the diſpute.” Thorchill, adds the hiſtorian, cut off his head in a moſt expeditious manner; but the knife, as might be expected, dropt from his hand. The fifth ſhowed the ſame tranquillity, and died rallying and jeering his ene­mies. The ſixth begged of Thorchill, that he might not be led to puniſhment like a ſheep: “Strike the blow in my face (ſaid he), I will fit ſtill without ſhrinking; and take notice whether I once wink my eyes, or betray one ſign of fear in my countenance; for we inhabitants of Jomſburg are uſed to exerciſe ourſelves **in** trials of this ſort, ſo as to meet the ſtroke of death without once moving.” He kept his promiſe before all the ſpectators, and received the blow without betraying the leaſt ſign of fear, or ſo much as winking with his eyes. The ſeventh, ſays the hiſtorian, was a very beautiful young man, in the flower of his age. His long hair, as fine as ſilk, floated in curls and ring­lets on his ſhoulders. Thorchill aſked him, what he thought of death? “I receive it willingly (ſaid he), ſince I have fulfilled the greateſt duty of life, and have ſeen all thoſe put to death whom I would not ſurvive. I only beg of you one favour, not to let my hair be touched by a ſlave, or ſtained with my blood.”

Neither was this intrepidity peculiar to the inhabitants of Jomſhurg; it was the general character of all the Scandinavians, of which we ſhall only give his further inſtance. A warrior, having been thrown upon his back in wreſtling with his enemy, and the latter finding himſelf without his arms, the vanquiſhed perſon promiſed to wait, without changing his poſture, till his antagoniſt fetched a ſword to kill him; and he faithfully kept his word. —To die with his arms in his hand was the ardent wiſh of every free man; and the pleaſing idea which they had of this kind of death led them to dread ſuch as proceeded from old age and diſeaſe. The hiſtory of ancient Scandinavia is full of inſtances of this way of thinking. The warriors who found themſelves lingering in diſeaſe, often availed themſelves of their few remaining moments to ſhake off life, by a way that they ſuppoſed to be more glo­rious. Some of them would be carried into a field of battle, that they might die in the engagement. Others ſlew themſelves: many procured this melancholy ſervice to be performed by their friends, who conſidered it as a moſt ſacred duty. “There is, on a mountain of Iceland, (ſays the author of an old Iceland ro­mance), a rock ſo high, that no animal can fall from the top and live. Here men betake themſelves when they are afflicted and unhappy. From this place all our anceſtors, even without waiting for ſickneſs, have depart­ed into Eden. It is uſeleſs, therefore, to give ourſelves up to groans and complaints, or to put our relations to needleſs expences, ſince we can eaſily follow the ex­ample of our fathers, who have all gone by the way of this rock.” — When all theſe methods failed, and at laſt when Chriſtianity had baniſhed ſuch barbarous practi­ces, the diſconſolate heroes conſoled themſelves by putting on complete armour as ſoon as they found their end approaching.

SCANDIX,. Shepherds Needle, or *Venus Comb,*in botany: A genus of the digynia order, belonging to the pentandria claſs of plants; and in the natural me­thod ranking under the 45th order, *Umbellatae.* The corolla is radiating; the fruit ſubulated; the petals emarginated; the florets of the diſc frequently male. The moſt remarkable ſpecies is the odorata, with angular furrowed ſeeds. It is a native of Germany; and has a very thick perennial root, compoſed of many fibres, of a ſweet aromatic taſte like aniſeed, from which come forth many large leaves that branch out ſomewhat like thoſe of fern, from whence it is named *ſweet-fern.* The ſtalks grow four or five feet high, are fiſtulous and hairy; the flowers are diſpoſed in an umbel at the top of the ſtalk, are of a white colour, and have a ſweet aromatic ſcent. — This ſpecies is eaſily propagated by ſeeds, which, if permitted to nat­ter, will ſupply an abundance of young plants, that may be put into any part of the garden, and recuire no care.

SCANNING, in poetry, the meaſuring of verb by feet, in order to ſee whether or not the quantities; be duly obſerved. The term is chiefly uſed in Greek and Latin verſes. Thus an hexameter verſe is ſcanned by reſolving it into ſix feet; a pentameter, by reſolving it into five feet, &c.