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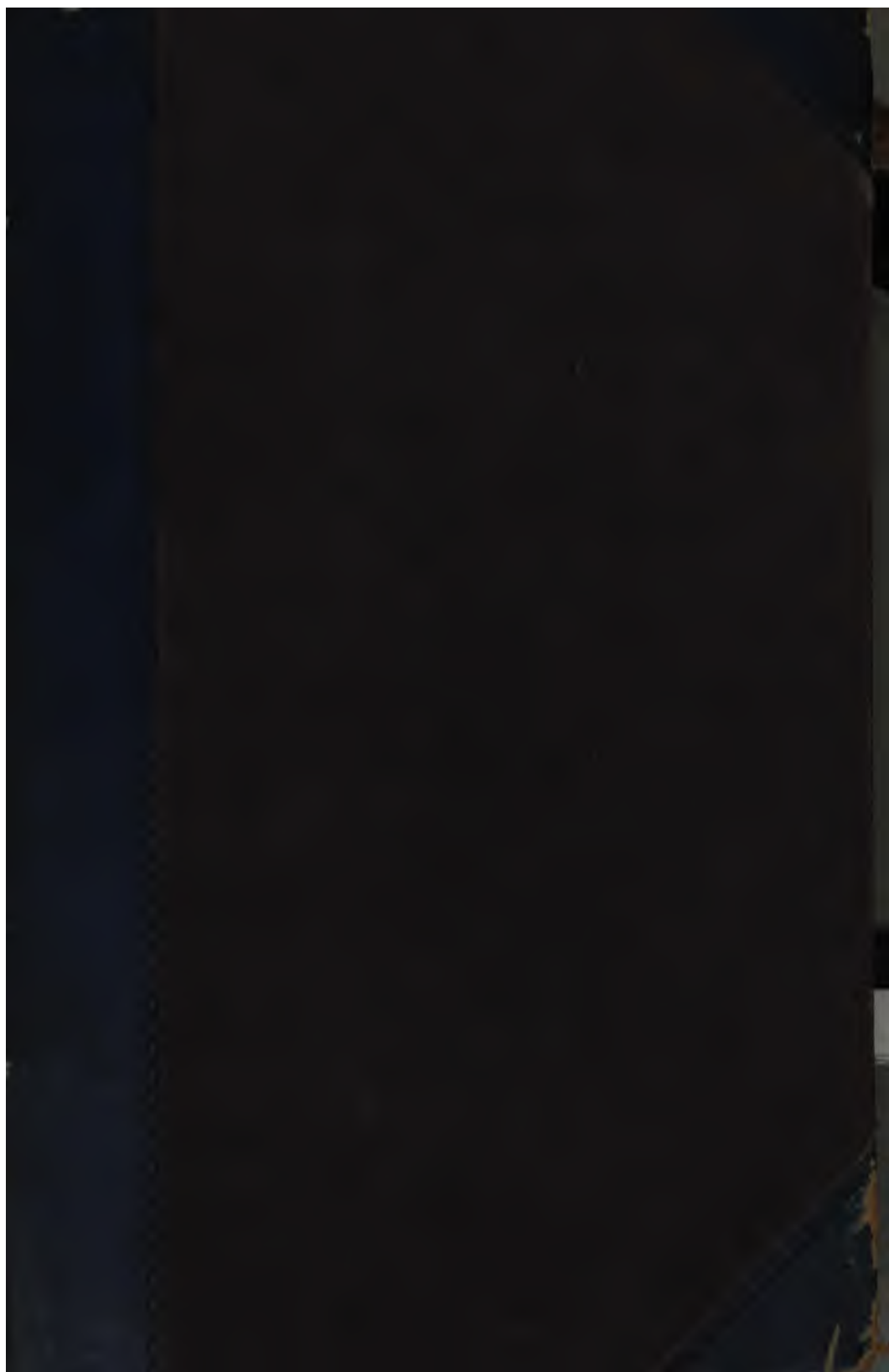
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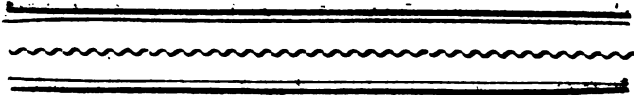
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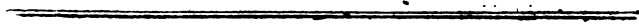


A

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Essays, &c.



ANECDOTE

OF

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

SOON after the late Sir William Johnson had been appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs in America, he wrote to England for some Suits of cloaths, richly laced. When they arrived at Sir William's, Hendrick, King of the five nations of Mohawks, was present, and particularly admired them, but without saying any thing to Sir William at that time. In a few days, Hend-

B

rick

rick called on Sir William, and acquainted him that he had had a dream. On Sir William's inquiring what it was, he told him he had dreamed that he had given him one of those suits which he had lately received from over the *great water*. Sir William took the hint, and immediately presented him with one of the richest suits. Hendrick, highly gratified with the generosity of Sir William, returned. Sir William, some time after this, happening to be in company with Hendrick, told him that he also had had a dream. Hendrick being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir William informed him he had dreamed that he (Hendrick) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk river) of about five thousand acres. Hendrick presented him with the land immediately, with this shrewd remark: " Now, Sir William, I will never dream with you again; you dream too hard for me."

The above tract of land is called to this hour,

Sir William's dreaming land.

THE

THE
PRECIPITATE MARRIAGE,

A MORAL TALE.

IT would be an endless, and no very agreeable talk, to produce a catalogue of those men, who being misled by ambition, have in consequence of their lofty ideas, found themselves severely disappointed by the failure of their great designs. Nor is ambition a passion confined to the breast of men. The fair sex often feel their tender bosoms agitated with the same, and have sometimes paid very dear for their elevated sentiments, after having been seduced by them into very ineligible situations. With regard to their matrimonial schemes, many women have certainly permitted ambition to make too powerful an impression upon their minds, and by supposing, too hastily, that grandeur and happiness are synonymous terms, have, in the most mortifying manner, been forced to own that the most brilliant favours which fortune can bestow may be extremely insufficient to render the life of her who possesses them a life of felicity. Admitting that a woman has really raised herself by marriage to the distinguished sphere, to which her wishes were pointed

by ambition, she may be very miserable in the midst of her magnificence: how much more wretched must she feel herself, who, dazzled by a false appearance of splendor, discovers, too late, that she mistook the shadow for the substance; and that instead of increasing her importance in the eyes of the world, she has contemptibly degraded herself both in their eyes and in her own.

The heroine of the following tale was one of those ambitious females, who look upon rank and riches to be the principal ingredients in the nuptial composition; without which it is not worthy of their attention: and the perusal of her history, may, perhaps, be of some service to the female *Icarus's* of the age, who, by aiming to soar above all their friends and acquaintances, sink themselves infinitely below them; partly from their weakness, but more from their presumption.

Charlotte Denbigh was the daughter of a country gentleman, who having wasted a very considerable part of his fortune in unsuccessful projects, could only leave her five thousand pounds at his death. With this sum, far from a despicable one, (Charlotte having been brought up with high notions) was by no means satisfied. She had a spirit to enjoy that sum every year. She was also so proud of her beauty and her accomplishments, the one striking,

striking, and the other numerous, that she would not listen to the addresses of many of her admirers, with no mean fortunes, because they could not enable her to live in the style which was most agreeable to her. By the haughtiness of her behaviour, and the frequency of her refusals, she discovered a no small want of judgment, and the admiration which she excited was generally accompanied with contempt. Those who were the most charmed with her person could not help thinking that she appeared in a ridiculous light, by the *hauteur* of her carriage, and her continual attempts, without any artful concealment of her real designs to attract the attention of the first men of the age in point of riches and rank. Her attempts were bold, but they were not successful: her designs were grand, but they were soon seen through and defeated.

After having made a number of fruitless efforts to figure in the first line of female consequence at London, and rejected several very advantageous offers, because they were not precisely the offers agreeable to her ambitious views, she changed the scene of action, made a trip to Calais, and from thence posted to the capital of France, dreaming of nothing but charms and conquests, and forming plans for a brilliant French alliance,

as

as she had not succeeded in her schemes for an English one.

By her removal from England, Charlotte gave an additional proof of her want of judgment; not only by her passage from one country to another, but by her choice of a female companion in the voyage, who was, certainly, the most improper person she could have selected. A few traits of this Lady will be sufficient to support this assertion.

Mrs. Brindley, the widow of a worthless fellow, who had married her entirely for her money, and who left her in very straitened circumstances, was, for some time, at a great loss for a comfortable subsistence; but on being invited by a old rich gentlewoman in the city, good-natured and generous, though vulgar beyond expression, she, in a little while, having a much superior understanding, played her cards with such address, that she not only lived luxuriously with her during life, but gained a good legacy at her death. As soon as she was in possession of a considerable part of Mrs. Grimball's fortune, she was solicited by several persons in different stations, but having had very bad luck in her first marriage, she was almost afraid to venture upon a second: however, she at last got over all her objections to a new husband,

husband, and gave her hand to Mr. Brindley; a man who was apparently in affluent circumstances, and, without doubt, very agreeable to her fancy: his character was also, in her opinion, in consequence of the enquiries which she had made relating to it, unquestionable. In a few months after her second marriage, and when she had vested her new husband with all she had in her power to give him, she not only found herself deserted by him; but to her additional concern she also found that he had been many years married to another woman:—these were blows which almost stunned her; but she recovered from them, and did the best she could in her distressful condition. Obligated to quit the house, in which she could no longer afford to reside, and ashamed of having been drawn in to be a *nominal* wife, she repaired to a very private part of the town, in which she was not, she imagined, known; and with the little cash she had by her, settled herself in a small obscure apartment. Here she in a short time discovered that her landlady was an arrant procuress: she also found herself so much in her power that she was not even at liberty to leave her. Oppressed, therefore, by poverty on one hand, and overcome by persuasion on the other, she complied with Mrs. Subtle's terms of accommodation, and entered into a regular life of prostitution.

Of

Of this life she was soon heartily tired, and having met with some liberal lovers, she paid off all her debts, and removed herself, without making the least discovery of her designs, to her intended habitation.

In this habitation Miss Denbigh accidentally became acquainted with her, and being charmed with her conversation and behaviour contracted an intimacy without making any enquiries into her character and connections.

The moment Charlotte disclosed her Paris design to Mrs. Brindley, she greatly approved of it, and the pleasure of her company upon the occasion was not twice requested. Mrs. Brindley, very glad to appear in a new light, in a new place, and with a woman of fortune and reputation, was easily prevailed upon to bid adieu to her native land. Besides, she was not without hopes of turning the fortune of her new friend, to her own advantage, in some shape or other. How she succeeded the sequel will shew. We must now return to the heroine of the piece, for the above-mentioned lady is but a secondary character in it.

Charlotte upon finding that Mrs. Brindley, though she had never been out of England, had picked up a great deal of intelligence with regard

to France, consulted her upon every occasion, and was directed by her in all her operations on the other side of the water.

On their arrival at Paris, a very handsome house was soon hired, and Charlotte made a very spirited appearance, agreeably to the design she had formed, in order to engage some of the Frenchmen of rank, to think her an object deserving of their attention.

Mrs. Brindley, the moment she discovered her companion's design, adopted another of a different kind, and, as she thought, far more likely to succeed.

Charlotte being a fine woman, and sufficiently accomplished for a Parisian circle, appeared also in the light of a woman of fortune, soon attracted the eyes of several men of consequence, encouraged their visits, and played off all her arts to make a conquest of the first brilliancy. She was, as she expected to be, much admired, followed, and courted; but she was not, for some time, addressed in the way she wished by any of those who crowded about her *ruelle*. She received overtures, however, at last, of a very flattering kind, from a man who appeared to be in every shape qualified to raise her to the sphere of life in which she longed to move.

The first address which Charlotte received from Count F——, was in the garden belonging to a pleasant villa which she occupied a few leagues from the capital. She at first affected no small surprize, and acted her agitation in a very artful manner; but soon recovering from her well counterfeited confusion, she gave her flattering lover reason enough to believe that his proposals would not be rejected——she also endeavoured to draw him, speedily, into the toils of matrimony. Her endeavours were not unsuccessful, for he left her with a positive assurance that he would give immediately orders for his nuptial preparations; and added, that as soon as those were finished, he should do himself the highest of all possible honor, by waiting on her to his *chateau* in one of the most delicious parts of France.

While Charlotte and her Count were in this situation, and while they imagined they were totally unobserved, they were minutely watched from another quarter of the garden by a young Englishman, of whom it will be now necessary to give some account.

The name of this youth was Saunders. He had a very pretty estate in the west of England, and was so much in love with Miss Denbigh, that
upon

upon her rejecting him, he fell into a melancholy state, alarming to all those who had any regard for him. To amuse him in this miserable state, and to prevent him from dwelling on the cause of it, his friends hurried him about from one place to another, shifted the scene continually, and threw as much novelty in his way as they could, to exclude any disquiet arising from old recollections; but all their endeavours to make him forget the only woman for whom he had ever felt the tender passion, were ineffectual; he still loved her to distraction, and upon hearing that she was gone to France, determined to follow her, taking particular care, at the same time, to conceal his intention from his friends, that he might receive no interruption from their well meant dissuasions. On his arrival at Paris, he made immediate enquiries after the disdainful mistress of his heart; and hearing that she was then at her country house near Paris, repaired to it without delay, in order to renew his addresses, though he had been so often received by her with the most mortifying coldness. Being told by her companion, Mrs. Brindley, with whose behaviour he was much pleased, but of whose real character he was utterly ignorant, that she was just stepped into the garden, he flew into it immediately on the wings of love. To his extreme astonishment he beheld her in a

close conversation with a Frenchman of the lowest class, though dressed like a man of fashion, whom he had remembered in the service of an English nobleman, and who had been disgracefully turned out of his family for certain misdemeanours of an unpardonable nature. In order, however, to gain all the information he could, relating to this unexpected interview, he secreted himself, and listened with a greedy ear to every word which passed between his mistress and the fictitious Count: and the more he attended to the conversation of the latter, the more was he amazed at his consummate impudence. When the Count had taken his leave, he made his appearance, and, approaching his Charlotte in the most submissive manner, begged he might be permitted to be heard.

Charlotte, struck at the sight of the last man whom she expected to behold in that place, started back a few paces, but soon recovering herself, allowed her rejected lover to articulate what he wanted to disclose.

He then entered directly into the business of the moment, and acquainted her with all the particulars which he knew relating to the man whom she had, supposing him to be a person of distinction, encouraged as a lover; concluding his intelligence with the strongest assurances of the sincerity

cerity of his own passion, (in spite of all her forbidding behaviour) and the most earnest wishes to be inseparably united to her.

Had Charlotte been at that time in the full possession of her understanding, she, probably, would have been ready, not only to pay her English lover the most cordial acknowledgements for his most seasonable information, but would have also declared herself as ready to reward him with her hand, for all the disquiets and anxieties which he had endured for her sake, and for the convincing proofs he had given of his immoveable attachment to her. Charlotte, unluckily, at that instant, entirely mistaking the views of Saunders, and looking upon the discovery he had made as a mere fiction originating from envy and disappointment, gave not the least credit to what she heard. She persisted in believing that the Count was the man he appeared to be, and that she should, by marrying him, figure in the first circles at Paris. Under the powerful influence of this belief, she, with a formal civility, desired Mr. Saunders to take no more trouble about her, as she knew exceedingly well how to conduct herself without his advice.

Struck at the coldness with which this answer was delivered, and shocked at the same time at
her

her obstinate perseverance in an error, which could not but be productive of consequences, destructive of her peace, he could not bring himself to articulate a reply——His tongue was motionless——he bowed——and retired in silence.

As soon as Charlotte returned to the house, after having dismissed one of her best friends, in a manner which he had little merited, she informed her *false one*, Mrs. Brindley, of what had passed concerning the Count.

“ And did you give credit to it,” said Mrs. Brindley, in great eagerness, as if she was much interested in her companion’s faith upon the occasion.

Charlotte, by returning an answer in the negative, removed her apprehensions, and in a subsequent speech made her quite easy about the Count concerning whom she had been in no small agitation, from the instant Saunders flew from her (before she could stop him as she intended) into the garden.

In a few days after this conversation, Charlotte gave her hand to the *nominal* Count F — , and by putting her person and fortune in his possession, plunged herself into a situation by which her
pride

pride was severely mortified, and her peace totally destroyed.

The very morning after she rose one of the happiest of brides, in her own opinion, in Paris, she discovered in a corner of her room, an open letter, written in Mrs. Brindley's hand; and on seeing her own name mentioned in it; she was doubly prompted by curiosity to peruse the whole contents. The perusal of them almost deprived her of senses, for she now found that she had been by her *friend's* connivance (upon the promise of receiving apart of her fortune) married to the very man whom her most faithful lover had described: and not to the man—not to the Count—to whose history of himself she had listened with too much attention, and with too much credulity. She determined immediately to get rid of Mrs. Brindley; but she soon discovered that it was no easy matter to dislodge her, as she was protected by her husband, who proved an imperious tyrant, and forced her to wish, a thousand times a day, that she had married the sincere friend, and constant lover, who had so generously warned her against the precipice to which she was hastening with all the rashness of *precipitation*.

SIR

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, univerfally acknowledged to be the ableft philofopher and mathematician that this, or perhaps any other nation has produced, is alfo well known to have been a firm believer and a ferious chriitian. His difcoveries concerning the frame and fyftem of the univerfe were applied by him to demonftrate the being of a God, and to illuftrate his power and wifdom in the creation.

This great man applied himfelf likewise with the utmoft attention to the ftudy of the holy fcriptures, and confidered the feveral parts of them with uncommon exactnefs; particularly as to the order of time, and the ferief of prophefies and events relating to the Meffiah. Upon which head he left behind him an elaborate difcourfe, to prove that the famous prophecy of Daniel's weeks, which has been fo induftrioufly perverted by the Deifts of our times, was an exprefs prophecy of the coming of the Meffiah, and fulfilled in Jefus Chrift.

E D U C A T I O N .

SO important a concern did the right education of children appear to Augustus Cæsar, that, when master of the world, he himself attended to that of his Grand-children. He instructed them in the rudiments of literature and science, and was peculiarly assiduous to teach them to imitate his own hand-writing. They always supped in his company, and were placed on the lowest couch; and, on all his journies they either preceded him in another carriage, or rode on horseback by his side.

His daughters and grand-daughters by his direction were carefully taught to spin; and they were habituated to speak and act on all occasions so openly, that every word and deed might be entered in a journal.

In the schools of philosophy anciently, were taught the great maxims of true policy; the rules of every kind of duty; the motives for a true discharge of them;—what we owe to our country;—the right use of authority;—wherein true courage consists. In a word, the qualities that form the good citizen, statesman, and great commander.

ON THE

INFLUENCE of FASHION.

THEY who are exempted by their elevated condition from the confinement of commercial and professional life, involve themselves in voluntary slavery, by engaging in the service of the tyrant Fashion. Actions in themselves pleasing and innocent, they are compelled to abstain from, however strong their inclination, because the caprice of some distinguished character has prohibited them by his example. Like the dumbest of animals, they are driven round the same circle; from which once to deviate, would subject them to an appellation of all others the most formidable. To be called profligate, extravagant, intemperate, or even wicked, might be tolerated with patience; but who could bear to live with the epithet of ungentleel? People of fashion, once admitted to this honourable title, form a little world of their own, and learn to look down upon all others as beings of a subordinate nature. It is then a natural question, in what does this superiority consist? It arises not from learning, for the most illiterate claim it, and are indulged in the claim: it arises not from virtue, for the most vicious are not excluded. Wealth, beauty, birth,
and

and elegance, are not the only qualifications for it; because many enjoy it who have no just pretensions to either. It seems to be a combination of numbers, who agree to imitate each other and to maintain, by the majority of voices, and the effrontery of pride, that all they do is proper, and all they say is sensible; that their dress is becoming, their manners polite, their houses tasteful; their furniture, their carriages, all that appertains to them, the very quintessence of real beauty. Those who come not within the pale of their jurisdiction, they condemn with papal authority to perpetual insignificance. They stigmatize them by wholesale, as people whom no-body knows, as the scum of the earth, as born only to minister to their pride, and to supply the wants of their luxury.

Groundless as are the pretensions of this confederacy, no pains are avoided to become an adopted member. For this, the stripling squanders his patrimony, and destroys his constitution. For this, the virgin bloom of innocence and beauty is withered at the vigils of the card-table. For this, the loss of integrity, and public infamy, are willingly incurred; and it is agreed by many, that it were better to go out of the world, than to live in it and be unfashionable. If this distinction

is really valuable, and if the happiness or misery of life depends upon obtaining or losing it, then are the thousands, who walk the private path of life, objects of the sincerest pity. Some consolation must be devised for the greater part of the community who have never breathed the atmosphere of St. James's, nor embarrassed their fortunes, nor ruined their health, in pursuit of this glorious elevation. Perhaps, on an impartial review, it will appear that these are really possessed of that happiness which vanity would arrogate to itself, and yet only seems to obtain.

The middle ranks of mankind are the most virtuous, the best accomplished, and the most capable of enjoying the pleasures and advantages which fall to the lot of human nature. It is not the least of these, that they are free from the necessity of attending to those formalities which engross the attention, and waste the time of the higher classes, without any adequate return of satisfaction. Horace, who was far less illustrious by his birth and station, than by his elegance of manners, was wont to congratulate himself, that he could ride on a little mule to the remotest town of Italy without ridicule or molestation; while his patrons could hardly move a step, but with the unwieldy pomp of an equipage and retinue.

The

The single article of dress, which, when splendid, requires the labour and attention of many hours, becomes a wretched task to those who wish to employ their time with honour, with improvement, with pleasure, and the possibility of a satisfactory retrospection. Visits of form, of which every one complains, yet to which every one in some measure submits, are absolutely necessary to keep up the union of the fashionable confederacy. The more numerous, the more honourable. To be permitted to spend five minutes, or to leave a card at the houses of half the inhabitants of the politest streets, is a felicity which compensates for all the trouble of attendance and tedious preparation. To behold a train of coaches, some perhaps with coronets on their sides, crowding to their door; to hear the fulminations of a skilful footman, are joys of which the inhabitant of a rural retreat has little conception; but which delightfully affect the fine feelings of those who are made of purer clay, and who are honoured with the name of fashionable. From this severe persecution, the man who aspires not at such honours is happily free. He visits his friend, because he feels friendly sentiments for him, and is received with cordiality. The intervals of company he can devote to study, and to the pursuit of business and amusement; for his communications with his
 friends

friends require not at all the preparatory trouble of fashionable formality. In the unreserved pleasures of conversation, he looks with reciprocal pity on the club of Almack's, nor envies those who knock at an hundred doors in an evening, and who have the privilege of sitting half an hour in company where profession supplies the place of sincerity.

The effects of Fashion constitute very wonderful phænomena in the moral world. It can transform deformity to beauty, and beauty to deformity. When we view the dresses in a picture gallery, we are tempted to ridicule the shocking taste of our grandfathers and grandmothers; and yet there is not the least doubt but they appeared beautiful and becoming when they were worn, and that the garb of the spectator, who now censures them, would have been then equally ridiculous.

During the short period of a life, the fluctuations of taste are strikingly remarkable. A small buckle or a large buckle, a short coat or a long coat, a high or low head dress, appear in their turns, in the course of only a few years, laughably absurd. Manners, books, poetry, painting, building, gardening, undergo a similar alteration. The prevailing taste is at the time supposed to be the perfect taste;

taste: a few years past, and it is exploded as monstrous; a new one is adopted; that is also soon despised, and the old one, in the capricious vicissitudes of the innovating spirit, is revived once more to go through the same revolutions. There is certainly a standard of rectitude in manners, decorum, and taste; but it is more discovered than preserved. The vanity of the great and opulent will ever be affecting new modes in order to increase that notice to which it thinks itself entitled. The lower ranks will imitate them as soon as they have discovered the innovation. Whether right or wrong, beautiful or deformed, in the essential nature of things, is of little moment. The pattern is set by a superior, and authority will at any time countenance absurdity. A hat, a coat, a shoe, deemed fit to be worn only by a great grandfire, is no sooner put on by a Lord, than it becomes graceful in the extreme, and is generally adopted from the first Lord of the Treasury to the apprentice in Houndsditch.

It must be allowed, indeed, that while Fashion exerts her arbitrary power in matters which tend not to the corruption of morals, or of taste in the fine arts, she may be suffered to rule without limitation. But the misfortune is, that she will, like other Potentates, encroach on provinces where

where her jurisdiction is usurped. The variations she is continually introducing in dress, are of service in promoting commerce. The whims of the rich feed the poor. The variety and the restlessness caused by the changes in the modes of external embellishment, contribute to please and employ those whose wealth and personal insignificance prevent them from finding more manly objects, and more rational entertainment. But when the same caprice which gives law to the wardrobe extends itself to the library; when the legislator of an assembly dictates in the schools, regulates religion, and directs education, it is time that reason should vindicate her rights against the encroachments of folly. Yet so fascinating is the influence of general example, that they who possess reason in its most improved state, are known to follow Fashion with blind obedience. The Scholar and the Philosopher are hurried away with the rapidity of the torrent. To stand singular, is to present a mark for the shafts of scorn and malevolence. For the sake of ease, therefore, men are induced to join the throng, which they must resist without success, but not without receiving injury in the conflict. Compliance is wisdom, where opposition is inefficacious.

With

With respect to the distinction claimed by people of fashion, it is certain that they who are elevated by station, fortune, and a correspondent education, are often distinguished by a peculiar elegance of manners resulting from their improvements. But this ought not to inspire pride, or teach them to separate from the rest of mankind. It should give them a spirit of benevolence, and lead them to promote the happiness of others, in return for the goodness of Providence in bestowing on them superior advantages, without any merit of their own. They should be convinced; that the warmest Philanthropist is the truest Gentleman.

ANECDOTE

OF

SERJEANT DAVY.

SERJEANT DAVY, when a celebrated Law Lord, in spite of decency, persisted in coming down to Westminster-Hall to try causes on Good-Friday, cried out, loud enough to be heard by him, "Your Lordship then will be the first Judge since Pontius Pilate's time, who ever did

E

business

business on that day." When the same Judge, on the pertinacity of a great Lawyer to a certain point, said, " If this be law, Sir, I must burn all my books I see;" " Your Lordship," replied the Counsellor, " had much better read them first.

M E M O I R S

OF A

RAKE.

I AM descended from parents of distinction, who were not more celebrated for their riches than their virtues. I was an only son, and so great a favorite, that I enjoyed all sorts of indulgencies; and being of a gay, thoughtless disposition, soon fell in with all the fashionable diversions, soon became acquainted with all the fashionable vices, and soon contracted all the fashionable distempers of the town. In a few years, however, I found such a decay in my constitution by a *regular* course of debauchery, that I began to be alarmed; and in order to conceal the true cause of my ill state of health from my father, desired his consent to make the *tour of England*, but at the same time determined to take private lodgings

lodgings at a village near London till I had (by entering into a salutary regimen) repaired my shattered frame. In this retreat I was attended by a faithful servant, and, for particular reasons, changed my name. By the assistance of a skilful physician I recovered much sooner than I expected, but recovered only to contract new disorders, for with my health my passions too returned, and hurried me on to those scenes from which I had fled with so much detestation. It was here I commenced an acquaintance with a fine young girl who frequently visited the family where I lodged. This girl's father had been dead about a year, leaving her to the care of a rigid mother-in-law, with a very small income. I was immediately struck with the youth and beauty of this lovely creature, and resolved to procure her for a mistress: but when I discovered, on a more intimate acquaintance, the beauties of her mind, and her easy unaffected innocence, I was somewhat startled at the thoughts of undermining her virtue. But having early imbibed a set of loose principles, and knowing if I could bring myself to like matrimony, that my father would never consent to so unequal a match, I boldly pursued my first design, and employed the most insinuating arts to conquer her prudery, and to *sap* that virtue which I could not *storm*: but all my attempts

were vain, for the love-inspiring Fanny was mistress of so excellent an understanding, and so resolute, that partly by arguments, and partly by slights, she baffled all my schemes for her undoing. My passions however increased so much, that I was animated to repeat my attacks, and at length prevailed on her to agree to a private marriage. I provided a genteel apartment for her in town, and saw her as often as I could, during the space of two years, before the expiration of which she brought into the world a daughter, of whom I was then very fond; but length of time, my own unsettled disposition, and the sight of a young lady of fashion, to whom my father introduced me for a husband, made me abandon for ever one of the gentlest creatures that man can be blest with. I left a bank note of 500*l.* on her toilet one morning, with a letter, wherein I told her in what manner I had deceived her, and that I should never see her again. It was not without the most cutting reflections that I committed this masterpiece of barbarity, (for so I must call it) as I knew she loved me with the sincerest tenderness. But a new face quickly restored me to my usual tranquillity, and I had nothing to fear from her, because she could produce no certificate of our marriage. My intended wife received my addresses with pleasure;—but alas! how vain are all

all sublunary schemes!—she was seized with the small pox, which raged with such violence that she died in a few days. A disappointment of this kind would perhaps have made a deep impression on a man of less volatility, but I soon recovered from it, plunged headlong into all my former extravagancies, and took my fill once more of what fine gentlemen call pleasure. At the end of three years my father died and left me a very large fortune. I had attended him closely during his illness, and having many opportunities to meditate on my past follies, resolved to forsake them; but this unexpected supply, and the increase of company it naturally produced, encouraged me to proceed, till at last I grew weary and dissatisfied. I looked back with horror on a mispent life, and would have given the world to retrieve my peace of mind. No part of my life could I recollect with any satisfaction but that which I spent with my once much-loved and most amiable Fanny. I reflected on the injuries she had received from me, and often wished that I had it my power to ask her forgiveness. I went myself to the place where we had enjoyed so many hours exquisite happiness, but all the people had been a long while removed, and nobody could tell me whither. I was fatigued with enquiries to no purpose, and concluded that both *she* and her *child* were

were *dead*,—perhaps with grief, for my unkind usage. These thoughts afflicted me so much that I fell dangerously ill, and just on the brink of recovery, was advised by my physicians to try the country air. According to their advice I set out for an estate I had in Dorsetshire, accompanied by a very agreeable young friend, to whom my father had been guardian: but he dying before my friend was of age, an uncle of mine was chosen in his stead. He was much younger than myself, and became not my intimate till I had quitted my follies. We arrived there in the finest spring I ever saw, and as exercise was one of my Doctor's prescriptions, I walked every evening in the adjacent fields.

In one of these evening migrations, as we crossed a field bounded by a small farm, we met a very beautiful rural nymph, I took not much notice of her at first, (for I was grown quite indifferent to the sex) but my companion was instantly charmed with her figure, and approaching her, asked in the politest manner a few questions about herself and family, to which she replied with great modesty and good humour. When she left us he was very lavish of his encomiums on her person and manners, and after this interview I missed him several evenings. He always told me on his
return

return he had discoursed with the pretty rustic, and discovered her to be a most amiable creature. He usually finished his panegyrick with saying "How happy will that man be who first inspires her gentle heart with love! This fond exclamation brought to my remembrance my first interview with the innocent Fanny. He prevailed on me with great difficulty to accompany him the next meeting. I went to oblige him; but could not help taking out a picture of my dear Fanny, (while my friend was engaged with his fair companion) which was drawn in the days of our fondness, and which I carried about me ever after my fruitless search for her.

While I was lost in ruminating on the precious moments I had spent in Fanny's company, my attention was diverted by the sudden appearance of a countryman whom the rustic maiden was desirous of avoiding; upon this I hastily put the picture in my pocket, (as I thought;) but when I came home and pulled out my handkerchief, no picture was to be found. A loss of this kind made me very uneasy: I told my friend of it, and added, "perhaps your favorite has picked it up in her walks." A lucky thought replied he; I shall at least have a good excuse to ask for her at the house, where she has assured me she lives,
with

with her mother and aunt. I am impatient, continued he, to see them, for if they are as agreeable as I imagine the relations of so lovely a girl must be, I am resolved to be united to her for ever."

At the close of this speech I sighed; Fanny's image again rose in my mind, and I could not help saying to myself, "What happiness might I now have enjoyed, had my passions been regulated by virtue and honour?"

The next morning he set out to the farm, but returned with looks of astonishment, and thus addressed me: I have been witness to a very extraordinary, and afflicting scene. On my asking to speak with the young lady, a tight lads conducted me into a little parlour, where a venerable old lady, with another much younger, were ready to receive me. They were both dressed plain, but neat. The elder, rose with great dignity, to accost me, the other, by a wildness in her countenance, seemed to be surprized and disappointed at the sight of me, and could only make a sign to her companion, who asked me very politely if I had any business with her niece.

"I have often had the pleasure of meeting your niece, madam," said I, "and should be happy in
being

being permitted to wait on you and her at some leisure hours, as I am your neighbour, and desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with all your family; (bowing respectfully to both ladies) but my present business is only with your niece—I came to enquire if she found a picture yesterday in her walks, which a friend of mine dropped somewhere (he imagines) in the grass."

"Yes, Sir," replied the lady, who had not power to speak before; "my daughter found it, and the sight of it renewed the greatest sorrow I ever felt. Here it is; I restore it to you and your friend."

"She could say no more—a flood of tears burst at that instant from her eyes, and prevented farther speech. I was moved with her grief, and stood full of admiration at the graces of her person, and manner of behaving, and could only assure her of my concern for being the unfortunate (though innocent) occasion of her distress, offering her my assistance to remove it. I begged her permission to attend her at a more proper time, but she just recovered herself enough to tell me, in broken accents, that I must excuse her not receiving any more visits from me, and immediately left the room.

I scarcely gave my friend an opportunity to
 F finish

finish his recital, for being strongly prepossessed that this fair mourner might be my long-lost Fanny, I hastily asked him if she resembled the picture? "Yes, indeed she does," replied he. "Then," said I, in a transport of joy, "I shall once more possess the most deserving of wives, and most lovely of daughters.—I waited not for an answer, but flew to the farm, demanded an entrance, and found my poor Fanny bathed in tears, with my darling child in her arms.—I threw myself about her neck, and as soon as I could speak, entreated her forgiveness with an unfeigned earnestness, and begged that she would take me once again into her favour, without dreading another separation.—Surprize and joy for a while deprived her of speech: she could only strain me in her arms, with her streaming eyes turned alternately on me and her child, with the most expressive tenderness. Before we had recovered ourselves from the first workings of the passions, my friend, who followed me, and had gained admittance, entered the room with the venerable lady, and both stood astonished at so affecting a scene.

My wife presented my daughter to me, whom she had informed of her birth, &c. As soon as our drooping spirits were recruited, I desired my dearest Fanny to tell me what had happened to
her

her during our long separation, which she did in the following manner.

When I read your cruel intentions of never seeing me again, I fell senseless on the floor, from which I was raised by the woman of the house, who ran up on hearing the shrieks of my servant. She too read the letter, which I had dropped in my fright, and offered all the consolation that good sense and good nature could suggest; but in vain; for I not only lamented the loss of reputation, but the loss of a man's affection whom I loved tenderly, and by whom I thought I was as tenderly beloved. This dreadful disappointment threw me into a violent fever, from which I was almost miraculously delivered by the humanity and assiduity of my landlady, who endeavoured to preserve my life (as she afterwards told me) not only for my own sake, but for my child's. When my health was reinstated, she said I must think of getting a livelihood in some profitable and amusing way. "I have a sister," continued she, "older than myself, to whom I have told your story; she is in a genteel business, and has consented, if you have no objection, to take you as a partner in the trade." I agreed with pleasure and gratitude to this proposal, but to avoid a great deal of uneasiness, changed my name.—With this humane lady,

(pointing to her) I and my daughter lived ten years; she then left off business, and persuaded me to do the same, assuring me that we should be her heirs, as my good-natured landlady was dead, and she had no other relations. We agreed to leave the town, and chose this place, where we have dwelt ever since in retirement, and passed for sisters; my only wish being to keep my child from meeting with her mother's fate. As we had no neighbours but females, I trusted her often to pass over the fields alone to the widow lady's, of whom we rent this little cottage: but how was I amazed last night when she showed me my own picture, and told me that a gentleman, whom she often met in the fields, had, she believed, dropt it. I was much alarmed, and concluded you to be the gentleman, and feared you had laid the same snare for your own child, as you had for her unhappy mother. I kept her, therefore, at home, till I could compose my ruffled thoughts on this discovery. I shuddered with horror at your designs upon your own daughter, while all the inclination I had felt for you as my husband revived, and I intended to leave the place this day, when the news came of a stranger's arrival. I imagined that you was the visitor, and knew not, how to act, but before I could resolve, your friend appeared, and asked for my picture:—I gave it, and left him abruptly,

braply, though not without making my concerns visible. Afterwards I called my child, and was telling her my dismal tale, and final resolution to quit this cottage, when you entered my apartment.

To conclude this long narrative, I must inform you that I lived many happy years with my dear Fanny after this adventure, and received, if possible, more satisfaction in the renewal of our affection, than I did at its first beginning. To complete our felicity, we had the pleasure of seeing our lovely child happy in the possession of that amiable friend, who was so accidentally instrumental in bringing about our second union.

ON

B E A U T Y.

EVERY object that is pleasing to the eye, when looked upon, or delightful to the mind, on recollection, may be called beautiful; so that beauty, in general, may stretch as wide as the visible creation or even as far as the imagination can go, which is a sort of new, or secondary creation. Thus we speak not only of the beauties of an engaging prospect, of the rising or setting sun, or of

a fine starry Heaven; but of those of a picture, statue, or building, and even of the actions, characters, or thoughts of men. In the greater part of these, there may be almost as many false beauties as there are real, according to the different tastes of nations and men; so that, if any one was to consider beauty in its fullest extent, it could not be done without the greatest confusion. I shall therefore confine my subject to visible beauty, and am apt to think every thing belonging to it might fall under one or other of these four heads, *colour*, *form*, *expression*, and *grace*; the two former of which I look upon as the body, and the two latter as the soul of beauty.

Though colour be the lowest of all the constituent parts of beauty, yet it is vulgarly the most striking, and the most observed. The colour of the body in general, the most beautiful perhaps that ever was imagined, was that which Apelles expressed in his famous Venus; and which, though the picture itself be lost, Cicero has, in some degree, preserved to us in his excellent description of it. It was a fine red, beautifully intermixed and incorporated with white; and diffused, in its due proportions, through each part of the body.—Such are the descriptions of a most beautiful skin, in several of the Roman Poets; and such often is the
colouring

colouring of Titan, and particularly in his sleeping Venus, or whatever other beauty that charming piece was meant to represent.

The reason why these colours please so much, is not only their natural liveliness, together with the greater charms they obtain from their being properly blended together, but also the idea they carry with them of good health; without which, all beauty grows languid and less engaging; and with which it always recovers an additional life and lustre.

A great deal of the colour of the face in particular is owing to variety, that being designed by nature for the greatest assemblage of different colours of any part in the human body. Colours please by opposition; and it is in the face that they are most diversified, and the most opposed.

The beauty of an evening sky, about the setting of the sun, is owing to the variety of colours that are scattered along the face of the Heavens. It is the fine red clouds, intermixed with white, and sometimes darker ones, with the azure bottom appearing here and there between them, which makes all that beautiful composition that delights the eye so much, and gives such a serene pleasure to the heart. In the same manner, if you consider some
beautiful

beautiful faces, you may observe that it is much the same variety of colours which gives them that pleasing look which is so apt to attract the eye, and but too often to engage the heart: for all this sort of beauty is resolvable into a proper variation of flesh colour and red, with the clear blueness of the veins pleasingly intermixed about the temples and the going off of the cheeks, and set off by the shades of full eye-brows; and of the hair, when it falls in a proper manner round the face. But, though one's judgment is so apt to be guided by some particular attachments, and that more, perhaps, in this part of beauty than any other, yet I am a good deal persuaded that a complete brown beauty is really preferable to a perfect fair one, the bright brown giving a lustre to all the other colours, a vivacity to the eye, and a richness to the whole look, which one seeks in vain in the whitest and most transparent skins. Raphael's most charming Madona is a brunette beauty; and all the best artists in the noblest age of painting, about Leo the Tenth's time, used this deeper and richer kind of colouring.

Form takes in the turn of each part, as well as the symmetry of the whole body, even to the turn of an eye-brow, or the falling of the hair. I should think, too, that the attitude, while fixed,
ought

ought to be reckoned under this article: by which I do not only mean the posture of the person, but the position of each part; as the turning of the neck, the extending of the hand, the placing of a foot, and so on to the most minute particulars.

The general cause of beauty in the form of shape, in both sexes, is a proportion, or an union and harmony, in all parts of the body. The distinguishing character of beauty, in the female form, is delicacy and softness; and, in the male, either apparent strength, or agility. The finest examples that can be seen, for the former, is the Venus of Medici; and, for the two latter, the Hercules Farnese, and the Apollo Belvidere. There is one thing, indeed, in the last of these figures, which is called the transcendent, or Celestial. It is something distinct from all human beauty, and of a nature greatly superior to it; something that seems like an air of Divinity, which is expressed, or at least is to be traced out, in but very few works of the artists; and of which scarce any of the Poets have caught any in their description, or perhaps even in their imagination, except Homer and Virgil among the ancients, and our Shakespeare and Milton among the moderns.

The beauty of the mere human form is much superior to that of colour; and it may be partly for

this reason, that when one is observing the finest works of the artists at Rome, where there is still the noblest collection of any in the world, one feels the mind more struck and more charmed with the capital statues, than with the pictures of the greatest masters.

The two other constituent parts of beauty are *expression* and *grace*: the former of which is common to all persons and faces, and the latter is to be met with in very few. By *expression*, I mean the expression of the passions; the turns and changes of the mind, so far as they are made visible to the eye, by our looks or gestures.

Though the mind appears principally in the face, and attitudes of the head, yet every part almost of the human body, on some occasion or other, may become expressive. Thus the languishing hanging of the arm, or the vehement exertion of it; the pain expressed by the finger of one of the sons, in the famous groupe of Laocoon, and in the toes of the dying gladiator. But this, again, is often lost among us by our dress; and, indeed, is of less concern, because the expression of the passions passes chiefly in the face, which we by good luck have not as yet concealed.

The parts of the face, in which the passions most frequently make their appearance, are the eyes
and

and mouth ; but from the eyes they diffuse themselves very strongly about the eye brows, as, in the other case, they appear often in the parts all round the mouth.

Philosophers may dispute as much as they please about the seat of the soul : but, wherever it resides, I am sure that it speaks in the eyes. I do not know whether I have not injured the eye-brows, in making them only dependants on the eye ; for they, especially in lively faces, have, as it were, a language of their own ; and are extremely varied, according to the different sentiments and passions of the mind.

We may say, in general, that all the tender and kind passions add to beauty, and all the cruel and unkind ones add to deformity ; and it is on this account that good nature may, very justly, be said to be "the best feature, even in the finest face."

Mr. Pope has included the principal passion of each sort in two very pretty lines.

Love, Hope and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, Fear, and Grief the family of pain.

The former of which naturally give an additional lustre and enlivening to a beauty, as the latter are too apt to fling a gloom and cloud over it.

Yet in these, and all the other passions, I do not know whether moderation may not be, in a great measure, the rule of their beauty, almost as far as moderation in actions is the rule of virtue. Thus, an excessive joy may be too boisterous in the face to be pleasing; and a degree of grief, in some faces, and on some occasions, may be extremely beautiful. Some degrees of anger, shame, surprize, fear, and concern, are beautiful; but all excess is hurtful, and all excess ugly. Dullness, austerity, impudence, pride, affectation, malice, and envy, are, I believe, always ugly; so that the chief rule of the beauty of the passions is moderation, and the part in which they appear most strongly is the eyes. It is there that love holds all his tenderest language: it is there that virtue commands, modesty charms, joy enlivens, sorrow engages, and inclination fires the heart of the beholders: it is there that even fear, and anger, and confusion, can be charming. But all these, to be charming, must be kept within their due bounds and limits; for too full an appearance of virtue, a violent prostitute swell of passion, a rustic and overwhelming modesty, a deep sadness, or too wild and impetuous a joy, become all either oppressive or disagreeable.

The last finishing and noblest part of beauty is
Grace,

Grace, which every body is accustomed to speak of as a thing inexplicable, and in a great measure I believe it is so. We know that the soul is, but we scarce know what it is : every judge of beauty can point out grace, but no one has ever yet fixed upon a definition for it.

Grace often depends on some very little incidents in a fine face ; and, in actions, it consists more in the manner of doing things, than in the things themselves. It is perpetually varying its appearances, and is therefore much more difficult to be considered than any thing fixed and steady. While you look upon one it steals from under the eye of the observer ; and is succeeded, perhaps, by another, that flits away as soon ; and as imperceptibly

It is on this account that grace is better to be studied in Coregio's, Guido's, and Raphael's pictures, than in real life. Thus, for instance, if I wanted to discover what it is that makes anger graceful in a set of features full of the greatest sweetness, I should rather endeavour to find it out in Guido's St. Michael, than in a beautiful lady's face ; because, in the pictured Angel, one has full leisure to consider it ; but, in the living one, it would be too transient and changeable to be the subject of any steady observation.

But,

But, though one cannot punctually say what grace is, we may point out the parts and things in which it is most apt to appear.

The chief dwelling-place of grace is about the mouth; though, at times, it may visit every limb or part of the body. But the mouth is the chief seat of grace, as much as the chief seat for the beauty of the passions is in the eyes.

In a very graceful face (by which I do not so much mean a majestic, as a soft and pleasing one,) there is, now and then, a certain deliciousness that almost always lives about the mouth, in something not quite enough to be called a smile, but rather an approach towards one, which varies gently about the different lines there, like a little fluttering Cupid; and, perhaps, sometimes discovers a little dimple, that after just lightening upon you disappears, and again appears by fits. This I take to be one of the most pleasing sorts of grace of any.

The grace of attitudes may belong to the position of each part, as well as to the carriage or disposition of the whole body: but how much more it belongs to the head, than to any other part, may be seen in the pieces of the most celebrated painters; and particularly in those of Guido, who has been rather too lavish in bestowing this beauty on
almost

almost all his fine women; whereas nature has given it in so high a degree but to very few.

The turns of the neck are extremely capable of grace, and are very easy to be observed, and very difficult to be accounted for: and how much of this grace may belong to the arm and feet, as well as to the neck and head, may be seen in dancing.

There are two very distinct sorts of grace, the majestic and the familiar: the former belongs chiefly to the very fine women, and the latter to the very pretty ones, that is more commending, and this the more delightful and engaging. Milton speaks of these two sorts of grace, and gives the majestic to his Adam, and both the familiar and majestic to Eve; but the latter in the less degree than the former.

But, though grace is so difficult to be accounted for in general, yet I have observed two particular things, which, I think, hold universally in relation to it. The first is, "That there is no grace without motion:" by which I mean, without some genteel or pleasing motion, either of the whole body, or of some limb, or at least of some feature. The second is, "That there can be no grace with impropriety;" or, in other words, that nothing can be graceful, that is not adapted to the characters of the person.

Hence

Hence the graces of a little lively beauty would become ungraceful in the character of Majesty, as the majestic air of an Empress would quite destroy the prettiness of the former. The vivacity that adds a grace to beauty in youth, would give an additional deformity to old age; and the very same airs which would be charming on some occasions, may be quite shocking when extremely mistimed, or extremely misplaced.

But, if we are enchanted with excellencies of the human form, what shall we say of the beauties of the works of nature? If we look upon the earth, we see it laid out in a thousand beautiful inequalities, and a pleasing variety of plains, hills, and mountains, generally clothed by Nature in a living green, the colour that is the most delightful, and the most refreshing to the eye, diversified with an infinity of different lights and shades, adorned with various sorts of trees, fruits and flowers; interspersed often with winding rivers, or limpid streams, or spreading lakes, or terminating, perhaps, on a view of the sea, which is for ever changing its form, and in every form is pleasing.

If we look up to the Heavens, how charming are the rising of the sun, the gentle azure of the noble arch expanded over our heads, the various
appear-

appearance and colours of the clouds, the fleeting shower, and the painted bow? even in the absence of its great enlivener, the sun, we see it all studded with living lights, or gilded by the more solemn beauties of the moon, most pleasing in her infant shape, and most majestic when in her full orb.

If we turn to the different sorts of animals, it is observable enough among them, that the beauty which is designed chiefly to please one another, in their own species, is so contrived as to diffuse pleasure to those of other species, or at least to man. How beautiful, even to us, are the colours that adorn the necks of the pigeon or the pheasant, the train of the mackaw and peacock, and the whole dress of several sorts of birds, more particularly in the Eastern parts of the world! How neat and pleasing is the make of the deer, the greyhound, and several sorts of horses! How beautiful is the expression of the passions in a faithful dog! And they are not even without some degrees of grace, as may be seen, in particular in the natural motions of a Chinese pheasant, or the acquired ones of a managed horse. And I the rather take part of the beauty of all these creatures to be meant by the bounty of nature for us, because most of the different sorts of sea fish, which live chiefly out of our sight, are of colours

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and forms more hideous, or at best least agreeable to us.

And, as the beauty of one species of animals may be so designed and adapted as to give pleasure to many others, so the beauty of different worlds may not be confined to each, but be carried on from one world to another, and from one system of worlds to another, and may end in one great universal beauty of all created matter taken in one view.

And yet all the profusion of beauty I have been speaking of, and even that of the whole universe taken together, is but of a weaker nature, in comparison of the beauty of virtue.—It was extremely well said by Plato, that, *If Virtue was to appear in a visible shape, all men would be enamoured of her.* And, indeed, the beauty of virtue, or goodness, exceeds all other beauty as much as the soul does the body.

The highest object of beauty that we can see, is the goodness of God, as displayed in the works of the creation. In him all goodness and beauty dwell; and whatever there is of moral beauty in the whole universe besides, is only as so many emanations from the Divine Author of all that is good and beautiful.

We

We sometimes see a few feeble rays of this beauty reflected in human actions, but much discoloured by the medium through which they pass; and yet, how charming do they even thus appear in some persons, and on some occasions! All the grandeur of the world is as nothing, in comparison of any one of these good becoming deeds.

There is a mighty easy consequence to be drawn from all this, which well deserves to be more generally observed. If virtue be the chief beauty, people, to be beautiful, should endeavour to be virtuous; and should avoid vice, and all the worst sort of passions, as they would fly deformity; for, indeed, vice is the most odious of all deformities.

T H E

Treachery of Ethelwold,

T H E

Favourite of Edgar, King of England.

ELFRIDA, was the daughter of Ordgar count of Devon, and though educated in a private manner, was so beautiful, that the fame of her charms reached the ears of Edgar, king of England. In order to satisfy himself whether her beauty answered the report he had heard of it, he sent Ethelwold his favourite, who, under pretext of a visit to the father, got a sight of the daughter. As he was then young, and susceptible of the impressions of a fair face, he was so captivated with Elfrida's charms, that he proved false to his trust, and made his addresses to the lady. On his return to the king, he described her in such a manner as convinced Edgar, that she was neither a proper object for his curiosity nor affections. Having thus diverted the king's thoughts from Elfrida, he took an opportunity to represent to him that she would prove an advantageous match to himself, though by no means worthy of a monarch; and having obtained his consent to demand her in marriage, succeeded in his suit. Ethelwold had
not

not long enjoyed the fruits of his treachery, before the whole mystery was revealed to the king. Edgar, however dissembled his resentment, till he had ocular demonstration of his perfidy. For this purpose he found some pretence for travelling near Ethelwold's house, and declared his intention of visiting a lady who was so much cried up for her beauty. The earl posted away with the news to his wife, at the same time advising her to use all the methods she could to conceal her graces from the eyes of an amorous monarch, who would satisfy his desires at the expence of her chastity. Elfrida being by these means acquainted with the wrong done to herself as well as to the king, was filled with resentment, and instead of following her husband's advice, made use of every art to set her charms out to the greatest advantage, and to make herself appear the more amiable. This interview served only to convince the king that his favourite had abused his confidence. He dissembled his resentment, and sent Ethelwold a little while after against the Danes, to secure the coast of Northumberland, and in his way thither he was found murdered. No steps were taken to find out the authors of this crime, but Elfrida, as soon as decency would permit, was married to the king,

ANECDOTE

OF

Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany.

AN old Austrian officer, being reduced to the half-pay establishment, with a large family, presented a memorial to the Emperor, setting forth the indigence of his circumstances, and particularly mentioning, that he had then ten helpless children to support. His Majesty inquired where he lived, went privately in disguise to the house, upon some foreign pretence or other, and observing the number of boys and girls about him to be eleven, asked carelessly if they were all his? "No, Sir, (replied the good old soldier;) one of them is a poor orphan, that a motive of mere humanity has induced me to feed and cloath along with my own. The Monarch then discovered himself; not by throwing open his coat and displaying an embroidered vest, as Princes reveal themselves in modern tragedies; but by more unequivocal signs of royalty, by settling a pension upon each of the half score children; adding these truly noble and generous sentiment at the same time, that he left the orphan to his own care, as he should think it but an envious deed, to deprive him of the virtuous pleasures of providing for his charitable adoption himself.

COPY

Copy of a LETTER,
WRITTEN BY AN EARL OF DERBY
TO OLIVER CROMWELL;

*It is couched in strong Terms of Dissatisfaction
towards the Usurper, and breathes an heroic
Spirit and Loyalty for his*

SOVEREIGN.

I RECEIVED your letter with indignation, and with scorn. I return you this answer, that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me, that I should (like you) prove treacherous to my Sovereign, since you cannot be insensible of my former actions in his late Majesty's service, from which principle of loyalty I am no ways departed.

I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favour, I abhor your treasons; and am so far from delivering this island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power, to your destruction.

Take this final answer; and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messengers upon this occasion, I will burn the paper, and hang the bearer.

This

This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him, who accounts it the chiefest glory to be

His Majesty's most loyal
Castle-Town, and obedient subject,
12th July, 1619. (Signed) DERBY.

THE DISCONTENTED VILLAGER.

A MORAL TALE.

IN the mind where Discontent has fixed its baneful root, we look in vain for the rosy blossoms of Happiness. Envy, and her ghastly train, destroy the infant buds of joy, and effectually exclude the sunshine of pleasure. No incident can illumine the clouded brow of Discontent, and no situation quiet its restless and perturbed spirit. I was involuntarily led into these reflections, on observing the number of country girls that are, I may say, daily flocking to London, in search of visionary riches. To this propensity for emigration, in the minds of our village nymphs, we are indebted for the numerous females that nightly parade our streets, in contempt of decency; that shock the eye of Modesty, by their loose and wanton dress; and that wound the ear of Chastity,
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by their indecorous language. Trace the origin of most of these pitiable objects, and you will find it centered in some rural village. To check this roving spirit, so fatally predominant in this class of my fair countrywomen, I submit to their perusal the following narrative; the leading features of which have truth for their recommendation.

Maria, the daughter of an industrious farmer, about threescore miles west of the metropolis, from an acquaintance with Lucy Farley, a neighbour's daughter, who had resided in town some years, and who had lately paid a visit to her friends, imbibed the pernicious notion of coming to London, as the country phrase is, "*to better her fortune.*" Her parents, for some time, firmly resisted all her solicitations: but, finding that she grew careless and negligent about her domestic employment, and was out of humour with every thing around her, they at length gave their reluctant consent. Her lover had already been forbid to speak to her more, for daring to oppose her wishes; and, to say the truth, the showy appearance which her school-fellow had made in the village, and the account which her vanity gave of the number of handsome suitors she had at her command, operated so powerfully on the mind of Maria, that she determined to break down every obstacle that should oppose her inclination.

Every thing being prepared for her departure from her rustic habitation; from those rural scenes of artless innocence and delight; she walked, attended by her friends, to the alehouse in the village, where the waggon was then setting out for London. Her weeping parents strained her to their anxious bosoms, and bade her adieu; imploring Heaven to protect her from the snares and artifices of a deceitful world! Maria had a feeling heart, and could not behold, unmoved, the sorrows of her venerable parents. She paused awhile, undetermined whether to return with her friends, or prosecute her ill-advised journey. A few moments were employed in a struggle between affection and ambition: unhappily, the latter prevailed; and now behold the adventurous maid, in all the bloom of innocence and beauty, the inmate of this dissipated town.

On her arrival at the inn, she was met by her friend Lucy, who conducted her to the house of the family in which she lived, having her mistress's permission so to do. Diligent search was made for a situation for Maria; and, in a few days, a place offered, which was readily accepted, by the inexperienced girl.

Clarinda, to whose service she was preferred, was a lady of fashion, and kept a sumptuous train
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of attendants. Her visitors were numerous, and of the first rank; but still Clarinda was indebted to her beauty for the luxuries she enjoyed, and the respect with which she was treated.

Melissa, the mistress of Lucy, and Clarinda, were almost inseparable companions; and Maria and her friend had frequent opportunities of conversing together. The innocent girl congratulated herself on her good fortune: but still the cloud of discontent rested on her mind. Lucy was caparisoned in attire but little inferior to that which graced her lady; while that of Maria was in the opposite extreme.

Lucy soon discovered the source of her friend's uneasiness, and, one evening, in the absence of her mistress, paid her a visit. Clarinda, too, was from home, and a favourable opportunity offered itself for discoursing on this topic. The abandoned Lucy, long initiated in the arts of prostitution, opened her whole soul to the astonished Maria; who, till that moment, believed herself in the service of a virtuous woman. And now it was that she lamented her rashness, in leaving her disconsolate parents, in search of grandeur and affluence. Tears of regret fell copiously from her lovely eyes: and she expressed her determination, the first moment that offered, to leave a

house where infamy, and every species of vice, were unblushingly practised. Her friend ridiculed the fears of the repenting girl, and laughed her from her intended elopement.

“ You must know, Maria,” said she, “ there is a certain gentleman, a visitor of my lady, who saw you at our house, and is fallen desperately in love with you; and, if you manage him as you ought, I will be bound you may in a little time command as splendid an equipage as she whom you now serve enjoys. I have promised that you should meet him at the house of a friend, where he intends to make you an offer of his love; and, knowing that your lady, as well as mine, would be absent to day, I have dispatched a note to inform him, that the meeting should take place this evening.”

Maria refused her assent to the proposition of her friend; but, so powerful an advocate was Lucy, and so specious an orator, that the too incautious Maria at length agreed to attend her. As soon, therefore, as tea was over, a coach was called; and the designing Lucy, and her credulous companion, set out for the habitation of this pretended friend.

With a palpitating heart, Maria alighted from
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the coach; and, with a reluctant step, attended her friend into a small room on the first floor of the house, which was really no other than a celebrated bagnio in the vicinity of Covent Garden. The room, which was furnished in a style, at once neat and elegant, was lighted with wax; around were hung a variety of pictures, whose subjects reflect eternal disgrace on the artist that invented them, the person that exposed them to view, and those who could without a blush behold them. To this resort of infamy was the devoted victim carried by the abandoned Lucy, at the request of Belmont, a young nobleman, an admirer of the frail Melissa; a professed libertine, who longed for the enjoyment of every handsome woman he saw, and who trampled on every law, both human and divine, to accomplish his sensual desires.

It is a general observation—and, I fear, a true one; when a woman has forfeited her claim to innocence, and her deportment is become openly meretricious, she wishes to reduce all her sex to the same level with herself. To accomplish this criminal wish, was one of the motives which actuated Lucy to betray her innocent friend into the hands of Belmont. Another, perhaps a no less powerful one, was the gratuity given by Belmont, to effect an interview; as an earnest of future reward,

ward, when he should realize his hopes of triumph over the incautious maid. For to the sin of prostitution, Lucy added the degrading vice of avarice. Every art was practised, by this infernal woman, to inflame the passions of the artless Maria, and lull the scruples of conscience: every allurement on grandeur was presented, to dazzle the understanding; every promise of greatness enforced, to depress the value of virtue, and palliate the enormity of vice. The aid of Bacchus was summoned in the cause of the Cyprian goddess: but the unguarded conduct of her companion had raised suspicion in the mind of Maria, and she determined not to taste of the pernicious goblet. The indecorous language of Lucy, and her licentious gestures, intended to efface from the heart of Maria the love of virtue, served but to encrease its fervor.

At length, the door opened, and Belmont appeared. The unblushing Lucy stepped forward, introduced him to the trembling maid, and instantly withdrew. Maria called on her to return, and endeavoured to follow her. Belmont caught her in his arms, and swore that he would not part with her, but with his life. The innocent maid resisted his familiarities, implored with streaming eyes his protection, and knelt for mercy; but Belmont,

mont, the vicious, the unfeeling Belmont, fired with her repining beauties, was determined to proceed to violence. Her shrieks, loud, and unceasing, alarmed a young officer, who was supping with a Lady in the next apartment: he rose from the table; drew his sword; and his lordship having neglected to fasten the door, rushed into the room, declared he would not tamely suffer violence to be offered to a woman, even in a brothel. The fiery Belmont, impatient of controul, quitted the fainting Maria; and, darting an angry look at the young soldier, immediately engaged him. Short was the contest; for Belmont, though reputed the best fencer of the age, from an impetuosity of mind, and a too sanguine hope of conquest, fell beneath the sword of his antagonist.

The shrieks of Maria, though distinctly heard by every person in the house, were unattended to; but, no sooner was the clash of swords distinguished, than the whole swarm of miscreants hastened to the scene of action; where Belmont lay weltering in his blood, while the youthful conqueror was employed in raising the drooping spirits of the affrighted Maria. His lordship desired to be moved to a bed; and ordered a surgeon to be sent for. He assured the people, that no unfair advantage had been taken by his antagonist; that
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he fell, subdued by the superiority of his arm; and requested that no interruption might be given to the gentleman, in his retreat from the house.

The detested Lucy, on this unexpected *denouement* of her projected scheme, returned to the house of her mistress; and, hastily snatching together her things, without ceremony bade adieu to this mansion of vice, and intemperance, and in a less elevated station still existed on the wages of infamy.

Lovel, the young officer, having heard, from the grateful Maria, her artless tale, gently reprov'd her for her indiscretion, and conducted her from this scene of riot and dissipation, to the house of a friend. In a few days, at her own request, he dispatched a servant with her, to her disconsolate parents, who received her with grateful transports, and every day invoke, from the Father of the world, a blessing for her brave deliverer! Maria, disgusted with the vices of the town, no longer wears a discontented mind; but in the society of her friends, and in the plain, unadorned, but honest conversation of her lover, whose addresses she has again accepted, finds a pure and lasting happiness.

Would you, ye rustic maids, from the warning which the near escape from danger of the ambitious

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tious discontented Maria exhibits, suppress those ardent inclinations for roving, which arise from a fatal misconception, and contentedly enjoy the pleasures your rural scenes possess, the world would then increase in virtue, and vice be less predominant. Your lives would be spent in the service of your country; and those thousand pangs, which keen Reflection from a sense of error urges, would be unknown to your bosoms; there the rose of Innocence would bloom; there Happiness rear her peaceful mansion. Scorn not, then, ye rural nymphs, the admonitions of a friend; but, before you determine on leaving your peaceful, though humble cottages, reflect on the pleasures you have there enjoyed; and contemplate, with impartiality, the uncertainty of happiness, in those scenes into which your ambition and discontent prompt you to enter; and where, rest perfectly assured, for one solitary Lovel, you will find a thousand Belmonts!



Meditation in Solitude.

MAN, during his whole pilgrimage through life, should never lose sight of the fixed point whither he must direct his course, and which is the ultimate end of his being. At the same time that he should ever remember that he is dust and ashes, he should never forget that his kindred with the earth is enobled by the breath of life within him, which allies him to the Deity, and bids him think above mortality. A due reflection upon his human part should qualify and settle that fermenting vanity of thought that is apt to elevate a creature conscious of its own perfections: the contemplation of his spiritual nature should rectify his ideas, take off his thoughts from being wholly attached to the objects of sense, and lift up his soul to heaven, and thus prepare him for the conversation & society of Beings of a superior order with whom he can claim affinity. I am now amusing myself in these walks of solitude and contemplation, where I can more at leisure converse with myself and the intellectual world. Methinks I am thus whispered by one of my invisible attendants: mortal, consider, that ere long thou must be one of us, and then in what light wilt thou regard the actions of thy present life?

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The conscioufness alone of a well acted part upon the stage of mortality, will secure to thee that uninterrupted tranquillity of happiness which we enjoy, when thou enterest into the house of thy eternity. This suggestion throws me upon meditating what a small part of my real self this body is which I carry about with me, and how much extravagance and idle solitude is employed in providing for it. For what is this carcase but a living sepulchre, which presents a daily memorial of mortality? The continual fluxion of its constituent parts evinces how little of it I can call myself, and much less when I consider how little even of that little, how small a part of that sameness, will be remaining twenty or thirty years hence: and after, this transitory fabric must resolve into its first principles, and mingle with its kindred dust. What then becomes of all these faculties and sensations it now enjoys? Is there any sense or remembrance in the grave? Shall my dust, passed into a thousand shapes and positions; eaten of worms, shot up into vegetables, transmigrated by an endless diversity of changes, blown about by the winds, dissipated by the waters; shall these scattered fragments be still conscious of any thing; or shall they ever be reunited to a thinking substance? This is the province of Omnipotence; and by human reason the search is unfathomable. But I have a soul, a re-

fleshing part, the spring of life and action! here is my real self, the source of all sensations, and the only part that will survive all changes. This body must be put off; but that is nothing more than my Exuvix, the covering and outside; and is no more essential to the well being or perceptions of the soul, than a material body, occasionally assumed, is to an angel. But as the organs of this body are the present inlets of sense, and the instruments of knowledge and conception, whereupon depends a great part of the entertainments of this life, (which in truth are no more than an animal pleasure) it imports me much to have a constant regard to the state of separation, when the soul shall draw its ideas from the fountain of light and knowledge, without the interposition of any gross medium: I should therefore learn betimes to disengage both my thoughts and affections from the earth, and whatever relishes of sense; and now and then strike into paths of more abstracted thinking; which is to exercise the soul suitably to the dignity of its nature, and to prepare it for its state of enlargement and perfection. In order to this, the mind must be furnished and enriched with speculative truths and meditations of a more exalted turn than such as ordinarily result from the matter of human commerce, or the usual hints of the objects about us. For if I now confine my ideas and gratifications to
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the objects of sense, how unprovided shall I come into that world of spirits where my entertainment and commerce must be altogether spiritual, and for which I shall have no taste without a preparatory exercise! What a dismal emptiness must the soul find in itself, which in this life has been entertained with nothing but bodily pleasures! And as it will naturally carry the same gross desires into the other world, what a horrible state of distraction and despair must we conceive it, to be perpetually catching at what flies, and will ever fly from us; longing for what we have left behind, without the least hope of regaining it; deprived of the very support of the cheering beams of divine influence, and sinking in an eternal void and desolation of all things? The fable of Tantalus in the infernal shades is finely imagined, but comes far short of this natural idea. Here is hell, the never dying worm, the unquenchable fire of a tortured conscience! Hereupon I begin to consider in the words of the excellent Cowley, but in an improved sense,

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the world to come my own?

An inactive contemplation will in no wise answer this end; it will indeed prepare me to think and converse with celestial intelligencies, but it
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can be no great recommendation to any distinguished regards among Beings of such transcendent excellences. I am then to exert such talents as God has blessed me with, to his service, and to the benefit of mankind as far as my endeavours can go; for a Greatness of thought should naturally produce a Greatness of action. Whether this may set me in any more honourable point of view, either during my sojourn in these lower regions, or after my removal, it concerns me not: nor can I be sure that I shall be sensible of my treatment here, after I am gone to the land of serenity and repose; but this I may promise to myself, that it will procure me a more favourable reception among the company of exalted spirits, where the exercises and degrees of our virtue here will determine our rank and eminence: yes, the very reflection gives me a foretaste of—Something the soul opens and grasps at, more than its present capacity can admit; its very ideas, its longing, its reaching at something the imagination is even seized with, but faints in the retention, assure me that it can be no delusion, which, by a close attention of mind, I can even at this distance perceive and partly pre-enjoy.

TRUE

TRUE PLEASURE

Always to be found.

HE that from pomp, and wealth, and honour
flies,

May look on nature with undazzled eyes :

Read truth's eternal laws, and with delight

Count all the plants by day and stars by night.

It needs no toil to find the way to bliss ;

Who makes content his guide can never miss.

No envious walls this flow'r of life embrace,

All wild it grows in ev'ry desert place.

A glut of pleasure drowns us like a flood,

And evil by excess, proceeds from good !

Learn you, that climb the top of fortune's wheel,

The dang'rous state which you disdain to feel !

Your highness puts your happiness to flight,

Your inward comfort fades with outward light :

While not a wretch, that sweats behind the plough,

But sleeps secure from the reach of woe !

You live like captives bound with golden chains, }
 The weight and splendour but increase your pains, }
 You strive to shut out care but still the care remains. }

While mild philosophy pursues its ends

With ease and happiness, alone, with friends,

In exercise, or study still has pow'r

To vary joys ; as Time renews the hour.

Early

Early as Phosphor shews his welcome ray,
 It starts from sleep, and gains upon the day :
 Like the glad Persian hails the rising sun,
 Makes industry point out the shade at noon ;
 And, when his flaming orb at eve declines,
 Measures the starry vaults with fancy'd lines :
 Invokes the heav'n-born muse from fame's abode }
 To waft the soul on fancy's wing abroad, }
 And rise from nature, up to nature's God. }
 But, if these prospects spread too broad and high,
 For the short limit of a vulgar eye ;
 Let such, to earth, their humble views confine,
 And learn a sample of the whole design.
 A bed of flowers, a grove, a level plain,
 A rugged hill, a field of golden grain,
 A swelling river more true pleasure brings,
 Than pomp can furnish in the courts of kings.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the confederates had made an irrup-
 tion, and had repulsed the enemy, a com-
 mon soldier took & carried Monsieur de Croiffers
 Colbert, being a prisoner, into the town. Colbert
 being a major-general, and brother to the Marquis
 de Torcy, was greatly taken with the clemency,
 humanity,

humanity, and good behaviour of this soldier; he offered him two hundred louis d'ors, and a captain's post for life, if he would give him his liberty: "But," said the soldier, "perhaps I might accept the favour, if it were not attended with such dishonour." He gave him to understand, he was more desirous of reputation than riches; How can I then (said he) as a captain, when once I have lost my reputation, be ever able to face my general for whom I have fought so heartily many years?" In short, he freely protested that he would much rather continue in the rank of a common soldier, with reputation, than be raised to any other condition, or rank of life, acquired by a base action unworthy of a soldier; and thus rejecting Mons. Colbert's proposals, he brought him prisoner along with him. When this was reported to Prince Eugene, he made the soldier a present, and the Duke of Marlborough gave him a captain's commission: so that the eminent fidelity and virtue of this soldier, by the grace of God, not given to all men alike, made amends for the vices and baseness of the commander before mentioned.

ON THE
MARRIAGE STATE.

THE system of our religion is so adapted to the rank we hold as rational and as social creatures; to our immediate concerns, and to our connexions with others, that whatsoever is our duty is also our interest. There is nothing expected from us in obedience to Heaven, that our unprejudiced reason would not exact of us in kindness to ourselves.

The most powerful, the most unconquerable and irrefissible of all our passions, directs, compels us into an attention to the other sex: Our sense of friendship is intimately connected with the warmth of that passion: A vitiated taste may prevail so far, as to divide the affection, which can be of no worth to the person who possesses it, unless single and entire: but he who has reflection, will see, that in giving up the name of friend, he forfeits the most valuable part of his mistress; and he will know, that to preserve this consummation, he must have but one.

He who looks into the œconomy of the world, and sees the sexes equal every where in number, will perceive from this also, that he can have but
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one: When he devotes his heart entirely to her, he will wish to possess her entire for the return. To secure so desirable a good, religion lends its favouring hand, and makes the union sacred. Marriage, prized beyond all estates by those who have considerately entered into its union, reviled by those who have not wisdom, or who have not virtue to be constant, secures to us all that would make us wretched if precarious; and while it requires of us nothing but what we should find the highest pleasure in doing without obligation, renders it the duty, renders it the interest of her whom we have chosen, to observe that conduct, on which our happiness entirely depends.

This is marriage; this is the bugbear to frighten weak and distemper'd minds; these are the chains that rattle in the ears of those who never knew what was true liberty; this is the promised land of peace, of joy, of plenty; the country which the timorous spies, who view it from a distance, misrepresent; but in which those who have the resolution to enter, see no wars, no giants; *but every man under his own vine, and every man under his own fig-tree*, reaches with easy hands the unresisting, the complying sweets; feasts upon the mellow fruit, or presses the rich cluster; and when he has laid down in peace, rises in security.

This we owe to religion ; but this is not all we owe to it : religion stops not here : the benefits which it bestows, it also perpetuates : The same law, which required of us as a duty to make ourselves happy, exacts of us the means of continuing so. Love is the bond of union in this state : The source and the security of all its transports : LOVE, a word used by all, but understood by few ; a passion boasted by multitudes, possessed by hardly one in a million ! We are not to mistake for this glorious enthusiasm of the mind, that flight of fondness, that irregular and unregulated desire, which we feel for some new and some agreeable object ; which grows but from our wants, which dies upon possession. This is the frailty of a child, the passion whose honourable name it unjustly assumes, the highest glory of the man ; this is too violent to continue, that too steady to waver ; this cannot remain at its height, that cannot decay. It has been said, that love, understanding it in its better sense, must be mutual to render marriage happy ; those who have started the difficulty, have not considered, that where it is genuine and real on the one side, it will of course be so. Gratitude is a first principal in our nature ; a tender a disinterested love on the one part, will, on that very principal, revive the passion, if decaying ; will create it, if it did not before exist, in
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the other. Religion, that first dictated marriage, continues to dictate that conduct, which he, who knew the secrets of those hearts that he formed, knew must render that union happy. Love to the wife is inculcated as the first law in marriage: content, joy, transport in her form and her affection, have not only the sanction and authority, but the immediate voice of Heaven to command them. *Rejoice with the wife of thy youth; let her be as the loving hind; and as the pleasant roe; let her breast suffice thee at all times, and be thou always ravished with her love.* So speak the Scriptures, and so counsels reason; so urges that affection, which is eager to meet with its return: so inspires that sacred warmth of heart, that never shall be deceived in its expectations.

It were too much to expect from human nature, that a possession of mind, the offspring of the happiest love, could be so perpetual as to exclude all alienation, all attention to the other regards of the world, or even to conquer all pettishness, or all frailties of disposition: men must be men, and while they plead this in excuse of their own failings, let them remember, women must be women. Let either set some little foible of their own temper against the little fault that would rouse their anger at the other; let this poise
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the balance, and let affection then be thrown into the scale that wants its weight to fall. Love will thus remedy the ills that even love could not obviate; and the reconciliation shall endear more than the dispute had estranged. Love shall soften every reproof; love shall throw the gay mantle of its joy over the rugged path, and both shall pass the burning ordeal with unhurt feet; love shall diffuse its sweetness and complacency about each word that tends to the reconcilment; love shall forbid to sleep in anger, nor let the sun go down upon their wrath.

Shame upon that philosophy, which calls the monster Jealousy a proof of love, or ranks it with its offspring! Constancy to one another is the first principal of happiness in love, and from that constancy will grow a confidence above distrust. A fondness that had no more than charms of face to give it birth, that has no more than riot and excess to keep it in its being, may be awakened from a drowsy satiety, or may be recalled from some new object, or some fresh pursuit, by the threat of losing that which was never more than the object of its empty admiration; but that passion, which deserves the honourable name of love, which is founded in reason, and secured by virtue, neglects the person whom it can no longer esteem;
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and where it has reason to suspect, has resolution to despise.

He, than whom none has better known the secret working of the human heart, the strings of all its passions: he who had tasted all the pleasures, as men have called them: Solomon, in the most serious of his determinations places virtue in the seat of happiness, under the direction of this passion, and makes that serenity of mind, that absolute content of heart which it inspires, the first and last consideration, the sum of transports, and full of rapture—*Who will find a virtuous woman? Her price is above rubies; the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.*

It is under the influence of such, and of only such a passion, that the thoughts of happiness in one another will be carried farther than the grave. Love will, in this situation, repay to religion that which it borrowed for its own enjoyment; and as the duty regulated, conducted, and ascertained the passion, the passion will in its turn enforce the duty. True love extends beyond the gratifications of sense, it comprehends the soul as part, and as the most material part of its object; it will direct and guide the wanderer in the path to eternal happiness; and above all meaner considerations, while under the influence of such a pursuit,
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it will carry up with it all that it admires, all that it esteems and values, into those regions, where, though we shall be above all that we have here called pleasures, we shall find an additional transport in seeing those whom we have loved on earth, happy with us to all eternity.

Study, Composition, and Converſe,

Equally neceſſary to intellectual Accompliſhment.

IT is obſerved by Bacon, that “reading makes a full man, converſation a ready man, and writing an exact man.”

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge ſcarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for ſtudy have certainly a juſt claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with ſo great authority, as he that practiſed it with undisputed ſucceſs?

Under the protection of ſo great a name, I ſhall therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the neceſſity of reading, the fitneſs of conſulting other underſtanding than their own, and of conſidering the ſentiment and opinions
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of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning:

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by at-

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tention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely, they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger

larger part of it to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perfius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others, it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse, and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in per-

petual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present, but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, opake, and that *pellucidum* signified pellucid. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they pre-suppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse,

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as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries, and expect that short hints and obscure illusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation, or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men, who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man, who, having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist, he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning

ing, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself into its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangements or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others; and seldom recal to a close examination, that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which its practices on others; in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

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To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters.

For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable, to have perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

Love at First Sight.

O H! I am caught in Cupid's snare,
 Such charms might any heart surprize;
 The playful step, the artless air,
 The lustre of her thrilling eyes.

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The curling locks of chefnut brown,
That wave upon a rock of snow ;
The brow unruffled with a frown,
The cheek, where living roses blow.

The filken fringe that veils the eye,
The dimpled chin, loves dear abode ;
The swelling lips of coral dye,
Those lips, whence notes soul-rending flow'd.

Still I beheld as in a bower,
The charming maid sequester'd flood ;
Her head was crown'd with many a flower,
The produce of her native wood.

She thought no fond intruder near,
And tenderly of love she sung ;
Sweet Philomel, those strains to hear,
Far from her nest in rapture hung.

“ Colin,” she said, “ has chang'd his love,
“ And yet upon my Colin's brow ;
“ The wreath of flowers I careful wove,
“ Glows in unfaded beauty now.

“ Young Emma's hand he of't has press'd,
“ Extoll'd her form, and wooing gaz'd ;
“ Nor was I ere till then distress'd,
“ To hear the blooming Emma prais'd.

“ Yet Colin was my earliest choice,
“ And I till death will true remain.”—
She spoke—I blest her tuneful voice,
I curs’d the young inconstant swain.

She left the bower, to seek a lamb,
That near in frisking gambols play’d;
Her Colin took it from the dam,
And gave it to his plighted maid.

Then she beheld a stranger near,—
Her cheeks assum’d a deeper red;
In her soft eye I mark’d a tear,
As sudden from my sight she fled.

Thus glanc’d away the dear unknown,
Nor durst I stop the timid fair;—
Love, I’m the vassel of thy throne,
By turns I hope, by turns despair.

T H E
MISER OUTWITTED.

A MORAL TALE.

OF all the passions by the indulgence of which, men may bring themselves into distressful situations, avarice is the most contemptible: a passion which was formerly supposed to be confined to men advanced in years; but it is certain, that a young miser is not in this life a phenomenon.

However, it is an old one to which the following tale relates; and those fathers who feel themselves drawn in it, would do well to examine the piece with some attention: the moral part of it, (for that is of more consequence than the mere execution) that they may not expose themselves to the ridicule of even their best friends, by similar proceedings.

With many good qualities, but with many unamiable ones, a Mr. Naunton, who raised a large fortune by usury, became at length, so devoted to the accumulation of riches, that he thought of nothing but the enlargement of his income: and as his passion for money acquired new strength every year, he became more and more addicted to ex-

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tortion.

tortion. The appellation of Gripe, therefore, was universally bestowed upon him.

Mr. Naunton, having buried his wife, (whom he married, merely because she had a long purse) and all his children, except one son; he began almost to wish that he too was sent to heaven with the rest of the family, that he might enjoy the spirit of saving, with the fewer draughts upon his pocket. As for the parental affection, to that he was an entire stranger; he had no passions of the tender kind to disturb his repose; avarice, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the rest; and his supreme delight was to make as hard a bargain as he possibly could.

No man, perhaps, was ever blest with a more promising son than Mr. Naunton; but he was not in the least sensible of the jewel he had in his possession. His diamonds were the only jewels which engaged his attention; an exemplary child was of little estimation in his eyes, when a bond, from which he was to raise an enormous sum, appeared in his sight.

With such a father, it cannot be imagined, that young Naunton could lead a happy life; he was, indeed, far from being pleased with his domestic situation, but he was in too dependant a state to
remove

remove himself from his purgatory, without feeling himself liable to the charge of indiscretion.— Not having been bred up to any business, he was quite at a loss to know in what way to employ his time in such a manner as to make it prove advantageous to him; and thereby was obliged to live a burthen both to his father and himself, because the necessary sum in putting him out in the world, seemed to be better employed.

Charles Naunton, however, with all the disadvantages to which he lay under, in consequence of his father's parsimonious disposition, made a shift to pick up a few pounds for pocket-money, by the exertion of talents, which the old man held extremely cheap: Charles, had naturally a taste for letters, and by subscribing to the best circulating-library in town, gained so much literary knowledge, that he thought himself enabled to write for the press; he wrote, and was successful; successful, in one sense, but unlucky in another; he acquired some reputation as well as cash by his fugitive publications, but upon his father's being one day surprized with a compliment upon his literary accomplishments, he found a striking alteration in his behaviour, and was considerably mortified, almost provoked, at over-hearing the following soliloquy. " An author of all things! ha! I should
not

not have thought of that; but since he has turned his head that way, he will never be good for any thing as long as he lives. I shall, therefore, have him a burden upon my hands to the end of my days; but he shall get nothing for disgracing his relations by scribbling: he is the first man in the family who pretended to look into any book, except a book of accompts; and such books only are worthy of a young man's attention, who is to make his way in the world. Charles thinks, I suppose, that he shall out-live me, because he is so many years younger; but he may be mistaken. He imagines too, I suppose, that when I die, I shall leave all my money to him; but he will there find himself mistaken.

I shall not leave what I have scraped together with indefatigable industry and application, to be squandered away among fellows who pretend to be cleverer than their neighbours, because they can tag rhymes, or touch upon a pamphlet. No, no, he shall have only just enough to keep him from starving; if he has a mind to live like a gentleman after my death, let him get a fortune as I have done, to enable him to support that character.

Here Mr. Naunton, being seized with a violent fit of coughing, was obliged to transfer his
attention

attention from his son to himself; and he pulled his bell with so much fury for assistance, that he broke it; not, however, before the sound of it had reached the ears of the female servant, who enacted the part of housekeeper, who, upon her arrival, applied the usual remedies on similar occasions, and restored her master to the comfortable exercise of his lungs, without any disagreeable, or dangerous interruptions.

Not a little chagrined by the soliloquy which he had overheard, Charles quitted his place of concealment, retired to his own apartment, and gave loose to the unwelcome reflections which crowded into his mind. From the predominance of avarice in his father's composition, he never had ventured to flatter himself that he would make him independent during his life, but it never entered into his head, that he should be excluded from the full inheritance of his father's fortune, by a severe stroke of his own pen.

This disappointment, therefore, by coming upon him, when he was quite unprepared to bear the weight of it, oppressed him to such a degree, that he was almost plunged into a state of despondence. From that state, however, he was soon roused, by considering while his ideas were in quick circulation, that if he could hit
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upon any scheme to acquire a sudden fortune, he should, so far, re-instate himself in his father's favour, as to procure an erasement of those passages in his will, by turning the fortune to which he had a natural right, into foreign, or at least collateral channels.

Animated by these considerations he repaired to a very intimate friend of his, and, in confidence, imparted what his father had divulged. Marlow received his friend's information with some surprise, and was really sorry to find that the old man had made so very unkind, not to say cruel, a resolution with regard to his posthumous generosity, (which, by the way, is no generosity at all) and entirely agreed with him, that by the sudden acquisition of a fortune, from some capital *coup de main*, he would stand a very good chance for the greatest part of his father's possessions—

“ Could you but strike out a road to riches,” continued he, “ your business is done; but let me tell you, as a friend, that you will never find an estate sufficient to keep you in clean linen, upon Parnassus. The Muses serve extremely well as occasional mistresses, but you will not act wisely, by wedding yourself to any of them.

Turn

Turn your thoughts, therefore, from these airy beings, and pay your addressees to a substantial female, who has it in her power to make you thorough amends for your father's sordid and unjustifiable designs, which he will, I fear, carry into execution, if you go on in lashing your brains, for a slender addition to your scanty allowance."

Just when Marlow had finished this exhortatory speech, another friend came in, who was intimate with them both: this gentleman, a Mr. Tomkyns, after having heard both sides, said to Charles——
"Phaw! Phaw! Naunton; never make yourself a slave to any woman for her money my lad: I will put you into a better way to sport a figure.

Let us all lay our heads together to take the old one in; to chouse him out of a spanking sum." He then, finding his proposal highly relished by his two attentive hearers, delivered a plan of operation, which had a face; and it was immediately resolved by them to prosecute the affair without delay.

Naunton, entirely satisfied with his visit to Mr. Marlow, and the resolutions to which it had given birth, went home to his father, and with all the gravity which he could throw into his countenance

nance (though he was ready to burst with laughter, at the same time, to think he was going to hum him) informed him that he could help him to a very advantageous bargain, if he would venture a considerable loan for it.

The miser, stimulated by the prospect of a lucrative transaction, eagerly desired his son to be more explicit. Charles then told him that Mr. Tomkyns had commissioned him to borrow ten thousand pounds of him, upon his own terms, only for three months, having a particular point to gain and that he would enter into any bond with him for the re-payment of the principal and interest, at the expiration of the term.

Old Naunton, as he knew that Tomkyns was a man of fortune and character, and was not in the least aware of any deception on his side, readily agreed to lend him the Sum required; but did not think proper to deliver it till he had sent for the borrower, and not only demanded an exorbitant interest, but tied him up as tight as possible, to the performance of his agreement. When the day of signing came, Tomkyns appeared at the hour appointed attended by Marlow; Charles also was present.

Just when the old man was going to put his name, an alarm of fire made him hurry out of the room
into

into that in which his iron chest stood. Having found, however, upon enquiry, that the alarm was a false one, he returned & signed his name; not to the parchment he had left, but to another of a similar appearance, which contained the immediate gift of ten thousand pounds to that son, whom he had intended, with a degree of iniquity, to leave at his death, in a straightened condition.

By this stratagem, fabricated by the fruitful head of Harry Tomkyns, the miser was outwitted; and nobody, to whom the above mentioned soliloquy was related, was sorry to see him ready to hang himself for his bitter disappointment.

ON THE

Advantages of Mediocrity.

‘GIVE me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me,’ was the petition of a wise man, who saw the inconveniences and dangers that attend both these stations.—Such is the weakness of human nature, that notwithstanding we are furnished with reason to direct our actions, and with ability to restrain the undue influence of inordinate desire, yet the prevalence of our passions often prevents us from regulating

them in a manner consistent with our present, as well as future happiness. There are some, who, from a mistaken apprehension of the nature of true felicity, have sought for it where it is never to be found. In order to conciliate the Deity, they have voluntarily deprived themselves of those blessings which the munificent Author of all Good has dispensed to mankind, and vainly imagined that an increase of poverty, pain, and wretchedness in this life, was necessary to procure happiness in that which is to come. Hence some deluded people have condemned those blessings which were graciously designed to sweeten the cup of life, and, by a voluntary infliction of almost every species of distress, been offering to their merciful Creator *the sacrifice of fools*.

There are others to whom riches are the *summum bonum*; and the accumulation thereof, without regard to the means, is the primary object of their pursuit. Wealth, unbounded wealth, is the centre to which their wishes invariably tend, and they have little care or concern but to increase it. They seem not to reflect that the footsteps of the Great are encompassed with many sorrows, and innumerable dangers: they consider not that the sphere of our duty enlarges with the increase of possessions; and that where the ability to do good

is

is enlarged, much is required at their hands. But the extremes of poverty and riches are situations too dangerous to be the objects of a wise man's wish. In the eye of dispassionate reason, they appear fraught with such difficulties and inconveniences as more justly render them the object of our dread than desire.

The unhappy effects that result from poverty are so numerous and obvious, that there are very few who will not readily join in this part of the wise man's petition, and wish to be preserved therefrom. To him who shares not the common bounty of Providence, the brightest scenes of nature wear a lowering aspect: he sees his fellow creatures partake of those blessings to which he is an unhappy stranger; and from the severity of his lot proceed murmurings, and the language of complaint. The numerous and pressing wants which assail him, add strength to temptations which sometimes prompt him to acquire, by unjustifiable methods, those things which he cannot lawfully attain; and, in the anguish of his soul, he is sometimes excited to charge the munificent Parent of the universe with injustice in the distribution of his bounty. He feels not the sweet enlivening influence of those blessings which raise joy and gladness in the human heart, and his virtues are chilled by the piercing blasts of adversity. But

But the dangers arising from riches are still more numerous and dreadful, though less obvious to common minds. Few are furnished with that stability and equanimity which are requisite to preserve it secure and steadfast, while under the enervating beams of uninterrupted prosperity. That warmth, which might have ripened their virtues to perfection, when increased to the fervent heat of affluence, too frequently cherishes and expands those seeds of vice which lie hid from the eye of public observation in the latent recesses of the human heart. As these predominate, their growth retards the slower progress of those humble virtues which are too weak to bear the fervour of so bright a day, and which are easily choaked by the influence of prevailing vices. It requires the utmost care and circumspection to crush the rising inclination to vicious indulgence, where prosperity and affluence give wings to the desire of vanity, and enable men to execute the schemes dictated by self-love, pride, or ambition. He who dwells in the midst of affluence is thereby subject to innumerable temptations; from which those are happily exempted, whom Heaven has placed in the equinox of human life.

It is very difficult for those on whom the beams of prosperity shine with unremitting fervour, to
retrench

retrench their desires within the prudential boundaries of sober reason. The essential duties of temperance and moderation, without the practice of which no man can be a real Christian, are found difficult to be performed, when the alluring charms of pleasure court every sense to unlimited enjoyment; and an ample fortune gives opportunity for the indulgence of every inclination. Even in this situation no permanent security is found.

Those who are placed on the pinnacle of terrestrial greatness, are most subject to the caprice of fortune, the envy of others, and the unforeseen contingences of life: they seldom enjoy that happiness and serenity which those experience who fill the middle station. From such an elevated spot the eye of human wisdom, although it takes in a more extensive prospect, cannot discriminate surrounding objects with the same accuracy and precision as when placed more on a level with them: it often fixes its attention upon objects which from their remoteness, wear an illusive aspect, and by their fallacious charms awaken desire; but it sees not that ambuscade of dangers which fill the intermediate space, and secretly lurk to assault the unwary enterprizer.

The charms of affluence and splendour are apt
to

to dazzle the eye of feeble understandings, but will melt away before the piercing investigation of real wisdom: when viewed through the just medium of dispassionate reason, their lustre will fade, and they will appear replete with dangers which a wise man will ever seek to avoid.

Those who seriously reflect on the sufferings of those who sit penfive in the vale of poverty, and on the imminent dangers that attend riches, will have but little cause to covet a place in either station; but, when they extend their views to the blessings of moderate independence, and unenvied competence, they will have reason to join in this wise petition, "Give me neither riches nor poverty: give me such a portion of thy blessings as is consistent with thy superior wisdom. Remove me equally distant from the severe probation of pinching necessity, and from the alluring blandishments of too exalted a station; keep me, through life, in the safer paths of mediocrity, and feed me with food convenient for me."



Bon Mot of Lord Townshend.

WHEN Lord Townshend was Aid de Camp to the late Duke of Cumberland, his Royal Highness, who had taken offence at a part of his conduct not within the military line, availed himself of many occasions to give him that uneasiness which is inflicted by the severity of remarks from our superiors. During an engagement between the English and French army, in Flanders, a poor soldier serving in the former, was killed by a cannon ball; and the blood and filth flew from his shattered head over the face of Lord Townshend, who lifting his hands to his eyes, endeavoured to clear them from the disagreeable matter that covered them. "What, exclaimed his Highness, is the gallant Townshend afraid?" "No, Sir, answered his Lordship, I am not *frightened*; I am only surprized that a fellow with *so much brains* should ever have inlisted in *your* regiment.

THE HAPPINESS OF AN
EVEN TEMPER.

WRITERS of every age have endeavoured to shew that pleasure is in us, and not in
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the object offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the Master of the Ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for his life; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, and happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! an happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disinherit the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral,

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be found, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one Lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into desarts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the Lady,

dy, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine (being confined a close prisoner in the Castle at Valenciennes) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humour; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of the gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry, in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism, it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it; for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition. The

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old Gentleman was on his death bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son, Andrew, (said the expiring miser) my whole estate and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as it is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him besides four thousand pounds." Ah! father, (cried Simon in great affliction) may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you will never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." Ah father, (cries Dick without any emotion) may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.

This

This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good humoured, but completely rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a Bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an Author who laughs at the public which pronounce him a dunce, at a General who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or a Lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but this is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity and dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it; by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

THE FORTUNATE ISABELLA.

IN the county of ——— lived Mr. Belford, who succeeded to an ample fortune. His taste led him to prefer the pleasures of a rural life to the noisy and dissipated scenes of amusement that
are

are to be found in the metropolis. As he was one day surveying the reapers, amongst the poor people, who came to glean after them, he observed a young woman, whose mother came a stranger into the parish, and had lived there for nine or ten years, with no other family than this daughter, who was now about sixteen, and so handsome, that several young farmers in the neighbourhood admired, and if, she had had a little money, would probably have been glad to have married her. She dressed, like the other country girls, in a coarse stuff gown, and straw hat; yet she had a manner of dressing herself, which made every thing she wore appear becoming.

Mr. B—— could not avoid taking notice of her genteel shape and elegant motions, but her modesty prevented his having a full view of her countenance. He enquired who she was, and, as nobody could give much account of her, (because neither she nor her mother went out amongst their neighbours) he one evening, as she returned home, followed her at a distance upon a winding valley to the cottage where she and her mother lived. It stands by a wood-side, at a distance from the village, near a lonely farm-house, which is the only neighbour they have.

The 'Squire hung his horse at the gate and
went

went in, where he found the old gentlewoman (for so she was called by the villagers) knitting some stockings and surveying with pleasure the produce of her daughter's labour. The house was very plainly furnished; but the 'Squire was surprized to see an handsome harpsichord, which took up half the room, and some music books lying about, with other books proper for young ladies to read.

Isabella (which was the name the young woman went by) blushed up to her ears when she saw the 'Squire come in, and making a courtesy, retired into another room. He made a short apology to the mother for his intrusion; but said, he was so struck with her daughter's appearance, that his curiosity would not suffer him to rest till he had made some enquiries about her, as there was something in her manner that convinced him she must have had a different education from what usually falls to the lot of young women in that humble sphere of life.

The mother told him they had lived better formerly, but had been reduced by misfortunes; that, however, by her daughter's industry and her own work, they contrived to live very comfortably in their present situation. As she did not seem inclined to be more communicative, the 'Squire took

took his leave, but not without offering her a handsome present of money; which, to his surprize, she absolutely refused.

The next day Isabella appeared again in the field, and was as intent upon her gleaning as usual. The 'Squire could not keep his eyes off her; and, having now a pretence for enquiring after her mother, entered into some farther discourse with her, and found she expressed herself so properly, and discovered so much good sense and delicacy, that her personal charms appeared to much greater advantage by the beauty of her mind; and, in short, the 'Squire became quite enamoured of this rural damsel.

After two or three days he went again to her mother, and begged, with the most earnest importunity to be further informed of her story, and by what accident she had been brought to submit to her present obscure way of life; for that he was greatly interested in her's and her daughter's welfare, and hoped it might be in his power (if she would give him leave) to make their situation somewhat more agreeable to them than it could possibly be whilst both she and her daughter were forced to work so hard for a subsistence. There appeared so much sincerity and modesty in the young gentleman's manner, that the mother could

not avoid gratifying his curiosity. She then told him, that her husband had enjoyed a genteel place under Government, and by his care and frugality had saved a considerable fortune; but that, not being in the secret, he had lost the whole in the iniquitous project of the South-Sea, the shock of which had proved fatal to his health, and he died a few weeks after, leaving her and this one daughter (who was then about six years old) without any support but what she could raise by the sale of a few jewels, which did not amount to three hundred pounds.—To avoid the sight of my former acquaintance, (continued she) I retired into this part of the country, (where I was pretty sure I should not be known) and have taken the name of Fairfax, for my real name is——.

The young 'Squire heard this short account with an eager attention; but, upon hearing the name of——, "Good Heaven! (cries he) is it possible you should be the widow of that worthy man Mr.——, to whom our family is under the greatest obligations, as I have often heard my father declare, who always lamented that he never could hear what was become of you and your daughter, and I am certain would have been extremely happy in an opportunity of shewing his gratitude to the family of his worthy friend! I hope, however,

however, that happiness is reserved for me. But (continued the Squire) did not you know that my father purchased this manor, and that he was the friend of your late valued husband? "Why (replies Mrs. Fairfax) my time is so constantly taken up with the instruction of my daughter and the business necessary for our support, that I converse but little with our neighbours; and though I may have heard that a Mr. —— had purchased the manor, and know that my dear Mr. Fairfax (so I call him) had a friend of that name, yet I never thought that your father was under any further obligations to assist his friend's distressed family, than many others were, from whom I never received the least act of friendship, though I knew they had it in their power to alleviate our distress. "Mr. B— then told Mrs. Fairfax, that he hoped there were various ways by which he could render their situation more happy than it seemed to be at present; but that there was only one way by which he could do it with complete satisfaction to himself; which was, with her permission, by laying himself and his fortune at her daughter's feet, which he should do with the greatest pleasure.

Mrs. Fairfax was astonished at so generous an offer; but desired the young gentleman not to engage in an affair of so much importance, and to

consider thoroughly how he could support the railery of his acquaintance, and perhaps the resentment of his friends, which he might reasonably expect from so imprudent an alliance. Mr. B—— replied, that he was his own master; that he was sufficiently acquainted with Isabella's personal charms, and would rely upon Mrs. Fairfax's care of her education for every other accomplishment; and should think himself completely happy, if the proposal proved agreeable to the young lady's inclinations. Mrs. Fairfax immediately sent for her daughter, and, upon Mr. B——'s leaving them together, she with joy informed her of his generous proposal. Isabella, whose heart was sensible of his merit, after a short courtship consented to accompany him to the altar. The old lady would not be prevailed on to forsake her little cottage by the wood-side; but was by the generosity of her son-in-law, enabled to keep a servant, and his coach was sent almost every day to fetch her to his house. As a compliment to his lady, Mr. B—— every year gives his reapers a dinner out in the field the day they begin harvest, and another at the hall, by way of harvest-home.



The Inefficacy of an Academical Education

In the Enlargement of our Minds,

Set forth in Some CURIOUS ANECDOTES

OF TOM WELLBANK.

THE term *world* is a word which every body uses to signify the circle of his own acquaintance; and which the meanest plebeian of the community has as frequently in his mouth as the greatest personage in the kingdom. The man of fashion confines the world entirely to the elegant card-tables, and well bred assemblies which he frequents. The soldier to the customary licentiousness in which the gentleman of the army are indulged; the lawyer to the clamour of Westminster hall; and the merchant to the most dextrous method of driving a bargain. Thus, in fact, the world is not the general state of nature, but the narrow little circle of our own connections; and thus, instead of judiciously endeavouring to extend the scanty limits of our knowledge, we mislead ourselves into an opinion, that we already know every thing; and sink into an absolute ignorance of the most essential points, from an absurd supposition of being perfectly acquainted with them all. I remember about thirty years ago, when my old acquaintance Tom Wellbank first came from the university, that there was scarcely a company

a company which he went into for six months, but what considered him as a fool & a madman. Tom lodged at an uncle's near the Hay-market, who lived in a very genteel manner, and frequently saw the best company. This uncle having no children himself, had adopted Mr. Wellbank as his son; and conceiving, from the reports which the university of Oxford gave of his nephew's erudition, a very high opinion of the young gentleman's abilities, he made a party on purpose to display the talents of his boy, who was previously advised to exert himself on the occasion. The company consisted of two noblemen in the ministry, an eminent divine, a celebrated physician a dramatic writer of reputation, the late Mr. Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

The time before dinner was passed in one of those unmeaning random sorts of conversation, with which people generally fill up the tedious interval to an entertainment; but after the cloth was taken away, poor Tom was singled out by lady Mary, who asked him with the elegant intrepidity of distinction, if he did not think London a much finer place than Oxford. Tom replied, that if her ladyship meant the difference in size or magnificence of building, there could be no possibility of a comparison; but if she confined herself
to

to the fund of knowledge which was to be acquired at either of the places, the advantage lay entirely in favour of Oxford; this reply he delivered in a tone confident enough, but rather elevated with dignity of academical declamation; however, it would have passed tolerably, had he not endeavoured to blaze out all at once with one of those common-place eulogiums on classical literature, which we are so apt to meet with in a mere scholar, quite raw from an university. In this harangue upon the benefits of education, he ran back to all the celebrated authorities of antiquity, as if the company required any proof of that nature to support the justice of his argument; and did not conclude without repeated quotations from the Greek and Latin writers, which he recited with an air of visible satisfaction. Lady Mary could not forbear a smile at his earnestness, and turning about to Mr. Pope, "I think Sir, says she in a half suppressed whisper, Mr. Wellbank is a pretty scholar, but he seems a little unacquainted with the world." Tom, who overheard this whisper was about to make some answer, when Mr. Pope asked him, if there were any new poetical geniuses rising at Oxford. Tom upon this seemed to gain new spirits, and mentioned Dick Fowly who had wrote an epigram on Chloe; Ned Frodsham who had published an ode to spring;

spring; and Harry Knowles who had actually inserted a smart copy of verses on his bedmaker's sister, in one of the weekly chronicles. Mr. Pope wheeled about with a significant look to lady Mary, and returned the whisper by saying, "I think indeed, madam, that Mr. Wellbank does not seem to know a great deal of the world."

One of the statesmen seeing Tom rather disconcerted, kindly attempted to relieve him by expressing a surprise that so many learned men as composed the university of Oxford should seem so generally disaffected to the government. He observed, it was strange that learning should ever lean to the side of tyranny; and hinted, that they could never fall into so gross an error, if, instead of poring perpetually over the works of the antients, they now and then took a cursory dip into the history of England. There was a justice in this remark which poor Tom being unable to answer, was at a considerable loss to withstand; however, thinking himself obliged to say something, he ran out in praise of all the antient historians, and concluded with a compliment to the good sense of the university, in giving them so proper a preference to the flimsy productions of the moderns. The nobleman turned away with disgust, and it was the general opinion of the table that Tom would make
 a pretty

a pretty fellow when he knew a little more of the world. The deduction which I would make from the foregoing little narrative is, That people before they think themselves acquainted with the world should endeavour to obtain a general knowledge of men and things, instead of narrowly drawing their notions from any one profession, or any particular circle of acquaintance; they may perhaps laugh at all the world, but all the world will be sure of laughing at them; and the general ridicule of every body is much more alarming than the private derision of any one.

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO

*King George 1st, in the First Year of his
Majesty's Reign.*

BY LORD LANDSDOWN.

MAY all thy years, like this, propitious be,
And bring thee Crowns, and Peace, and
Victory:
Scarce hadst thou time t'unsheath thy conqu'ring
blade,
It did but glitter, and the Rebels fled:

R

Thy

Thy Sword, the safeguard of thy Brother's throne,
Is now become the bulwark of thy own.

Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations send
Thro'-out the world, to court so brave a friend;
The guilty Senates that refus'd thy sway
Repent their crime, and hasten to obey;
Tribute they raise, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confess their Phrenzy, and confirm their King.
Who with their Venom over-spread the soil,
Those scorpions of the state, present their oil.

So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dress,
Altho' by daily miracles confess,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the *Jews*,
Their rightful Lord they impiously refuse;
But when they saw such terror in the skies,
The temple rent, their King in glory rise,
Dread and amazement seiz'd the trembling crowd,
Who, conscious of their crime, adoring bow'd.

ROMAN ANECDOTE.

WHILE the colleagues of Constantius the Roman Emperor were persecuting the Christians with fire and sword, he politically pretended to persecute them too; and declared to such officers of his household, and governors of provinces,

provinces, as were Christians, that he left it to their choice, either to sacrifice to the Gods, and by that means preserve themselves in their employments; or to forfeit his favour and their places by continuing stedfast to their religion. When they had all declared their option, the Emperor discovered his real sentiments; reproached in the most bitter terms those who had renounced their religion; highly extolled the virtue and constancy of such as had despised the wealth and vanities of the world, and dismissed the former with ignominy, saying, "That those who had betrayed their God, would not scruple to betray their Prince;" while he retained the latter, trusted them with the guard of his person, and the whole management of public affairs, as persons in whose fidelity he could firmly rely, and in whom he might put an entire confidence.

E P I T A P H
ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

BY MR. POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles
can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:

R 2

A Poet,

A Poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and
Great :
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life ; and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd heaven that he had lived, and that he
dy'd.

Affecting Story of a Young Lady,

RELATED BY HERSELF.

I AM the daughter of a tradesman of some eminence near the Royal Exchange, and have been brought up with all the care and indulgence the tenderest father could bestow ; and I flatter myself I shall not be thought too presumptuous, if I say it has been the study of my life to deserve it.

Women are but very indifferent judges of their own qualifications, yet a little female vanity must be forgiven, when I inform you that my person is not very disagreeable, that my education has been

been tolerably genteel, and that I have nothing in my temper exceffively unfortunate.

However, fuch as I am, a young gentleman of a middling fortune has thought it worth his while to pay his addreffes to me thefe two years, and to folicit my hand with the moft paffionate tendernefs.

Mr. Blandmore, at the firft, had my father's permiffion to make the declaration of his fentiments, and was look'd upon by all my friends as a very proper, nay, a very advantageous match; as my father's circumftances, by fome unforefeen accidents in trade, were rather upon the decline; and he was, in a very little time after, actually obliged to flop payment of fome bills, which foon caufed a ftatute to be iffued againft him, and he was accordingly declared a bankrupt.

The alteration of circumftances, however, made no change in the heart of Mr. Blandmore; he now more than ever preffed for my confent, and declared himfelf almoft pleas'd at the misfortune which had happened, fince it gave him an opportunity of proving the fincerity of his paffion, and that fortune was not in the leaft the object of his adoration. I muft candidly own how deep an impreffion his generofity made on me, and if I felt
any

any sentiments in his favour before, they were now considerably increased by so disinterested, so noble a behaviour; and I found I know not how much satisfaction in his winning solicitations, and tender importunity;—but ridiculous pride opposed an indulgence of my own inclinations, and my very gratitude to the dear youth was the only impediment to his happiness.—How I was able to resist him I know not, but I wish my father had at that time used, as great an authority over me in his favour, as he has since in vain, exerted to make me forget him.—Forget him!—No, dearest object of my earliest love!—When this adoring bosom shall wear any images but thy own, as the greatest misfortune, may'st thou retain no remembrance of the wretched Maria!—O reader! if you knew the excellence of his soul, and could form an idea of the beauty of his person!—He has a mind exalted as the roof of heaven, and a face—But, bless me, what am I saying!—An unaccountable flood of tenderness has imperceptibly borne me away. But why should I be ashamed of discovering my esteem for the very best of men? No, I should rather blush to entertain a sentiment I was ashamed to hear.—But to proceed—Upon the settling of his affairs he was found able to pay his creditors twenty shillings in the pound, besides being possessed of the sum of two thousand pounds, which

which appeared to be due on the face of the books. With the capital of two thousand pounds my father again entered trade, and Mr. Blandmore was kind enough to lend him a couple of thousands more. With this additional sum matters went on tolerably well, and our credit was soon established on its former foundation. Providence was pleased to bless my father's industry with the greatest success, and to send me an unexpected bounty, in one of the most considerable prizes in the last lottery.

My father soon acquainted me with my good fortune, which I heard with additional satisfaction, as I had now an opportunity of rewarding the generosity of Mr. Blandmore, to whom, but that very day, I had consented to give my hand on the Saturday following; but the moment I hinted to my father my desire that it should be kept a secret from Mr. Blandmore, till that time was past, in order the more agreeably to surprize him, he knit his brows into a kind of severity I had never seen him wear before, and he told me I had best consider of it a little longer; that marriage was a very important circumstance: I might possibly alter my opinion: that, to be sure, every thing was agreed between him and Mr. Blandmore, for whom he entertained the
highest

highest esteem, and to whom he had many obligations; but what of that? he had but four thousand pounds in the world: that he would pay Mr. Blandmore interest for the sum he had lent him: that I was now a considerable fortune, and ought to look about me; and that if I would take his advice, I should devise some means of breaking off with Mr. Blandmore, before the circumstance was publicly known, which would carry the appearance of honour, and justify me in the opinion of the world: for since marriage was a kind of traffick, every one ought to make the most of a bargain, and that I could not be insensible how several young women of my acquaintance had married knights and aldermen, and were publickly mentioned in the news-papers with my lord—and his grace—as ladies of distinction.

Astonished at so unexpected, so strange a declaration, a shower of tears was my only reply, and before I could possibly recover myself, Mr. Blandmore came into the room, who expressed the most tender uneasiness for the situation he saw me in, begged I would inform him of the cause

I perceived my father was prodigiously struck; but as he was resolved to break off the match at any rate, he took but little pains to mince the
matter,

matter ; so telling Mr. Blandmore the real occasion, he concluding with begging his pardon for being obliged to decline the honour of his alliance, and, in the city phrase, hoped there was no harm done. Amazed at such behaviour, Mr. Blandmore remained in a state of the utmost surprize, and scarcely believing what he had heard, again demanded the reason of it.

When he had a little recovered the shock, he turned to my father—“I am, Sir, sincerely rejoiced at the good-fortune of my dear Maria, unhappy soever it may make me. I shall not presume to make any observations upon your conduct in this affair, because you are her father. I would only beg leave to ask if you can reconcile it to yourself. As for my dear girl, if her happiness is in the least promoted by breaking off the match with me, I shall very readily submit to the severity of my own fate, since, to promote that happiness would have been the business of my life. As it is, I am above complaining, Sir.—I may be wretched, but I hope I shall never be contemptible.”

I must have been lost to feeling, as well as dead to love, to bear this unmoved, especially when I saw the dear youth endeavouring to hide his tears, by pretending to wipe his face. I immediately

S

threw

threw myself at my father's feet, and besought him, in the most affecting manner, to retract his cruel resolution; to consider of his engagement with Mr. Blandmore; to think that the happiness of an only daughter should be more the object of his attention, than an unnecessary addition to her fortune, and finding him still inflexible, was hardly enough to tell him, if Mr. Blandmore was not to be my husband, I would sacrifice my life before I would ever think of any body else.

Enraged at the conclusion of my address, my father, with a tone of voice the most determined, desired Mr. Blandmore to get immediately out of the house, and ordered me to my room, and all the satisfaction I had, was one look the most inexpressibly tender, that ever shot from the rapture—darting eye of love.

This is my present situation. My father continues deaf to all intreaties, and I am so closely watched, as not to have the least opportunity of either seeing or hearing from the man I love.

What to do I know not, unless the publication of this letter may have some effect upon him, as it will give him a retrospect of the whole affair, in a manner I dare not presume to tell him, and more properly state his severe cruelty to me, as well as his unjust severity to Mr. Blandmore.

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E

OF

De THOU.

THE celebrated historian De Thou had a very singular adventure at Saumur in the year 1598. One night, having retired to rest very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep, he felt a very extraordinary weight upon his feet, which, having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream; but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw, by the help of the moon, which at the same time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair some rags which he thought belonged to the thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, "I am," said it, "the Queen of Heaven. Upon these words, concluding that it was some mad woman, he got up, called his servants and ordered them to turn her out of doors, after which he returned to bed and fell asleep.

Next morning, he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers, and entered his apartment.

T H E
E N D of the W O R L D.

IT is the conclusion of all worldly glory, the final termination of ambitious hopes, deep-laid designs, and the most promising prospects. The soul alone survives the wreck of elements unhurt; and we must look according to his promise for 'new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' We ought then to cast away every vain, every ambitious, every worldly view, and looking with deeper reverence, and a more heartfelt adoration to the Almighty, the author and finisher of all things, order our lives according to his will, and suitably to his commandments.

T H E S T O R Y
O F T H E
C o u n t D e S t. J u l i e n :

Related by a Prior of the Convent of La Trappe.

TH E *C*ont *D*E *S*T. *J*ULIEN was descended from a very ancient family; and was only at the age of twenty, when the death of his father made him master of a considerable sum of money, and

and of an estate in Dauphinè, which might have supported him in the same affluent manner his ancestors had lived in, had not an unbounded love of pleasure taken an early possession of his heart. ♦ Dauphinè became soon too confined a sphere for him to move in, the dissipations of PARIS better suited the gaiety of his temper, where his figure, his expence, and his lively parts, quickly introduced him into the politest assemblies. He was brilliant in all places of public resort, ostentatious in his gallantries, and was admitted to many of the *petits soupès* of the *Esprits forts*; which are *coteries*, composed of wits and free-thinkers, who have too much vanity to agree in the received notions of mankind; but by their art, and the pleasantry of their ridicule, often operate too powerfully on weak minds, by undermining the good principles they may have imbibed, and substituting their own pernicious ones in their place.

ST. JULIEN had soon after his arrival at PARIS, taken an Italian figure-dancer of the opera into keeping; who bore him one son, whom he named FREDERIC; a youth of fine parts, formed by nature with great sensibility, and with a mind so happily disposed, as might have rendered him a worthy and shining character, had not all these advantages been overshadowed by a false education, and their
movements

movements corrupted by the *bad example* of a father, who having, in a long course of dissipated connections, lost his own morals, gave himself little concern about those of his son; conceiving that the exterior accomplishments of a gentleman, comprehended every thing that was most material to carry him successfully through the world. The infidelity of ST. JULIEN'S mistress in a few years totally dissolved the attachment; and FREDERIC, by the time he attained the age of nineteen, became a companion to his father in all his vices, and likewise encouraged in such as he had a propensity to himself, the *dignity of a parent* being as much forgotten by the one, as the *respect of a son* was by the other.

Pleasure and extravagance gradually waste the amplest fortune. The *Count's* had, during the twenty-four years he had quitted Dauphinè, been annually decreasing; nor could it, by the course of his expences, have lasted so long, but for his abhorrence of every kind of play, and had not some beneficial bequests from deceased relations, retarded its dissolution. He constantly expended far more than his income, & his estate had dwindled away by sales of an hundred acres at a time, till necessity compelled him to abridge many of his expences. The contract for the old family mansion,

tion, with all the remaining land about it, was just completed, and the four thousand *louis-d'ors*, which the purchase amounted to, paid into his banker's hands, when the following event gave a new turn to his life and fortune.

Among *Les Filles entretenues*, there was at that time at PARIS the CLAIRVILLE, who then lived under the protection of one of the *Farmer Generals*, whom I shall speak of by the name of D' AVIGNON. She was a woman of much beauty, and great intrigue; but by her address, constantly flattered his vanity and weakness; and by the success of her art, kept her gallantries concealed from him. ST. JULIEN had made repeated overtures to this lady, and had been treated by her with a disdain his pride could not brook; she had however bestowed a more favourable look on his son, whom she had met in the *Thuilleries*, and frequently had conversed with; and whose youth and elegant figure, had made a sensible impression on her heart. For there was still an amiableness of character about him, nor could his assumed air of licentiousness disguise a certain ingenuousness of mind, which must continue to please as long as nature hath a charm.

It chanced that FREDERIC, coming one evening out of the French comedy, found the CLAIR-

VILLE

VILLE in one of the passages of the theatre, waiting for her coach; which by some accident among the carriages was prevented from drawing up. With his usual address, he offered to see her safe out; and the result of half an hours attendance and assiduity, was an appointment with him to meet her at a masquerade, which was to be a few nights after, where she gave him to understand she should be found only with a female friend; intimating at the same time that D'AVIGNON had business which would call him some leagues from PARIS, and notifying the dress by which he might discover her.

FREDERIC, who had been constantly tutored by his father, that gallantry was the first accomplishment of a gentleman, never scrupled to communicate to him the progress he made in any he was engaged in; he therefore, with his accustomed familiarity, informed him of the assignation he had made with the CLAIRVILLE.

ST. JULIEN concealed the surprize he felt at this intelligence; the contempt which had been shewn him by that lady, recurred with fresh poignancy, from the mortification his high spirit suffered by the preference given to FREDERIC; he however so sufficiently possessed himself, as not to appear

appear in the least difcompofed, and advised him by all means to purfue the affair.

When a father is fo unprincipled as to become a rival to his fon, in a matter of this nature, it argues a mind fo totally depraved, as to require but little apology to be made for the defpicable meanness of the *Count*, in feizing this occafion to revenge himfelf of a woman, and by expofing her infidelity to D'AVIGNON, ruin her power; not in the blindnefs of his paffion, forefeeing the ill confequence that might happen to his fon in this bufinefs.

The *Farmer General* receiving an anonymous letter, which hinted to him, “ that the next mafquerade might difcover fomething curious, if he poffeffed the affections of his miftrefs fo fully as he imagined,” but doubted for fome time whether he fhould pay any attention to its writer; but jealousy is a paffion eafily awakened in men of debauched characters; and more predominant in advanced years. He refolved on his intended journey; but took care to get back to PARIS time enough to be prefent at the mafquerade. As he was ignorant of the CLAIRVILLE's drefs, he might in fo large an afsembly have probably returned without finding her, had he not, after more than two hours of anxious fearch, at laft difcovered her, by means of fome

T

jewels

jewels in her hair, which he had presented her with himself. He saw her whole attention given to the gentleman who was with her, observed she conversed with no other, and had now little reason to scruple the intelligence he had received. He watched them with earnestness and rage, the whole night, till they quitted the ball; nor lost sight of her, till he saw her enter with her gallant the house he kept for her. The servants observing a mask follow almost immediately their mistress and her friend, concluded it to be one of the party; but the instant D'Avignon had reached the garden apartment, which was his usual supper-room, and whither she had conducted her lover; he threw them both into the utmost consternation, by discovering himself to them, with ungovernable passion reproached the lady for her inconstancy; and drawing his sword, which he had concealed under his dress, ran with fury upon her paramour. FREDERIC throwing off his domino, hastily seized one of D'AVIGNON'S own swords, which hung with a hat and belt, in the room where they were; and thus armed, used every endeavour to appease his antagonist by words, but the other, pressing on him with a vehemence which would listen to no palliation, the unsuccessful youth found himself compelled to defend his own life; and in the rencounter mortally wounded the *Farmer General*.

CLAIRVILLE

CLAIRVILLE fell into a swoon, and FREDERIC fled instantly out of the house, with that precipitance and perturbation which must ever be natural to so unhappy a situation.

This unfortunate event happening early in the morning, D'AVIGNON did not survive many hours. Though ST. JULIEN enjoyed in idea, the secret triumph which this stratagem gave him over a woman, whose conduct toward him had provoked so unmanly a resentment; yet he apprehended from its success no other result, than his disgrace; never conceiving that from such a connection as D'AVIGNON had with her, any point of honour would have stimulated him, to oppose the arm of age, to the vigour of youth. He felt himself however when the time arrived, by no means in an easy situation; it was a painful suspense, between hope and fear, he was alarmed for the difficulties in which he might possibly have involved his son, and feared also that the great influence of the *Farmer General*, when he should know who had supplanted him in the affections of his mistress, might be highly prejudicial to the future interests of FREDERIC. He passed the night in much disquiet; nor dared the next morning to make any enquiry, lest he might awaken suspicion; but in the utmost anxiety waited at home the arrival of

his son, wholly ignorant of the scene that had been acted; till the following letter, delivered about noon to his servant, by an unknown person, opened to him the fatal catastrophe.

“ My rendezvous with the CLAIRVILLE, to which you so strongly prompted me, hath been attended with the most dreadful consequences, we were surprized immediately on our return from the masquerade by D'AVIGNON, who flew at me with the madness of an assassin. It was in vain that I attempted every thing in my power to appease his passion. I was at last necessitated to oppose violence to violence, and in defending my own life, I have but too much cause to apprehend, that I have deprived him of his.”

“ In the hours of horror which I have passed since, I have been awakened as from a dream, to a just sense of myself. I view with despair my youth plunged so early into vice, and stained with another's blood.

Terrible as my reflections are,—they turn with indignation on a parent, who instead of guiding my steps to virtue, hath trained them in the paths of profligacy; and by his own wretched example deceived his son into ruin.

By

By the time this reaches you, I shall be many leagues from PARIS. To fly from myself is impossible, but I will hasten to some distant part of the world, where the fatal errors of my life may be unknown; and strive with repentant tears to amend a corrupted heart.

Unconnected—forn—and friendless,—my necessities have compelled me in the moment of departure, to deceive your banker into the payment of half the money lodged in his hands. I can hardly regard this action as criminal, when I consider this little sum as the all I can share of a noble patrimony, squandered away in extravagance, and which, had honour governed your life, I might have inherited. With this I must push my future destiny; what it may be, is unknown, and will ever remain so to you, as this will probably be the last you will hear of your

Lost, and unhappy

“FREDERIC.”

ST. JULIEN ON reading this letter, for the first time felt the *dignity of virtue*. He almost sunk at the reproaches of a son, of which his own conscience confessed the justice; and he had the additional misery to reflect, that he was the secret cause of the fatal event which had driven him away for ever from his sight. Though this was a
circumstance

circumstance lodged within his own breast, yet the guilt of it was likely to remain a lasting thorn there. The talk which so unhappy an affair must occasion, a ruined fortune—an exhausted credit—the flights he had been long shewn by many—and his last remaining finances, sunk to a half by FREDERIC, were sufficient motives to awaken an idea, which he soon after executed, of bidding adieu to Paris. He concerted his plan with a person of considerable rank, who had been much attached to him, and who furnished him with such recommendatory letters to one of the Electoral courts, as procured him, in a short time, a decent post, and the countenance of his new master.

In this situation he lived near eight years, if not happily, at least as comfortably as could be expected; his company was pleasing, and all that was known of his story was, that he had, through imprudence, ran out a considerable fortune. The recollection of past scenes, and the uncertainty he was in about his son, overshadowed the joy of many an hour; but he exerted all the powers of dissipation to drive away every uneasy remembrance.

It is not an easy task to reclaim a depraved mind! the spirit of intriguing remained still the predominant passion of ST. JULIEN; and having
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by long and varied importunities attempted to seduce the affections of a lady about the court, whose absent husband was a general officer in high esteem with the Elector, he was instantly dismissed from his employment, and commanded by his prince at the peril of his safety, to withdraw from his dominions in four and twenty hours.

He collected precipitately the very little property that remained to him, and retired in haste to the canton of FRIBOURG. He was now surrounded by a distress that would not allow him to shun his own reflections; they presented a picture truly terrible, pride struggling with poverty, without, and not a source of consolation, within! He at length determined to address himself to his mother's brother, who was a *Chanoine* of the cathedral church of PALERMO; whom he had not seen since his youth, and whom he had long ceased to correspond with, on account of his having, more than once, reprov'd the criminal course of life which he had heard he led at PARIS.

Though it was a doubt with him, whether the *Chanoine* was still living, yet he wrote to him from FRIBOURG; communicating part of his distress, and his purpose of visiting Palermo, and throwing himself under his protection, resolving, that

that should his uncle be dead, or refuse to countenance him, he would end his days in some parts of Sicily, where his misconduct would be unknown. The port of Marseille was the most favourable to his intention; but the question was, how to get thither? his finances were low; and the apprehension of meeting in his passage through France, any one who had known him in his prosperity, was painful. He debated the matter much, and long—and to obviate, the best in his power, every objection, he converted all he had into money, let his beard grow, procured a religious habit, and set forward on his journey on foot; making devotion, for the first time, subservient to his designs.

It chanced that his road lay through DAUPHINE; and he had the severe mortification to pass over part of the noble domain of his ancestors, a territory once his own, now parted off among various proprietors. This was indeed a scene that penetrated his heart; his strength almost failed him, and he sat down on a bank by the way side, to recruit his trembling spirits. Memory pictured to him the happy morning of his life, and the thousand little incidents of uncorrupted innocence! It drew in loveliest colours, the hospitality of a father, who lived the protector
of

of the poor, and the injured, nor failed to recall those blameless hours, when, as the youthful successor of his fortunes, he used, with cheerful step, to walk forth from the venerable mansion now just before him, to meet the homage of his surrounding tenants! The reverse was terrible to thought; his mind glanced it over, and shuddered at the view. He detested the world; detested himself; and in sullen sorrow, by long and weary journeying found at last his way to MARSEILLE, where he embarked in a ship that was on the point of sailing, for SICILY, and MALTA.

It was the ill fate of this vessel, after being six days at sea, to be driven by contrary winds, much nearer the coast of BARBARY than was for its safety, as the regency of TUNIS was then at war with the French; and a dead calm succeeding the adverse weather, the captain discovered the next morning a *Tunisian Corsair*, bearing down upon them, which appeared to be too powerful for the little resistance he could oppose to it. A general panic seized every one on board; and the *Count* conceiving that the religious habit he wore, might expose him to additional ill treatment from those barbarous people; or induce them to exact a higher ransom, threw it into the sea, cut his beard close, and procured a dress from one of the common

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sailors.

failors. In brief they were boarded,—rifled,—stripped,—carried on shore,—examined, and sent to the bagnio of *Santa-Lucia*, which is one of the places where the slaves are usually lodged.

There are adverse hours in some men's lives, that are eventually the most beneficial, by bringing home all their scattered thoughts, and giving them a just idea of themselves! Of such a nature were those melancholy ones ST. JULIEN numbered. Though he was not (as no public works were then carrying on) condemned to bodily labour, yet he found himself plundered of every thing, doubtful of redemption, and compelled to subsist for a considerable time on food which was nauseating; till a sailor who was made captive with him, and the same who had furnished him with a mariner's garment when he cast off the religious one he had assumed, had, by means of acquaintance among the slaves, obtained sufficient credit to open a little shop for selling wine to the Turks, and was moved by humanity, as well as veneration, for the *Count* (whom he imagined to be really one of the religious order) to take him in as an assistant, and let him live as he did himself.

It was some months before ST. JULIEN knew by what means he could convey notice of his captivity to PALERMO; which he was obliged to
wait

wait an opportunity of doing, through the channel of LEGHORN, as the Sicilians were then at war with Tunis. And it was by various accidents, near a year and a half from the time of his being made prisoner, before any letter, or his ransom arrived.

It was a tedious interval,—a painful uncertainty!—Imagination lengthened every hour as it passed; and even the distant hope of future liberty, was frequently overshadowed by the doubt of his uncle being still alive.

The hardships he endured, the sad society of wretches about him, and the recollection of his former misused prosperity, subdued both his health and spirits. His heart was now convinced, that it had been totally warped by the seduction of wits, and libertines; and the reflection which tortured him most, was, that he had probably, by his own abandoned principles, involved his son in lasting misery. He was now sensible, that virtue was a reality, and not a name; and that whoever throws away the shield of religion, becomes, in the moment of adversity a defenceless existence. He turned back his eyes on a life of guilt, and determined, that what remained of it, should be consecrated to penitence.

At length a vessel arrived, and brings him a

most tender invitation to PALERMO, together with a remittance through the hands of one of the consuls, of four hundred sequins, for his redemption and journey. ST. JULIEN, having only passed for a common man, no more than two hundred sequins was demanded for his ransom. He immediately obtained his *Carta Franca*, and took his passage in a Dutch ship that was soon after to sail for Sicily.

As the first fruits of a heart awakened to virtue, he presented his humane benefactor, the sailor, with a purse of one hundred sequins, which, with what the poor fellow had saved up in his little wine trade, was somewhat more than necessary to purchase his freedom. The *Count* had the satisfaction of seeing him set at liberty, and quit the shore of BARBARY, in the same vessel with himself.

It was not many days before ST. JULIEN arrived safe at PALERMO, and expressed, in the warmest terms of gratitude, the obligation he felt to his uncle, for relieving him from his captive state. The good old man received him with a cordiality he never could have expected; and many a tear fell down his aged cheek, when in their frequent conversations, he found his nephew redeemed from the *worse* captivity of an abandoned

done life. The *Chanoine* made him attend in all the functions of the church; and omitted no occasion to confirm him in his good resolutions.

“ You have known,” says he, “ the extremes of affluence, and distress, have experienced that happiness is not born of riches, and can only spring where virtue hath planted it! It is now within your reach; and I trust you will not again let it slip your hold. I must daily expect to be called from you; the poor have been my family; but what I am still able to bequeath you, will in your present temper, be more than equal to every want.”

“ Little—little indeed,” replied ST. JULIEN, “ have I merited the consolation I find! You see me, Sir, humbled by my vices and folly, but convinced from principle, of all my errors, every wish towards the world is extinguished; and it is my fixed resolve, to retire to some monastery, and close the evening of my life in solitude and contrition.”

The *Count* resided with his Uncle, near a twelve-month; during which time his choice determined him to enter into the Convent of LA TRAPPE.— I had then, says the PRIOR, been somewhat more than two years appointed the superior of this house; and

and having formerly been well known to the good-old *Chanoine*, he wrote to me on the occasion; intreating me in the most affectionate terms, that in-recollection of the friendship we had once had for each other, whenever his nephew should enter amongst us, that I should sometimes allow him to advise with me.

There was fortunately just then, a vacancy, to which I immediately named him; and bidding an eternal adieu to his benevolent uncle, he was admitted into this convent, and in due time *took the Cowl*. In the intercourses which we had frequently together, he unfolded to me, all the various occurrences of his unfortunate life; he ever spoke of them with a heartfelt sigh; and his pious example was improving to many.

After he had resided among us four years, his health began gradually to decay. The vicissitudes of his fortune had probably much accelerated the approach of age; perhaps too, the austerities of our order, were too servile for a constitution so early habituated to the blandishments of luxury; though he was still able to attend most of our functions, and lived to compleat nearly his seventh year.

When his dissolution was nigh, he was brought out into our church, on the matted rushes, according

ing

ing to the usual custom; whilst I, agreeably to our institution, convened all the Convent to witness his end. His mind appeared perfectly clear; he exhorted, with a weak voice, those around him, to persevere in piety; and then addressed himself to me, with an eye that bespoke all the distress of his heart.

“Holy father,” says he, “a little space, and I am numbered with the dead! The penitence I have exercised within these walls, hath, I trust, washed away the stains that disgraced my former life! In that confidence I sink to my grave! one only anxiety agitates my bosom; it is for a son, whom my unhappy example may, I fear, have rendered miserable. You, holy father, know my story. O! if my long-lost FREDERIC still be living! Could he—but ’tis impossible—could he but ever hear, that the once abandoned heart of poor St. JULIEN was reformed! could he but learn, with how many repentant tears I have wept for his forgiveness! how ardently in death wished to bequeath him a blessing! it might happily turn his steps to virtue, and my spirit would depart without a sigh!”

“Gracious Heaven!”—(exclaimed a Monk, throwing back his *Cowl*) “Gracious Heaven! thy will be done!—Behold—behold thy FREDERIC
kneels

kneels before you, as much unlike the libertine who left you, as you the parent from whom he fled! O let me catch a blessing from your dying lips! and in a last embrace, be cancelled the remembrance of every thing that is past!"

The transport and amazement of so unhop'd an interview, gave a sudden impulse to the blood; and invigorated a little longer, the powers of life.

"A few moments," says the *Count*, (casting a look of the most affectionate earnestness on his son)—"a few moments, and the knowledge of the world will avail me nothing! and yet my lingering spirit fain would know, by what mysterious means, we have thus met again."

Briefly let me say, returned *FREDERIC*, that on quitting *PARIS*, I hastened with the utmost speed to *MADRID*; accompanied with the strongest resolution of amending an unfortunate life. After some time, I obtained a commission in his *Catholic Majesty's* service, and was sent into *NEW SPAIN*, to join my regiment, I was occasionally stationed in various garrisons on the Southern Continent; and at *MEXICO* married the daughter of a deceased officer of *VALENCIA*, who had brought her thither with him from *EUROPE*. I began to experience the serenity and happiness of virtue,
and

and for five years enjoyed in the society of one of the best of women, every blessing my heart could desire. Far removed from all who knew me, I here wished to have ended my days, but my regiment being called home, and the climate having much affected the health of my wife, she was anxious to return to BARCELONA, which was her native air, and where she had two aunts still living, who had in her earlier years supplied a mother's loss; and to whom I had not restored her ten months, when the hand of death dissolved our union. Sick of the world,—its follies,—its disappointments—all that endeared it to me gone before!—and no pledge of love left behind, to hold me to it!—I turned away from it without a single regret, bequeathed to the family of the amiable being I mourned, for the little fortune she brought me, and *nine* years ago, under the assumed name of LORENZO, withdrew into this monastery.

“Happy, my child,” added ST. JULIEN (pressing his son's hand with a look of eager tenderness) “happy is it, that the GREAT DISPOSER of human events, hath ordained, that we meet in peace at last! *Seven* of those years have we lived together in this place, though mutually unknown—often kneeling side by side at the same altar—often joining in the same devotions—and perhaps solici-

citing Heaven for each other.—Oh! my FREDERIC! the crime which hath made thy heart most wretched, with the severest anguish hath tortured mine!—I have injured thee much—but all is, I hope, atoned!”

“Father of mercies!” cries the young man,—“the triumph’s thine! How wonderfully hath thou dealt with us! making those very crimes which were instrumental to our mutual misfortunes, instrumental in the end to our mutual conversion!—But I talk to the dust—he is passed away, like a silent vapour!”——

This was a scene, added the PRIOR, of so singular a nature, as to merit the being recorded; and I conceived it would not be uninteresting to a man of sensibility.

About three years after the death of ST. JULIEN, a fever seized several of our Convent, and FREDERIC was one among those to whom it proved fatal. He seemed sensible from the moment he was taken ill that his disorder would be mortal, he supported it with the utmost resignation; requesting with his latest breath to be buried with his father, which was accordingly done in one grave, and two white crosses placed upon it to their memory.

AN

AN ADDRESS
TO THE YOUNG MAN,

Who contends that he follows the dictates of nature, by gratifying those passions which nature has implanted.

MISERABLE and deluded man! to what art thou come at the last? Dost thou pretend to follow nature when thou art contemning the laws of the God of nature? when thou art stifling his voice within thee which remonstrates against thy crimes? when thou art violating the best part of thy nature by counteracting the dictates of justice and humanity? Dost thou follow nature when thou renderest thyself an useless animal on the earth; and not useless only, but noxious to the society to which thou belongest, and to which thou art a disgrace:—noxious, by the bad examples thou hast set:—noxious, by the crimes thou hast committed; sacrificing innocence to thy guilty pleasures, and introducing shame and ruin into the habitation of peace:—defrauding of their due the unsuspecting who have trusted thee; involving in the ruins of thy fortune many a worthy family; reducing the industrious and aged to misery and want; by all which, if thou hast escaped the deserved sword of justice,

justice, thou hast at least brought on thyself the resentment and the reproach of all the respectable and the worthy.—Tremble then at the view of the gulph which is opening before thee. Look with horror at the precipice on the brink of which thou standest; and if yet a moment be left for retreat, think how thou mayest escape and be saved!

A N E C D O T E

OF

PLATO.

PLATO, the son of Aristor, happening to be at Olympia, pitched his tents among some persons whom he knew not, and to whom he himself was unknown. But he so endeared himself to them by his engaging manners, living in conformity to their customs, that the strangers were wonderfully delighted at this accidental intercourse. He made no mention either of the academy or of Socrates; and contented himself with telling them that his name was Plato.—When these men came to Athens, Plato entertained them in a friendly manner. His guests, addressing him, said, “Shew us, O Plato, your namesake, the pupil of Socrates, and introduce us into his academy, and be the means

means of our deriving some instruction from him." He, smiling with his accustomed good-humour, exclaimed, " I am that person." They were filled with astonishment at the idea of their having been ignorantly associated with such a personage, who had conducted himself towards them without the least insolence or pride, and who had given them a proof, that without the usual display of his known accomplishments, he was able to conciliate their good will.

ON THE INCONVENIENCIES

OF A

Solitary Life.

IT is certain, that a retired life has a greater tendency to make us happy than a public life; because, in the former, the mind is not so much disturbed by the passions, as in the tumult of society; and from some of the passions it is entirely exempt. Hatred, envy and ambition, have no hold of a person in retirement: he sees no-body; of whom then should he be jealous? He desires nothing more than what he has; whom should he envy? He hates the world and its grandeur; how can he be susceptible of ambition? " The multitude and
plenty

plenty (says Charon) are much more frightful than retirement and scarcity. In abstinence there is but one duty; but, in the management of many different things, there are many things to be weighed, and sundry duties. 'Tis much more easy to live without estates, honours, dignities, offices, than for a man to conduct and acquit himself in them as he ought. 'Tis much easier for a man to live single, than to be encumbered with the charge of a family, and live altogether as he ought with his wife and children; so that celibacy is an easier state than that of wedlock." There's nobody who does not assent to the truth of what Charon says. The weight of his argument will be more plainly perceived, if it be considered that every necessity adds to a man's unhappiness; and that he brings cares and troubles upon himself, in proportion to the alliances which he forms with a great number of persons, who thereby become dear to us; for their vexations give us concern, their uneasinesses afflict us, their pains torment us, and their sorrows oppress us. Thus, in public life, we are obliged not only to bear our own misfortunes, but those of persons with and for whom we are engaged; and, even though we were not united to them by friendship, but only by interest, we are ever obliged to take a share in what affects them, and their afflictions rebound partly upon ourselves.

ourselves. If the great man who protects us, and to whom we are attached, not by affection, but from political views, suffers disgrace, we are involved in it as much as if he was really dear to us; for his fall draws on our's with it. In fine, while we are in public life, in what manner soever we adhere to those we are related to, our tranquillity depends partly on their's; and, how odd soever it may appear, 'tis nevertheless certain, that we are often disquieted in public life by the misfortunes that happen, not only to persons whom we do not love, but even to others whom we mortally hate. Heaven gives us the heart, as well as the understanding, to part with all superfluities. A man who quits a great deal for retirement, is nevertheless a very great gainer: he has satisfied his ambition, he has quenched the thirst he had for riches, he has forgot the injuries done him by enemies: in fine, by separating himself from mankind, he has attained to that view which he would never have compassed by staying longer among them. Though a retired life has some advantages over a public one, tending to the happiness of life, yet it has its dangers and its inconveniencies. 'Tis especially pernicious to youth, to whom it often proves fatal to be left to themselves. Crates, perceiving a young man walking alone, in a solitary place, admonished him to take care
that

that he did not converse with a wicked man, nor give ear to his counsel.—'Tis in solitude that weak minds contrive bad designs, inflame their passions, and whet their loose appetites. 'Tis very hazardous for persons to be left to themselves, unless they have a good head piece, and a well-fetted mind. As we ought to study every thing that may render us better men, for the same reason we ought to shun retirement, in which we have cause to be fearful of ourselves, and are deprived of all the advantages which we may expect to meet with in civil society. A man of the best understanding, he who has the art of contentment, is nevertheless uneasy sometimes to be deprived of all manner of conversation; he changes his mind therefore by degrees, till he loses that tranquillity of which he had a taste when he was first secluded from a correspondence with mankind. Then there is some danger of his falling into misanthropy, which will poison every thing that pleased him before, and not only make him averse to things which are foreign to him, but render him even hateful to himself. The wisest and the most eminent of the Philosophers considered solitude as a state that deprived men of all manner of relish, and even rendered all pleasures insipid to them; nay, they were of opinion, that, were a man to be lifted up to the firmament, from whence he might, at his
ease,

ease, survey the wonderful theatre of this world, he would have but little taste of the pleasure which such a view would convey to him, if he was to be always alone, and to have nobody to converse with. 'Tis certain there is nothing more disagreeable to the nature of mankind, than a deprivation of all manner of society: and to think that it is possible for a person to be really happy with ease, in deep solitude, is turning a deaf ear to the voice of that nature, which perpetually demonstrates the necessity it has of being supported by a communication with men of wisdom and virtue. The dangers of a life too solitary may be shewn by the errors which many have fallen into who have embraced it: they entered virtuous into that melancholy state, but came out of it criminals. Before they secluded themselves from all society, they were men of sense, but afterwards they became fools. They would not have lost their virtue, or their sense, if they had been assisted by that conversation with men of probity, of which they had deprived themselves; for it is to the opinions and lessons of such men that the greatest of the Philosophers were obliged for their virtues and their talents. If Plato had lived in a desert, he would not have had such a master as Socrates; but being left to himself, might, perhaps, have turned out as bad a man as he was a good one. Many people

are inclined to a retired life, for reasons that are very often bad and not duly considered. Sometimes it is a faint-heartedness, which ought to be deemed a sort of cowardice, that makes us fearful of doing our duty: 'tis often spite, love, or some other passion, which does not allow us time to reflect, but carries us away, and unaccountably leads us we know not whither. We fly from mankind, and endeavour to hide ourselves, thinking that the vexation and perplexity, which press upon us with such a weight, will find relief in solitude; but, instead thereof, they encrease in it; and at length they find, too late, that we can expect no comfort from a course that we took without consulting reason, which ought to be a guide to all our actions. It must therefore be established as a certain maxim, that the most proper state of life to render men really happy, is that which is neither too public, nor too solitary; a state free from the hurry and tumult to which those unavoidably are subject, who pass their time with people in high life, and in the honourable, but fatiguing exercise of employments; and a state, which, on the other hand, has not the dangers and inconveniences of that which is too solitary.—A private man, who has a moderate income, just to answer his occasions, keeps company with some virtuous friends, whose temper he likes, and enjoys the charms of society in a kind

kind of retirement and absence from the busy, noisy world; is in the fairest way to be happy.

T H E

Truly honourable Man.

A MIND superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption,—a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity,—the same in prosperity as adversity, which no bribe can seduce or terror overawe,—neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection; such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man.—One, who in no situation of life is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind, faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate, self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interests and happiness, magnanimous without being proud, humble without being mean, just without being

harsh, simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings, on whose word you can entirely rely, whose countenance never deceives you, whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart: One, in fine, whom independent of any views of advantage, you would chuse for a superior, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother.—This is the man whom in your heart, above all others, you must honour.

A N E C D O T E.

WHEN the gate which joined to Whitehall, was ordered by the house of commons to be pulled down, to make the coach-way more open and commodious, a member made a motion that the other, which was contiguous to it, might be taken down at the same time; which was opposed by a gentleman, who told the house, that he had the honour to have lived by it many years; and therefore humbly begged the house would continue the honour to him, which would really make him unhappy to be deprived of it now. Chancellor Hungerford seconded the gentleman, and said, it would be a thousand pities, but he should be indulged to live by his *gate*, for he was sure he could never live by his *style*.

THE

THE FOLLY

OF

Aspiring to expensive Amusements.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

I AM the unhappy daughter of a gentleman whose income arose from a small place under the government; an income barely sufficient to enable my mother and myself to keep up a tolerable genteel appearance. We were so straitened, indeed, to make ourselves fit to be seen, that we were obliged to make a thousand shifts at home, in order to vie with our acquaintance whenever we went abroad: and we were such notable managers that nobody I believe, knew the state of our affairs.

While I was under the care of one of my mother's friends last summer, a genteel young fellow chose me for his partner at the country dances, at the Walton-assembly, during which he played off all his gallantry, in order to fix my attention upon himself. His assiduities and his arts were soon successful, as there was much more particularity in his carriage than one commonly meets with in
that

that of a temporary companion upon such an occasion.

He became very inquisitive about my place of abode, asked me with much importunity when and where I was to be seen again. The answers which I returned to his interrogatories were calculated neither to encourage his advances nor to repel them; neither to make him elevated with hope, nor damped with despondence. In short, he soon found out what I did not attempt, what, in truth, I could not conceal.

In a little while he addressed me in the following terms :

“ Your amiable behaviour, madam, encourages me to make serious proposals to you, though nothing I do assure you, but the extreme ardour of my passion could have induced me to avail myself of that behaviour, as I am thoroughly sensible that you would be an ornament to a much higher station than that to which it is in my power to raise you. My fortune is, to speak plainly, small; but I hope nevertheless, that my perpetual endeavours to please, resulting from the unfeigned fervor of my passion will, in a great measure, at least, atone for the want of wealth. Riches, madam, do not always produce content : content is a blessing.

ling often sought for in vain by kings, and as frequently enjoyed, unsought, by the meanest of cottagers."

With such a speech I could not, possibly, be displeas'd: I could have wish'd, however, that Mr. Morden had been in affluent circumstances, as the making of my fortune was the principal point which I myself, as well as my parents, had in view; a point not to be gain'd by closing with Mr. Morden's proposals; as he, with those proposals, intermix'd several little encomiums on frugality, and pretty severe strictures against extravagance. By marrying Mr. Morden, I should I found be nearly in the same situation, with regard to my way of living, as I was at home; with this difference only, that of being the wife of a man, who ador'd me, and would make me the mistress of his small fortune, which I might, I saw plainly dispose of as I pleas'd, under the guidance of discretion. Such a marriage would have satisfi'd my love; but it would have, by no means, been adequate to my ambition; and I certainly did not feel myself sufficiently intoxicated by the former passion to give up, willingly the gratification of the latter. However, as I had no other offer, and as Mr. Morden grew every hour, more and more importunate; (as my father's health too began to decline; which

alarmed

alarmed my mother, who dreaded the thoughts of being left quite destitute, and who naturally supposed that while I was possessed of any thing, I should not see her distressed) I, at length consented to be his wife.

The masquerade now furnished conversation in all companies. I had never been at such an entertainment; and it would be expressing nothing to say that I only wished for an opportunity of seeing an exhibition which was, with reason, expected to be immensely magnificent. I was half-distracted for a ticket; and would freely have parted with a far more inconsiderable sum than I could at that juncture command for so charming an acquisition.

Unfortunately for me, while I was one morning at a house in which the ladies of the family were all employed in making up ornaments, they put some of them on, in the gaiety of their hearts, to shew me how much their natural beauties were heightened by their dazzling decorations, and, perhaps to triumph over me by a mortifying display of their riches. Before *that* visit, I had, indeed, believed that I should appear to great advantage in a dress of my own chusing, as I might in a fancied dress contrive to discover beauties and to hide defects: beauties which I could only disclose,

disclose, and defects which I could only conceal by giving a loose to my thoughts: but when I beheld my companions glittering before me, and saw what prodigious advantages they received from the brilliancy of their appearance, I was too conscious of my insignificance not to feel very envious sensations; and was cruelly pained to think that I could not pretend to shine in the Hay-Market with equal lustre. Girls, who are ever upon the watch to exult at the expence of their rivals, let slip no opportunity to make their superiority conspicuous. My companions very soon perceived the disquiet jealousy had excited in spite of my efforts to conceal it, and began to increase it with a barbarous satisfaction. "Well!" cried one of them, "I wonder you do not try to get a ticket somewhere." "Surely," said another, "Miss Bowyer can never be denied such a request." "I declare, for my part," added a third, "there is nothing I would not do to procure one, if I was in your place: a masquerade and I not at it! Well, you are very happy in being so easy: if it was my case I should actually fret myself sick." "You are quite fit to be married, child," said one who had not yet spoke: "patience and self-denial are very necessary virtues in a wife." - Especially in people who have not large fortunes," added another. A long conversation followed on matri-

mony, in which my not having been able to make a more considerable conquest was frequently glanced at not in the most agreeable manner, and many farcaſtic hints were thrown out.

In the very height of my diſcontent a lively young fellow ran into the room, and began to play over a a thouſand fooleries with my companions, looking at me, while he was ſo employed, as if he wanted to entertain me in another manner, and only waited for an opportunity. After having made ſome idle ſpeeches therefore to every girl in the room, and received others from them equally trivial, he advanced, and addreſſed a very ſerious compliment to me. I only replied with a bow. They all burſted into an affected titter, and ſaid, “ that I was quite out of ſpirits for want of a ticket to go to the maſquerade.”

“ If ſuch a trifle as that,” answered the gentleman, “ will give vivacity to a face which wants no other charm, I have one at the lady’s ſervice.”

He immediately drew a ticket out of his pocket book, and preſented it to me. The ſudden ſurprize which I felt on being ſo unexpectedly poſſeſſed of what I had ſo much wiſhed for, quite diſconcerted me. I bluſhed like ſcarlet; and ſcarcely knowing whether he was in jeſt or earneſt,

neft, offered to return it; but he would not take it again. He treated me, while I ftayed, with particular civility: I was, however, too much confuted; and in too great a hurry, to acquaint my mother with my good fortune, to remain there long. Accordingly, I flew to communicate the agreeable intelligence to her, and with the moft earneft importunity begged her to affift me in preparing every thing for my appearing to the utmoft advantage.

She interrupted me in the midft of my raptures, by telling me, with a ferious air, that ſhe was ſorry I had got a ticket, as it would only help to turn my head. Neither did ſhe at all approve of the manner in which I came by it. “ You had better, I think, my dear,” ſaid ſhe, “ ſend it back, for you certainly ought not to have accepted of ſuch a favour from a man almoſt a ſtranger, (nor from any man indeed) and who, it may naturally be ſuppoſed, preſented it with ſome bad deſign.”

“ Deſign! madam,” replied I, very much nettled; “ you are always fancying that the men have ſome deſign. I do not find that they trouble themſelves about me. It is impoſſible that he can mean any thing more than a little gallantry; ſurely there is no occaſion to be frightened out of one’s ſenſes for that.”

“Why really, Molly,” said my mother, “as you are so near marriage, you should not encourage any the least approaches to gallantry; and I have a particular objection to your appearance at the masquerade. Girls who have been bred up, like you, in a private, frugal way, cannot mix with high company, without appearing very much out of character, nor join in extravagant pleasures, without suffering in some shape for their indiscretion.”

Full of my new, and so much longed-for acquisition, and provoked at being desired to give up what had just kindled such transporting sensations in my breast, I made a very pert reply, which extorted from my mother a sensible, but cutting reproof. A warm dialogue followed between us; she at length grew extremely irritated against me, and left me in tears, which flowed equally from pride and disappointment. I was piqued at having my darling scheme opposed; and I was excessively chagrined at being interrupted in the execution of it: I was, however, determined to go to the masquerade, at all events.

In this weeping, piqued, and chagrined situation, Mr. Morden found me. Never having before seen me in tears, he eagerly demanded the cause

cause of them ; and demanded it with a tenderness which made me the more ready to open my heart to him.

With the utmost sincerity I unbofomed myself to him ; but, at the same time, discovered the violence of my passion for fhining in a new sphere to which I had not been accustomed.

The difcovery of that passion was as ill received by my lover as it had been by my mother : though he softened his difapprobation with a number of little douceurs, by which he hoped, no doubt, to move me from my purpose ; but I foon let him know that he was miftaken, telling him that I fhould have a very flight opinion of that man's affection, who could wifh to deprive me of the leaft gratification. Then, leaving him, to put what conftruction he pleafed on my carriage, I flounced out of the room.

Mr. Morden was extremely hurt by this behaviour ; but he was a man of fense and refolution, and was, therefore, willing to let me fee I had not treated him properly, by ftaying away for feveral days.

During thefe days, I fo far brought my mother over, partly by coaxing, and partly by fullennefs, that when fhe found I was pofitively determined
to

to make my appearance at the Opera House, she became willing to assist me in providing a dress, and securing a proper party. My father was at that juncture in the country, transacting some business relative to his office, and therefore could not interfere upon the occasion; and my sole thoughts were now engaged about my dress.

The happy moment arrived; I set out with a heart beating high with expectation. For a while I was so struck with the magnificence around me, that I stared about wildly, with my eyes thrown into a thousand directions in a minute. But my attention was soon fixed by the approach of the person who had given me the ticket. He accosted me with the greatest politeness; and in a short time began to make use of some very tender expressions. I, at first, endeavoured to keep up the *character* I had assumed. I was in the habit of a shepherdes, imagining that I might venture to hear and to answer speeches under *that* appearance which I could not have heard, and to which I could not have replied, with propriety, in *my own*, if I *had not* been actually engaged, & so near marriage as I believed myself to be. The freedoms, however, which I allowed myself drew so many others not quite so warrantable from my Damon, that I began to think matters were going
rather

rather too far ; and found it necessary to oblige him to a more distant behaviour.

The company now unmasked.

While I was exerting myself to insist upon my new admirer's leaving me, I happened to turn my head, and saw a tall handsome man, in a Turkish habit, surveying me attentively with the most striking marks of serious admiration.

At that moment I felt emotions which I had never felt before for any man, so perfectly charming was his figure, so winningly graceful was his manners, and so much was I flattered with the expression in his features. He contrived to keep his eyes rivetted on me till he had a proper opportunity to ask me to dance. He asked me, and I immediately complied with his request.

While we were dancing, he endeavoured, with a variety of bewitching assiduities, to captivate my heart, and to make himself an irresistible object. Were I to say that I repulsed his advances, I should assert a falsehood ; I rather encouraged them, especially when I was informed that my enchanting partner was a man of fashion. He was called, " My lord," by several of his acquaintance. I forgot that I was under any binding
engage-

engagements to Mr. Morden; I forgot myself; every thing, in short; I was absolutely intoxicated with joy on being addressed in the most soothing and insinuating terms by a man who very much induced me to suppose that he had no design to trifle with me.

When he had handed me out with my company, he begged to know where he might enquire after my health the next day.

Then, and not till then, I began to feel all my former littleness: recollection immediately stripped off the plumes with which vanity had adorned me; I became abashed, and hung down my head.

He repeated his question with a tender pressure of my hand.

With a blush which arose from my embarrassment at being under a necessity of declaring my unimportance, I mentioned the mean Street in which stood my mother's still meaner habitation.

"For whom must I enquire, my angel," said he, with a second and more significant pressure.

I faintly breathed out my name, with a sigh, and left him in full possession of my heart.

As

As I came home safe, however, with the companions whom my mother had selected for me, she received me with pleasure; and with pleasure seemed to listen to me while I gave a particular account of the superb entertainment of the evening. As I had not retired to my chamber till the morning was pretty far advanced, I did not quit it till the afternoon. Flattered with the hopes of seeing my new admirer; I then dressed myself with the most becoming negligence, and waited for his coming with a confusion among ideas, and a general tremor which I cannot describe.

In this disturbed and tremulous state I saw Mr. Morden enter the parlour.

Conceive, if you can, my disappointment. Having fully expected to behold his lordship every minute, I was doubly disappointed, and doubly chagrined.

I coloured at the sight of him: he looked pale, dejected, and unhappy. He sat down by me, and with a discontented air, asked me how I did. "How do you find yourself, madam, " after a night——of fatigue——I recall my words—— I mean of intoxication."

I scornfully replied, "that if he did not talk

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more

more intelligibly, I should be at a loss to understand him; and that I, indeed, asked not to comprehend his meaning.

“ I believe what you say,” replied he, “ and shall therefore take leave of you for ever.”

I looked, I suppose, all that I felt, for he immediately proceeded in the following manner.

“ You either are, or affect to be surprized, madam; but when you are informed that I was a witness to your whole conduct last night, you will, in some measure, be sensible of what I feel, though you never can, unless you have loved like me, have an adequate conception of the torment which I at this instant endure. Yet I will tear a faithless, foolish, deluded woman from my fond heart; whatever it cost me. Know then, madam, that on finding you resolved to go to the masquerade, I, for once, disguised myself, and with the assistance of a friend, procured a ticket that I might see what effect so dangerous an amusement would have upon the heart of a woman to whom I was on the point of being indissolubly united; of a woman who had, I flattered myself, a relish for domestic life, equal to my own: but all my expectations of happiness in such a life are vanished like a morning dream; and my remaining days must be
spent

spent in unavailing sorrow: sorrow doubly sharpened by the stings of remembrance. However, since it is not in my power to make an impression upon your heart, and since I am well assured that I can never taste felicity, unless the woman, whom I still adore, shares it with me, I come to resign you, madam, to give you up to your splendid admirer. But oh! take care——take care, my once esteemed, my still beloved Molly. The man with whom you are so extremely pleased is an arrant deceiver: he speaks only to seduce; he flatters only to betray." At the conclusion of this pointed speech, he rose and left me; though he seemed to do violence to his inclination, and the conflict between love and prudence were strongly pictured in his countenance, every feature of which appeared greatly disturbed.

He left me in a state of astonishment, of stupefaction, from which I was hardly recovered when lord B———came in.

At the sight of his lordship I was soon restored to myself. The tender respect with which he accosted me, finished what his former appearance and behaviour had begun, and I was as much delighted with *him*, as he seemed to be enamoured with *me*. The conversation between us was ani-

mated, and, he seized every opportunity to throw out the most impassioned effusions, to which I listened with more than common attention, with joy, with rapture.

Too greedily did I swallow up his discourse.

The entrance of my mother, who very discreetly, though I did not then think so, deemed it proper to make an addition to our company, put a stop to the amorous part of my lord's conversation. His eyes, however, spoke forcibly, though his tongue was silent; and mine but too well understood their language.

After a visit of near three hours, his lordship left me in as pining a condition for him as if we had conversed together three months.

When my mother and I were by ourselves, I acquainted her with Mr. Morden's unaccountable behaviour.

It affected her I perceived. She sighed, shook her head, and cried, "ah Molly! I wish this new lover may be as worthy of your attention and esteem as the man whom you have driven away by your indiscretion. But how can we expect to see you married to a man of quality? My lord will not surely degrade himself by marrying a girl in your sphere of life; and, I hope," continued she,

she, with tears in her eyes, "that you have too great a regard for yourself, as well as consideration for your parents, not to mention motives of a higher kind, to yield to him upon dishonourable terms."

I replied only with my tears, which for some time flowed as fast as hers. But when I was able to articulate, I assured her that she had no reason to doubt my steady adherence to those excellent principles in which I had been educated; confessing also, frankly, that I loved my lord.

"There is then but one way left to save you," said she. "You must see him no more. You can only by prohibiting his visits come at his real designs, though I fear the discovery of them will afford no satisfaction."

I readily agreed to my mother's issuing orders for me to be denied to him.

These orders were necessary, for he repeated his visits.

On finding he was not to be admitted, he wrote a long and tender letter, wherein he complained excessively of my refusing to see him when I was, to his knowledge, at home.

This

This letter, though every syllable of it went to my heart, I shewed to my mother, who told me what I but too plainly perceived, that my lord's designs were not of a nature to be encouraged; and that I must return no answer to him.

I complied with her prudent advise; but Heaven knows what anguish I suffered from my compliance upon the trying occasion.

While I was in this suffering state, I received a message from Mr. Morden, who, was dangerously ill of a fever, and who had employed a particular friend to intreat me to make him happy with my presence before he died.

As he had deserted me for nothing, according to my sentiments about his behaviour, I was very unwilling to deepen the dejection into which I had been plunged, by the sight of him whom I had once, I fancied, loved in such a situation; but my mother, hoping that my appearance would restore him, and that my condescension would revive his love, persuaded me to make him a visit.

I accompanied her to his bed-side.

Flattering himself that my tears flowed entirely on his account, he accused himself of being too hasty; but owned that my apparent fondness for pleasures

pleasures out of his reach, pleasures which it was not in his power to give me, had induced him to fear that we should be unhappy: adding, that the encouragements which I gave to lord B——confirmed all his apprehensions in such a manner as to persuade him that I should be more glad than himself to be released from engagements which promised to be attended with more disgust than felicity.”

“ How little did I know my own heart,” continued he, after a pause, and with a faint voice, (while he looked up with languid eyes, prognosticating his speedy dissolution, yet full of as much tenderness for me as ever I beheld them) “ I cannot now support life, and give up her who was the dearest object to me upon earth: nor can I die in peace till you deign to pardon a conduct which I, perhaps, too precipitately adopted; but which I adopted with the best intentions, and with the greatest reluctance; for I call that supreme Being who will, I humbly hope, shew mercy to me in my last moments, which are hastily approaching, to witness that I never ceased to love you with the sincerest affection; and that I regret nothing so much as my inability to leave you any proof of my regard, except this ring, (presenting a diamond one to me of some value) which was my mothers, and
which

which will just serve to remind you of a man who loved you too ardently to live without you."

Here he stopped for want of breath to proceed; but seizing my hand, he pressed it to his dying lips; and before I could articulate a reply, expired.

I cannot pretend to describe my feelings. I was insensible to every thing for some time.

In this torturing frame of mind I remained, however, not long, without a considerable addition to its anguish. I was not yet sufficiently punished for my folly. My father returned before he was expected, so much worse than when he went into the country, that his apothecary, who had attended him for many years, gave no hopes of his recovery. Imagine my distress at this dispiriting news. My mother had concealed Mr. Morden's death, from my father, because she was not willing to make her absence from him more disagreeable by sending unwelcome intelligence to him; but the concealment of it only served to render the communication of it afterwards the more afflicting to me——For my father when he was, on repeated enquiries after Mr. Morden, informed of his disease, and even necessarily of my shame in it, could not keep either his grief or his resentment within bounds.

“ You

“ You have undone your mother,” said he, looking fiercely at me, “ and you have undone yourself, by your more than ridiculous, by your criminal conduct. It is not in my power to leave you such a subsistence as that worthy young man’s industry and œconomy would have secured for you during his own life, and which you might probably have enjoyed after him ; for though his income was not large, he might have in a few years rendered himself independent.”

I was afflicted beyond description to find my father so displeasèd with me just when I was at the point of losing him for ever. The sight of him in so declining a condition, so deeply affected by this sudden disappointment, and so thoroughly disturbed at my folly, and so wretched on the thoughts of his going to be separated from us, without leaving the amiable man behind him on whose friendship he had so reckoned, and from whose alliance he entertained the most pleasing expectations on our account, increased my sorrow to such a degree that I was almost stupified. Instead of discovering the least desire to forgive me, he scarce took any notice of me at all.

My poor mother very much affected as she was, and apparently bestowing her whole attention on my dear father, could not bear, as she had been

ever fond of me, to see me thus unhappy, without endeavouring to comfort me, though she stood greatly in need of consolation herself.

“ If my father, madam, “ said I to her, will not look upon me as he *has* done, I must be miserable. I never, never intended to bring such distress upon my family.”

I could not proceed, my utterance was stopped, I sighed, I sobbed, I wept, but could not speak.

My mother, pitying my situation, stooped down to my father, and intreated him to say something to alleviate the inexpressible anguish which I endured.

At the same instant I threw myself on my knees, and cried, with a voice scarce to be heard, “ Oh! my dear, my ever honoured father, pardon and bless your unhappy child.”

My petitions were unavailing, my father, at that instant, yielded up his last breath. I shrieked, I fell, fell senseless on the floor.

In the evening after the funeral, while my mother was engaged in the fore parlour with some people who came to her upon business, my lord suddenly entered the back parlour, I was sitting
in

in it, alone, desponding beyond expression, melancholy to an extreme.

I started at his unexpected appearance, rose, and was going to fly from him. He stopped me, and throwing himself at my feet, entreated me, conjured me, to hear him.

I resumed my seat, scarce knowing however what I did.

He declared in the most passionate terms, the impression I had made on his heart the moment he was blessed with the sight of me at the masquerade; adding, that ever since the impression had been deeper and deeper. "I am not able," continued he, "to enjoy life without you; but your good sense will, I am sure, inform you that I cannot just now, with any propriety, make you an offer of marriage; yet as I may have it one day in my power to render myself supremely happy by being firmly united to you, my visits may certainly be received without giving any shock to your delicacy." He concluded with assuring me, that by contributing in the least to my felicity, he should enjoy the sincerest satisfaction, and then tossed a purse of guineas into my lap.

Though I was moved in a manner not to be described at what he had uttered, the appearance of the purse raised other emotions.

Swiftly starting up, I let it fall on the floor, and advanced with precipitation towards the adjoining room.

He placed himself in such a position that I could not secure my retreat, and catching me in his arms, cried, while he strained me to his bosom. "Only tell me, would you have refused me if I had immediately offered marriage to you, Miss Bowyer?"

I looked frightened, confused, and abashed; I knew not what to say: I paused—I hesitated—But my looks, I fear, sufficiently notified my sensations.

"I know you would not have refused me, you dear angelic creature," continued he, embracing me with a modest and respectful tenderness which penetrated my soul.

"I have the transporting delight to see that I am not an object of indifference in your eyes, and you shall make me happy in your own way: all I have to ask is that you will keep our marriage private till I can discreetly own you for my wife."

Here he stopped, and attempting to renew his caresses; but my eyes were now opened, though my heart was so deeply touched that I could not hope to taste the sweets of peace again. Distrust-
ing,

ing, however, my own fortitude, I looked up to heaven for that succour of which I stood so much in need. I prayed with fervor, and I was succoured. Breaking from the man whom I adored, and whom I, at the same instant, despised, I cried, "My God! help me, or I am lost for ever." and rushed into the next room.

My mother was, by this time, coming in search of me.

She saw my disorder.—Surprize, anger, and concern, were painted in her countenance. Taking me by the hand, she desired my seducer to leave her house immediately. He turned pale: he even trembled at leaving a girl whom he had not courage to marry, but whom he wished to make eternally wretched for the gratification of a momentary passion; a girl who was weak enough to be charmed with, to pity a man, while he was scheming her ruin.

My dear mother, who read all that passed in my tortured breast, again insisted on his leaving us; nor would she hear him utter a single word in his defence. He, at last, quitted the room, with a look which will ever be engraven on my heart—Thank Heaven! I had resolution enough to reject him, and to return all his letters unopened.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, you see to what a mortifying situation my pride, my folly, my love of pleasure, and a restless desire to appear in a style of life to which I had no pretensions, have reduced *me*, as well as a tender deserving parent, whose health and tranquillity have been both greatly hurt, and disturbed by her sufferings on my account. Very much indeed do I fear that she will not find it an easy task to accommodate herself to her new condition; but were I certain of her enjoying contentment and health, I could, without difficulty, reconcile myself to my humble situation. Yet, after all, I think so much of Lord B———s fine person, his winning manners, and the thousand graces in his behaviour, that I feel I am doomed to misery for the remainder of my days.

A N E C D O T E

Of Theodore D'Aubigne.

HENRY the FOURTH, King of France had quarrelled with D'Aubigné on some occasion or other, and being afterwards reconciled to him, embraced him very heartily. D'Aubigné told him, "Sire, when I look in your face, I see
I may

I may take my old liberties and freedoms with you. Open now three of your waistcoat buttons, and tell me how I have displeased you." Henry growing pale at these words (as was his custom when any thing affected him) answered, " You were too much attached to the Duc de le Tremouille, to whom you know I had an aversion." " Sire," replied D' Aubigné, I have had the honour of being brought up at the feet of your Majesty, and I have learned from you never to abandon those persons who were afflicted and oppressed by a power superior to their own. You will then surely approve in me that lesson of virtue which I learned under your self." This answer was succeeded by another hearty embrace from Henry.

ON THE

Disadvantages of a great City.

IN all ages an opinion has been prevalent, that a great city is a great evil; and that a capital may be too great for the state, as a head may be for the body.

People born and bred in a great city are commonly weak and effeminate. Vegetius observing,
that

that men bred to husbandry make the best foldiers, adds what follows. " But sometimes there is a necessity for arming the towns people, and calling them out to service. When this is the case, it ought to be the first care, to inure them to labour, to march them up and down the country, to make them carry heavy burdens, and to harden them against the weather. Their food should be coarse and scanty, and they should be habituated to sleep alternately in their tents, and in the open air. Then is the time to instruct them in the exercise of their arms. If the expedition is a distant one, they should be chiefly employed in the stations of posts or expresses, and removed as much as possible from the dangerous allurements that abound in large cities; that thus they may be invigorated both in mind and body."

The luxury of a great city descends from the highest to the lowest, infecting all ranks of men; and there is little opportunity in it for such exercise, as to render the body vigorous and robust.

With regard to morality; virtue is exerted chiefly in restraint, and vice, in giving freedom to desire. Moderation and self-command form a character the most susceptible of virtue. Superfluity of animal spirits, and love of pleasure, form a character the most liable to vice. Low vices, pilfering

ing for example, or lying, draw few or no imitators; but vices, that indicate a soul above restraint, produce many admirers.

Where a man boldly struggles against unlawful restraint, he is justly applauded and imitated; and the vulgar are not apt to distinguish nicely between lawful and unlawful restraint. The boldness is visible, and they pierce no deeper. It is the unruly boy, full of animal spirits, who at public school is admired and imitated; not the virtuous and modest.

Vices, accordingly, that show spirits, are extremely infectious; virtue very little so. Hence the corruption of a great city, which increases more and more, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

When considered in a political light, a great town is a professed enemy to the free circulation of money. The current coin is accumulated in the capital, and distant provinces must sink into distress; for without ready money, neither arts nor manufactories can flourish. Thus we find less and less activity, in proportion commonly to the distance from the capital; and an absolute torpor in the extremities.

The city of Milan affords a good proof of this observation. The money that the Emperor of Germany draws from it in taxes is carried to Vienna. Not a farthing is left, but what is barely sufficient to defray the expence of government.

Manufactures and commerce have gradually declined in proportion to the scarcity of money; and the above mentioned city, which, in the last century, contained 300,000 inhabitants, cannot now muster above 90,000.

Money, accumulated in the capital raises the price of labour. The temptation of high wages, in a great city, robs the country of its best hands. And, as they who resort to the capital are commonly young people, who remove as they are fit for work, distant provinces are burdened with their maintenance, without reaping any benefit by their labour.

But the worst effect of a great city, is the preventing of population, by shortening the lives of its inhabitants. Does a capital swell in proportion to the numbers that are drained from the country? Far from it. The air of a populous city is infected by multitudes crouded together; and people there seldom make out the usual time of life. With respect to London in particular,
the

the fact cannot be diffembled. The burials in that immense city greatly exceed the births. The difference, some affirm, to be no less than 10,000 yearly. By the most moderate computation, it is not under seven or eight thousand. As London is far from being on the decline, that number must be supplied by the country; and the annual supply amount probably to a greater number, than were wanted annually for recruiting our armies and navies in the late war with France. If so, London is a greater enemy to population, than a bloody war would be, supposing it even to be perpetual. What an enormous tax is Britain thus subjected to for supporting her capital! The rearing and educating yearly, for London, seven or eight thousand persons, require an immense sum.

In Paris, if the bills of mortality can be relied on, the births and burials are nearly equal, being each of them about 19,000 yearly; and, according to that computation, Paris should need no recruits from the country. But in that city, the bills of mortality cannot be depended on for burials. It is there the universal practice, both of high and low, to have their infants nursed in the country, till they be three years of age; and consequently those who die before that age, are not registered.

What proportion these bear to the whole is uncertain. But a conjecture may be made from such as die in London, before the age of three, which are computed to be one half of the whole that die.

Now, giving the utmost allowance for the healthiness of the country, above that of a town, children from Paris that die in the country, before the age of three, cannot be brought so low, as a third of those who die. On the other hand, the London bills of mortality are less to be depended on for births, than for burials. None are registered but infants baptized by clergymen of the English church. The numerous children, therefore, of Papists, Dissenters, and other sectaries, are generally left out of the account. Giving full allowance, however, for children, who are not brought into the London bills of mortality, there is the highest probability, that a greater number of children are born in Paris, than in London; and consequently, that the former requires fewer recruits from the country than the latter. In Paris, domestic servants are encouraged to marry. They are observed to be more settled than when bachelors, and more attentive to their duty. In London, such marriages are discouraged, as rendering a servant more attentive to his own family, than to that of his master. But a servant, attentive to
his

his own family, will not, for his own sake, neglect that of his master. At any rate, is he not more to be depended on, than a servant, who continues single? What can be expected of idle and pampered bachelors, but dissipated and irregular lives.

The poor-laws, in England, have often been the folio of corruption. Bachelors-servants in London, then, may be well considered as a large appendix. The poor-laws indeed make the chief difference between Paris and London, with respect to the present point.

In Paris, certain funds are established for the poor, the yearly produce of which admits but a limited number. As that fund is always pre-occupied, the low people who are not on the list, have little or no prospect of bread, but from their own industry; and to the industrious, marriage is in a great measure necessary.

In London, a parish is taxed, in proportion to the number of its poor; and every person who is pleased to be idle, is entitled to a maintenance. Most things thrive by encouragement, and idleness above all. Certainty of maintenance, renders the low people in England idle and profligate; especially in London, where luxury prevails, and infects every rank. So insolent are the London
poor,

poor, that scarce one of them will condescend to eat brown bread. There are accordingly in London, a much greater number of idle and profligate wretches, than in Paris, or in any other town, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. "These wretches," in Doctor Swift's style, "never think of posterity, because posterity never thinks of them." Men who hunt after pleasure, and live from day to day, have no notion of submitting to the burden of a family.

Another objection to an overgrown capital is, that by numbers and riches, it has a distressing influence in public affairs. The populace are ductile, and easily misled by ambitious and designing magistrates. Nor are there wanting critical times, in which such magistrates, acquiring artificial influence, may have power to disturb the public peace. That an overgrown capital may prove dangerous to sovereignty, has more than once been experienced both in Paris and London.

The French and English are often zealously disputing about the extent of their capitals, as if the prosperity of their country depended on that circumstance. It would be as rational to glory in any contagious distemper. They would be much better employed, in contriving means for lessening

lessening these cities. There is not a political measure that would tend more to aggrandize the kingdom of France, or of Britain, than to split their capitals into several great towns.

With regard to London, my plan would be to limit the inhabitants to 100,000, composed of the King and his household, supreme courts of justice, government boards, prime nobility and gentry, with necessary shop-keepers, artists, and other dependents. Let the rest of the inhabitants be distributed into nine towns properly situated, some for internal commerce, some for foreign. Such a plan would diffuse life and vigour through every corner of the island.

The two great cities of London and Westminster are extremely ill fitted for local union. The latter, the seat of government and of the noblesse, infects the former with luxury, and with love of show. The former, the seat of commerce, infects the latter with love of gain. The mixture of these opposite passions is productive of every groveling vice.

A N E C D O T E.

THE late Mr. Hall, the ingenious and witty author of the *Crazy Tales*, and other original performances, was, with all his wit and humour, oppressed at times with very unpleasing hypochondriac affections. In one of these fits, at Skelton Castle, in Yorkshire, he kept his chamber, talked of death and the *east* wind as synonymous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse, and dissipate his blue devils by air and exercise. Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitants, finding that no reasons could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turret of the Castle, turn the weathercock *due west*, and fasten it with a cord to that point. Mr. Hall rose from his bed as usual, oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eye through a bow window to the turret, and seeing the wind *due west*, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning's ride with his facetious humour, execrating easterly winds, and launching forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, till unfortunately the cord breaking which fastened the weathercock, it returned at once to its easterly position;

tion; and Mr. Hall retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick which his cousin Shandy had play'd upon him.

ESSAY ON SEDUCTION.

SEDUCTION is one of the most enormous crimes of which man is capable. Those who are guilty of it, deserve to be hunted out of society, and deprived of all its advantages. This would, perhaps, be a severer punishment to such base and perfidious mortals, than the most painful death they could suffer; because it would effectually deprive them of all the opportunity of gratifying their unlawful and inordinate desires, and oblige them to harken to the monitor within them, whom it is impossible to silence in a cool, a serious moment.

A very little consideration will suffice to shew the iniquity and wickedness of such a behaviour in the most glaring colours. To endeavour to gain the affections of an amiable young female, with no other design but to plunge her into the deepest misery and the heaviest distress, for the pleasure of an hour; is a procedure not only base and malignant, but even diabolical. It is indeed

an action, the moral turpitude of which is so great that none but those whose hearts are rendered totally callous and unfeeling, by a long course of iniquitous practices, can be guilty of it.

It is the less excuseable, because it is necessarily a premeditated, a deliberate guilt. It is not an action done in the heat of passion, and the fury of unrestrained appetites, but one which is carried on for a considerable space of time.

Young women, especially in the less populous parts of the world, are frequently educated in a very retired and reclusive manner. Unacquainted with the low and unworthy arts made use of by too many of the deceitful inhabitants of the earth, they suppose that others are innocent, because they are so themselves. Living in such ignorance of that double-dealing which the men of the world practise, they too readily give credit to the vows and oaths by which those, who call themselves their lovers, so liberally and so solemnly engage to be ever faithful to them.

And when the perfidious arts of the deceitful villain have so far succeeded, as to bring the unsuspecting, too credulous maiden, to entertain a favourable opinion of him; when, by the most insidious and infernal blandishments, he at last persuades

misery? Think of the iniquity of such a conduct, and your consciences will not fail loudly to remonstrate with you, and tell you how base, how wicked, how unworthy of humanity it is, thus to act. You, who were designed to communicate happiness to all around you, can you prostitute those abilities which were given you for the noblest purposes, to such infernal uses? If ye have any shame, if ye have any humanity, if ye have any conscience, desist from such enormous wickedness. Consider the end of your creation, your prospects in futurity, and no more commit actions, by the perpetrations of which you must necessarily incur such immense guilt.

And oh! ye lovely, ye amiable, ye accomplished fair ones, never be persuaded to credit the vows and protestations of the sincerity of those wretches, who would delude you to your ruin. Suffer not their arts and blandishments to have any effect upon you, 'till you have the most indubitable evidence that their intentions are fair and honourable. Take warning by the distress into which so many of your sex have been brought, and let not a unit be added to their number. Be assured, that they never have honest intentions, when they would carry on a secret, an illicit courtship; when they endeavour to steal insensibly upon your affections,

fections, and by the most solemn imprecations persuade you to give up to their wishes an invaluable treasure. You may be certain, that, in the end, even they will thank you for refusing, though to their most importunate request, that inestimable jewel; your virtue. You will consult even their interest best, by refusing them: therefore be careful; be vigilant; for too many of the children of Adam rove about, seeking whom, among your weak and too credulous sex, they may devour and sacrifice at the altar of lust. Always prefer your virtue to your life, and never cease your care in preserving it.

But what accumulated guilt do they incur, who seduce to infidelity women who are already engaged to a man by the closest, the tenderest ties.

Perhaps the poor unhappy victim to a monster's lust was by the cruellest force obliged to marry a man, to whom, to say the least, she had no partiality. Perhaps his cruel usage has rendered him the object of her aversion. How much is she to be pitied, and how much is he to be detested! The infamous and deliberate villain, who, taking advantage of such circumstances, tells her how happy he should think himself in her husband's situation, rails at his ingratitude and cruelty, and by industriously seeking for critical moments, lulls her into ruin.

Guard,

Guard, then, ye married women, with the utmost care, against the first approaches to conjugal infidelity. Be assured, a contrary behaviour will make you effectually miserable. Nothing can recall your virtue, nothing bring back that peace and serenity of mind, which, under the severest trials, is the constant attendant and chief support of virtue. Nothing can eradicate the memory of such a crime, when once committed.

Carefully watch then, and subdue the first favourable impressions in favour of any man but your husband. Remember that the path of duty is the only path of happiness; and that, as you wander out of it less or more, you will be more or less happy.

ANECDOTE

OF A

KING'S FRIEND.

LOUIS XIII. never could be without a favourite. Cardinal Richlieu, hated by every one who was about the King, gave him one in the person of young Esliat Cinq Mars, that he might have a creature of his own about the throne.

This

This young man who was soon made master of the horse, wanted to be in the council; and the Cardinal, who would not suffer it, had immediately an irreconcilable enemy in him. The King's own behaviour, who, offended with his minister's pride and state, used to impart his dislike to his favourite, whom he always called his *dear friend*, the more emboldened Cinq Mars to plot against him. He proposed to his Majesty several times to have him assassinated; but the King afterwards took such a dislike to his favourite, that he banished him his presence; so that Cinq Mars, conceived an equal hatred to the King and his minister. He carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Bouillon and the King's brother. The chief object was the Cardinal's death. Richlieu's good fortune discovered the plot: the conspirators treaty with Spain fell into his hands. This cost Cinq Mars his life: he was beheaded at Lyons. At the hour appointed for his execution, Louis pulled out his watch, and turning to the Courtiers about him, said, "I fancy my *dear friend* makes a very sorry figure just now."



EXALTED

Exalted Friendship;

Or the GENEROUS SURRENDER.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

IT has been asserted by some writers, who pretended to make deep enquiries into the nature of the female heart, that friendships between women and women, though violent for a while, are seldom of so long a duration as those contracted between men and men. Numerous cases in point might, doubtless, be produced to justify such positions, but it must be owned, at the same time, that many of the fair sex have distinguished themselves in a striking manner, by the solidity, and the permanence of their attachments to each other; attachments which have remained unimpaired during the lives of the amiable contractors; in spite of the rudest shocks which they have received either from the malicious attempts of those who envied their constancy, or from some delicate distresses arising from their connections with the other sex.

The friendship which commenced between Harriot Stapleton and Sophia Manton at the school to which their parents sent them at an early age, gathered strength in their advanced
years;

years; and when they were introduced into the world, after having finished their education, they were never so happy as when they enjoyed each other's society. Entertained with the same books, addicted to the same pursuits, and captivated by the same diversions, they were almost inseparable companions: and as their parents, on both sides, were people in very genteel life, they always appeared, in point of dress, to the greatest advantage. They were both handsome, but in so different a style of beauty, that they felt none of the corrosions of rivalry, while they made an advantageous display of their persons; and as they gained, each of them, a considerable deal of admiration, when they appeared in public, each of them was sufficiently satisfied with her share of it.

By the nomination of Sophia's father to a lucrative post in one of our Leeward islands, Harriot was robbed of her friend, as Mr. Manton, in consequence of his being obliged to reside several years abroad, chose to take his family with him.

Sophia received the first news of her father's appointment without that joy which she should otherwise have felt, upon his having obtained a considerable addition to his income, because she could not help thinking of the separation from her Harriot; and her reflections, occasioned by the sincer-

rity as well as fervor of her friendship, threw her mind, for a time, into so painful a state, that she frequently regretted the event which was to divide her from the only person among all her acquaintance, for whose sake she wished to remain in England. However, when she came to reflect coolly, and with composure upon her father's profitable post, and considered also, that being his only child, she might be greatly benefitted by the opportunities put into his power to enlarge her fortune, she began to be reconciled to her destined voyage, tho' she could not refrain from tears when the hour of embarkation approached.

During the absence of her friend from England, Harriot became a rich heiress, by the death of her father, and was strongly solicited by numbers to enter into the marriage state. She had, before her father's decease, indeed, received addresses from several men, with fair characters, and in suitable circumstances, but as Mr. Stapleton would not, from an inherent fordidness in his disposition, advance a shilling in his life time, the men who courted an alliance with his family, soon took leave of the lady who had attracted them, not caring to trust to any posthumous donations.

As an heiress, and as a rich heiress, Harriot was surrounded by admirers, and among them, some of
her

her former solicitors made their appearance; but as they had evidently proved themselves to have been actuated by mercenary (at least not very generous) motives, she discharged them upon the renewal of their addresses to her, and would not hear any of the apologies which they attempted to frame for their conduct.

The man whom Harriot most favoured was a Mr. Moore, a gentleman by birth and education, but by no means upon an equality with her in regard to fortune: yet, as he had every requisite, in her opinion, fortune excepted, to render the marriage state happy, and as she was, herself amply furnished with that agreeable supplement to all other qualifications, she did not imagine that she should act with the slightest indelicacy, by encouraging her diffident lover to suppose that his addresses would not be rejected.

Moore, though not a professed fortune hunter, could not see the overtures made to him by a fine woman, with large possessions, unflattered by them: he was not, it is true, literally in love with her, but her many amiable qualities operated so powerfully upon him, that he ventured to assure himself he could not be unhappy with such a wife. With the highest veneration, therefore, for her virtues,

and charmed with her accomplishments, he availed himself of the encouragements she delicately threw in his way, and was extremely well received.

When the preliminaries were settled between him and his suitor, Moore set out on a journey to Portsmouth, to see an old uncle there, who according to a letter received from his house, lay at the point of death, and wanted very much to see him before his dissolution. On his arrival at Portsmouth, however, he was greatly surprised to find his uncle heartier than he had been for some years, and soon afterwards discovered that he had been drawn from the capital by one of those facetious gentlemen, who, for the sake of what they call fun, take an infinite deal of pleasure in throwing people into situations not at all agreeable to them—into situations sometimes not only whimsically, but often seriously distressing.

While he was drinking a cheerful glass one evening with his uncle, the arrival of a lady, with her daughter, flung the old gentleman into a state of astonishment.

Bless me, Madam, exclaimed he, I can hardly believe my eyes.

You may well be surprised, my good Sir, replied Mrs. Manton, but to tell you the truth, the
climate

climate agreed so ill with me and my daughter, that we desired Mr. Manton to send us home; and to endeavour to procure his own return to England as soon as he could: for what is all the money in the world without health to enjoy it?

Moore soon found from the conversation between this lady and his uncle, that her daughter was the very intimate friend of his Harriot: he found also, after a few interviews with her, that she had made an impression upon his heart not easy to be eradicated: he found, in short, that while he only esteemed Harriot Stapleton, he loved Sophia Manton; and from the different sensations which he felt from the conflict in his breast between love and honour, he was in a state of disquiet which he had never till now experienced. He now wished he had not gone so far towards an union with Harriot; and he would willingly have relinquished all his golden prospects to be released from his engagements: but as he looked upon himself already married to her, though the ceremony was not actually performed, his principles would not suffer him to act in a manner which would injure his reputation.

Poor Sophia, at the same time, had her conflicts: her tender heart throbb'd so much in favour

pour of the first man who had occasioned any tumult in it, that she was deprived of her usual tranquillity by day, and robbed of her wonted rest by night. Her mother, whose concern for her was extreme, because her affection for her was excessive, administered all the consolation in her power, and urged her to try not to think of him for a husband, who was too far engaged with another woman, to her dearest friend, to leave her without appearing in a very ungentle, not to say, dishonourable light.

The consolations of her mother were kindly intended, and her arguments were rationally applied, but Sophia was neither calmed by the one nor convinced by the other. Her heart was at variance with her head, and the sensations of the former overpowered the reflections of the latter.

While Mrs. Manton and her daughter were thus situated at Portsmouth, in the house of Mrs. Benson, by whom they were accommodated in the most friendly and hospitable manner, Miss Stapleton was acquainted with the real situation of her friend and her lover, from their own letters, in spite of all their efforts to conceal it: and wrote a pressing invitation to the former, to come and stay a few weeks with her, if Mrs. Manton had no material

material objection to the compliance with her request. This invitation brought her to town, and she was accompanied by Moore, who now thought it high time to return to his generous mistress, lest she should imagine he would be a man equally destitute of gratitude and honor by deserting her.

The first interview between the two female friends was very affecting: the pleasure which each of them felt from their meeting, being strongly dashed with the pain which they mutually endured from their mutual recollections.

Like a man of strict honour, Moore began, in a few days to forward the preparations for his wedding day. Harriot as she really loved him, did not know how to put a stop to them, and yet her pity for her dear friend Sophia often made her so unhappy as to determine to give up the man of her heart, to preserve the life of a woman to whose happiness he was become absolute necessary. Severe was the combat in her tender bosom, between her feelings for her lover, and her feelings for her friend: at length, the latter prevailed.

Having overheard a little conversation one day between this unhappy pair, in which they both exhibited themselves in the most amiable, as well as the most pitiable light, she broke in upon them,
with

with an abruptness, for which she would have keenly reproached herself, had she not believed that the cause of her intrusion would forcibly apologize for it. Addressing herself to them alternately, she assured them that she could not think of seeing them devoted to infelicity on her account, and that the pleasure of seeing her lover the husband of her friend, would sufficiently alleviate the uneasiness she might feel during the first pressures of disappointment.

In consequence of this address (there is no describing the behaviour of the two lovers, melted by the generosity of sentiment breathing through it) preparations were now made for the union of Moore with his Sophia; and Mrs. Manton came to town, with no small satisfaction, to be present at her daughter's nuptials. Before that day arrived, she received a letter from a friend of her husband's, which shocked her exceedingly: she was informed by it, that Mr. Manton, having one night met with losses at the gaming table, which his whole fortune could not repair, had destroyed himself.

This intelligence, while it shook Harriot's tender and sympathizing heart, afforded her an opportunity which, he immediately seized, to appear to greater advantage than ever. The moment she
heard

heard of it, she settled an handsome annuity upon Mrs. Manton, and then gave Sophia as genteel a fortune as she had reason to expect from the supposed circumstances of her father before that night, which, by stripping him of all his possessions, drove him to add the criminality of the suicide, to the folly of gamester.

ANECDOTE

OF

Mr. Bonnell Thornton.

WHEN the late facetious Bonnell Thornton was a student at Oxford, having a natural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumscribed in his finances, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem for ways and means. He had lately had two new suits of clothes, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictitious bill; for which, upon remitting it to his father, he received the amount by the return of the post. The sight of so much cash, which he had been unaccustomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of spirits, which were not to be indulged in scholastic exercises; so that he immediately set out for the capital: and, having there equipped himself with

F f

a bag-wig

a bag-wig and sword, he accompanied his Dulcinea to the play, in the pit. The second music was scarcely finished, before his Father came, and placed himself in the seat before him; and, presently turning round, was a good deal startled at seeing a figure that so much resembled his son. "What, Bonnell!" "are you there"? But Bonnell, who knew nothing could befriend him upon this occasion but effrontery, resolved to brazen it out, turned to his lady and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman's enquiries. His Father was, however, very dissatisfied, notwithstanding Bonnell's disguise, and retired before the play was finished, very much chagrined. Upon his return home, he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cause of the mortification he had received; and added, that he would burn his will, and cut such an ungrateful rascal off with a shilling; an unnatural scoundrel! who had publicly disowned his father. Mr. Thornton's friend endeavoured to soften his passion, and dissuade him from so precipitate an act; saying, that he could not possibly think it was Bonnell Mr. Thornton had seen, and that his dress was a proof of mistake. This, however, did not prevent his persevering in the resolution of destroying his will, till his friend agreed to set out early the next morning for Oxford, and there receive

ceive satisfactory intelligence. Bonnell, convinced of his critical situation, set out post for Oxford, as soon as the play was finished, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father arrived there with his friend in the evening, and, upon inquiry, finding his son was at college, and had been at prayers that very morning, he returned fully satisfied with Bonnell's filial duty.

A LETTER

ON

The Causes of disagreement in Marriage.

SIR,

THOUGH, 'in the dissertations which you have given us on marriage, very just cautions are laid down against the common causes of infelicity, and the necessity of having, in that important choice, the first regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated, yet I cannot think the subject so much exhausted, but that a little reflection would present to the mind many questions, in the discussion of which great numbers are interested, and many precepts which deserve to be more particularly and forcibly impressed.

You seem, like most of the writers that have

gone before you, to have allowed, as an uncontested principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*: but I know not whether a man who professes to think for himself and concludes from his own observations, does not depart from his character when he follows the croud thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, especially when they comprise so wide a circuit of life, and include such variety of circumstances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that state which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be restrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy; and that most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much satisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both sexes repine at their change, relate the happiness of their earlier years, blame the folly and rashness of their own choice, and warn those whom they see coming into the world against the same precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that
the

the days which they so much wish to call back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightness of heart. It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That they censure themselves for the indiscretion of their choice, is not a sufficient proof that they have chosen ill, since we see the same discontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converse with almost any man, grown old in a profession, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into some different course, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he discovers that wealth and honour are more easily attained. "The merchant," says Horace, "envies the foldier, and the foldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients harass him, calls out for the quiet of the countrymen; and the countryman, when business calls him to town, proclaims that there is no happiness but amidst opulence and crowds." Every man recounts the inconveniences of his
 own

own station, and thinks those of any other less, because he has not felt them. Thus the married praise the ease and freedom of the single state, and the single fly to marriage from the weariness of solitude. From all our observations we may collect with certainty, that misery is the lot of man, but cannot discover in what particular condition it will find most alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we use them, the causes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for ease from change of posture; he changes it, and finds himself equally tormented: and of the same kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude those uneasinesses, to which mortality will always be subject. It is not likely that the married state is eminently miserable, since we see such numbers, whom the death of their partners has set free from it, entering it again.

Wives and husbands are, indeed, incessantly complaining of each other; and there would be reason for imagining that almost every house was infested with perverseness or oppression beyond human sufferance, did we not know upon how small occasions some minds burst out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every
 animal

animal revenges his pain upon those who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cause. We are always willing to fancy ourselves within a little of happiness, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, persuade ourselves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, since, if we could find any other obstacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomists have often remarked, though our diseases are sufficiently numerous and severe, yet when we enquire into the structure of the body, the tenderness of some parts, the minuteness of others, and the immense multiplicity of animal functions that must concur to the healthful and vigorous exercise of all our powers, there appears reason to wonder rather that we are preserved so long, than that we perish so soon; and that our frame subsists for a single day, or hour, without disorder, rather than that it should be broken or obstructed by violence of accidents or length of time.

The same reflection arises in my mind, upon observation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted.

When I see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without
any

any enquiry, but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them, some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some only because they are sick of themselves, I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleasures so great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly over-balance them.

By the ancient custom of the Muscovites, the men and women never saw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this method many unfuitable matches were produced, and many tempers associ-

ated

ated that were not qualified to give pleasure to each other. Yet, perhaps among a people so little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpose its objections, there was not much danger of capricious dislike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another. Amongst us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requisite to secure tranquillity; and yet if we observe the manner in which those converse, who have singled out each other for marriage, we shall, perhaps, not think that the Russians lost much by their restraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtship, is to hinder themselves from being known, and to disguise their natural temper, and real desires, in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask, and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened on the wedding night, and that, by a strange imposture one has been courted, and another married.

G g

I desire

I desire you, therefore, to question all who shall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtship, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in disappointment.

I am, &c.

On INDUSTRY.

INVENTIVE power! to thee we owe,
The swelling sail, the vent'rous prow,
That boldly stems the impetuous tide,
And o'er the billowy ocean rides.
O be thy praise for ever sung!
From thee cold independence sprung.
Aspiring high, thy spirit broke
The bondage of the feudal yoke,
Bade man his native force exert,
His high prerogative assert,
And scorn and scorpionate the lore
That justifies despotic power.
The gothic lords beheld with pain
Thy navies bounding o'er the main,
With pain thy thriving cities saw,
And progress of thy equal law;
Nor dar'd thy influence oppose,

For

For bright thy radiant star arose,
 And independence came confess'd
 Redoubted champion of the west.

T H E

STORY OF THE TWO SISTERS,

*From whom the Village Church of Reculver,
 near Margate takes its name.*

TOWARDS the end of those troublesome times, when ENGLAND was shook by the feuds of the houses of YORK and LANCASTER; there resided, in a village near the banks of the Medway, a gentleman whose name was Geoffry De Saint Clair, descended from a family of great antiquity and repute in those parts. The many lances, and pieces of armour, that hung round the old hall, did not render it more respectable, than did the unbounded benevolence of its present possessor. The poor sat at his gate, and blessed his liberal hand; and never a pilgrim reposed in his porch, without remembering, in his orisons, its hospitable owner.

Saint Clair had allied himself in marriage with the Lady Margaret De Boys, a woman of high birth,

birth, and rare endowments; whose accomplishments might have embellished the greatest scenes, had not a love of domestic life, and religious cast of mind, induced her to prefer retirement. All her leisure hours, which her family did not call for, were spent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the noblest rank exercised, without thinking they demeaned their stations; she relieved the indigent,—advised with the unfortunate,—visited the sick,—and brought up her *Twin Daughters*, FRANCES and ISABELLA, in the same sentiments; accustoming them very early, to attend upon her in all those acts of primitive piety. As these young ladies were the sole issue of Saint Clair and Lady Margaret, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds, so rich a soil, that every thing prospered which was planted in them: no useful knowledge was omitted, no external accomplishment neglected.

FRANCES and ISABELLA were now arrived at the age of twenty-five, the amiableness of their characters, their enlarged understanding, and the gracefulness of their persons, won the admiration, and esteem of all who approached them. They had, from similitude of manners, and sentiment, contracted such a rare affection for each other, that

that it seemed as if nature, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for that extraordinary union; which was to distinguish their lives, and for those effusions of elevated friendship, which the loss of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth. Nor was this event very remote; Lady Margaret was seized by a sudden illness, which, in a few days, carried her off, and desolated one of the happiest families in the world.

It would be difficult to describe the sounds of woe, which on this occasion, echoed through all the mansion, or the sighs of the disconsolate poor, under the windows. The grief of Saint Clair, after the many years of uninterrupted happiness that he had enjoyed with Lady Margaret, in its first attack, almost overpowered his reason; FRANCES and ISABELLA had the weight of a father's sorrow added to their own; which compelled them to smother their feelings, great as they were, and to assume a fortitude their hearts disavowed.

—Lovely mourners!—more lovely in your tears!—methinks I see you now, bathed in filial sorrow, standing by, and supporting your distracted parent—striving in vain to tear him from the coffin, which he will not suffer his servants to close,

close, still demanding, in wild utterance, again, and again—*one last—last look!*—

—Heavens! how severe a distress! if any reader hath been in a situation, to ask for *a last look* of what is most dear to him, and what he is going to be deprived of for ever—he alone can best judge, how much that bosom is agonized, that urges the request!

Though Saint Clair called in aid all philosophy, to support himself under the loss of his beloved Lady Margaret, yet he was worn, by a silent sorrow, which had so visible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and which, in about a year, put an end to it.

In this mournful interval, the greatest comfort his dejected daughters received, was, from the frequent visits of their uncle John De Saint Clair, who was at that time, Abbot of the monastery of SAINT AUGUSTIN in CANTERBURY: of which place, there are, at this day, such noble remains existing. He was the younger brother of Geoffrey, though there was but the difference of a year between them; and was reputed to be a man of so much learning and virtue, that Saint Clair, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection; bequeathing to each of them, a very large inheritance.

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The manner in which FRANCES had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, and the example of a mother, she so much revered, determined her to a life of religious retirement: and a great convent of Benedictine Nuns, not very distant from FEVERSHAM, happening a few months after, to lose their principal, (who was always one of a considerable family) the Abbot of SAINT AUGUSTIN, perceiving her fixed in her scheme of life, procured her to be named the Lady Abbess of it.

ISABELLA, who had never as yet been separated from her sister, would, on this occasion, most willingly have taken the veil. "The same roof," says she, "hath ever hitherto covered us,— the same have been our wishes,— the same our pursuits;— the grave hath divided us from those, who taught us the amiableness of friendship,— and shall alone divide us from one another!"

The Abbot was much hurt by this declaration of his niece. He desired her to banish from her thought, such a resolution; and failed not to intimate to her, that FRANCES, having devoted herself to the cloister she remained the only support of the family of St. Clair; that her virtues should rather embellish society, than be lost within the walls

walls of a monastery ; and wished she would by accepting some alliance of suitable rank and fortune, rather permit those accomplishments to be seen by the world, which she sought to hide in oblivion.

FRANCES, on her part, however she was charmed with this testimony of her sister's affection, joined in sentiment with her uncle, expressing to her, how much happier she should be, to see her settle herself by marriage, and imitate the good life and example of their excellent mother.

"I am not, you know," says she, "by the religious office I fill, tied down to all those rules, which of course must be imposed on you ; my liberty remains ; we shall have constant opportunities of continuing that intercourse of love, our hearts so mutually desire. It will be the highest pleasure to me, to see you united to a man worthy your choice ; preserving in our father's castle, that hospitality, for which it hath so long been famed ; and whenever you shall wish to make a short retreat from the bustle of the world, our holy house will afford you a peaceable asylum.

It was not but with great difficulty, nor even till much time after, that, by the repeated solicitations of FRANCES, and her uncle, ISABELLA, was

was prevailed on to relinquish entirely, her intentions of entering on a monastic life. She resided for some time, in her father's venerable old mansion on the Medway, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's sister; who, at intervals, attended her on visits to FRANCES, and also, at particular seasons, to the Abbot, at his house, which was a noble building, adjoining to the monastery of ST. AUGUSTIN:

It was in one of these visits to her uncle, that she became acquainted with Henry De Belville, between whose father and the Abbot, there had long subsisted a most firm friendship. He was of good birth, though much inferior to ISABELLA in fortune; his father's estate having greatly suffered in the confusion of those turbulent times.

Belville was now in his twenty-ninth year; his figure was graceful, and manly, and, to a disposition as amiable as his person, was joined an understanding both quick and strong, and which had been improved by the most extensive education, that the fashion of the age allowed. He had been sent to travel over EUROPE, had resided in several of its principal courts; and was now on his return from a short expedition into France, and had stopped at CANTERBURY, to pay his respects to

the Abbot, and to deliver certain letters with which he had been charged.

Belville, on his first return to ENGLAND, a few years previous to the present period, had been honoured by the patronage of RICHARD DUKE of GLOUCESTER; near whose person, he held an employment, which could not long dispense with his absence; for that prince, being now mounted on the throne of ENGLAND, the whole nation was thrown into an hostile state.

It will not be wondered at, if after Belville and ISABELLA had been a few days together, their mutual accomplishments, and their mutual desire to please, should have made them much charmed with one another. Belville felt himself enamoured of his fair companion, and had the satisfaction to perceive, that his attention to her was not thrown away. Though he took leave, after a short time, to go to LONDON, yet he found an excuse for returning very soon; and having reason to think he had made a favourable impression on ISABELLA, did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life, in the society of so engaging a woman. His offer was not less pleasing to ISABELLA, than it was to her uncle, and FRANCES; the latter of whom agreed to give
up

up to her sister, her right in the castle of **St. Clair**, where it was proposed they should reside.

Every thing was preparing for their nuptials; and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity, than did this purposed union of true and disinterested affection. But the successful progress that the arms of **HENRY** of **RICHMOND** now made in the kingdom, had obliged **RICHARD** to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants to attend his camp; amongst whom, as before mentioned, was the intended bridegroom; who at this time would most willingly have waved the service, had not his own nice sense of honour, and his zeal for his royal master, overcome every private motive.

Were I to follow closely, the manuscript from whence the substance of this story is drawn, it would lead me into some of the historical transactions of those times, which are already sufficiently known; only it is worthy of being remembered, that there are encomiums bestowed on the character, and person of **RICHARD**; upon both of which historians have thrown so much deformity. I shall therefore pass over those circumstances, which are foreign to my subject; and only observe, that the unfortunate **Belville** was amongst those of the king's followers, who shared their royal master's

fare in BOSWORTH FIELD. He was near RICHARD in great part of the battle, and was also a witness of his death; and his own horse being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confusion, his thigh was broken; and, after RICHMOND'S party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with several others wounded, into LEICESTER, where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monastery of Black Friars, in that city.

His page, Bertram, who had served him from his infancy, took care that every assistance should be procured him; but the fever, which was occasioned by the accident, together with many bruises he had received, neither gave himself, or those about him, any other prospect, but that of approaching death.

Those who contemplate Belville a few weeks before, in the full vigour of youth, flattering himself with every expectation of happiness, that virtue, fortune, and a union with one of the loveliest of women, could present to his imagination; and now picture him—stretched on a poor pallet, —surrounded by a parcel of mendicant friars,—his countenance shrunk and wan,—and his eyes fixed with humility and resignation, on a crucifix which they held before him, cannot surely, by the
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the contrast, avoid dropping a sigh, at the fallacy of human hopes!

A little before he expired, he desired to be left alone with his Page, that he might give him his latest orders.

“Bertram,” says he, looking wistfully on him,
“the day that hath ruined our Sovereign’s fortune,
“ hath blasted mine! and that too, in the
“ moment when it shone the fairest! Thou wilt
“ soon render me the last of thy faithful services!
“ Let my body rest with the fathers of this house,
“ and as soon as thou hath seen its due rites performed,
“ speed thee to CANTERBURY, and acquaint the holy
“ Abbot of ST. AUGUSTIN, with the bloody event of
“ yesterday. Conjure him, that he unfold it to my
“ intended bride, in such a manner as his discretion
“ shall advise. Bear her this jewel from my finger,
“ in token, that my last thoughts dwelt on her;
“ and tell her; my only sigh in leaving the world,
“ was for the losing her, whose virtues so embellish it!”

The faithful Bertram dropped a tear of affection and gratitude, over the grave of his gallant master; and journeying to CANTERBURY with a bursting heart, presented himself before the Abbot,

bot, with such a countenance, as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.

The arrival of Belville's Page, could not be long a secret to ISABELLA, who was then at her uncle's; and whose mind instantly foreboded some extraordinary event; though the news of the battle had not yet reached that city.

When Saint Clair was himself sufficiently composed, to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort, which a good man would offer on such an occasion; though the amount of all that can be said to the sons and daughters of affliction, is no more than this, that it is our duty, and our interest, to bear, with patience, that which is not in our power to alter! The emotions of nature must subside, before the soothing voice of reason can be heard!

ISABELLA, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude, and resignation, which her piety alone could inspire. She desired that Bertram might be detained, two, or three days, at the monastery, and as soon as her mind was more fortified, she would dispatch him to her sister FRANCES, whom she could then bear to see with more calmness; and to whom she sent the following letter, by the hands of the page.

“ Most

“ Most beloved Sister,

“ I am plunged from the height of imaginary
“ happiness, into the depth of real distress! The
“ messenger who delivers this, will inform you of
“ my situation, and to him I refer you for parti-
“ culars, which I am unable to dwell on. Belville
“ is no more! All that dream of happiness which
“ I hoped for, from an alliance with that dear,
“ that amiable man, is vanished in an instant!
“ and I wake into a world, that hath no object
“ for my regard, but the affection of my ever ten-
“ der FRANCES! I support my adversity with all
“ the fortitude I can summon up; but heaven
“ only knows the struggles of my heart! From
“ the time that the united solicitations of you,
“ and my uncle, prevailed on me (though reluc-
“ tantly) to absent myself from you, my soul hath
“ been agitated between hope and disappointment!
“ I will trust the fallacy of the world no more;
“ the remainder of my days shall be passed with
“ you; and we will end life as we began it, in an
“ inseparable union. Your converse, and the so-
“ litude of a cloister, can alone restore tranquillity
“ to the mind, of your ever faithful, and disconso-
“ late.

“ ISABELLA.”

When the Lady Abbess saw her sister, she found
her still more confirmed in her resolution of en-
tering

tering on a monastic life. Her Uncle, conceiving it might best restore a calm to her troubled spirits, no longer opposed it; and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, and every thing prepared, she took the veil in the convent where FRANCES presided.

ISABELLA, now found in religion, the only consolation for her past misfortunes; and though the remembrance of her beloved Belville, would often come across her, and spread a temporary gloom over her mind, yet she constantly strove to dispel it by piety and resignation. The Two SISTERS enjoyed all that heartfelt pleasure, which arises from rooted friendship; and, as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the Sisterhood.

The *Manuscript* informs us, that after these ladies had passed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the Abbess was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life. It is not difficult to conceive, how severe ISABELLA'S sufferings were, in this dreadful interval of suspense and apprehension, or the anxieties of her mind, till her Sister was restored to health.

FRANCES,

FRANCES, during her illness, had made a private vow to the *Blessed Virgin Mary*, that if she recovered, she would send some costly present to a chapel, which was consecrated to her; at a little port, called BRADSTOW or BROAD-STAIRS, in the Isle of Thanet (part of which chapel is at this day remaining); and in which, her image was esteemed to work such great miracles, that Pilgrims came from parts very remote, to visit it; and it was held in such veneration, that all ships passing within sight of it, are reported to have constantly lowered their top-sails, to salute it. And the feast of the Invention of the holy cross, which was the third day of May, being to be celebrated there, with great solemnity, her gratitude for her recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the *Virgin*, determined her to go herself at that time, and fulfil her vow.

ISABELLA obtained permission to accompany her Sister in this devout purpose; and the roads being little frequented in that age, and a horse almost the only conveyance, they resolved to put themselves, with two attendants, aboard a passage sloop, that usually went, at stated times from FEVERSHAM TO BROAD-STAIRS, and other parts along the coast, between that place and the DOWNS.

They set sail in the evening, but had not been at sea above two hours, before a violent storm arose. Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth of the THAMES knows how difficult it is rendered by reason, of the many flats, and banks of sand, that obstruct it.

The suddenness and fury of the storm, together with the thunder and lightning that accompanied it, threw a dismay amongst all the passengers; and the mariners, from the opposition of the wind and tide, were unable to direct the vessel. To pursue their course was impracticable; they therefore attempted to save themselves, by running in on the shore, at a little place called RECULVER (which is a small village though of great antiquity, situated on the border of the Isle of Thanet;) but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly, whereabout they were. Every endeavour to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it; and their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea, bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the *Horfe*, that lies a little off from RECULVER.

The surprize—the confusion—and the image of death, that must naturally rush into the minds of people,

people, who are on the point of being wrecked, can only be justly felt, or described, by those, who have stood in so dreadful a situation. Each one recommended himself to GOD, to his *Tutelar Saint*. The mariners hoisted out their long boat, as precipitately as they could; and that which most agitated the thoughts of FRANCES and ISABELLA, was, the mutual preservation of each other.

Scarce was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it; for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours, and, to add to the horror, night advanced. The Captain, almost by force, dragged the Lady Abbess, and her Sister, from the cabin, and scarce had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those who were already in the boat, finding they must all perish, if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards shore, in spite of the menaces of the Captain, who stood on deck, supporting ISABELLA, the intreaties of the Abbess, who was wild to return; or the cries of the passengers left behind.

The only faint hope which now remained to those on board, was, that the vessel might possibly hold together, till some assistance could be obtain-

ed from the shore ; which they still flattered themselves would come, in case the boat reach the land, which it providentially did, though with the utmost risk. Every one who remained in the vessel was resigned to their fate; and surrounded as ISABELLA was, by impending death, it afforded no small consolation to her, to think there was a possibility that her Sister had escaped.

It was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any one durst venture out ; when, the storm abating, with the departure of the tide, and the day being near drawing, a large boat put off to the wreck. When those who went to assist, got to it, they found all the people on board, refuged in different places beneath the deck, great part of which was broken away. ISABELLA had remained in the cabin; one side of which was also washed off, and the room half filled with water; she was almost exhausted, by the terrors she had sustained, the bruises she had received, and the extreme cold in which she had so long suffered. They led her with the utmost gentleness from this wretched place, while she, all pale, and trembling, scarcely comprehended at first what they were doing; yet life seemed to flush a new in her countenance, on hearing that her Sister was preserved.

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As soon as they had brought her on shore, she was supported by several women, who were waiting to receive her; and conducted to the house where the Lady Abbess was. FRANCES, transported at the first sight of her Sister, ran out to meet ISABELLA, who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her, but sunk down, overpowered, into the arms of her attendants. FRANCES clasped her hands, and in her eager joy would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon.

ISABELLA was immediately put into bed, and received every assistance that could be procured; but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, by the terror and fatigue, which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining so many hours in water, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.

FRANCES, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her Sister, her own sufferings. She never stirred from her bedside, and often accused herself, as being the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition. ISABELLA chid her for thinking so,
 declaring,

declaring, it was the will of Heaven, to which she patiently submitted. "Though we came into the world together," says she "yet as we were not destined to perish together, a time must inevitably have come, when death would have dissolved our union. I rejoice that I am not the survivor. I die, where I have ever wished to live, in the arms of the most beloved of Sisters. Pray for the repose of my soul; and lay me in the tomb which you have allotted to be your own, that ~~our~~ grave may in death hold our Remains, who in life had but one heart."

The loss of Isabella plunged the Lady Abbess into that deep distress, which minds, formed like her's, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness, and benevolence, must, on such a trial, inevitably feel. She caused the body of her ~~un~~fortunate Sister to be transported in solemnity, to their convent; where, after it had been exposed with accustomed rites, it was deposited with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of St. Benedict, bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the Sisterhood.

When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction, FRANCES failed not to transmit, by the
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the hands of her Confessor (her Uncle the Abbot, having been sometime dead) her intended offering to the *Virgin of BROAD-STAIRS*, accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of ISABELLA'S soul. And soon after, to perpetuate the memory of her Sister, as well as to direct mariners in their course, that they might escape the sad calamity herself had so fatally experienced, she caused an ancient church that stood on a rising ground just above the village of RE-CULVER, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be restored, and much enlarged, and erected *Two Spiral Towers* at the end thereof; the which she directed should be called THE SISTERS; and to this day it retains the name, and is a feat mark of great utility.

In less than seven years, the whole church was completed; which she endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune; and ordained, that there should be celebrated one solemn mass *on the first day* of every month (the wreck having happened on the *first of May*;) and that a perpetual litany should be sung, for the eternal peace of the departed ISABELLA.

She lived to see this her will executed, as well as to bestow many other charitable donations, not
only

only on the convent over which she presided, but on several other religious institutions; and was, from her amiable character, and pious example, beloved, and respected to the last hour of her life.

She survived ISABELLA eleven years, and died most sincerely, and deservedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.

Her remains pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her Sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank, and office. A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross, and beneath it, a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.

Faithful,—congenial spirits! in whatsoever worlds ye reside, peace be your lot! as virtue was your portion here! Long, long may this memorial of your love remain! to guide the dubious vessel in its course, and make your names blest by the wanderers of the deep!



NO TRUE HAPPINESS

WITHOUT VIRTUE.

K NOW, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind;
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
 tence,

But Health consists in temperance alone;
 And Peace oh Virtue! Peace in all thy own,
 The good or bad, the gifts of fortune gain;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say in pursuit of profit or delight
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or
 right?

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is to pass for good,
 O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below
 Who fancy blis to Vice, to Virtue woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best;
 Best knows the blessings and will most be blest.
 But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal Good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall;
Short and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone, is happiness below.
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain
And if its loss attended with no pain
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd
Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.



Striking piece of History.

EDWARD the third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the fickle into her second harvest since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcases of their starved cattle, they tore up old

foundations and rubbish in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted a matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace St. Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward, the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty.

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He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that **they** all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him their true and natural sovereign. That, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebians, provided they would deliver up six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had enflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? whom had they to deliver save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and deep silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly.

“ My friends, we are brought to great straits
this

this day, we must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

“ Look about, you my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons, whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? who through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries, a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.”

“ Where then is our resource, is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? there is, my Friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a God-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life; let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from
that

that Power, who offered up his only son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length St. Pierre resumed—"It had been base in me, my fellow citizens to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation which might attend a first offer, on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits."

"Indeed, the station, to which the captivity of Lord Vienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes, I give it freely, I give it cheerfully, who comes next?"

Your Son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.—"Ah my child! cried St. Pierre, I am,

I am, then twice sacrificed.—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few but full, my son! the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes——Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! Your kinsman, cried James Wiffant! Your kinsman, cried Peter Wiffant!—Ah! exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was I not a citizen of Calais?

The sixth victim was still wanting but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting, what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city and was heard throughout the camp.

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The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation and their souls were touched with compassion; each of the soldiers prepared a portion of their own victuals to welcome & entertain the half famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length St. Pierre, and his fellow victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter, and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies. And they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the royal presence, Mauny! says the Monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny, they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if Virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Were they

they delivered peaceably, says Edward; was there no resistance, no commotion among the people? Not, in the least, my lord; the people would have perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an example equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter, but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shewn that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times, is indispensably necessary to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution: your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to St. Pierre, your rebellion against me the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.— We have nothing to ask of your Majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.—What is that?— Your esteem, my Lord, said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the Camp. The queen had just arrived

rived with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken their king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. " My Lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects a matter, more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France; it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband and my King."

" You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward."

" They have behaved themselves worthily, they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor and indispensable pardon."

" I admit they have deserved every thing that

is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and most efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desire, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?"

"But if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours be tarnished thereby! Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and the objects whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests; a dark and indelible disgrace to his name."

"No, my Lord. Let us rather disappoint the faucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them

them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them, of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

"I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cried Edward, prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!"

They came, when the queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them.

"Natives of France, and the inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expence of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold, and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach

teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, of title or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions."

"You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

"Yet, we would rather bind you, to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah, my Country, exclaimed St. Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."

"Brave St. Pierre, said the Queen, wherefore look you so dejected?—Ah madam! replied St. Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day."

Pharaoh's Daughter.

FAST by the margin of her native flood,
Whose fertile waters are well known to fame,
Fair as the bord'ring flow'rs the princefs flood,
And rich in bounty as the gen'rous stream.

When lo! a tender cry afflicts her ear,
The tender cry declares an infant's grief;
Soon she, who melted at each mortal's care,
With tend'rest pity fought the babe's relief.

The babe adorn'd in beauty's early bloom,
But to the last distress expos'd, appears,
His infant softness pleads a milder doom,
And speaks with all the eloquence of tears.

The kind Egyptian gaz'd upon his charms,
And with compassion view'd the weeping child;
She snatch'd the little Hebrew to her arms,
And kiss'd the infant—the sweet infant smil'd.

Again she clasps him with a fond embrace,
Yet more she pities the young stranger's woe;
She wip'd the tears that hung upon his face,
Her own the while in pious plenty flow.

Now, cruel father, thy harsh law I see,
And feel that rigour which the Hebrews mourn;
O! that I could reverse the dire decree,
Which dooms the babe a wretch as soon as born!

But

But that, alas! exceeds my slender pow'r—
And must this tender innocent be slain?
Poor harmless babe! born in a luckless hour,
Yet sweet as ever sooth'd a mother's pain.

Must thou, poor undeserving infant, die?
No! in my bosom ev'ry danger shun;
A princess shall thy parents loss supply
And thou art worthy to be call'd her son.

ON

Parental Indulgence.

THE love of progeny seems to operate as strongly in the brute creation as in the human species, during the helpless age of immaturity. The guidance of instinct, indeed, as it is more decisively determinate, seems to bring up an offspring with less deviation from the purposes of nature, than the superior faculty of reason. The greater acuteness of reason leads to hesitation, and involves in error, while it is distracted by the variety of objects it assembles for its choice. The bird never injures its young by repletion. The young, indeed, of few animals, when left to the
care

care of the parent, without the interference of man, is found to perish. But it is well known how large a proportion of children die under the age of two years, in our metropolis. The cause is in general the neglect of nature for the aids of art, proceeding from a degree of fondness which stimulates the parent to take all the care upon herself, and to leave little to the invisible process of natural energies. If the child survive by the vigour of its constitution to a puerile age, even then the fondness of the parent, most amiable in its origin, but most injurious to the object it most wishes to benefit, is found to destroy the very purpose of living, by endeavouring to render life pleasurable to excess, and without vicissitude. If his absence can be so far borne as to permit him to enter at a school, an earnest desire is expressed that he may be indulged in all those luxuries of the table which pollute the pure stream of the infant blood, and by overloading the organs of intellect, preclude the possibility of solid improvement. He, whose attention should be engrossed by his book, and who should learn to look on every pleasure of the senses as a subordinate pleasure, is taught by the overweening attachment of a parent, to have little other care than to pamper the grossest among the animal appetites.

Regularity of diet, and modest decency in all the circumstances of scholastic life, are often represented as the result of a too penurious œconomy; and the young pupil no sooner returns, in the days of vacation, to his paternal roof, than he is crammed with delicacies, to compensate the penance he has undergone at the place of his education. We can derive but little improvement from the teacher we condemn. Yet how can the boy avoid contempt for the master, whom he is taught to consider as totally regardless of any thing but his own sordid interest, and capable of depriving the child committed to his care of his proper sustenance? But they who are sensible in other respects, are rendered, by their fondness weak enough to believe any calumny which a forward child utters for the sake of changing his place of education, or of remaining at home.

The propensity to indulgence is so strong, that at the maturest age, and with the most improved reason, it is difficult to restrain it within the limits of moderation. To encourage, instead of checking this natural tendency, is, in effect, to nurse those vices of the future youth, and to cause those excesses of early manhood, which in the end hasten the grey hairs of the inconsiderate parent with sorrow to the grave. Few would be profligate

gate in the extreme, if they were not untaught all the virtue they learn under their tutors, by the example and inadvertence of their own family. When immorality is obliquely recommended by a father's practice, the infection is irresistible. A tutor's admonitions are soon supposed to proceed merely from official care, when they contradict the conduct of him whom a child naturally loves above all others.

The general custom of allowing a considerable weekly stipend, and of giving pecuniary presents to the school-boy, often frustrates the intentions of education. It is not likely that he should give his thoughts to literary improvement, who is obliged to study how he shall spend the bounty of his aunts and cousins; and whose pocket always enables him to find recreation without seeking it in books. It would be happy if things could be so contrived, that, for want of employment, he should be driven to those volumes where employment of the sweetest kind may be always found, attended with the most valuable advantages. A profusion of money at a childish age is not uncommonly the cause of subsequent extravagance, and tends to introduce one of the most pernicious and least curable vices,—a propensity to gaming. But reasoning can avail little against the partiality of some

fond relations, who cannot suffer present pleasure to be neglected by her favourite for the sake of an advantage which is distant and uncertain.

It is usually supposed that maternal affection is stronger than paternal.

There is no doubt but that it often interposes in adjusting the plan of education. Its kind sollicitude is too amiable to be censured with asperity. Yet we must assert, that it is not possible that a mother, though sensible and accomplished, should be so well qualified to direct the care of a boy's education in all its parts, as a father of equal abilities. All the important departments in civil life are filled by men. The pulpit, the bar, the senate-house, are appropriated to men. Men, from the facility with which they travel, and their superior hardiness, see more of the world than women, who, with the same opportunities, might indeed make the same observations; but who, in the present state of things, cannot judge of those qualifications, attainments, manners, and characters, which recommend to notice in all the professions of life, and tend to insure success. Hence it is that they are observed to set the highest value on ornamental accomplishments, of the grace of which their fine taste is peculiarly sensible; and to underrate the more solid attainments, with the utility
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and beauty of which their situation, often keeps them unacquainted. Many a fond and sensible mother has controverted the necessity of learning Latin, as a dead language, in which there can be no use, while the living languages of France and Italy are more easily attainable, and infinitely more fashionable. Such a judgment is not to be wondered at; nor does it proceed from natural weakness, but from an unavoidable unacquaintance with the charms of the classics; and the utility of Latin in the practice of every liberal art, in the conversation of the enlightened, and in the study of the most admired modern books, which abound in Latin quotations, in allusions to the classics, and in words which cannot be fully understood without understanding the language from which they are derived. Add to this, that the extreme tenderness of maternal affection will not permit that strict discipline to be exercised on a beloved son, which, though it has nothing in it of harsh severity, resembles not the soft and indulgent treatment of the mother or nurse. Scarcely any thing of value is brought to perfection without some care analogous to this scholastic discipline. The tree will not produce its fruits in sufficient abundance, or with a proper flavour, unless it is chastised in its luxuriances by the hand of art. It is requisite that the stubborn foil should
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be broken by cultivation. The most serviceable animals are either useless or hurtful, till reduced to obedience by coercion. Man, above all, possessed as he is of stronger powers and acuter perceptions, of ill qualities no less than good, in a superior degree, requires all the aids of art to correct his enormities, and teach him to act a rational and consistent part in the theatre of the world.

Although the infliction of salutary discipline may give pain even to those who know it to be salutary, yet they must not, for the sake of sparing their own feelings, act in contradiction to their judgment, and do an irreparable injury to those whom they most tenderly love. Excessive lenity and indulgence is ultimately excessive rigour.

With the excellent effects of Spartan discipline, every one is acquainted. Of the lamentable consequences of modern relaxation, daily experience furnishes examples. The puerile age is patient and tractable. Reformation must begin there. Temperance, diligence, modesty, and humility, cannot be too early inculcated. These will lead through the temple of virtue to the temple of honour and happiness. In this progress, strict discipline will sometimes be necessary; but let not
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the pretence of proper correction give an opportunity for the gratification of vindictive cruelty. Inhumanity, even in a Busby, admits not of palliation.

ANECDOTE

OF

Dr. BARROWBY.

AT the time of the great contested election for Representatives of the City and Liberty of Westminster, in 1749, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were Candidates, the late Dr. Barrowby greatly interested himself in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppose the Court-Party. At this period he had, for some weeks, attended the noted Joe Weatherby, master of the Ben Johnson's Head, in Ruffel-street, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness, that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both

sides

fides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants. "Hey-day! What's the cause of this?" exclaimed Barrowby. "Why would you get out of bed without my direction?" "Dear Doctor," says poor Joe, in broken accents, "I am going to poll." "To poll!" replies the Doctor, with some warmth (supposing he was of the same opinion with his fair rib,) "going to the Devil, you mean! Why, do you know, that the cold air may destroy you? Get to bed, man; get to bed as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue." "Oh! if that is the case, Sir," returns the patient, in a feeble voice, "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent-Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput." "How, Joe! for Sir George!" "Yes, Sir: I wish him heartily well." "Do you?" says the medical politician. Hold! nurse, don't pull off his stockings again. Let me feel his pulse. Hey! very well; a good firm stroke. Egad, this will do. You took the pills I ordered last night?" "Yes, Doctor; but they made me very sick." "Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep nurse?" "Oh, charmingly, Sir." "Did he?"
 Well,

Well, if his mind be uneasy about this election, he must be indulged. Diseases of the mind greatly affect those of the body. Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him. It is a fine day: but the sooner he goes, the better; the sun will be down very early. Here, here, lift him up. Agad! a ride will do him good. He shall go with me to the hustings in my chariot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conscience; amidst the acclamations of the people; and, two hours after his physical friend had left him at his own house, absolutely departed this life, and the Doctor was loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court-Party.

T O
R E L I G I O N.

HAIL, sacred Goddess! offspring of the skies!
How dost thou sink each vice, each virtue
rise;

Dispel the clouds that overspread the mind,
And bid the thoughts aspire to bliss refin'd—

N N unmingled

Unmingled happiness, sincere delight—
 While earthly joys diminish on the flight.
 My soul's high powers supine and torpid lay,
 Till rous'd to life by thine efficient ray;
 But now celestial light my breast pervades,
 And sin looks black as the infernal shades;
 Dark Ignorance and Error take their flight,
 As fly at morn's approach, the shades of night.
 MESSIAH bright and amiable appears:
 Burns my glad heart! and all my soul reveres!

*Adversity useful to the Acquisition
 of Knowledge.*

AS daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight; neither awed by greatness, nor eluded by obscurity; philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by persuading us that most of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every vicissitude of external circumstances,

cumstances, some advantage sufficient to overbalance all its inconveniences.

This attempt may perhaps be justly suspected of resemblance to the practice of physicians, who, when they cannot mitigate pain, destroy sensibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyrists of calamity have more frequently gained applause to their wit, than acquiescence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the most musical oratory or subtle ratiocination has been able long to overpower the anguish of oppression, the tediousness of langour, or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked, that where much has been attempted, something has been performed; though the discoveries or acquisitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at least sufficient to animate his industry. The antidotes with which philosophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it salubrity and sweetness, have at least allayed its bitterness and contempered its malignity; the balm which she drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain, though it cannot heal them.

By suffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we secure ourselves from vain and immoderate dis-

quiet; we preserve for better purposes that strength which would be unprofitably wasted in wild efforts of desperation, and maintain that circumspection which may enable us to seize every support and improve every alleviation. This calmness will be more easily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to those accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every state.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almost to allure us to it, by representing it as necessary to the pleasures of the mind. *He that never was acquainted with adversity, says he, has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.* He invites his pupil to calamity as the Syrens allured the passengers to their coasts, by promising that they shall return with increase of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easier comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subjects, is always eager for new enquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wid-
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er prospect, it must be gratified with variety, by more rapid flights and bolder excursions; nor perhaps can there be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

When *Jason*, in *Valerius Flaccus*, would incline the young prince *Acastus* to accompany him in the first essay of navigation, he disperses his apprehensions of danger by representations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would spread before his eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they shall have seen, and the toils which they have surmounted.

Acastus was soon prevailed upon by his curiosity to set rocks and hardships at defiance, and commit himself to the winds; and the same motives have in all ages had the same effect upon those whom the desire of fame or wisdom has distinguished from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that distress is necessary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides from us so large a part of the

the field of meditation, the envy of many who re-pine at the sight of affluence and splendor will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss.

It is certain, that however the rhetorick of *Seneca* may have dressed adversity with extrinſick ornaments, he has juſtly represented it as affording ſome opportunities of obſervation, which cannot be found in continual ſucceſs; he has truly aſſerted, that to eſcape miſfortune is to want inſtruction, and that to live at eaſe is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happineſs without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is neceſſary to a juſt ſenſe of better fortune; for the good of our preſent ſtate is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be ſufficient to diſturb and harras him, if he does not know how much he eſcapes. The luſtre of diamonds is invigorated by the interpoſition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the ſhades. The higheſt pleaſure which nature has indulged to ſenſitive perception, is that of reſt after fatigue; yet that ſtate which labour heightens into delight,
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is of itself only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the super-addition of diversified amusements.

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by *Seneca*, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimation of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. *He that traverses the list without an adversary, may receive, says the philosopher, the reward of victory, but he has no pretensions to the honour*; If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conscience; he whose courage has made way amidst the turbulence of opposition, and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over those that have slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time can entertain them with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and
 affections

affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, find it necessary to steal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm, nothing is shown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reasonings determined by his opinions, whatever can alarm suspicion, or excite resentment, is carefully suppressed, and nothing appears but uniformity of sentiments and ardour of affection.

It may be observed that the unvaried complaisance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unskilled in human nature; prosperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore must be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is scarcely to be heard, but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it.



Anecdote of Dr. KING.

DR. KING, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above pickles reserved dry for his own use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him: I here present you, my lords and gentlemen, said he, with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, *That you saw an archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Z E A L.

A

V I S I O N.

THERE never was a word more mistaken than Zeal.

To this idol have been sacrificed thousands and ten thousands. It delights and sports itself in hu-

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man

man victims, like Moloch. As an angel of darkness, it deals murders, plagues, and famine around; and, with the venomous malignity of a basilisk, kills whatever it looks upon.

This monster hath turned the most fertile plains into barren wildernesses, depopulated large and mighty cities, and totally effaced the image of the Creator through several parts of the eastern world. Zeal, abstracted from charity, is the wild enthusiasm of a distemper'd brain, or the infernal rage of an abandoned hypocrite.

While I was ruminating on this subject, I fell asleep, and to the above reflections I attribute the following vision—

Methought I was on a sudden transported into a distant country, the air of which was very thick and heavy, so that the whole region appeared to be involved in a large cloud. I had not been there long, before a beautiful being met me, and accosted me with the question—"how I came hither?" My reply hath escaped my memory. But my fair guide, without farther interrogations, led me towards a large structure, which she informed me was the temple of Zeal.

As we passed along, we took notice of vast armies,

mies, which encompassed us on all sides. The colour of their cloaths was the deepest scarlet that I had ever beheld. Their swords, which were always drawn, were reeking with the blood of those whom they had encountered.

Thus we advanced towards the middle of the country. As we drew nearer to the temple, the air grew so thick, and the whole atmosphere was so dark, that the building seemed entirely situated in the very shades of night. The building was illuminated with a small taper, which cast an additional gloom and horror around the place. Instead of foliage, and other decorations, usual at the entrance of large edifices, there were carved the figures of human skulls, and other bones; so that the external ornaments resembled the appearances of a sepulchre. At the farther end of the temple, we described the female to whom it belonged. She was seated upon a throne of ebony, and arrayed in deep mourning. Her face was very pale, and much emaciated, occasioned by long vigils, and unremitting industry in her attention to her engagements. Her eyes and hands were lifted upwards, and she seemed to be actuated by the most fervent devotion. On her right-hand stood Superstition, dressed in the habit of a nun, and was her prime-minister of state, from whom she received all her intelligence.

intelligence. On her left appeared a hideous phantom, called Death: in one hand was lightning, and in the other a scythe.

After having taken a sufficient survey of this scene of terrors, I desired my leader to conduct me back, with which request she immediately complied; and entertained me as we passed along, with suitable reflections upon what I had seen. I was very desirous to know the lady by whom I had been so highly obliged, when a fortunate incident occurred, which introduced me into the whole secret.

There advanced towards us a tribe of nymphs, whose charms were too many and too great for the description of the pen; each held in her hand a golden harp. Their eyes are strong and sparkling, and at the same time tempered with a peculiar softness. Their hair flowed upon their shoulders in graceful ringlets; and when they spoke, musick issued from their tongues. No sooner had their president, who was the goddess Harmony, attended by the liberal arts and sciences, paid her respects to my conductor, than she immediately threw off her disguise: when, lo! all on a sudden, the mists and clouds were dispelled; the day broke in upon us, and the sun shone in all it's meridian

ridian glory. Whereupon I turned myself, to notice what was become of the scene which I had so lately beheld; when, to my great surprize and pleasure, the spot where the temple stood was converted into a verdant hill, covered with flocks of sheep, whose fleeces emulated the whiteness of snow; while the plains below were beautifully divided into regular inclosures, and stocked with vast herds of cattle. Instead of the cries of the miserable, our ears were entertained with the bleatings of sheep, the lowings of oxen, the sweet murmurs of rivulets, and the melodious warblings of nightingales! I was then turning towards my guide, who instantly vanished from my sight; but, by the appellation which the nymphs gave her, I learnt that she was the Goddess Liberty, the Genius of Great Britain!

T H E

Necessity of early Amendment.

TO retain ideas, and compare their impressions, is the peculiar and distinguishing attribute of man. Hence arises his superiority over the other beings of the animal creation. Hence
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he is enabled to judge of futurity, and to lay down for his conduct through life, a rational system of action. Possessed of the power of anticipating possibilities by a reference to experience, he can resist any momentary impulse; and amid a variety of objects, which equally solicit and distract his attention, he can select those which he calculates will ultimately be pursued with success and enjoyed with satisfaction. Here then is displayed an extensive field for the exertion of virtuous inclination. Here, it should seem, protected by those powers of reason, which guide and direct it, virtue might triumph over every obstacle which opposed, and every snare which impeded its progress. Powerful, however, as are the temptations, which from every side assail human nature, and unequal as is frequently the force of their rational faculties to a vigorous opposition, the best men are sometimes overcome when they imagine themselves prepared by previous resolutions for any conflict whatever.

The irresolution or weakness of a moment may defeat the accumulated wisdom, or transgress the established rules of years. No man can preserve himself exempt from error, when it is the fate of every one to fail. All our caution, and all our determinations, the rigour of philosophy, and the security of habit, are equally liable to be surpri-
fed

fed by the occasional lapses and infirmities of humanity. This, we own is a distressing, and in some measure, a mortifying picture of man. But let it not discourage the efforts or abate the perseverance of the virtuous. Estimated as it must be by our natural frailty, that conduct cannot be called a decidedly vicious one, which consists only in occasional transgression, and temporary error. Sin, we know, unless its sum be enormous, or its quality in an extraordinary degree flagitious, may be expiated by repentance; and single actions of inadvertence and imprudence, if they are followed by reflections of sorrow, and endeavors to rectify their effects, cannot receive a deep tinge of moral turpitude, or overbalance the merits of life in its general view honest and useful. Let it, however, not be supposed, that in palliating the guilt of inconsiderate or occasional errors, we would justify, as trivial and pardonable, the recurrent fluctuations of levity and caprice. Systematick regularity, and stable principle are as necessary to the welfare of society, as to the character of the individual. Without them men could have no dependence on the faith of each other. There could, indeed, be neither virtue nor order in the world. Violations of rectitude, we know, repeatedly committed, and slightly regarded, gradually reconcile the mind to a total alienation; and since vice so frequently assumes

fumes the appearance of virtue, and conceals itself in disguises the most difficult to be discovered, consistency of conduct is in truth the only test of integrity which can satisfy the doubts of suspicions, and secure the confidence of the distrustful. The distinction, then, is obvious and plain. The man, whose life is a continued series of irregularities and inconsistencies, we abandon as an irreclaimable, and despise as a worthless character. Aware, on the other hand, of the unavoidable frailties of our nature, we must not magnify as unpardonable and irreparable, every petty transgression and trifling deviation: we must not preclude, by representing them as useless, the benefits of reformation nor discourage, by exaggerating every defect, the ardour of virtue. Venial, therefore, as must be considered the natural errors of humanity, they are only so far venial, as they are forsaken on reflection, and thought on with remorse. We may plead as excusable the irresistible propensities of our constitution, or we may alledge as insufficient for the attainment of perfection the powers of reason; but no constitutional weakness can justify intentional depravity, nor any but the wilfully blind or incorrigibly corrupt affirm, that they are ignorant of the commission of a crime, or incapable of relinquishing the pursuit of it. It is no necessary inference, that because a man cannot secure himself from
vice,

vice, he may live without virtue; and because, however constant and watchful be his vigilance; he cannot but incur some fault, he is not bound to extricate himself from its dominion. Vice in its course is naturally progressive. But it is in every man's power, and therefore it is every man's duty, on first setting out, to abandon a course of which he foresees the miserable end. To be ever in some measure imperfect, and in some degree culpable, is the effect of a physical weakness in our constitution; but to be absolutely irreclaimable depends on our misconduct, on our obstinacy in not correcting the influence, or our own blindness in not foreseeing the consequences of the first advances towards an erroneous mode of life.

ANECDOTE

OF

SULLY and HENRY the FOURTH.

IN spite of the superiority of Sully's talents; and the purity of his intentions, this great minister was ever harrassed by calumnies and misrepresentations. Many of them were studiously related to Henry, who occasionally mentioned them

to him; and heard in what manner he defended himself. Once, after a conversation of three hours on subjects like these, he embraced Sully at coming out of his antichamber before all his court, and said, "I esteem you as the best and most innocent man that ever was, as well as the most loyal and the most useful servant I ever possessed." Then turning round to some of Sully's enemies who were present, he added, "I wish earnestly to let you all know, that I love Sully better than ever, and that death alone can dissolve my esteem for him."

MELANCHOLY.

A MID the calm, sequester'd shade,
 Sad Melancholy wanders still;
 Or, pensive, droops the cheerless maid,
 Beside the silver, purling rill.

Where silence holds her placid sway,
 Scarce interrupted by the stream;
 Or e'en the sigh, that heaves its way,
 From nurs'd Affliction's troubled dream:

Where

Where fall'n the sculptors pride is seen,
The moss rob'd pillars worn remains;
And mould'ring Grandeur's fullen mein,
Derides the skilful artist's pains:

Where, emblematic, fall the bough
Of drooping Sorrow's favoured tree;
And warm devotion breathes her vow,
Beneath the veil of secrecy:

Where Pity weeps o'er Folly's train,
And Mirth forgets his mad career;
Where Love dare venture to complain,
And Superstition bows to Fear:

Where rarely, on the verdant way,
The footstep's form appears imprest;
There whither oft I've wished to stray,
Where none my musings might molest!

In pensive thoughts abstracted guise,
To brood o'er Disappointment's reign;
Hope's pleasing wish to realize,
In Fancy's light ideal train!

For Melancholy's mournful reign,
And sensibility's soft pow'r,
Produce a pleasure, oft, from pain,
And milder make the plaintive hour.

DEATH.

DEATH is inevitable: it closes the human existence, and opens the boundless prospects of eternity. How awful, how sublime, and interesting, is this most important of all subjects to man! and yet how few reflect on the uncertainty of life, the instability of all sublunary possessions; or soberly, deliberately, and attentively, consider how absolutely necessary it is to be prepared for that resistless moment that consigns humanity to its kindred dust, that unfetters the soul for trial before the solemn tribunal of Heaven, and either crowns it with a blessed immortality, with joy, and felicity supreme, or envelopes it in consummate misery for ever! Incessant contemplation, however, on this great event, is not required, because it might embitter all the sweets of life, impose gloomy despondency, incapacitate for business, or damp the energy of the intellectual powers; and, therefore, Providence has wisely gifted every individual with many pleasurable sensations and reflections, which often recur, and which tend very powerfully to dissipate sorrow, and sweeten enjoyment. Nevertheless, meditation should be frequent, and always truly sincere; and thence might reasonably be expected every thing exalted
in

in religion, or graceful in morals. It would without doubt, be instrumental, also, in counteracting evil propensities; and act as a prevailing incentive to serious consideration, and the regulation of the conduct and disposition, in the eye of Reason and of Heaven, to whatever is pious, and amiable, and meritorious.

Let it be remembered, that neither age nor rank, neither power nor riches, neither strength, nor beauty, nor goodness, can exempt frail human nature from the appointed visitation. All must tread the gloomy path of death, all must "travel through this vale of darkness," to their destined home, within the pale of eternity. Sometimes Death, that ravening wolf, assails the man whose hoary head and silver locks bespeak the approaching change; sometimes the aged mother; sometimes the young, dutiful, and promising son; sometimes the beautiful, amiable and youthful daughter; or the smiling and engaging infant; are suddenly torn from the fond embrace of affectionate relatives. While visionary scenes, perhaps, of expected felicity and future benefits promised apparent success, and a reciprocity of genuine esteem prompted to aspire to subsequent delight. Death dissolves the promised happiness, and inexorably commands the airy schemes of human contrivance

to

to vanish into air. So uncertain, indeed, are the enjoyments of this life, that little dependence need be placed on their continuance; and yet how eagerly do we press forward in the pursuit of happiness, as if it was an object of all others the most easy to be attained! But, alas! real felicity, unmixed with calamitous or painful incidents, is not here within the grasp of any mortal; it buds, and ripens to perfection, in the garden of Paradise only; where it remains, ever pure and unalloyed, to sweeten and exalt the great, inexhaustible, and unspeakable joys of heaven.

Philosophy, likewise, may contend for the dignity of man: it may lay down maxims for prudence of conduct, and relief in adversity; but its apothegms must eventually prove ineffectual and unsatisfactory. Christianity alone offers the strongest and most permanent support, as well as the most rational consolation: it is this that has brought "life and immortality to light;" it is this that has stood the test of all ages and all experience, and assuredly will be, at every trying conjuncture, in the hour of painful visitation, of unfortunate vicissitudes, in all seasons, and on all occasions, a balm of the most sovereign efficacy, of the sweetest comfort, and the best satisfaction.

In the heathen world, such satisfaction, comfort, and delight, were unknown. Involved in
 primeval

primeval uncertainty, the researches of mankind after truth must necessarily have been vague and inconclusive. Before the dignity of the Saviour of the world, and the establishment of his ever-sacred and ever-blessed Gospel— which, it cannot be denied, abounds in the sublimest and most interesting precepts. Man was led to worship in error, and err through ignorance: but now thank Heaven, there is a wide difference; and no one, surely, who retains his senses, and is open to the impressions of Divine Love, will for a moment doubt of the truths of a Revelation, or wander in the barren mazes of dark mythology for things divine, immutable, and immortal.

As this is a subject of the utmost consequence, I shall conclude this essay with the admirable and affecting reflections of an unknown author, which I once met with in a periodical miscellany. They are, in my opinion peculiarly appropriate and important, and well deserve the attention and remembrance of *me, of you, of all.*

“ It is too commonly found,” says he, “ that a familiarity with death, and a frequent recurrence of funerals, graves, and church-yards, serves to harden, rather than humanize the mind; and to deaden, rather than arouse, those becoming reflections, which such objects seems excellently calculated

calculated to produce. Hence the physician enters without the least emotion, the gloomy chambers of expiring life; the undertaker handles without concern the clay-cold limbs; and the sexton whistles, unappalled, while his spade casts forth from the earth the mingled bones and dust of his fellow-creatures. And, alas! how often have I felt, with indignant reluctance, my wandering heart engaged in other speculations, when called to minister at the grave, and to consign to the tomb the ashes of my fellow-creatures!

“ Yet nothing teacheth like Death: and though, perhaps, the business of life would grow torpid, and the strings of activity be loosed, were men continually hanging over the meditation—yet assuredly, no man should fail to keep the great object in view—and seasonably to reflect, that the important moment is coming, when he too must mingle with his kindred clay; when he too must appear before God’s awful judgment-seat; when he too must be adjudged by a fixed, an irrecoverable, an immutable decree!

“ As I entered the church yard—

“ Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap;

where—

“ Each in his narrow cell for ever laid;”

endearing, scenes before me! dear wife of my bosom; my children, sweet pledges of love, and nearer than the strings that hold my heart! my best loved friends shall then weep tenderly over me; and my thinking, restless, busy soul, at length know repose, and be anxious no more!"

"It is fixed; and all the powers on earth can neither arrest, nor avert, the sure, unerring dart! But with consummate wisdom, the great Lord of the world hath wrapped up the important moment in impenetrable darkness from human view; that, from the cradle, we might have the solemn object before us, and act as men, because as men we must die!

"Let me not, then, labour to divert the improving speculation; but advance still nearer, and see if I can learn what it is to die."

"To die!—O you, my friends, amidst whose graves I now am wandering; you who, not long since, like me, trod over this region of mortality, and drank the golden day: with you, the bitterness is past; you have tasted what that is, which so much perplexes the human thought, of which we all know so little, and yet of which we all must know so much! O could ye inform me what it is to die! could ye tell me what it is to breath the
last

last sad gasp, what are the sensations of the last convulsion, of the last pang of disrupting nature! O could ye tell me how the soul issues from the lifeless dwelling which it hath so long inhabited; what unknown worlds are discovered to its view; how it is affected with the alarming prospect; how it is affected with the remembrance and regard of things left here below! O could ye tell me—But, alas! how vain the wish! clouds and darkness rest upon it; and nothing but experience must be allowed to satisfy these anxious researches of mortals!

“ Yet, let us not forbear these researches; or, at least, not relinquish the interesting view: for what can be of equal importance to man, destined as he is inevitably to tread the path of Death? What of equal importance to examine, as whither that path leads, and how it may be too successful? What of equal importance, for a pilgrim of a day to contemplate, as that great event which must open to him an unending, unalterable state!

“ All men must tread that gloomy path. “ *It is appointed for all men once to die.*” Adam’s curse is upon all his posterity. Dust they are, and to dust they must return. But whither leads that gloomy path? Alas! in the heathen world, with what a bewildered mind they sought the resolution of that question! Death, indeed, was

dreadful in such circumstances; for, if we want the glad hope of immortality to cheer our departing hour, what affliction can even be conceiv'd more afflicting than death and dissolution, separation from all we hold dear on earth, and perfect annihilation from all future expectances?

“ Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel; and the question is answered clearly from that sacred book, whence alone we can gain information on this point—“ *Once to die, and after that be judged. We must all stand before the judgment Seat of Christ!*” O my soul, how awful the reflection! Can any thing more be wanting to inspire thee with the most serious purposes, and most devout resolves, than the certainty of death, the assurance of judgment, the knowledge of immortality?

“ *And after death be judged!*” Tell me no more of the pangs of death, and the torment of corporeal sufferance! What, what is this, and all the evils of life's contracted span, to the things which follow after? This it is, indeed, which makes Death truly formidable; which should awaken every solemn reflection, and stimulate every rational endeavour.

To be judged! To be sentenced, by an irreversible decree, to an allotment eternal and unchangeable!

able! an allotment of consummate felicity, or consummate distress!

“ O Immortality! how much doth the thought of thee debase in their value every earthly enjoyment, every earthly pursuit and possession! and shew man to himself in a point of view that amply discovers his true business on earth; that amply discovers the true dignity of his nature; and forcibly reproves his wretched attachment to sublunary things!

“ And methinks, as if a voice were speaking from yonder grave—I hear a solemn whisper to my soul!

“ Every grave proclaims thy own mortality! Child of the dust, be humble, and grow wise! a few days since, like thee I flourished in the fair field of the earthly world! a few days since, I was cut down like a flower, and my body lies withering in this comfortless bed! Regardless of God, and inattentive to duty, I passed gaily along, and thought no storm would ever over-cloud my head! In a moment, the unexpected tempest arose. I sunk, and was lost! Go thy way, and forget not thyself; remember that, to-day, thou hast life in thy power; to-morrow, perhaps, thou mayest be a breathless corpse; estimate from thence the value, poor and small, of all things beneath the sun; and
forget

forget not, that death and eternity are by an indissoluble band united. If thou darest to die, and unprepared meet thy God, most wretched of beings, who can enough deplore thy misery! Everlasting anguish, remorse, and punishment assuredly await thee! But if, bearing futurity in mind, thou art so blessed as to live in conformity to the law of thy nature, and the gospel of thy God, the Saviour of mankind hath opened the golden doors of perennial bliss for thee; and eternal delight, from the full river of God's inexhausted love, remains to reward thy faithful services.

“ Mortal, be wise! Remember judgement, and learn to die!”

“ *Memento Mori!*”

A N E C D O T E

OF

Mr. LEE.

WHEN Lee was Manager at Edinburgh, he was determined to improve upon thunder, and so having procured a parcel of nine pound shot, they were put into a wheel-barrow, to which he affixed an octagon wheel. This done, ridges were

were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow so filled, backwards and forwards over these ridges. The play was Lear, and really in the two efforts the thunder had a good effect. At length as the King was braving the "pelting of the pitiless storm," the thunderer's foot slipped and down he came wheelbarrow and all. The stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting with but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat upon its face. This storm was more difficult for Lear to stem than the one he had before complained of. The balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about to avoid them like the man who dances the egg hornpipe. The fiddlers, in alarm for their catgut, hurried out of the orchestra, and to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunderer lay prostrate in sight of the audience, like another Salmoneus.

THE

The KNOWLEDGE of GOD
NATURAL to MAN.

THAT gracious pow'r, who from his kindred
clay,

Bids man arise to tread the realms of day,
Implants a guide, and tells what will fulfil
His word, or what's repugnant to his will.
The author of our being marks so clear,
That none, but those who will be blind can err;
Or wherefoe'er we turn th' attentive eyes,
Proofs of a God on every side arise.
Nature, a faithful mirror, stands to shew
God, in his works, disclos'd to human view.
Whate'er exists beneath the crystal floods,
Or cuts the liquid air, or haunts the woods;
The various flow'rs that spread th' enamel'd mead;
Each plant, each herb, or even the grafs we tread,
Displays omnipotence : None else could form
The vilest weed, or animate a worm.
Or view the livid wonders of the sky,
What hands suspends those pond'rous orbs on high?
The comet's flight, the planets mystic dance!
Are these the works of providence, or chance?
Themselves declare that universal cause,
Who fram'd the system, and impos'd their laws.

F I N I S.

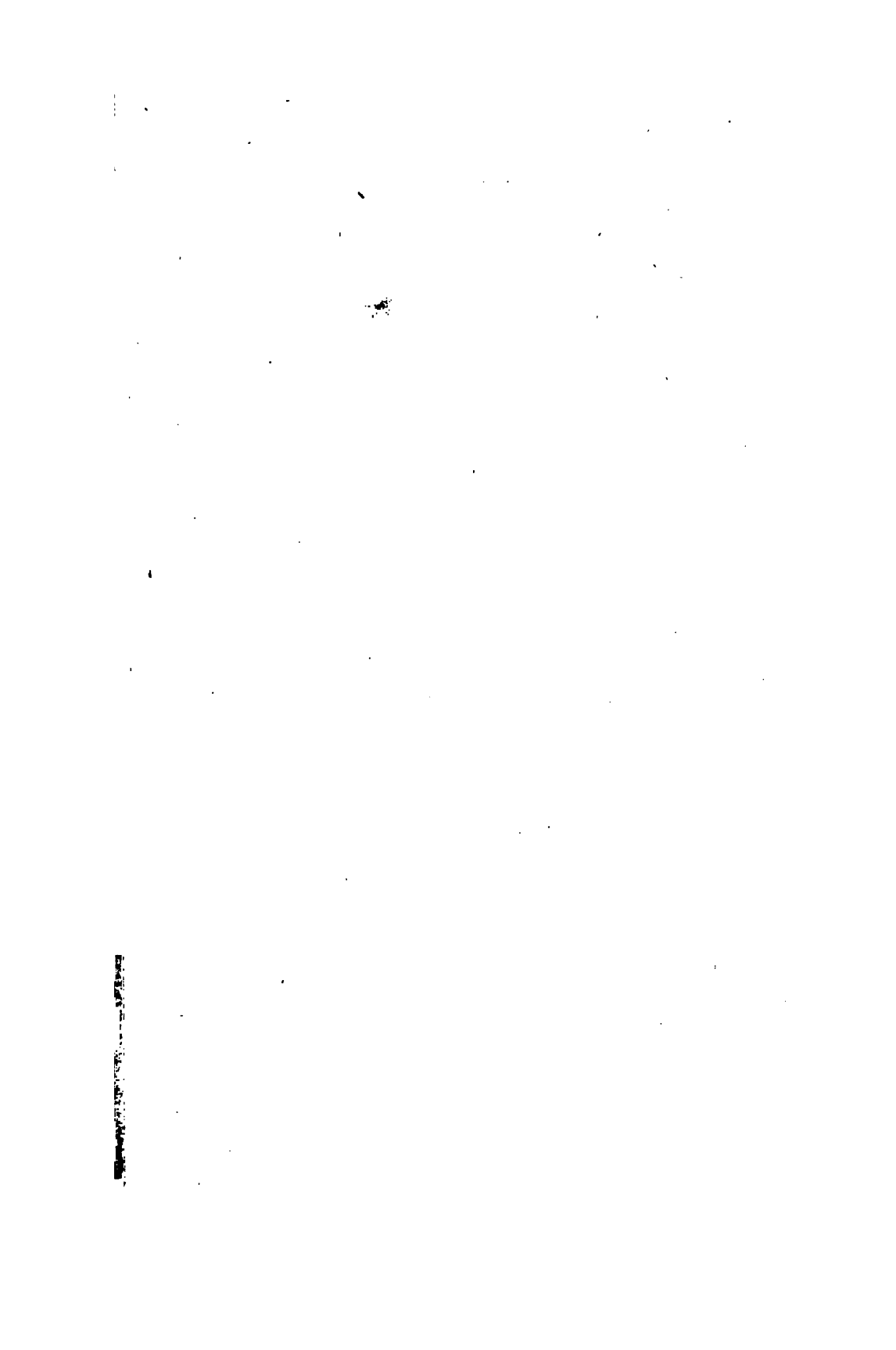
INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

==
BY MR. ADDISON.
==

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A

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE

OF

DOCTOR YOUNG.

THIS eminent writer, and amiable man, was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few Ladies, going up the water to Vauxhall; and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several Officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came alongside of the boat where the Doctor and the Ladies were.

B

The

The Doctor, who was not very conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked, "Why he ceased playing, or put up the flute in his pocket?" "For the same reason (said he) that I took it out, to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, "That if he did not immediately take out his flute and continue his music, he would instantly throw him into the Thames." The Doctor, in order to allay the fears of the Ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could, and continued his tune all the way up the river.

During the evening, however, he observed the Officer who acted thus cavalierly, by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat, I expect you will meet me to morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*."

The Doctor further covenanted in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether

together fettle with swords. To all these conditions the Officer implicitly consented. The duellists met the next morning at the hour and place appointed; but the moment the Officer took his ground, the Doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. "What (said the Officer,) do you intend to assassinate me?" "No (said the Doctor,) but you shall this instant put up your sword, and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." Some short altercation ensued, but the Doctor appeared so serious and determined, that the Officer could not help complying. "Now, Sir, (said the Doctor,) you forced me to play yesterday against my will, and I have obliged you to dance this day against your's: we are again on an equal footing, and whatever other satisfaction you demand, I am ready."

The Officer forthwith embraced the Doctor, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they ever did after.

THE

THE PEEVISH PAIR ;

A MORAL TALE,

For the married of both Sexes.

THE happiness of domestic life is sometimes destroyed by the crushing weight of a capital calamity ; but, in general, domestic felicity is interrupted by a number of little grievances originating from the imperfections of those who, though they find it convenient upon the whole to live together under the same roof (setting aside all mutual regard, which is, however, the strongest cement of domestic life,) are continually harassing each other, either by an oblique deviation from their respective modes of thinking, or by a declared opposition to their respective sentiments and opinions, in the most irritating manner, so that they live in a state of perpetual disquiet ; and, instead of endeavouring, by reciprocal compliances, in various shapes, to make their cohabitation happy, they take pains to render it reciprocally disagreeable. In how many families do we find the harmony of them disturbed by paroxysms of passion ! In how many more may the discordant dialogues carried on in them be attributed

buted to a series of peevish complaints and petty provocations!

Of all the couples that were ever joined by the saffron-robed deity, few did him less credit than Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe, as soon as they had forfeited themselves with the first-fruits of matrimony. The honey-moon was certainly sweet enough: but though it might have been extremely palatable to their own taste, their carriage wanted the seasoning of discretion to make it relished by their friends; who, while they rejoiced to see them both look as if they did not repent of the deed they had done, (for there are some pairs who come away from the altar of Hymen as if they had halters about their necks,) thought that they might have shewn their mutual satisfaction in a less disgusting way.

The fulsome deportment of new-married men and their wives before company, has been often reprehended, and with reason; for surely they, by such deportment, give no favourable proofs of their understandings, whatever prejudices they may excite in favour of their hearts: No—seldom is an union of them to be discovered by any visible signs or tokens: the union of persons is commonly brought about by motives very different
from

from those which affection would have suggested.

The Jolliffes were united by love, because they appeared handsome in each others eyes, and because they were too young to suppose that they should be tired of loving when their new connection became familiar to them. Equally poetical and just are the following lines, which Addison has put into the mouth of his Numidian Prince :

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

Mr. Jolliffe having married his Lucy more for her features, and for her complexion, than for her internal charms ; more for the tincture of her skin, than for her talents or her temper, soon found her beauty so familiar to his eyes, that its power over him gradually diminished : *it palled upon the sense*; and he began to wish that he had not loaded himself with shackles, the pressure of which grew every day, from the time they first pained him, less supportable ; they grew, indeed, intolerable, not to be endured.

Many men in Jolliffe's condition would have given a vent to their painful sensations in a language

language full of sound and fury, in a storm of words: they would have rattled their chains; they would have made every room in their houses ring with their execrations against the cursed state in which they were doomed to a taxation, for the removal of which they would have drank gallons of tea with the greatest pleasure. But the matrimonial hero of the present narrative was not of a fiery disposition: he was not at all addicted to a clamorous disclosure of his domestic grievances: he felt them keenly indeed, but he discovered his feelings chiefly by the fullness of his looks, and the peevishness of his interjections. Mrs. Jolliffe happening to be of the same sulky temper, as fretful a woman as ever breathed, and heartily sick of her George, when he ceased to compliment her upon her personal attractions, was in a continual pout from morning to night, and found herself out of humour with every thing about her. With all the peevishness of her husband, she had, however, more spirit, and in consequence of her superior vivacity, often treated her servants with the overflowings of that discontent which his indifference had provoked. It must be confessed, that this etching is a harsh one: I wish it may not be thought too correct by many of those for whose examination, (I will not say instruction,) it was drawn.

When

When a married couple are in the state of conjugal unhappiness above mentioned, they cannot be supposed to be very desirous of each others company; for on what can their conversation turn, but upon the grievances which each of them endures from the mutual cessation of conjugal love?

The Jolliffes, in their state of unhappiness, certainly took pains to avoid any close conferences, being well assured that they could hardly converse upon any subject without coming to a quarrel; and neither of them chose to risque the utterance of expressions which might terminate in a separation, and so they grumbled on when they were at home. At home, however, they were seldom together; to each of them almost any place was more agreeable; they were of course to be met with oftener in others houses than in their own. By their frequent and separate engagements abroad, they contrived to avoid spending much time with each other; but when they did meet, their peevishness returned with double force, and every moment was miserable, though neither of them could scarce tell why it was so. They could not fairly charge each other with the commission of any capital offences, but they were unhappy.

In

In this unenviable way Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe lived for some years; and, having no children, there were no parental ties to strengthen the conjugal ones. Quite weary at last of living in a state of perpetual contradiction, though they never came to an open rupture, they mutually agreed to separate in form, for their mutual relief.

When the articles of agreement were signed and sealed by Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe, the latter went to reside with a female friend, with whom she had been very intimately connected from her infancy; and, upon her removal to her house, could not keep the satisfaction which she felt, in consequence of her separation within decent bounds. She was, indeed, checked a little by her friend for her effusions; but the reproofs which she received, rather served to encourage than to suppress them. Mr. Jolliffe, on his part, not feeling himself less pleased with his new arrangement, enlarged the circle of his acquaintance, and plunged himself into new scenes of dissipation.

It has often been observed, that the very persons who are ready to fight when they are in conversation together, are, notwithstanding the op-

position of their sentiments always together ; and that, though they are sure to dispute with no small warmth whenever they meet, seem to be never happy asunder. The Jolliffes were of this whimsical turn : during the years which they dragged on, sincerely wishing to break the bands which tied them to the oar of matrimony, they really thought they should be happy if they could only bring themselves to live as if they were not married ; and, after having signed their articles of separation, they behaved as if they wondered that they had not adopted such a mode of proceeding before : they seemed to be surprized at their having punished themselves so long. But how great is the fickleness of human nature.

When the Jolliffes had been a few months released from each other by mutual consent, without the interposition of lawyers, they began to wish for the demolition of the agreement, which had occasioned their residence in different parts of the town.

Mrs. Jolliffe, supported at first by her pride, felt all her love return ; that love which she felt for her handsome George when he first made his addresses to her.

These

These new feelings, or rather the revival of her old ones, threw her into a train of reflections on her past conduct; with which, though she could not reproach herself with any criminal action, she was not at all satisfied.

George, not less displeased with his past behaviour, began to think he had deprived himself of a great deal of conjugal felicity by it.

In short, both he and Mrs. Jolliffe now sincerely wished to reside under the same roof, and felt themselves very uneasy in their state of separation; but each of them was also too proud to take any steps to open the door of reconciliation: and it is highly probable that if some of their friends had not officiously, but surely with a laudable sollicitude, interfered, they would never have been re-domesticated. By their interference, however, a reconciliation was soon brought about. The once peevish pair listened to the remonstrances and to the persuasions of their friends, and, in a projected interview, all former animosities were forgotten: the broken threads of conjugal affection were joined, and, from that time, the reconciled husband and wife, both convinced, by experience, that they were unable to live unconnected with each other, in the most amiable sense

sense of the words, endeavoured to make amends for their past peevishness, by saying and doing every thing in their power to promote each others connubial felicity.

THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE

AND

HEROIC DAUGHTER,

A FRENCH ANECDOTE.

IN this polite age, when a princess enters into the fifth month of her pregnancy, physicians, surgeons, and men-midwives assume the direction of her health: she is scarce allowed to stir out of her apartment, in the easiest carriage, and upon the smoothest road; the risque is too great for her condition. Were she ever so desirous of making an excursion only from Versailles to Fontainebleau, they would, with solemn faces oppose it. Cayet, sub-preceptor to Henry IV. relates, that, "Jean of Albret, having requested to accompany her husband in the Picardy wars, the king, her father, laid his commands upon her to come away, should she prove with child, to be delivered

delivered in his house; adding, that he would take care of the child, boy or girl." This princess being pregnant, set out, in her ninth month, from Compiègne, crossed all France down to the Pyrenees, and in a fortnight reached Pau, in Berne. She was very desirous, added the historian, to see her father's will, which was kept in a large gold box, with which also was a gold chain of such a length as to go twenty-five or thirty times about a woman's neck: she asked him for it. "Thou shalt have it" said he, "on thy shewing me the child now in thy womb, so that it be no puny, whimpering chit. I give thee my word the whole shall be thine, provided that whilst thou art in labour, thou singest me a Berne song, and I will be at thy delivery." Between mid-night and one o'clock on the 13th of December, 1553, the princess's pains came on: her father, on notice, hastened down, and she, hearing him come into the room, chanted out the old Berne lay,

*Notre Dame du Bout du Pont,
Aidez moi en cette heure, &c.*

Immediately after delivery, her father put the gold chain about her neck, and gave her the gold box, in which was his will, saying, "There, girl, that
that

that is thine, but this belongs to me." taking up the babe in his gown, without staying till it was dressed, and carried it away to his apartment. The little prince was fed and brought up, so as to be inured to fatigue and hardship, frequently eating nothing but the coarsest common bread; the good king, his grandfather, had given such orders. He used, according to the custom of the country, to run about bare-headed and bare-footed, with the village boys, both in winter and summer.

Who was this prince?—Henry the Fourth.

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

IT is the custom among too many married women, when their husbands prove unfaithful, when they have unchaste connections, to discover their resentment in such a manner as to frustrate their own designs. Keen invectives and clamorous reproaches are feeble efforts to recall a wandering heart to the first object of its love: such efforts will, in general, only tend to banish it for ever. There are some wives who have had

had recourse to gentle means and mild proceedings, for the reformation of their wedded libertines, and for the recovery of their affections; those wives certainly take the method most likely to gain the consummation of their matrimonial wishes.

Antonio, a Florentine of rank and fortune, on his marriage with Bianca, the daughter of a Milanese gentleman of a good family, but in no way upon a footing with him, promised himself the highest felicity in the nuptial state, as he had raised her to a sphere in life to which her birth had not entitled her, and as she had given him the greatest encouragement to believe that his ardent passion for her was sincerely returned. It was her beauty which first allured his eye, but it was her merit which won his heart. With many personal, she had also many intellectual charms; with many brilliant accomplishments she had not a few shining virtues; and had she been elevated to a throne, she would have rather dignified than disgraced it.

With such an attractive and so amiable a wife, Antonio thought himself, and surely not without reason, one of the happiest husbands in Florence—in all Italy: and Bianca, on the other hand, by
her

her whole behaviour sufficiently convinced him that her felicity depended entirely upon the continuance of his conjugal affection. She loved him, indeed, with such a warmth, as well as purity of passion, that she was wretched in his absence ; and was often ready to say to him, in the fondling language of Juliet, when business forced him from her :

————— I would have thee gone,
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
 That lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread pulls it back again,
 So jealous loving of his liberty.

It will be naturally supposed, by some readers of this tale, that a woman of such a cast, especially an Italian, was of a suspicious disposition ; and that the extravagance of her love made her liable to be alarmed by every appearance of neglect in the man who reigned sole in her tender bosom. Such a conclusion is by no means irrational, or to be wondered at ; but the heroine of these pages, though born in a land which may be called the region of jealousy, was not personally acquainted with the green-eyed monster. She felt, it is true, an inexpressible uneasiness
 when

When Antonio was under a necessity, arising from his public avocations, to leave her, for days, for weeks, for months; but as she had the firmest reliance on his conjugal honour, and the strongest assurances of his conjugal regard, her disquiets were not additionally sharpened by any reflections injurious to his fidelity. Those who find themselves disposed to say, "Such a wife deserves the most constant of husbands," will be still more so before they get to the end of this narrative. It is now time to take a nearer view of Antonio, and to bring him forward upon the canvass. Young, gay, handsome, sensible, and accomplished, he made a brilliant figure among the fair, and though not an abandoned libertine, had been engaged in several fugitive connections, which proved him to be of a changeable temper. It was from the visible turn in his temper to variety, that three-fourths of the city of Florence, when they beheld him with his lovely bride, prognosticated that a large portion of infelicity would fall to her share, if she placed the happiness of her life on the stability of his attachment to her. Their predictions were natural, but they were not verified; for though Bianca did consider the stability of her husband's attachment essential to her domestic happiness, she had not the misery of a jealous wife, (the misery pre-supposed) su-

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peraded

peradded to the wretchedness of the neglected one.

As Antonio was a man on whom no woman could look with indifference, a man whom the majority of females beheld with the eyes of partiality, he had the most powerful temptations to draw him from his matrimonial duties; and as he was, with a thousand good qualities, as well as winning *agremens*, of an amorous constitution, they were too often irresistible—too often; the words may be, with propriety, repeated, for he frequently, in the gratification of his licentious passions, produced scenes of exquisite distress in the families, whose daughters were rather seducing than seduced; and plunged himself into numberless situations of which he sincerely repented, when he seriously reflected upon them.

There are but too many persons in the world at all times ready to put us out of conceit with ourselves, our friends, our houses, our furniture, with every thing, in short, belonging to us. When such people endeavour to sow dissention between married pairs, they are more than impertinent, they are guilty of very mischievous proceedings. To hear those who behave in this manner with a total inattention, is to treat them
as

as they deserve, but it is also to treat them with too much consideration; they merit corporal punishment, and it is a pity that no penal laws are in force for the correction of the wanton follies of malevolence.

By one of these malevolæ (for her concealed enemy, under the specious mask of friendship, was a woman) Bianca was briskly attacked; and had she been addicted to jealousy, she must have been robbed of her peace, as jealousy and peace can never dwell together in the same breast. When the former enters it, the latter immediately wings its flight.

By this false friend Bianca was informed, that her husband was faithless; that it was impossible to enumerate the breaches he had made in his nuptial vows; that he associated with the most profligate women in Florence; and that he, of course, had no pretensions to the tenderness which she discovered for him.

This friendly intelligence was imparted to Bianca in a compassionating tone, and the communicative creature, from whose lips it flowed with a volubility equal to her malice, lamented, every now and then, with the strongest appearances of sympathetic

pathetic concern, her union with a man who had, by his actions, amply convinced her that he was too general a lover to be permanently devoted to any one woman.

When this malevolent lady had finished her inflammatory address, not without hopes that it would have rendered the affectionate wife as miserable as she wished her to be, merely because she could not (galled by the pressure of her own domestic grievances) bear to see another woman happy in the marriage state, she waited with the utmost impatience for an answer, full of resentment, full of rage; but she was inconceivably disappointed. Bianca, instead of making a reply agreeable to her expectations, delivered a speech in return which breathed nothing but—mildness and content.

“ If you think you have told me any news, my dear Camilla, said she, with the greatest calmness of utterance, by acquainting me with Antonio’s visits to other women, you are very much mistaken. I am no stranger to them; but while he behaves in the most unexceptionable manner, when he favours me with his company at home, I think it my duty (I am sure it is my interest) to give no disturbance to his pleasures

“ pleasures abroad, which do not make him re-
 “ gardless of me. Whenever I have the happi-
 “ nefs of his society, he is cheerful, and good-
 “ humoured, and not only speedily complies with
 “ all my little requests, but strives to read my
 “ wishes in my eyes, that he may gratify them
 “ before they are verbally expressed. Can I, then,
 “ with the least propriety, blame such a husband
 “ for amusing himself with other women? No,
 “ Camilla: while he continues so kind to me, I
 “ I shall not upbraid him with his infidelities.”

This speech silenced the lady, who had pro-
 voked it by her needless disclosures, attended
 with commentaries equally unnecessary, and she
 made no more attempts to irritate her friend to
 resent her husband's inconstancy, lest she should
 be thought really actuated by the *evil spirit* which
 too plainly appeared to be *her ruling spirit*, not-
 withstanding all her endeavours to conceal the
 baseness of her intentions.

Bianca, however, though she seemed, before
 Camilla, to be sufficiently satisfied with Antonio's
 behaviour to excuse his irregular amours, was far
 from being pleased with his conduct, or easy un-
 der the weight of her reflections upon his tempo-
 rary desertions. As a prudent wife, she carefully
 kept

kept all her uneasiness confined to her own bosom ; but, as a woman of quick sensibility, she felt Antonio's vagrant propensities too forcibly to enjoy that mental quiet which even those among her dearest intimates imagined in her possession. It was the first, the supreme wish of her heart, to reclaim her roving husband ; but not thinking (like some other hot-headed politicians upon other occasions) that violent measures would be efficacious, she determined to adopt the most gentle modes of proceeding for the attainment of her laudable desires ; she resolved also, at the same time, to keep a strict guard over her words, and even her looks, that Antonio might not hear or see any thing to lead him to suspect she had the slightest knowledge of his supplemental engagements.

In one of his rural excursions, happening to be uncommonly struck with the beauty of a young country girl, he was stimulated by a passion which he could not controul, to gain a conquest over her virtue ; and, as he had met with considerable success in all his amorous manœuvres, he was not deterred from an attack by any apprehensions of a defeat. But as he found, upon a minute enquiry into his new dulcinea's life, parentage, and education, that she was the only daughter of
 very

very honest, though poor peasants, and had been carefully taught by them to look upon a good name as a jewel not to be estimated, he very prudently made his approaches to an intimacy with her, in the most cautious, in the least alarming manner. Instead of attacking her, he directed his flattery against the father and mother, particularly the latter; and reckoned upon the power of his purse with all that presumption natural to those minions of fortune, who have been accustomed to find their money sufficient to procure them every sort of pleasure this world can afford.

Pretending to be extremely indisposed one day, while he was upon a concerted ride by the cottage where the parents of his fair rustic inhabited, he was, agreeably to his hopes, invited by them, with as much respect as civility, to step into their little hovel, and to stay there till he was better. The civilities he met with were very grateful to him, and the alacrity with which they bestirred themselves to remove the indisposition he complained of, gave him additional satisfaction. After having conversed some time with the old Baucis and Philemon, and accepted of what they offered him, as anodynes to his pains, he presented some pieces of gold to the latter, and
took

took his leave; but before he got to the door, turned about and asked them if they had not a daughter. On their answering him in the affirmative, he then desired to know if they were willing to part with her to have her placed in an advantageous situation. He had been previously informed that it was their design to send her to service, and consequently was not surprised when they replied, that Jaquinetta would be proud to be taken into a good lady's house, and do her best to please her. Animated by this reply, Antonio told them, that if they would send Jaquinetta to a lady of his acquaintance (giving them her name and place of abode) she might depend upon being well received, well treated, and well paid, if she proved deserving of encouragement.

The parents of Jaquinetta now poured out their gratitude in expressions which were not the less acceptable to the ears of their supposed benefactor, because they came from lips unacquainted with the language of elegance, and called their daughter out of a field, in which she was at work, to communicate the glad-tidings to her, for they were too simple-hearted, too ignorant of the world, to imagine that the fine gentleman who had put them in a way to provide for their child, harboured

harboured designs of an infamous nature (however countenanced by the great) against her.

The appearance of Jaquinetta threw all the blood in Antonio's body into a state of agitation. Destitute as she was of every advantage resulting from dress, she charmed his eye, and had she been alone with him, her virtue would have been perhaps, in no small danger; but he was too much corrected by the presence of her parents to discover any amorous emotions at the sight of her; such emotions he certainly felt, but he kept them down; nay, so great was his command over his passions, that he seemed hardly to take notice of her; and he retired without ever stealing a glance.

When he had made this beginning, which had, in his opinion, a very promising aspect, he steered his course to the lady whom he had prepared for the intelligence he had to impart,—a lady who had been often useful to him upon similar occasions. To her Jaquinetta was introduced a few days afterwards by her mother, in consequence of Antonio's recommendation, and hired upon the spot. "I like your daughter's looks so well, said Mariana to the old woman, from what I have heard of your bringing her up, that I shall give her more than I intended to so young

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a servant, and if she behaves discreetly in her station, she shall find her place a profitable one.

Thoroughly satisfied with these flattering assurances, and fully persuaded that she had disposed of her daughter to advantage, the unsuspecting mother of Jaquinetta returned home to her cottage, calling down blessings all the way she went on the heads of Antonio and Mariana. Had she known the secret of their hearts, her blessings would have been converted into execrations.

The character of Antonio wants no development, and a few traits of Mariana's will mark her's—She was in the autumn of life, and one of those women who are more to be dreaded by those among her own sex, who wish to keep their virtue in the highest preservation, than the most formidable men. She had been handsome, and was far from having a person void of allurements. When Jaquinetta entered into her service, her manners were seducing beyond expression.

Such was the woman into whose hands Jaquinetta was placed, and under whose protection she would have found herself in the most trying situation, if Bianca had not removed her from
the

the house in which her ruin was projected, before it could be accomplished.

Bianca, having by chance, met with a letter from Mariana to her husband, concerning this innocent girl, and discovered by the contents of it, that she was, between them, doomed to destruction, repaired privately to the deluded parents, and acquainted them with the danger to which their daughter was exposed, earnestly pressed them to send for her home directly, while she was in a state of innocence, as she was pretty well assured that no attempts had yet been made to violate her chastity. She also, without letting them know that Antonio was the person who had recommended their daughter to so improper a woman as Mariana, desired them to put her under her care, upon her removal. With this request they readily complied, after having repeatedly thanked her for her generous behaviour, which sufficiently convinced them of the goodness of her heart. They recovered their Jaquinetta, and carried her to her new mistress. When Antonio (having been prevented from going to Mariana after the arrival of Jaquinetta, by some business which called him another way) returned to his palazzo, in order to acquaint Bianca with the determination of a law-suit, in which she was particularly

particularly interested, the first person he saw, upon his arrival, was Jaquinetta. He was very much surprised at the sight of her at his own house, but he asked her no questions. No sooner did he see Bianca, however, than he said to her, with a smile, "Where did you pick up this pretty creature in my absence?"

Bianca, without seeming to have any knowledge of his proceedings relating to her, told him, that as she had accidentally heard of her being hired by Mariana, she had apprehensions with regard to the safety of her honour in her house, which strongly prompted her to remove her from it. "You are very sensible, my dear Antonio; continued she, smiling, that Mariana is not the properest person to have young women, who are to get their living under her care, especially girls as pretty as Jaquinetta is."

Conscious of having schemed Jaquinetta's ruin,—convinced that Bianca had, by some means, discovered his iniquitous designs, and charmed with the delicacy of her conduct upon the occasion, he was almost determined to bid adieu to all his illegal intimacies, and attach himself for the future to her alone: he was thoroughly weaned from all
such

ſuch intimacies in a ſhort time afterwards, by a ſingular accident :

In conſequence of a ſharp quarrel between him and one of his miſtreſſes, (a very amiable woman, ſetting aſide her unlawful connection with him,) Antonio had not only withdrawn his perſon but his purſe from her, ſo that ſhe was, by his deſertion, reduced to a pitiable condition; and her ſpirits were ſo much affected by the mortifying alteration in her circumſtances, that ſhe had ſeveral times attempted to lay violent hands upon herſelf, but had been prevented from committing ſo criminal an action, by the fortunate interpoſition of the honeſt villagers with whom ſhe lodged.

Bianca, hearing of this unhappy creature's melancholy ſituation, which ſhe ſincerely compaſſionated, was ſo moved by the recital, that ſhe could not help to pay her a viſit, in order to render her life more ſupportable, by pecuniary aſſiſtance and Chriſtian conſolation. Making herſelf, therefore, look as much like an old woman, and as forlorn a figure as ſhe could (for particular reaſons) ſhe directed her ſteps to the humble habitation where the deſpairing Urfula pined away her cheerleſs hours.

Meeting

Meeting her in a field adjoining, which led to the public road, feebly advancing with the aid of her landlord's son, she accosted her in the most soothing terms, and entreated her to return to her apartment, as she had something to communicate which merited her attention.

Before she could receive an answer from the afflicted fair one, she perceived her husband driving towards them in a superb carriage, and apparently in danger from the wild and irregular movement of two mettlesome horses.

Antonio having, upon mature consideration, repented of his cruelty to a woman whom he had seduced, was hurrying to seal a reconciliation; and, indeed, from his eagerness to see her again, made too violent a use of his whip. The nearer the carriage approached, the more immediate his danger seemed to her. Urfula, terrified at the thought of his being killed, fainted in the arms of her new friend. Just at that moment, Antonio seeing her in that condition, and evidently on his account, jumped out, and threw himself on the ground. There, stunned by the fall, he lay for some minutes, without any signs of life. When he recovered, with the help of the young man by whom Urfula was attended,
and

and beheld his wife (whom he instantly recognized, in spite of her disguise,) not only supporting her in her arms, but hanging over her with the tenderest concern painted in her face, he was more agitated than he yet had been ; and his agitation now produced the happiest effects. At Bianca's earnest request he made a handsome provision for the much-injured Urfula, and from that hour, thoroughly *reclaimed*, became an *exemplary husband*.

ON THE UNHAPPINESS OF WOMEN,

WHETHER SINGLE OR MARRIED.

THE condition of the female sex has been frequently the subject of compassion to medical writers, because their body is such, that every state of life brings its peculiar diseases ; they are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable ; and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a single life, are exposed, in consequence of their choice, to sickness, misery, and death.

It

It were to be wished, that so great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increased by adventitious and artificial miseries ; and that beings, whose beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whose delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderness, might be suffered to enjoy every alleviation of their sorrows. But, however it has happened, the custom of the world seems to have been formed in a kind of conspiracy against them, though it does not appear but they had themselves an equal share in its establishment ; and prescriptions which, by whomsoever they were begun, are now of very long continuance, and by consequence of great authority, seem to have almost excluded them from content, in whatsoever condition they shall pass their lives.

If they refuse the society of men, and continue in that state which is reasonably supposed to place happiness most in their own power, they seldom give those that observe their conduct, or frequent their conversation, any exalted notions of the blessings of liberty, for whether it be that they are angry to see with what inconsiderate eagerness the rest of their sex rush into slavery, or with what absurd vanity the married ladies boast the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour by their example to assert

assert the natural dignity of their sex ;—whether they are conscious that, like barren countries, they are free only because they were never thought to deserve the trouble of a conquest ; or imagine that their sincerity is not always unsuspected, when they declare their contempt for men ; it is certain, that they generally appear to have some great and incessant cause of uneasiness, and that many of them have at last been persuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had so long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they least became them.

Such is the condition of life, that whatever is proposed, it is much easier to find reasons for avoiding than embracing marriages, though a certain security from the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, has, in the manner it is usually conducted, many disadvantages, which take away much from the pleasure which society promises, and which it might afford, if pleasures and pains were honestly shared, and mutual confidence inviolably preserved.

The miseries indeed, which many ladies suffer under conjugal vexations, are to be considered with great pity, because their husbands are often

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not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by persuasion and importunity ; equally resistless, when urged by those whom they have been always accustomed to obey and reverence ; and, it very seldom appears, that those who are thus despotic in the disposal of their children, pay any regard to their domestic and personal felicity, or think it so much to be enquired whether they will be happy, or whether they will be rich.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential and grave part of the world, which advises fathers to marry their daughters, lest they should marry themselves : by which, I suppose, it is implied, that women, left to their own conduct, generally unite themselves with such partners as can contribute very little to their own felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet discovered, but imagine, that however solemnly it may be transmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied ; it cannot licence Titus to be unjust, lest Caia should be imprudent ; nor give right to imprisonment for life, lest liberty should be ill-employed.

That

That the ladies have sometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favour, must be confessed by their warmest advocates; and I have indeed seldom observed, that when the tenderness or virtue of their parents has preserved them from forced marriages, and left them at large to chuse their own path in the labyrinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: for they have generally taken the opportunity of an independent fortune to trifle away their youth in the amusements of the town, and lose their bloom in a hurry of diversions, recurring in a succession too quick to leave room for any settled reflections: they have grown old without growing wise; they have seen the world without gaining experience; and at last have regulated their choice by motives trivial as those of a girl, or mercenary as those of a miser.

Melantha came to town upon the death of her father, with a very large fortune, and with the reputation of a much larger; she was therefore followed and caressed by many men of rank, and by some of understanding: but having an insatiable desire of pleasure, she was not at leisure, from the park, the gardens, the theatres, visits, assemblies,

assemblies, and masquerades, to attend seriously to any proposal, but was still impatient for a new flatterer, and neglected marriage as always in her power, till in time her flatterers fell away, some wearied with treating, and others offended by her inconstancy: she heard of concerts to which she was not invited, and was more than once forced to sit still at an assembly, for want of a partner. In this distress, chance threw in her way Philaurus, a man vain, glittering, and thoughtless as herself, who had spent a small fortune in equipage and dress, and was shining in the last suit for which his taylor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore soon paid his court to Melantha, who, after some weeks of insensibility, at last saw him at a ball, and was wholly overcome by his performance in a minuet. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philaurus had no other method of pleasing: however, as neither of them was in any degree vicious, they live together with no greater unhappiness than vacuity of mind, and that tastelessness of life, which proceeds from a satiety of juvenile pleasures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler and more suitable employments. As they have known the fashionable world at the

same

same time, they agree in their notions of all those subjects on which they ever speak, and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, they are much inclined to conversation, but very often join in one wish, "That they could dream more and think less."

Arabella, after refusing a thousand offers from men equal in rank and fortune, at last consented to marry Clodius, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mein, beauty of person, or force of understanding, who, while he courted her, could not always forbear illusions to her birth, and hints how cheaply she would purchase an alliance to so illustrious a family. His conduct, from the hour of his marriage, has been insufferably tyrannical, nor has he any other regard to her than what arises from his desire that her appearance may not disgrace him. Upon this principle, however, he orders always that she should be gaily dressed, and splendidly attended; and she has, among all her mortifications, the happiness which she always wished for, of taking place of her elder sister.

A PICTURE OF TRUE POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shews itself to general acquaintance in an obliging, unconstrained civility, as it does, to more particular ones, in distinguished acts of kindness. This good-nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic laws which custom and fashion have established, if by that means it can procure, in any degree, the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind: thus, paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles, which tend to please or to oblige: and though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can
scarce

scarce be perfected without a complete knowledge of the world.

In society, it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation. It represses the ambition of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable—It takes off the edge of railery, and gives delicacy to wit—It preserves a proper subordination amongst all ranks of people, and reconciles a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors, it appears in a respectful freedom; no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors, it shews itself in an unassuming good-nature. Its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the goodness of your heart.

To equals, it is every thing that is charming; it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and
all

all the time appears perfectly disingaged and carelefs.

Such, and fo amiable is true politeness; by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and by the generality of mankind, confined within the narrow bounds of mere good-breeding, which in truth, is only one instance of it.

B O N M O T.

DURING a court mourning, Lord D—— thought to say a very polite thing to her Grace. “ You look, said he, like so many brilliants displayed by a jeweller to the best advantage on black.”—“ My Lord, said she, every thing is brilliant here but your observation, and that is *mournful* indeed.”

ANEC.

ANECDOTE

OF

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

THIS country never produced a man of more resolute courage, or unshaken integrity, than Admiral Blake. His heart was entirely English. The love of his country was the principle from which he never deviated. Whatever party prevailed at home, he was still the same, the defender of his country, and the avenger of her wrongs. "It is not (said he, when Cromwell assumed the Sovereign Power,) the business of a seaman to mind state affairs, but to hinder foreigners from fooling us. Let us not perplex ourselves with domestic disputes, but remember that we are English, and our enemies foreigners; enemies, which, let what will party soever prevail, it is equally the interest of our country to humble and restrain."

 H O P E.

COME Hope, thou sweetest balm of human
woe;

And bid the gushing tear forget to flow :

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Calm

Calm the rude passions struggling in my breast,
 And lull, with promis'd joys, my woes to rest :
 Lest I should sink beneath the ponderous load ;
 Be thou my staff thro' life's vexatious road ;
 Or rather walk attendant by my side,
 My sweet companion, and my faithful guide ;
 Shew me where, on some distant rural plain,
 A safe retreat from sorrow's anxious train,
 Retir'd and buried in an humble cot,
 " The world forgetting, by the world forgot."
 My long lost troubles may for ever cease,
 And years of woe be crown'd by years of peace.

ON TRUE PATIENCE,

As distinguished from Insensibility.

HOWEVER common, and however intense
 the evils of human life may be, certain it is,
 that evils equally great, do not affect all men
 with an equal degree of anguish ; and the dif-
 ferent manner of sustaining evils, arises from one
 of these two causes ; a natural insensibility, or an
 adventitious fortitude, acquired by the exertion
 of patience. Apathus, when a school-boy, was
 not remarkable for quickness of apprehension, or
 brilliancy

brilliance of wit ; but though his progress was slow, it was sure, and the additional opportunities of study, which he enjoyed by being free from those avocations which vivacity and warmth of constitution occasion, made him a tolerably good scholar. The fullness of his deportment, however, alienated the affections of his teachers ; and, upon the slightest misdemeanors, he often underwent the punishment of the rod, which he always bore without a tear, and without complaint. He had not long been at school, before his father and mother died of a contagious fever. Preparatory to the disclosure of so mournful an event to an orphan son, many precautions were taken, many phrases of condolence studied. At length, the master took him aside, and after several observations on the instability of human affairs, the suddenness of death, the necessity of submission to Providence, and inefficacy of sorrow, told him, that his parents were no more. To this, Apathus replied, by observing, without any visible alteration in his countenance, that he suspected something of that kind had happened, as he had not received his letters at the usual time ; but that he had not said any thing on the subject, as he thought his being possessed of a fine fortune by the event, was a matter that concerned nobody but himself. “ For, (says he) as the death was
sudden,

fudden, there probably was no will, and my father being pretty warm, as they call it, and I being an only son, I think I shall be very well off." Here he was interrupted by his master, who was now desirous of some degree of that grief which he had before been solicitous to prevent. "And are you not affected (said he) with the loss of the dearest friends you had in the world?" "Why, Sir, (replied the insensible) you have just now been teaching me to submit to Providence, and telling me, we must all die, and the like; and do I not practise your precepts?" The master was too much astonished to be able to answer, and hastily left the young man; who probably concluded the day with a feast of gingerbread, or a game at marbles.

Soon after he left school, he took it into his head to enter into the state of matrimony. But here let the gentle reader be informed, that he was not induced to submit his neck to the yoke by any of those fine feelings which constitute love. The object of his choice had ten thousand pounds; and he considered that ten thousand pounds would pay for the lady's board. When the little prattlers were arrived at that age when none can behold them without pleasure, they were seized with an unfavourable small-pox, and

and feverally carried from the cradle to the grave. The constant attendance of the mother, on this occasion, brought on a fever, which, together with a weakness, occasioned by an advanced state of pregnancy, proved fatal. Then, at last, Apathus was observed to fetch a sigh, and lift up his hands to heaven—at the sight of the undertaker's bill. A thousand misfortunes in business have fallen to his lot, all which he has borne with seeming fortitude. He is now, at length, reduced to that state, in which gentlemen choose to take lodgings within the purlieu of St. George's-fields: but there is no alteration in his features; he still sings his song, takes his glass, and laughs at those filly mortals who weary themselves in wandering up and down the world without controul.

Thus Apathus affords a striking instance of that power of bearing afflictions which arises from natural insensibility. Stoicus will give us a better idea of patience as a virtue.

From that period at which the mind begins to think, Stoicus was remarkable for a quality, which, in children, is called shamefacedness. He could never enter a room full of company without shewing his distress, by a violent suffusion of blushes. At school, he avoided the commission
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of faults, rather through fear of shame than of punishment. In short, an exquisite sensibility, at the same time that it gave him the most exalted delight, frequently exposed him to the keenest affliction. Thus, from being acquainted with grief, though a stranger to misfortune, he acquired a habit of bearing evils before any heavy ones befel him.

Stoicus was designed for a literary life, which, to the generality of mankind, appears almost exempt from the common attacks of ill-fortune: but if there were no other instance of the peculiar miseries of the student, Stoicus alone might evince the groundlessness of such an opinion. From a sanguine temper, he was prone to anticipate success; and from an enterprising disposition, was little inclined to sit down contented without a considerable share of reputation. Influenced by his love of fame, he ventured to appeal to the public taste, and actually sent into the world a performance of great merit: but as the work wanted some popular attractions, it was soon neglected and sunk into oblivion.

An evil of this kind, perhaps, the merchant or the manufacturer may treat with contempt.

They,

They, however, who with the same feelings have been in the same predicament, will know the anguish which secretly tormented the disconsolate Stoicus. This disappointment was the first affliction of his life, and on this he long meditated without intermission. He has not again ventured to publish, and therefore has had no cause of uneasiness from the ingratitude of the many-headed monster: but the evils of his private life have been numerous and afflictive beyond conception. The death of an amiable wife, a constant state of sickness, expectations continually disappointed, have concurred to overwhelm him—but all their efforts have been fruitless. The reflections of philosophy and religion fortify him against every attack, and I never visit him without observing a placid smile of resignation diffused on his countenance. He is sensible of the real weight of every evil, and at the same time sustains it with alacrity. He draws resources from himself in every emergency, and with the nicest feelings is become perfectly callous.

This is genuine patience, and though the former may by some be thought a happiness, the latter only can be esteemed a virtue. Sensibility, with all its inconveniencies, is to be cherished by those who understand and wish to maintain the dignity of
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of their nature. To feel for others, disposes us to exercise the amiable virtue of charity, which our religion indispensably requires. It constitutes that enlarged benevolence which philosophy inculcates, and which is indeed comprehended in Christian charity. It is the privilege and the ornament of man; and the pain which it causes is abundantly recompensed by that sweet sensation which ever accompanies the exercise of beneficence.

To feel our own misery with full force is not to be deprecated. Affliction softens and improves the heart. Tears, to speak in the style of figure, fertilize the soil in which the virtues grow. And it is the remark of one who understood human nature, that the faculties of the mind, as well as the feelings of the heart, are meliorated by adversity.

But, in order to promote these ends, our sufferings must not be permitted to overwhelm us. We must oppose them with the arms of reason and religion; and to express the idea in the language of the philosopher, as well as the poet of Nature; every one, while he is compelled to feel his misfortunes like a man, should resolve also to bear them like a man.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

THOUGH ill-qualified either by the habits of his life, or the inclinations of his mind, to compliment the ladies, some moments are known to have arisen in which he soared above his natural impoliteness, and assumed the gallantry and good breeding of a professed admirer of the sex. Having one day clasped within both his hands the hand of Mrs. Piozzi, remarkable for its symmetry and its whiteness, he smiled, and pointing at it as she withdrew it, said, "You have sometimes reproached me with the vanity of giving the preference to my own works; is it not a full confutation of the charge to declare, that *this* is the finest work that ever came *out of my hands?*"

 THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A Moral Tale.

LORD WELBROKE was a native of London; and having had the misfortune to lose his noble parents in his infancy, the care of his
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education devolved upon strangers, who strove rather to cherish his passions than to subdue them. Naturally virtuous, however, as he grew up, study, and the culture of the fine arts, became his favourite amusement; and to indulge these with the greater freedom, he spent the most part of his time at his estate, which was not distant many miles from the capital.

One day, as his Lordship took a solitary walk, absorbed in thought, he found himself in the heart of a little forest, and heard two female voices. On turning to one side, he beheld—with transport beheld—a young lady of angelic form, and an elderly one, who seemed to be her mother.

He accosted them with respect, and presently learned their names and their station. Mrs. Bruce, the mother, further added, that she was a widow of a Scotch gentleman, whose estate had been forfeited on account of his activity on the rebel side in the year 1745; that she and her daughter Sophia, rented a little farm about two miles off; and that it was owing to the fineness of the evening they had strayed so far.

The young Lord begged of the ladies, that they would permit him to wait on them home; and

and on their arrival at, their homely asylum; he beheld the Temple of Virtue and of Innocence. It appeared to him the work of enchantment; and with difficulty could he prevail with himself to quit it.—His whole soul was now engrossed with the idea of Sophia. He frequently renewed his visits; and in a little time, charmed with her beauty, her virtue, and her sensibility, and regardless of her want of fortune, he determined to marry her. During the eve of his nuptials, as he was on the road to wait upon his bride, he met a servant in tears, who informed him, that two men in masks, with a number of attendants, had by force taken possession of the house, and that they had carried off, they knew not whither, Mrs. and Miss Bruce.

Distracted at the news, Welbroke clapped spurs to his horse, returned to Welbroke Castle, and ordered his servants to search through every different road. But every effort to procure tidings of the ravishers was vain.—Three days had elapsed when he had received an anonymous letter, informing him that Mrs. Bruce and her daughter were no more.—Had death instantly followed upon this intelligence, it had been well. A fever was the consequence of it; and for near a year he remained in a state of the most excruciating

ciating uncertainty, and almost bereft of reason. At the end of that period, he seemed to have regained his former tranquillity; and, tired of a country which had no longer any charms for him, since it contained the grave of his Sophia, he determined to make the tour of Europe.

Thus were the affairs of Lord Welbroke situated, when, on his arrival at Rome, he met with, and contracted a peculiar friendship for Farelli, one of the youngest, but, at the same time, one of the most distinguished, painters of Italy.

Though fortune smiled not at the birth of this Italian, yet Nature had been lavish to him of her gifts.—His education had been excellent; and the beauties of Homer and Virgil were not more familiar to him than those of Raphael and Corregio.—He was susceptible of violent passion; but his soul, though elevated and benevolent, was naturally melancholic and gloomy; a circumstance, which, perhaps, rendered him the more endearing to the disconsolate Welbroke. The generosity of his Lordship, and the gratitude of the painter, kept equal pace:—The union was so firmly linked, that, in Rome, they received the appellation of the two brothers.

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His Lordship continued about two years in the unreserved indulgence of his melancholy, and of his passion for the fine arts. Farelli and he could no longer live asunder. At the expiration of this period, Welbroke received a letter from the hand of Mrs. Bruce herself, informing him, that her daughter was still alive; that her heart was invariably his; that, having escaped from the villains who had carried them off, they had recovered possession of their house; but that, till they had the happiness of meeting in England, she would delay all mention of particulars. The surprise, the ecstasy of his Lordship are not to be described. He instantly began to prepare for his return into England; and Farelli, the friend of his heart, having, with pleasure embraced the offer of accompanying him, they set off in a carriage and four, and at length arrived in London.

No sooner did they reach Grosvenor-street, than his Lordship calling to the coachman to stop, alighted; and having ushered the Italian into an elegant house, he left him, begging him to consider every thing around him as his own till he should return,

There are secrets in love, which are not, at all times, to be revealed, even to a friend. Farelli was

was still a stranger to the passion of his noble benefactor; and for some days he hardly once saw him, or knew what conjecture to make. At length Welbroke proposed a trip to his estate in the country, which was about twenty miles distant; and, on their arrival, having previously revealed to him the story of his love, he introduced him to Mrs. Bruce, and to the mistress of his heart. Lost in ecstatic admiration of the heavenly graces of Sophia, the painter stood without speech, and without motion. In vain did he attempt to conceal his confusion. The whole company perceived it, but never dreamt the cause of it. Day after day did this unhappy passion triumph with redoubled sway in the breast of Farelli:—every consideration gave place to it. The caresses of his friend, hitherto the pleasure of his life, yet heightened a flame which gradually preyed upon his life—his life, which was one continued, but fruitless struggle to banish Sophia from his heart, to banish himself for ever from her presence.

The absence of the Duke of Vermont, Lord Welbroke's uncle, whom affairs of state had called for a few weeks to the Continent, was now the only obstacle to his Lordship's marriage. Every hour he was expected, and every hour planted a
fresh

fresh dagger into the heart of the Italian. At length his Grace arrived ; and Welbroke and his dear Sophia were within a few minutes of being solemnly united in the bands of wedlock.

Great God! support me while, with quivering hand, I write the rest.—Just, though impervious, are the motives of all thy actions!

Almost in the very instant that Sophia had prepared to come forth from her apartment, dressed in all her bridal ornaments, to meet her beloved Lord, and to proceed with him to the altar, the frantic Italian rushed into her presence, and with one plunge of his sword, sent her into the regions of immortality.

The shriek of death was heard by the servants of the family.—They flew to the chamber of Sophia, who was already breathless, and extended upon the ground. “ ’Tis I, ’tis I, cried the Italian, who have slain your mistress—behold my bloody sword.—Suffer me this instant to expire upon her body, and I will bless you.” It is not in language to express the situation of the young Lord, or the hapless mother, when the fatal tidings reached their ears. The murderer was immediately conveyed to London under a strong guard ; and when
brought

brought to his trial he attempted not to extenuate his crime ; he freely confessed, that it was in the madness of disappointed love he had committed the horrid deed ; and, as the only favour, he begged that his punishment might be instantly enforced. Within two days the wretched culprit was brought from his horrid dungeon ; and, amidst the execrations of a multitude of spectators, he received the reward of his bloody perfidy. Let his example teach us to be doubly diligent in the correction of our passions, and in permitting them not to trample upon the laws of reason and virtue !

EPITAPH ON MR. GAY.

BY MR. POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild ;
In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and last the age :
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great :
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in the end.

These

*These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with Kings thy dust ;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY.

AFFLICTIONS.

WE ought to make a good improvement of
 past and present afflictions. If they are
 not sanctified to us, they become a double cross ;
 but if they work rightly in us, and convince us
 of our failings, and how justly we are afflicted,
 they do us much good. Affliction is a spiritual
 physic for the soul, and is compared to a furnace ;
 for as gold is tried and purified therein, so men
 are proved, and either purified from their dross
 and fitted for good uses, or else entirely burnt up
 and undone for ever. Therefore may all who
 labour under any kind of affliction have reason to
 say with Job, “ when he hath tried me, I shall
 come forth as pure gold.”

Let a man live (says Mr. Steele) but two or
 three years without affliction, and he is almost
 good for nothing, he cannot pray, nor meditate,

nor keep his heart fixed upon spiritual things ; but let GOD smite him in his child, health, or estate, now he can find his tongue and affections again ; now he awakes, and falls to his duty in earnest ; now GOD has twice as much honour from him as he had before. Now, saith GOD, this amendment pleaseth me ; this rod was well bestowed ; I have disappointed him in his great benefit and advantage.

It may be boldly affirmed, that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions, than bad men do from their prosperities ; and what they lose in wealth, pleasure, or honour, they gain, with vast advantage, in wisdom, goodness, and tranquillity of mind.

Prosperity is not without its troubles, nor adversity without its comfort. A mind that can bear affliction, without murmur, and the weight of a plentiful fortune, without vain-glory—that can be familiar, without meannefs, and reserved, without pride, has something in it great, particularly pleasing, and truly admirable.

Nothing would be more unhappy, (said Demetrius) than a man who had never known affliction. The best need afflictions for the trial of their virtue :

tue : How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well ; or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies ? He, who barely weeps at misfortunes, when it is in his power to heal them, is not touched with them to the heart, and only sheds the tears of a crocodile. If you are disquieted at any thing, you should consider with yourself—Is this thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquillity ?

The consideration of a greater evil, is a sort of remedy against a lesser. They are always impaired by affliction, who are not improved by it. A virtuous man is more peaceable in adversity, than a wicked man in prosperity. The keeping ourselves above grief, and every painful passion, is indeed very beautiful and excellent ; and none but souls of the first rate seem to be qualified for the undertaking.

It were no virtue to bear calamities, if we did not feel them.

Divine Providence always places the remedy near the evil ; there is not any duty to which Providence has not annexed a blessing ; nor any affliction

affliction for which virtue has not provided a remedy.

If some are refined like gold, in the furnace of affliction, there are many more, that, like chaff, are consumed in it.

Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervour from piety, vigour from action, health from the body, light from the reason, and repose from the conscience. Resignation to the divine will is a noble and needful lesson.

Yet there is a gloomy pleasure in being dejected and inconsolable. Melancholy studies how to improve itself, and sorrow finds wonderful relief in being more sorrowful.

To be afflicted with the afflicted, is an instance of humanity, and the demand of good nature and good breeding: Pity is but an imaginary aid; and yet were it not for that, sorrow would be many times utterly insupportable.

Mirth is by no means a remedy for grief; on the contrary, it raises and inflames it. The only probable way, I know of, to soften or cure grief
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In others, is by putting on an appearance of feeling it yourself; and you must, besides, talk frequently and feelingly on the occasion, and praise and blame as the sufferer does; but then remember to make use of the opportunity this condescension and familiarity gives you, of leading him, by degrees, into things and passages remote from his present bent of mind, and not unpleasing in themselves. In this manner, and by this policy, you will be able to steal him away from his afflictions with his own approbation, and teach him to think and speak of other things than that alone which frets—or rather wrings his heart.

None should despair, because God can help them, and none should presume, because God can cross them. A firm trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of the mind, that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.—Reproof in adversity hath a double sting.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of the mind;

mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Events which have the appearance of misfortunes, often prove a happy source of future felicity; this consideration should enable us to support affliction with calmness and fortitude.

ANECDOTE OF DIOCLES.

DIOCLES having made a law that no man should come armed into the public assembly of the people, he, thro' inadvertency, chanced to break that law himself; which one observing, and saying, "he has broke a law he made himself." Diocles, turning to his accuser, and with a loud voice said, "No; the law shall have its sanction;" and drawing his sword, killed himself.

ON GOOD HUMOUR

AND

SOCIAL MIRTH.

WHEN the verdure of spring, the luxuriance of summer, and the pride of autumn, bloom and flourish no longer, to cheer our spirits amid

amid the gloom which winter casts around, we must have recourse to those ingenious authors, whose glowing imaginations have caught the fading landscape of the year, and preserved it in all the beauties of poetic description. Here we may enjoy either a perpetual spring, or an unfading summer; and from the noise and hurry of the town, retire to country life and rural simplicity. When this employment ceases to delight, then we may consult the sacred records of antiquity; and, in order to pass our lives in an agreeable and useful manner, enquire how those men who have acquired renown, passed their's: this will give fortitude to our minds, and resolution to our virtue; for we shall seldom find any man conspicuously great, whose life was not marked by some extraordinary difficulties; at least, whose tabature was not distinguished by some peculiar strokes. These circumstances are what call to action those excellencies of character which enoble and perpetuate names.

But this is a sort of amusement that will not always please: the gloom of a winter's day may so dispose the mind, and make it so indolent, that it shall be dissatisfied when it contemplates superior excellence, because it thinks itself unable to equal or excel it. But allowing both of these
sources

sources of amusement to fail, there is another of social mirth and friendship, to which we are greatly indebted during those months, when no other inducement would be sufficient to draw us from home, if it were not to be happy in the house of a friend: here one common complaint of an intemperate season gives a keener relish to those enjoyments which mitigate the severity, and make ample amends for all the inconveniencies of it. I have often seen a general complaint of this nature to be the very means of as general a proposal for amusements; which, having innocence and mirth on their side, have insensibly given a stronger rivet to all the social virtues: so that when I feel a cold nipping frost in the severest winter, I have some consolation to think, that, perhaps, in those associations of mankind which this may cause, the mutual resentments of friends shall subside, and benevolence and social virtue diffuse their warmest influence through every heart.

There is an urbanity, which, when it takes place, dissipates every gloom, and relaxes all restraint, and gives us to enjoy social mirth without interruption, and domestic happiness without reserve. And though I am ready to grant, that human life is worthy the most serious attention
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and improvement, I cannot be brought to allow that no recreations are lawful, and that innocent trifling might not always be allowed. For my own part, I see not why the severity of reason should never permit the smile of wit, and the laugh of jocularitv; nor why wisdom should always consist in a contracted brow, as if poring over the records of the dead, or pronouncing the severest sentence upon the living—If imagination must not subdue reason, might not reason regulate imagination? Suppose every opportunity be taken of exercising the most benevolent virtues of the human mind, we shall find many vacancies lie heavy upon our hands, which were surely much better filled by the agreeable fallies of wit, than suffered to pass by as a total blank of human existence.—Mirth diffuses its pleasing sensations throughout our whole frame, and not only promotes a chearful and happy flow of animal spirits, but better disposes the mind to all the amiable offices of friendship and benevolence. Take away but these seemingly inferior supports of human happiness, good-nature and a disposition to please, and you will find some of the nobler virtues greatly weakened thereby. That amiable levity (if I may be allowed the expression) in some, charms us with its ease, inspires every other person with a pleasing chearfulness, and introduces a freedom

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which

which is the very spirit of social felicity.—The man who makes me laugh, while virtue and innocence do not blush, has laid the surest foundation of my regards—he has in some sort made himself necessary to my happiness.

As human life consists of a thousand opportunities, perpetually occurring to give a lively turn to imagination, and engage its active powers on the side of mirth and friendship, the decent manner of improving these by innocent wit and amusing jocularity, contains nothing that the severest censure can justly reprove, or the strictest moralist condemn.

BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

TIMOLEON, the Corinthian, is a noble pattern of fraternal love ; for being in a battle with the Argives, and seeing his brother fall down dead with the wounds he had received, he instantly leaped over his dead body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder ; and tho' sorely wounded in this generous enterprize, he would not by any means retreat to a place of safety,

safety, till such time as he had seen the corpse carried off the field by his friends. How happy for Christians, would they imitate this Heathen, and as tenderly screen from abuse and calumny the wounded reputation or dying honour of an absent or defenceless brother.

ANECDOTE

OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON sitting one night with a number of ladies and gentlemen, the former, by way of heightening the good humour of the company, agreed to toast ordinary women and match them with ordinary men. In this round one of the ladies gave Mrs. Williams, the Doctor's old friend and house-keeper, and another matched her with Doctor Goldsmith. This whimsical union so pleased the former lady, that though she had some pique with the latter in the beginning of the night, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing that happened for the *a propos* of her last toast!

toast!—"Aye, says Johnson! This reconciliation puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's,—that the quarrels of women are made up like those of ancient kings, *there's always an animal sacrificed on the occasion.*

INFELICITIES OF RETIREMENT

TO

MEN OF BUSINESS.

I Have been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and despised by those who, having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

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In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed ; my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large ware-houses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds ; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants ; became the oracle of the common council ; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings ; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company ; and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of being for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches : when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear ; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention,
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and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money; and though I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniencies in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on, still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle any longer with my own inclinations; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects. I threw down the walls of the garden, and enclosed it with palisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one conveniency to another till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my water-works; and what now remained to be done! what, but to look up to turrets, of which, when they were once raised, I had no farther use; to range over
apartments,

apartments, where time was tarnishing the furniture ; to stand by the cascade, of which I scarcely now perceived the sound ; and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended : the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured ; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself ; I ride out to a neighbouring hill, in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me ; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect. In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning ; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to tell him, with the fallen angel, " how I hate his beams." I wake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency
grow

grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy ; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle ; but, alas ! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer ; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors : seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup ; but supper comes at last, the more welcome, as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known ; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my stable with horses ; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity, would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark,

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and

and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger ; for my horse, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river ; and I had leisure to resolve in the water that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surpris'd when I tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been passed, and in which I can therefore, have no interest : I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory ; whether Hannibal lost Italy
by

by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety,

sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation ; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle : the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

A SERIOUS ANECDOTE.

AN ancient author relates, that a company of vain and profligate persons having been drinking and inflaming their blood, in a tavern at Boston, in New-England, upon seeing the Rev. Mr. Cotton, a pious and amiable minister, coming along the street, one of them told his companion, " I'll go, and play a trick upon old Cotton." Accordingly he approached him, and crossing his way, whispered in his ear, " Cotton, thou art an old fool."—" True" (replied Mr. Cotton) " I confess

sefs I am fo ; the Lord make both me and thee wifer then we are ; even wife to falvation !” struck with his answer, the man related it to his associates, and notwithstanding their then situation, it failed not to cast a damp upon their spirits in the midst of their frolics.

THE EXEMPLARY SON:

A Moral Tale.

THE ill treatment and injuries which some children receive from their parents, without having deserved their severe proceedings, are sufficient to divest them of all filial affection, and to drive them to behave in a very undutiful manner. When those children who have had the most irritating provocations, return good for evil, in consequence of the distresses of their cruel parents, and fly to give them all the relief in their power, they are surely entitled to the highest eulogiums, as they are then truly ornamental to human nature ; the highest ornaments to it, by proving themselves to be more than nominal,—to be real Christians.

Charles

Charles Rowley, the son of an eminent merchant in the second city in England, had, till he entered into his seventeenth year, all the reason in the world to think himself peculiarly happy in a father, as that father not only did every thing he could think of to make his present life happy, but seemed to employ no small part of his time in scheming the most probable foundation for his future felicity.

Unfortunately for poor Charles, about that juncture he lost his mother. He did not, indeed, lament her decease with filial concern, as she had never distinguished him with any proofs of her maternal love, (having bestowed all her love of that kind upon a younger brother of his, whose untimely death had hastened her own,) but he could not help being very sensibly affected by it, as it left his father (who was heartily tired of her, and had a second wife in his eye) at liberty to marry again.

The lady whom Mr. Rowley, for some time before his much-wished-for release, had pitched upon for his second, was a jolly handsome widow, and did not want understanding. She had, indeed, made a number of bold pushes, in order to re-enter the marriage state, (with lucrative views,)

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as she had only a small, precarious income, for the support of herself and a couple of full-grown children. All her efforts, however, were fruitless. In vain did she fet off her person and her mind to the best advantage, as she had not only the straits of her circumstances, but two dead weights, a boy and a girl, to retard the execution of her matrimonial designs. She had, it is true, many admirers; and there were several men who, being in easy situations, would have overlooked her pecuniary deficiencies, but they could not bring themselves to marry her with all her growing incumbrances.

When Mr. Rowley, therefore, after having seen the remains of his dear wife decently deposited in a family vault, made his amorous addresses to her, she gave him the most delicate encouragement, (quite weary of her widowhood, not a little also mortified at the length of it,) and kindly consented to take him for better and for worse, the moment he could marry her without flying in the face of decorum.

Very soon after his father's marriage with Mrs. Broughton, Charles perceived a dispiriting coolness in his behaviour to him; and, in a short time afterwards, discovered hardly any traces of that
paternal

paternal regard which had rendered him the happiest of sons. The alteration he perceived was the more afflicting, as the children of the woman whom he had married shared the regard of which he regretted the loss: to them his carriage was partially parental; to him he ceased in his carriage to be a father.

Mr. Rowley, before his second marriage, had intended to bring up his son to his own business, and under his own eye; but, at the instigation of his wife, sent him to an uncle he had in London by the mother's side, in the same branch of commerce, to finish his probationary years in the counting-house. Mrs. Rowley having procured the removal of Charles, and by that removal the substitution of her son in his room, was mighty well satisfied with her address; and Mr. Brownlow, who had always seen something very promising in his nephew, for whom he had a great regard, received him with equal satisfaction.

Mrs. Rowley, however, pleased as she was with the departure of Charles from a house in which she wanted not to see any of her husband's relations, doubly pleased with the progress which her Harry made in his affections by his artful behaviour (considerably assisted by her political lectures,)

tures,) was so much mortified and alarmed at the encomiums, Mr. Brownlow lavished on his nephew, in almost every letter to his brother-in-law, that she had the strongest desire imaginable to prevent a continuance of them. She was mortified by those encomiums, because she felt, in spite of all her prejudices against the person on whom they were bestowed, the justness of them ; and alarmed, because she was apprehensive of their operating upon his father's mind in a manner most disagreeable to her. She was, at first, contented with his dismissal, she now wished for his being disinherited, and, to arrive at the completion of that wish, was the whole employment of her thoughts.

Having a head naturally fertile in expedients, and being pushed on by stimulations sufficiently obvious, she in a little time put things into a train which seemed to insure her success. A female friend of her's in London, to whom she communicated her wishes and her schemes, returned the following answer to the epistle which contained them ; laconic, but to the purpose : " I do not at all wonder at your wishes, and I will do all in my power to forward your schemes : George will do the business required, I dare say, with
a great

a great deal of pleasure. More in my next :
going to drefs for Ranelagh."

These few lines were satisfactory enough to Mrs. Rowley, as they convinced her of her friend's readinefs to be ferviceable to her in an affair which fhe had extremely at heart ; but fhe could not help anxiously defiring to hear that the propofed designs were in a way to be carried into execution.

By the very next poft Mrs. Rowley received a longer letter from Mifs Morrifon, and the perufal of it filled her with the utmoft flattering expectations ; the conclufion of it fhe read feveral times with renewed delight. " George likes your fcheme prodigioufly, and is refolved to drive at an intimacy with young Rowley, with whom he is at prefent but flightly acquainted. He tells me that he will lay any wager he draws him into a *delicious fcraps*: You know, I believe, what George means by fuch a one. If old Brownlow (fays he) does not write foon to his father in a different fyle, when I have had him under my hands, I will give up all pretenfions to a frolic."

George Morrifon was a city-buck, clerk to an Italian merchant in Mrs. Rowley's neighbourhood:
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by his spirited proceedings, Mrs. Rowley fondly hoped that Charles would not only lose his uncle's regard for him, but entirely deprive himself of his father's esteem.

Unhappily for Charles, he fell, thoughtless, into the snares spread for him by his new friend, to whom he became so strongly attached, that his uncle was alarmed; imagining, and not without reason, that his intimacy with young Morrison could not be attended with any good, but might with many bad consequences.

Mr. Brownlow, however, though he was alarmed at his nephew's violent connexion with his favourite companion, did not for a while throw out the smallest hint concerning his own disapprobation of it, as he never heard of his committing any capital irregularities abroad, nor could fairly correct him for any disorderly proceedings at home; but, on his staying out one evening the whole night, and returning the next morning rather in a fluttered condition, he could not refrain from lecturing him in a serious manner (in a manner equally serious and sensible) on the impropriety, not to say imprudence, of his conduct: concluding his lecture, in which admonitions and reproofs were judiciously intermixed with

with the most earnest entreaties, to break off all acquaintance with George Morrison, to whose overpowering temptations and persuasions he imputed the very censurable indiscretion of which he had been guilty.

Charles, during the kind and salutary lecture, which his uncle addressed to him, felt all the poignancy of his reproof, and listened with great attention to his admonitions. At the conclusion of it he repeatedly promised to comply with his entreaties. Heartily ashamed, indeed, of the transactions of the night, into which he had been decoyed by his false friend, his promises were certainly sincere. It was the want of resolution, more than the want of a good heart, which made him act in opposition to them.

Mr. Brownlow, satisfied with his nephew's contrition and assurances, told him that he would not acquaint his father with what had happened to his disgrace and disadvantage; but added, "I will not, Charles, make another concealment of the same kind."

Mr. Brownlow kept his promise religiously, and mentioned not a syllable of Charles's imprudent behaviour to his father; but Mr. Rowley was,
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notwithstanding, fully informed of it (from what quarter may easily be guessed,) and the information was accompanied with a number of inflammatory circumstances. Those circumstances forcibly cooperated with the malignant reports previously circulated within his hearing to his son's prejudice, snapped every weakened thread of paternal affection. "I renounce him for ever: let his uncle keep him if he pleases. I will have nothing more to do with him." Such was his short, but severe determination,

Mrs. Rowley, though she pretended, with a well-affecting hypocrisy, to be extremely sorry at the above-mentioned resolution of her husband, was secretly rejoiced at it, as it completed the conquest to which she had long aspired.

In consequence of his final and unfatherly determination, Mr. Rowley wrote a sharp letter to Charles, and sent by the same post, a pretty rough one to Mr. Brownlow, for having deceived him by a false account of his son's behaviour. Charles was very deeply affected by his letter, and Mr. Brownlow was exceedingly sorry to find himself severely treated for a deception of which, as his intentions were laudable, he was not ashamed; doubly sorry to find that his nephew's indiscretion
had

had been communicated to his father with the most malevolent aggravations, and that the malevolence of the informant had totally excluded him from his paternal regard and protection. The concern, however, was, in a very short time, considerably encreased.

Charles, having unsuspectingly imparted to George the contents of his father's cruel letter to him, and signified his design of going down to Bristol immediately, in order to exculpate himself in person from the very unjust allegations which had been made against him, was strongly urged by his friend to carry his design into execution. "I'll go with you, Charles," added he, "and swear through thick and thin for you."

They set out accordingly together, but with very different views. Charles sincerely intended to make the most vigorous efforts to recover his father's esteem: George as sincerely wished to widen the breach between them; and flattered himself, with an execrable satisfaction, that his new frolic would do his business with his uncle. George loved mischief in every shape; and the lessons which he received from his sister, in close alliance with Mrs. Rowley, were not thrown away upon him; he paid but too much attention to them.

Poor

Poor Charles, by the commission of a second indiscretion, less venial than the first, had the mortification, the misery, to find himself abandoned by his uncle, as well as by his father. The discovery which he, at the same time, made of his friend's treacherous behaviour, sharpened every pang which he felt from the desertion of his father and his uncle: from the former he hardly expected, though he earnestly wished for it, a favourable reception, when he undertook his journey; but he hoped to meet with a parent in the latter at his return, little imagining what an iniquitous plot had been formed to close the hands, and to harden the hearts of them both against him.

Charles was severely shaken by the distresses into which George had plunged him, but they did not drive him to despair. The consciousness of having been more sinned against than sinning, supported his spirits, and he determined to do every thing in his power to gain a subsistence by his own industry. That resolution was certainly a commendable one, equally so was his resolution to have no farther connections with Morrison of any kind whatever.

While he was considering one day to whom of all his uncle's commercial acquaintance he should

should apply, a gentleman, who had dealings now and then with Mr. Brownlow, and who had always behaved in a manner partially obliging to him, surpris'd him with a visit. Mr. Howell, (that was the gentleman's name) after having explained the cause of his abrupt appearance, offer'd to send him, under the care of a brother of his, to the East Indies.

Charles embraced the offer, which was undoubtedly a very friendly one, and might be productive of very fortunate consequences; but he could not restrain himself from mixing wonder with his gratitude. "I am sufficiently thanked," said Mr. Howell, stopping him in the midst of his grateful effusions: "You seem to be surpris'd at this proof of my friendship for you, after the indiscretions which you have committed: I am strongly dispos'd to be your friend, because I really believe you would not have been guilty of them, had you not been connected with George Morrison: by him you have been extremely ill us'd, and I have great reason to think, that your removal to a considerable distance from him will of itself be of no small advantage to you. I leave you, therefore, to prepare for your voyage without delay."

When

When he had finished his preparations, generously assisted by his new and sincere friend, he made several attempts to see his father, whom he still loved, attributing all his unkindness to him to the machinations of his enemies; but, by the vigilance of his jealous and avaricious mother-in-law, his very filial attempts were rendered fruitless. He was forced to set sail from England without that blessing for which he anxiously longed.

While Charles was, by a combination of happy circumstances, raising a fortune with honour at Bengal, his father was, by a train of unmerited disappointments, reduced to so low a condition, that he was but just able to exist.

The narrowness of his circumstances he bore with the philosophy of a Christian; but, as a man, as a parent, he was sometimes scarce able to endure the recollection of his cruel behaviour to a son, who had not, with all his failings, deserved the treatment he received from him. Smote by remorse, one day, he wrote a very penitential letter to Charles, in which, after having given a full account of his distressful situation, he declared that, reduced as he was, he could even make himself happy with his scanty income, if he had the happiness of folding him in his repenting arms.

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Charles

Charles was deeply affected by his father's letter, by which he found that his pecuniary misfortunes had been occasioned by the bankruptcy of his uncle; and that his remorse, with regard to him, arose from the confession his mother-in-law made a little before her death, having been thrown into a dangerous illness by the failure of all her avaricious schemes, added to the irritating behaviour of her own children. The moment he had read his father's letter, almost blinded with tears of pity and filial love. Charles determined to remove himself, and his effects, by the very first opportunity, to his native country. He was soon enabled to execute his design: he was in a short time under sail; but it is impossible to express the impatience he discovered to set his foot upon the English shore.

On his arrival in England, he hastened with an increased impatience to the obscure village in which his father was meanly accommodated with the bare necessaries of life, and, after an interview, (not to be described, but which did honour to them both) conducted him to a more suitable apartment.

By settling a very handsome annuity upon his father, Charles made himself appear in a very advantageous

vantageous light ; but his affectionate and dutiful deportment, still more than his generous behaviour, after what had happened, occasioned his being called by every body who knew him,—by every body who heard of his uncommon carriage—the *Exemplary Son*.

ANECDOTE OF VAN TRUMP.

DURING the heat of a naval engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, Trump being excessively thirsty, called for a bowl of wine, which his servant had no sooner delivered him, but a cannon ball took his hand off just as he was retiring from his master. The brave Admiral, touched with a noble compassion, spilt the wine on the deck, saying, “ It is not fit I should quench my thirst with the blood of a faithful servant.” And as soon as he had spoke these words, a bullet took from him the power of ever drinking again.

AN INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY

IN

MR. WILKS THE ACTOR.

AS Mr. WILKS was one of those to whom calamity seldom complained without relief, the following act of benevolence may be thought deserving of recital.

Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered, by an impediment in his speech, from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, tho' not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic; and prosecuted his design
with

with so much diligence and success, that when Dr. Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him on his arrival, and was one of the chief physicians at the Russian court.

AMELIA :

OR

FRATERNAL LOVE.

AMELIA GRANT was the only daughter of Sir Charles Grant, a gentleman of fortune in a remote corner of this island. Sir Charles, after a military service of many years, retired at the age of fifty to the enjoyment of an easy competency, and the rational felicities of domestic life. Lady Grant was one of the most excellent of women, and she had educated Amelia on a plan similar to that which had enlarged her own mind. It was in a sweetly retired situation, in the county of Cornwall, that Colonel Grant had taken up his residence, within a mile of the sea coast, but far from the habitation of any

any person with whom a social intercourse could be held. In this solitude, far from the busy haunts of men, this amiable family lived till Amelia had just completed her nineteenth year. At this juncture a ship was wrecked on the coast, and many of the crew perished. Colonel Grant, with the assistance of his domestics, afforded every possible relief to the survivors. One young gentleman, who was thrown on shore, lay as dead, till the humane services of the Colonel and his family restored him to his senses. He was conveyed, with the other persons who had been preserved, to the Colonel's house, where they remained a few days to refresh themselves, and then took a grateful leave of their benefactors; all but Mr. Lessie, (for that was the young stranger's name,) who felt an attachment for which he could not account: he therefore feigned an indisposition, and took leave of his companions, promising to follow them to London in a few days. They were no sooner gone, than Lessie discovered the cause of his disorder. He read in the eyes of Amelia a language to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and found in every feature of her sweet face the irresistible tyranny love.

Lessie was a man of too much honour, whatever his feelings might be, to engage in a clandestine

destine address to the daughter of his benefactor. He immediately made Colonel Grant the confident of his passion. The Colonel communicated the young gentleman's sentiments to his Lady, and she informed her daughter of Mr. Lessie's prepossession in her favour.

This is the honourable way of making love; and if gallants in general would address themselves to the father, or mother, before they seek to gain the affections of the daughter, we should not hear of so many unhappy matches. The truest, the most lasting love, will succeed to the consciousness of having discharged the filial duties.

Miss Grant had beheld young Lessie with an eye of more than common regard; there could be therefore not a moment's hesitation in her compliance with the wishes of her parents. Though Amelia possessed a disposition so prompt to the discharge of every duty, that she would have sacrificed much of her own happiness to have advanced the repose of her father and mother, yet she could not but be happy to find their sentiments in a perfect coincidence with her own. In a word, it was agreed, on all hands, to admit Mr. Lessie's addresses.

Ceremony

Ceremony is a superfluous attendant, when good sense, reason, and virtue, form the company. A few weeks only were wasted in the idle ceremony of courtship, and a day was fixed for celebrating the nuptials of the happy pair. Reserve was now thrown aside: all parties considered themselves as advancing to a period which would encrease and continue their felicity; but there was an event in the hands of time to dash the flowing bowl from the thirsty mouth. It was hitherto only known that Mr. Lessie had been a successful voyage, and that he was returned to enjoy his good fortune in his native island.—The day was fixed for the marriage. Sir Charles was gone to Exeter to purchase a licence for the wedding: Lady Grant and the young couple were engaged in an agreeable conversation on the prospect of the approaching felicity; when her Ladyship, in the gaiety of her heart, said, “We know little of you yet, Mr. Lessie; we have taken you in a stranger and an outcast, and are about to adopt you for our son; pray let us know who you are?” “Madam,” said Lessie, “I should be glad to comply with your request, if it were in my power; but I hardly know who, or what I am: I have heard that I am descended from an honourable family, and I have no doubt of its
having

having been a virtuous one, from the warmth of the attachment which binds me to the kindred virtues of your's. This paper, Madam, will inform you of all that I myself know respecting my origin: if I should ever be happy enough to learn more, depend on it that my discoveries shall not be a moment concealed from those to whom I lay under such unbounded obligations."—Thus saying, he delivered a paper into her hands, containing the following words: "Let the child with whom this is delivered, when he has reached the age of discretion, be informed, that he is the only son of Roderick Lessie, Esq; of the Shire of Fife, by his wife Margaret Sinclair; but charge the youth to keep this circumstance a secret as long as he shall reside in Scotland."

Lady Grant having cast her eyes on the paper, fixed them for a moment on Mr. Lessie, hesitated, trembled, turned pale, and fainted. It was some hours before she was restored to her senses, when the first words she uttered were, "Let me see him once more ere I die; *once again let me behold my boy, my Lessie!*"—Not to keep the reader in suspense, the story is this: Miss Sinclair, when very young, was privately married to Mr. Lessie, without the knowledge and consent of her father. It was a love match, and the secret was inviolably kept.

O

Mr.

Mr. Lessie died when his lady was in the sixth month of her pregnancy ; his disorder was rapid ; but he had time to deliver to her a bond of seven hundred pounds, as a provision for the future child. The infant was put to nurse with a trusty old woman, and, when he was about two years of age, his mother married Mr. Grant, without the slightest suspicion that she had ever been a wife before.

When young Lessie was fifteen, the faithful nurse, who had long since received the amount of the bond, delivered him the principal sum, having genteely supported him on the interest of it. She also gave him the above recited paper, in his mother's hand-writing, and advised him to seek his fortune in some distant part of the world. This advice he followed, went to the West-Indies, and engaged with a planter ; who was so well pleased with his services, that he bequeathed him a considerable part of his fortune. With this fortune he was returning to settle in his native country, when the waves threw him on the coast of Cornwall, where he was on the point of marrying his own sister.

Colonel Grant returned before his lady had recovered from the shock the discovery had given her.

her. The whole family were inconsolable for many days, but their prudence, their virtue, their religion, have at length subdued their grief; and they are now all gratitude for the prevention of an event which was once the object of their wishes.

Mr. Lessie has taken up his abode in the family; and the reciprocal conduct of him and Amelia affords a proof that the most violent passion may be subdued by the superior influence of reason.

ANECDOTE

OF

A LATE LORD MAYOR.

HIS Lordship having business with the master of an eminent tripe shop in St. James's-market, in the course of which he took pleasure in conversing with the shop boy, whose attention and adroitness solicited his Lordship's notice; one day seeing the young man, who was naturally chearful, rather dull, he took an opportunity of enquiring into the cause of it; the young man very
very

very candidly told him, that his master was about to retire from business, and to let the shop ; and that in all probability he should lose his place, which was his all, as he had neither money, nor friends. His Lordship finding what he said to be true, and withal that he had an excellent character, immediately purchased the shop, &c. and placed him in it, which to this time he occupies with credit to himself and his generous patron.

ANECDOTE OF MICKLE.

MICKLE, the translator of *Lusiad*, inserted in his poem an angry note against Garrick, who, as he thought, had used him ill, by rejecting a tragedy of his. Some time afterwards, the poet, who had never seen Garrick play, was asked by a friend in town to go to *King Lear*. He went, and, during the first three acts, said not a word. In a fine passage of the fourth, he fetched a deep sigh, and, turning to his friend, " I wish," said he, " the note was out of my book !"—How often, alas, do we say and write bitter things of a man, on a partial and interested view of his character, which, if we knew throughout, we should wish unsaid or unwritten !

AN

AN AFFECTING STORY.

CONSTANTIA was possessed of many amiable qualities; and, but for love, could not, perhaps, have been accused of one human frailty. It was her fortune to be born in Holland, daughter to a man of affluent fortune, amassed by commerce, and sister to an officer of rank. The father could not be more devoted to his wealth, than the brother jealous of his honour; Constantia was the care and delight of both. She inherited from her father, prudence; and from her brother, that chaste reserve, and elevated dignity, which, if noble in her sex, always appear with a superior lustre in the other. Born to such qualities, possessed of so many virtues, what was there could subdue Constantia's heart? One thing alone, but that famous for levelling all ranks, and burying distinction; a British Officer, a man who had inherited, from an illustrious family, all their spirit and greatness, but none of their possessions, whose heart was rich in nobleness, but his sword, (like the poor Chamont's) which was all his portion, served in the troops commanded by her brother. It was easy to distinguish in him a soul and a descent, ill suited to his fortune. His Colonel did not want the spirit to discern on such occasions;

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he pitied, he honoured, and loved him. The respect, with which he was received in the family, first drew Constantia's eyes upon him; she thought it merit to compassionate, and glory to reverence, what her brother pitied and admired; and love that follows swift upon the heels of tenderness, when joined with true esteem, soon took the place of every other passion. Lyfander, whose modesty would not have aspired to love, whose gratitude and friendship would not have suffered him to be ambitious on such terms, could not be sorry he was beloved. He saw the first of her sex in merit, as well as quality, regard him with a look of tenderness, beyond the power of friendship or compassion. He suffered that flame to glow into the full height, whose first sparks he had smothered; he watched his opportunity, and he disclosed his gratitude and adoration; he pleaded with success; and the lady, above all disguise, did not affect to hide her willingness to hear him, and be persuaded. When there are greater difficulties the lesser vanish. Had there been no conditions necessary to Lyfander's happiness, but the consent of Constantia, that had been for a while withheld, and form prevailed against a real inclination: but here was a necessity for the consent of a father, and the approbation of a brother—both necessary—both, at least, not easily obtained.

tained. The task was difficult ; but it must be attempted ; success was eagerly desired, and form submitted to necessity. What must have been denied to the lover, the lady solicited with her own voice ; the brother was the most likely to be gained, and he was the first addressed ; he honoured her for her judgment, and he applauded her disinterested passion : he congratulated his friend ; but he told them, he expected the due regard on one hand, and the obedience on the other, should be paid, to whatsoever were the decisions of her father. No passion is so easily flattered as love, none hopes so soon, nor does any bear a disappointment worse. What was so easily obtained from the brother, the father absolutely refused : and the son, in whom a filial obedience was the first principle, exacted from his friend a promise, under that sanction, more sacred to a soldier than an oath—his HONOUR, never to solicit the object of his wishes afterward. Lyfander would, at any time, have sacrificed his life to such an engagement ; but here was more—his love, and that proved too powerful.

The fury of a Romish persecution had just at this time driven the worthy Mira, a pattern of firm friendship and true piety, with her little family, to Holland. The friendly heart of Constantia had

had renewed an early intimacy, and misfortune had thrown in an additional claim of tenderness to her affection; in all things, but her love, Mira had been the confidant of her fair friend; she had solicited to know the cause of a melancholy, that was now grown almost to despair, but she had pressed in vain. At length, what she had so often requested ineffectually, the miserable friend communicated; "You have seen Lyfander—interrupt me not with his praises—I am with child."—If her religious friend started at this, with what horror did she attend to the resolves that followed! "I know," continued the despairing Constantia, "the fury of my brother will not be contented with a less sacrifice than my life; that of the unguarded unborn infant; and that of its unhappy father; no less atonement will, in his rigid eye, wipe off the infamy from his family; great ills must be suffered to obviate greater. I have resolved what course to take; there is but one way, and I conjure your eternal and inviolable secrecy, when I have told it. I shall retire to Harlem, I shall live there unknown: if possible, unseen and unattended. I must encounter the hour of pain alone, and, if I survive, these hands must kill the offspring of our tenderness. If I return, be secret, if not, I do require it of you to tell Lyfander how it was I perished." The stream of
tears

tears that ran unwiped along the cheeks and the neck of the devoted Constantia, were hardly more than those of her astonished friend. "I have bound myself to secrecy," replied she, "and, on one condition, I will keep it. It is not a difficult one, and if you deny me, God, before whom I made the oath, be witness between you and me, it is no crime to break it. Promise me, that before you lay the hands of death upon the poor innocent, you will dress it, kiss its little lips, and once give it suck." The promise was made, and the unhappy fair one went her way. All people were amazed; the family was distressed; the lover distracted. A few weeks called him on private affairs to Britain. It was many months before the disconsolate Mira heard from her friend; at length a short letter, barren of circumstances, invited her to Harlem. She knew the hand of her Constantia; but she trembled at the silence to all incidents. She went in private; she stopped, half dead with agony, at the little cottage; her pale friend opened the hospitable door to her with one hand, and, in the other, held the smiling pledge of her unviolated promise. "I have obeyed you, Mira, said she, (smiling in all her weakness) I have obeyed the terms which you have imposed; and nature has done all the rest." Far from discovery, there was not suspicion; all was secret that had happened.

Constantia was received with rapture by her family, but that was little : Lyfander was returned, possessed of an ample fortune. He married the rescued object of his true passion : he brought her to his country, in which she lived and died, an honour to an honourable family.

FROM THE BOOK OF WISDOM :

*Hearken unto thy Father—despise not thy Mother
when she is old.*

THIS Wisdom speaks—her voice divine,
Attend my son, and life is thine.—
Thine, taught to shun the devious way,
Where folly leads the blind astray :
Let virtue's lamp thy footsteps guide,
And shun the dang'rous heights of pride ;
The peaceful vale, the golden mean,
The path of life pursue serene.

From infancy what sufferings spring—
While yet a naked helpless thing,
Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring cast,
To shield thee from th' inclement blast?

Thy

Thy Mother—honour her—her arms
Secured thee from a thousand harms ;
When helpless, hanging on her breast,
She sooth'd thy sobbing heart to rest ;
For thee her peace, her health destroy'd,
For thee her ev'ry pow'r employ'd ;
Thoughtful of thee before the day
Shot through the dark its rising ray ;
Thoughtful of thee, when sable night,
Again had quench'd the beams of light.
To Heav'n, in ceaseless pray'r, for thee
She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.
Despise her not now—now feeble grown—
Oh! make her wants and woes thy own ;
Let not thy lips rebel ; nor eyes,
Her weakness, frailty, years, despise ;
From youthful insolence defend,
Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.
Thus shalt thou sooth, in life's decline,
The mis'ries that may once be thine.

HISTORY OF FANNY.

AS my situation, at present, admits neither of relief nor comfort, I do not trouble you with this on my own account, but in hopes that the
picture

picture which I am about to draw may be the means of preserving fathers from the like calamities.

I am now in the fifty-sixth year of my age; I had the misfortune, at forty, to lose an excellent wife, who left me one only daughter, four years old.

My love to my wife was such, that I really believe nothing but the violent affection I bore to this little pledge could have given me resolution to survive her.

Little Fanny (for that was her name) was now become my only care and pleasure, and I enjoyed more and more of this latter every day, as she grew more capable of becoming my companion.—I fancied I did not only trace in her the features, but that goodness and sweetness of temper which had distinguished her mother from the greater part of her sex. She was always a stranger to those severities which some parents contend for, as necessary in the education of children, and, therefore, instead of fear, she contracted for me that reverence which love and gratitude inspire into good and great minds towards superiors. In short, I had, in my little
Fanny

Fanny, at the age of fourteen, a companion and a friend.

She was now the mistress of my house, and studied my humour in every thing. She often declared her highest satisfaction was in pleasing me, and all her actions confirmed it.—When business permitted me to be with her, no engagement to any company or pleasure could force my Fanny from me; nor did she ever disobey me, unless by doing that which she knew would most please me, contrary to my own request, as by sacrificing her innocent diversions abroad, to keep me company at home.

On my part, I had no satisfaction but in what my child was concerned. She was the delight of my eyes, and joy of my heart. I became an absolute slave to a very laborious business, in order to raise her fortune, and aggrandize her in the world.—These thoughts made the greatest fatigues not only easy, but pleasant; and I have walked a hundred times through the rain with great cheerfulness, comforting myself, that by these means Fanny would hereafter ride in her coach.

She was about eighteen years of age, when I began to observe some little alteration in my
Fanny's

Fanny's temper. Her cheerfulness had now frequent interruptions, and a sigh would sometimes steal from her, which never escaped my observation, though I believe it always escaped her own. I presently guessed the true meaning of this change, and was soon convinced, not only that her heart had received some impressions of love, but who was the object of it.

This man, whom I will call Philander, was on many accounts so deserving, that I verily believe I should have been prevailed on to favour my child's inclinations, though his fortune was greatly unequal to what I had a right to demand for her, had not a young gentleman, with a very large estate, offered himself to my choice. I was unable to resist such an acquisition of fortune and of happiness, as I then thought, to my daughter. I presently agreed to his proposals, and introduced him to her as one whom I intended for her husband.

As soon as his first visit was ended, Fanny came to me, prostrated herself at my knees, and begged me, as I tendered her future happiness, never to mention this match to her more, nor to insist on her receiving a second visit from Leontius, (for

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☉ I will call the gentleman) whom, would to God I had never heard of.

Now was the first moment I uttered a harsh word to my poor child, who was bathed in tears, (as I am while I am writing). I told her in an angry tone, that I was a better judge of what would contribute to her future happiness than herself; that she made me a very ungrateful return for all the cares and labours I had undergone on her account, to refuse me the first command of importance I had ever laid on her, especially as it was only to give me the satisfaction of seeing her happy, for which I had agreed to leave myself a beggar.

I then left her, as I had no reason to expect an immediate answer, to contemplate on what I had said; but, at my departure, told her, that if she expected to see me more, the terms must be an absolute compliance with my commands, and then she should never ask me any thing in vain.

I saw her no more that evening, and the next morning early received a message from her, that she could no longer endure my absence, or the apprehension of my anger, and begged leave to attend me in my dressing room. I immediately
sent

sent for her, and when she appeared, began—
“ Well, Fanny, I hope you have thoroughly considered the matter, and will not make me miserable, by a denial of this first——”

“ No, papa,” answered she, “ you shall never be miserable if your poor Fanny can prevent it. I have considered, and am resolved to be obedient to you, whatever may be the consequence to me.” I then caught her in my arms, in an agony of passion, and floods of tears burst at once from both our eyes.

The eagerness of Leontius soon completed the match, as there remained no obstacle to it, and he became possessed of my all ; for besides my darling child, my little companion, my friend, he carried from me almost every farthing which I was worth.

The ceremony being over, the young couple retired into the country, and I had the pleasure of seeing my Fanny run away in a coach and six of her own. Little did I then think that it was the last unfulfilled pleasure I was to derive from her sight.

They returned at the end of a month, though they had proposed to stay longer ; and my child,
the

the moment she arrived in town, immediately sent me word she should visit me the next morning. I repaired hastily to her husband's house; but guess my surprize, when a servant told me, that neither his master nor his lady were at home.—I returned, thinking to have met with her at my own house, but in vain: I now began to grow extremely uneasy at my disappointment;—I went once more to her husband's house, and received the same answer as before. I then enquired for her maid, who was at last produced to me, with her eyes swelled with tears, and from her I learned that the villain Leontius had insisted on her not visiting me, confined her to her room, and ordered all the servants to carry no message or letter from her.—I flew up stairs and burst open the door of the room, which was locked.—I there found my child in a situation which I am not able to describe, any more than all the circumstances of our meeting.—

As soon as passion permitted, she spoke to me as follows:—“ Sir, I am undone! My husband is jealous of me for a man whom I have never seen since our marriage. He found me reading a letter I had formerly received from Philander, and snatched it from me, which he might have commanded, for I never have, nor never would disobey

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him

him. This letter, having no date, he fancied I had just received it, and has treated me ever since with inhumanity not to be described. When I have endeavoured to convince him of my innocence, he has spurned me from him with indignation, and these poor arms, in return for their tenderest embraces, have many marks of his violence upon them." Here she sunk upon me. Can words paint my affliction, or the horrors I then felt?—Should I attempt it, this scene alone would almost fill a volume—I will, therefore, hasten to a conclusion.

Her husband was at length convinced that she had received the letter as she had affirmed, and was outwardly reconciled;—but jealousy is a distemper seldom to be totally eradicated, and her having preserved this letter, and the reading it again were circumstances he could not forgive. He behaved to her with such cruelty, that in half a year, from a state of florid health, she became pale and meagre. Philander, who, I really believe, loved her to distraction, took this opportunity of renewing his addresses to her; her husband's barbarity drove her into his arms, and one evening she made her escape with him. The day after I heard this news, I received from her the following letter:

My

“ My dear papa,

“ I am not insensible of my guilt ;—but to resist the tender passion of Philander was no longer in my power ; and the good-natured world, when they oppose to this the cruellest treatment from an injurious husband, to whom duty, and not love, had joined me, will perhaps pity your poor Fanny.

“ But, alas! these are trifling considerations. The anger of the best of fathers, and the concern which he may suffer on my account, are the objects of my terror. Nor can I bear the thoughts of never seeing you more.—Believe me, it is this apprehension alone which stands between me and happiness, and was the last and hardest struggle I had to overcome. I will, therefore, hope that I may be forgiven by him, that I may again be blest by paying my duty to the kindest, tenderest of fathers: for in that hope consists my being, &c.”

I will make but one remark on this letter, which is, that she never upbraids me with having undone her.—If you think my story may be of use to the public, by cautioning parents from thwarting the affections of such children as are capable of having any, it is at your service.

ON

ON PATIENCE.

HAIL, thou sure friend to man ! how great
 thy pow'r,
 How vast, extensive in the stricken hour
 Of keen adversity : when faithless friends
 Forfake the wretched, then thy pow'r is seen.
 To calm the woe of agonizing want.
 For ah ! how wretched must it be to him,
 Who many years has liv'd in ease and pleasure,
 In his old age to feel the cruel pangs
 Of want and misery, and when he expects
 Content and comfort, then to be depriv'd
 Of all those blessings which he long has known ;
 And by misfortune instantly be hurl'd
 From friends, from affluence, content and joy.
 What ! when the good man feels th' afflicting pains
 Of gout, the stone, and rheumatism, or the pangs
 Of that affliction, which above the rest
 Tortures convulsive, then what other hope
 Can give relief but Thee, thou sov'reign balm
 Of all our woes, we hope that time will give,
 That ease we ardent wish for and expect
 With ten-fold eagerness.

Then, O my God ! whate'er may be my lot,
 Whate'er I suffer, or whate'er I feel,
 O grant me Patience ! let me not repine

If

If grief strikes deep, but let me look around,
And I shall find companions in my woe
Than me far more afflicted. 'Tis a truth
Full well established and beyond dispute,
Howe'er wretched, and whate'er the cause,
Another and another still you'll find
With greater reason, greater cause for woe.
As such let's study still to be resign'd ;
What'er our MAKER's pleasure and his will,
Let's still look forward with a chearful hope,
Nor discontented murmur at our fate.

THE ALARMS OF MATRIMONY :

A MORAL TALE.

OF the numberless pairs who are every day (almost every hour) rushing into the marriage-state, flattered by various views, and stimulated by various motives, there are none who are more likely to wish themselves released from their conjugal engagements, than those who are instigated by avarice to tie themselves for life in the bands of Hymen. Mercenary marriages generally prove unhappy ones ; how, indeed, should felicity be expected from an union which has not mutual affection

affection for its basis? Without that foundation the strongest bands are too weak to keep the contracted couple faithful to their nuptial vows. We are particularly shocked to see old fellows, past the hey-day of their blood, selecting mates from the youthful parts of the fair sex; and still more so, to see a fine healthy handsome creature, throwing herself into the arms of a man old enough to be her grandfather, merely for the sake of triumphing over her companions by the splendor of her appearance, and to make them ready to burst with envy by the insolence of exultation. Such a woman, so married, sometimes gives her envying friends a high treat by the infringement of her matrimonial vows, by not only alarming her grey-headed husband, but by actually placing him in a condition, which is, though extremely fashionable, sufficient to render him, if he is a man of feeling, extremely wretched.

In a pleasant and polite city of France, not many miles from Paris, lived, about half a century ago, a gentleman with considerable possessions in the province, of which that city was the capital, of so studious a disposition, that he was never happy but when poring over his books. In consequence of his violent passion for literature, he had a large library, and as he was a man of
taste

taste, as well as a man of letters, it contained a number of the best written volumes in his own language, with a no small collection, equally well chosen, wrote by the most celebrated authors of various other nations.

In his library **Monf. Peliffon** spent the happiest moments of his life; but nobody envied him the felicity which he felt from his literary attachments, as he discovered no small selfishness by them, never imparting what he read, never appearing desirous of increasing his knowledge by the communication of his ideas. By that selfishness he certainly excluded himself from a variety of acquisitions, which might have rendered his literary prospects more extensive; which might have at once enlarged and embellished his mind. Like a Quaker, all his light was within, and none of his friends were benefited by his internal illuminations. In how unamiable a point of view does the man of erudition appear when he thus, keeping his learned stores locked up in his own mind, broods over them with the wretched satisfaction of a miser, hanging over his coffers.

With this selfish attachment to books, **Monf. Peliffon** conversed little with men, and still less with women: transported with the society of the
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the dead (if I may hazard the expression) he had scarce any relish for the conversation of the living ; and, indeed, by spending the greatest part of his time in reading, he became gradually as unfit as he was unwilling to converse, so that when he came into company (and he could not always avoid mixing with the world,) he looked like a "statute dropped from its pedestal," and talked with as much embarrassment as if he had been a savage just brought from his native wood, without the smallest marks of civilization about him ; as awkward in his deportment, and as much at a loss for words.

By many this learned gentleman was laughed at for his uncouthness and singularity ; by many shunned from the strong operation of disgust ; by few he was pitied for habits which he had contracted by living in a kind of solitude, and for his inability to set himself off to advantage, from the adhesion of them. Such a man may as well attempt to change his skin, as to make himself an agreeable companion.

It will not be supposed by the readers of this sketch of *Monf. Pelisson's* character, that he was a man of gallantry. During the course of those years, indeed, when most men, if they are susceptible

ceptible of tender impressions, feel their hearts softened by their interviews with the fair sex; Monf. Peliffon was too much engaged with his Cleopatras and Octavias, his Arrias and his Portias, his Cornelias, Terentias, and Calpurnias, and other illustrious women of antiquity, to think of any living female, though he might have, with little trouble, discovered women who would not have disgraced the ladies above-mentioned with their acquaintance.

Monf. Peliffon having wasted the prime of his life among his books, having arrived within a few months of his grand climacteric, was seized one day (being overheated by a passage in Ovid's Art of Love,) with a violent—a preposterous desire to have a connection with a fair one.

When the passion of love gets into an old man's head, it allows him as little quiet as it does a young one, though the sensations which it excites cannot be supposed to operate with equal force. Monf. Peliffon was so much disturbed by his amorous sensations, that he was determined to look out for a female companion immediately, and to commit two mistakes of the first magnitude—to take a wife to his bosom, and to marry a young woman. Accordingly he applied to a

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married

married lady of his acquaintance, who would, he imagined, without laughing at him, assist him in arriving at the summit of his wishes.

The lady to whom *Monf. Peliffon* applied for a wife, was a *Madame Bourdieu*, very happily united with a merchant of reputation, and in affluent circumstances. She was a sensible, conversible, easy, good-natured woman ; friendly and facetious. No woman loved humour better than *Madame Bourdieu*, and no woman ever saw the ridiculous sooner in her own sex, or in the other ; however, not having the least spark of malevolence in her disposition, she never took a delight in exposing the weaknesses of her friends, and of making herself merry at their expence. When *Monf. Peliffon*, therefore, opened his mind to her with regard to his matrimonial design, and intreated her to recommend him to a young lady well brought up, with a good understanding, and a good temper, (he was entirely easy about fortune, having enough for both,) she was ready to laugh out at his proposal and request ; but having really a regard for him, and pitying a propensity which could not but lead him into a “ sea of troubles,” she endeavoured to dissuade him from his intended nuptials, and (touching with great delicacy upon his advanced age,) advised him,

him, in the most friendly manner, to give up all thoughts of an hymenial connection.

Monf. Peliffon heard his friendly monitrefs with patience, but not with pleasure. He did not interrupt her in the midft of her diffuafives and admonitions, but as foon as fhe had clofed her anfwer, he convinced her, by his immediate reply to it, that fhe had fpent her breath, and exhausted her reafoning and elocution to no purpofe. He was like Sir Wilful Witwood—he would do it : he would marry. “ It is refolved, Madam, I cannot live any longer without a wife—a young wife ; and if you will not recommend one to me, I muft apply to somebody elfe.”

Madame Bourdieu was too polite to affront her wrong-headed friend, by telling him that fhe could not think of perfuading any young lady to facrifice herfelf by marrying a man at his time of life, for the fake of his money, not conceiving that any thing but intereft could poffibly induce a girl to be tied to him : fhe, therefore, only affured him, that there was no young woman among her acquaintance who would fuit him ; adding, “ that if he fhould find the wife he wifhed for, he ought to have a very mean opinion of her principles, as he might fafely conclude, fhe would marry
him

him under the influence of the most mercenary motives."

Monf. Peliffon, not a little displeafed with Madame Bourdieu's refufing to be an agent for him, in the execution of his matrimonial commiffion, took his leave of her, without being fufficiently affected by the end of her fpeech to relinquifh his nuptial purfuits. From her he went to another lady, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and delivered the fame request. From this lady he met with a different reception, a reception more agreeable to his tafte, and more favourable to his defires.

Madame Soubliere, inftead of endeavouring to damp his amorous flame, added fuel to it, by telling him, that fhe knew a very handsome girl who would fuit him to a hair, and who would think herfelf honoured by an alliance with him. " She is well born, continued Madame Soubliere, and fhe has been well educated; her perfon's ftriking, her fenfe is folid, and her parts are bright.—She has a very fmall fortune.—

" Oh! Madam," exclaimed the amorous philofopher, with an eagerness which did not at all fit graceful upon a forehead ploughed with wrinkles,

" No

“ No matter for fortune ; I want no money ; I have enough of it for us both. Therefore, dear Madam, introduce me to this charming creature as soon as you can. I shall be on the rack of impatience till you bring me to an interview with her.”

Madame Soubliere, like an artful woman, now threw a few obstacles in the antiquated lover's way, which would serve, she imagined to render him still more eager to see the lady whom she had recommended to him ; and she was not mistaken : he soon, with redoubled alacrity, removed all the objections she had started ; and upon his growing extravagantly pressing, she promised to let him see Mademoiselle Mureau at her house in the afternoon. Animated by this assurance, he left her with the most grateful acknowledgments, and when he got home, dressed himself with a precision to which he had not, even in his youngest days, attended, and in a manner which made him look older than he really was : attempting to appear with all the gaiety of youth in his apparel, the ravages which time had made in his face were doubly conspicuous.

Monf. Peliffon having dressed himself in the most youthful stile, went to Madame Soubliere's,
and

and there met the lady who was destined to be his wife.

Mademoiselle Mureau having been properly tutored by her friend, was thoroughly prepared to display all her charms, *dans tout leur jour*, in order to strike the old bachelor at first sight ; and she made such good use of her tongue, when she found that her eyes had been successfully employed, that when she (suddenly recollecting an engagement in another place) quitted the room, she left her uncommon admirer absolutely enchanted.

Monf. Peliffon, the moment Mademoiselle Mureau had left the room, told the lady who had spoke to him in her favour, that she had given him the highest pleasure, and that he would, with her permission, wait on her the next day. His request was readily complied with : accordingly he made his appearance at the same place, in order to enjoy a second interview with his future bride.

In his second interview with the lady who had struck him so much in his first, he was still more delighted with her person, her behaviour, and her conversation ; and before he took leave of her, he found an opportunity to make his addresses to her

her in form, which were received with a secret approbation. From that time his visits to Madame Soubliere's were frequent.

The frequent visits of this singular gentleman to a lady who was noted for match-making, occasioned no small speculation among the few friends with whom he associated, by way of relaxing his mind when he was tired with reading. They could not help wondering at the new appearance which he made *en galant homme*, being now more studious of his dress than he had ever been; but they did not know how to believe that he was going to be married. However, they were soon well assured that he was actually upon the point of entering into a matrimonial connection, and were unanimously of an opinion, when they heard the name of the lady pitched upon for his wife, that he would, in a little while after his wedding-day, severely condemn himself for his precipitation.

In the midst of his preparations for that day, Monf. Peliffon received a visit from one of his most intimate friends, just arrived from a rural excursion, and was accosted by him in the following manner :

“ Bless

“ Bless me ! my dear Peliffon, you do not look the man I left here some weeks ago. I left you almost buried among your books : I find you in a dress very unlike that of a philosopher, and much more like that of a man of the world. What, I beseech you, has produced this striking change, not only in your appearance, but in your looks ? You have not the same learned face you had when I was with you before I set out upon my little tour ; there is not that hardness in your features which I then observed in them. What can so much have altered the expression in them ? Did I not know that you bid defiance to the fair sex, and all their charms, I should imagine that some artful female has put all philosophical ideas to the rout, and filled your bosom with the tenderest sensations.”

Monf. Peliffon having heard his friend’s effusions with great patience, could not now refrain from interrupting him—“ Ah, my dear Janelle,” said he, with a forcible pressure of the hand, “ I am not the same man I was when you saw me some time ago ; I have a new set of sensations, and a new train of reflections. I am transformed into a new creature ; this great transformation has been produced by LOVE.”

At

At the moment the word *love* was articulated, Monf. Janelle burft into a violent fit of laughter. As soon as he was in a condition to get out his words, he replied, " Love! impossible! *you in love?* My grave, learned, studious Peliffon in love? You certainly joke, you can never be in earnest:—In love!"

" I am not at all furprized at your astonishment upon this occasion," said Monf. Peliffon, " as you surely had no reason to fuppose that I should ever have been, with my ftrong paffion for literature, feized with a paffion for women; but fo it is: finding myfelf no longer able to live without a female companion, and not chufing, upon many accounts, a difhonourable connection, I made enquiries among fome of my female friends for a wife, and have difcovered, in Mademoifelle Mureau, the very woman formed to make me the happieft of men."

At the mention of Mademoifelle Mureau's name, Monf. Janelle was more inclined to pity his friend, than to laugh at him: of all the girls whom he knew, he looked upon her as the moft unfit to render an old man tolerably happy in the marriage-ftate; and therefore endeavoured, with all the warmth of language which his friend-
S ship

ship excited, and more warmth of temper than was welcome, to dissuade him from marrying Mademoiselle Mureau; making use of, at the same time, what he thought unanswerable arguments, to give strength to his dissuasions.

Young men in love are seldom to be reasoned with: old men never: Monf. Peliffon heard all that his friend urged against his union with Mademoiselle Mureau, without being in the least affected by it; and on being close pushed, declared, at length, that he would leave the room, if any thing more was said upon the subject.

Monf. Janelle now perceiving that he had no hopes of saving his deluded friend from a marriage which could not, according to his sentiments with regard to the lady in question, be productive of any felicity to him, retired, but not without entreating him with additional earnestness, to consider very seriously upon the step he was going to take; and closed his entreaties with the following line and a half from Virgil, which have been often quoted upon other occasions:

“Facilis descensus averni; sed revocare gradum,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.”——

Monf.

Monf. Peliffon was not at all forry to be left by himfelf, after having had his ears attacked in a manner highly difagreeable to them. When he had recovered a little from the agitation of fpirits into which his friend's arguments, perfuafions, and entreaties had thrown him, he repaired to the houfe which contained the bright object of his wifhes, and with her converfation, foon forgot all Janelle had been driving into his head.

In a few days after this reftoring vifit, this ill-matched, ill-fuited couple, Monf. Peliffon and Mademoifelle Mureau, were indiffolubly united. When the marriage ceremony was performed, the wrinkled bridegroom carried his blooming bride home in triumph; and while he fat grinning by her in his carriage, envied not the fineft young fellow in France, with the fineft girl in his poffeffion, fo thoroughly fatisfied was he with his nuptial choice.

From marriages fo difproportionate, from marriages between Januarys and Mays, between pairs with fenfations as oppofite as the firft and laft feafon of the year, what felicity can be expected? Is it poffible for a man in the winter of life to be a proper companion for a woman in her fpring? Can an Helena look upon Neftor with the eyes of
love?

love? But it is needless to carry the contrast any farther. Monf. Peliffon, heated with a false fire, caught from the inflammatory pages of the poet Sulmo, felt his ardors weaker and weaker from the day of marriage, and, in a short time, called himself a thousand fools for having been misled by an ignis fatuus, a deceitful flame, into the hy-menial circle, from which he wished most sincerely to remove himself; but he was fast bound by an adamantine chain, and was condemned like a gally slave, to that circle for life.

Madame Peliffon having gained her point by marrying her antiquated lover, did not deem it necessary to keep on the mask which she had made use of during the *mollia tempora fandi*, the soft season of courtship. In short, she became so extravagant a wife, and alarmed her husband to such a degree by her behaviour to the men, who now flocked to the house with her female friends, a numerous corps, that he had scarce any rest night or day. Often would he fly to his literary apartments to enjoy some peace with his beloved books, with his silent companions, when his ears had been almost stunned by the conversation of his loquacious ones; but in vain: they pursued him into his library, tossed about his ancients with a provoking wildness, and rallied him to
 death

death for poring over works of mufty fellows, who had been for centuries in their grave.

It is not easy to describe the numerous interruptions which *Monf. Peliffon* met with to his domestic happiness, as a philosopher strongly addicted to letters; nor is it less difficult to paint the disquietudes which he endured as a man: as a man yoked with a woman who had married him entirely for his money; who had no relish for any intellectual pleasures, but a high taste for all the bodily diversions of the age; who was indeed never happy but in a croud, at once admiring and admired; and who was determined to live with as much spirit as any woman in the kingdom.

Among the fashionable pleasures of the age, to which *Madame Peliffon* was violently attached, gaming had a considerable share of her attention; and as she, in general, was successful, she was naturally tempted to raise supplies for her pocket expences from the tables of chance. One night, however, by a run of ill-luck, she not only lost all the money she had about her, but much more than she possibly could advance without drawing upon her husband; and as he had, in a generous fit,

fit, given her a large sum that very day, she knew not how to ask him so soon for an addition to it. In this dilemma she requested the gentleman who had laid her so heavily under contribution (who had, indeed, won her money in a very unfair manner) to stay a few days for the discharge of her debts. He readily consented, but with a proviso, that if she did not, within a month, settle with him in a pecuniary way, she should, upon the payment of his winnings afterwards, treat him with a personal *douceur*. To this proviso the lady willingly subscribed, not doubting but that she should, before the expiration of the stipulated time, wheedle her old man out of the sum she wanted, and save her reputation.

When Dufort, the successful gamester, made the above proposal to Madame Peliffon, he little thought that he should, in a few nights, be stripped himself by the superior address of his opponents. In this reduced condition, he wrote a line, to inform her of his loss, and to press her for the immediate payment of the money she owed him. Not receiving a satisfactory answer from her, he repented her behaviour so much, that he resolved to go himself to Monf. Peliffon directly, and insist upon his discharging his wife's debt.

Monf.

Monf. Peliffon feeing a very fmart young fellow introduced to him one morning, while he was intently reading in his night-gown and cap, started, and was juft going to ask him what his bufinefs was, as he had not feen him before, when his lady, having obferved Dufort from her own apartment, came running into the room, and arrefted his attention by appearing before him in a very fignificant attitude ; laying her finger upon her lip, as if ſhe wifhed him to be filent with regard to tranfactions between them, and looking at him, at the ſame time, as if ſhe had ſomething to communicate which would give him ſatisfaction.

Dufort, in conſequence of theſe pantomimical hints (though he was hard preſſed for caſh) determined not to blab ; and accordingly addreſſed Monf. Peliffon in a ſtyle different from that which he had intended to adopt. Inſtead of acquainting him with the demands he had upon his wife, he made a number of apologies for having miſtaken the houſe, and bowing profoundly, retired, directing an answer, ſufficiently expreſſive, to the lady of the houſe with his eyes.

The ſudden appearance of this ſtranger, his ſubſequent behaviour, and his extraordinary departure, very much alarmed the old gentleman, who,

who, before this incident, had discovered strong marks of a jealous disposition. From this moment he suspected his wife of having an intrigue with him: and, in consequence of his increased apprehensions, watched her more narrowly than ever; but, in spite of all his vigilance, she gave him the slip one evening, and eloped with Dufort: to his additional mortification, she carried away with her things of value enough to convince him that she had no design to return.

ANECDOTE

OF

M. DE VIELLEVILLE.

FRANCIS the FIRST having appointed this French Nobleman Captain of a Regiment of which he had been Lieutenant, sent for him to announce his promotion to him. Vielleville humbly thanked his Majesty for the honour he had conferred on him, but begged to decline it, as he said he "had done nothing as yet worthy of it." His Sovereign replied, "Why, Sir, I am very much mistaken, then; for I thought if you had
had

you had been five hundred miles off, that you would have galloped night and day to ask this rank of me, and now I offer it to you myself, you refuse it. I cannot tell, I am sure, on what other occasion you can expect that I should give it to you." "Sire," replied Vielleville, "on the day of battle, when I shall have done something to deserve it; but if I accept of the honour your Majesty intends for me at this instant, all my companions would ridicule me for accepting it, and and suppose that it was given me in consideration of my being the near relation of the officer who last held it. I assure your Majesty, I had rather die than obtain rank by any other favour than by that of service.

Copy of a Letter from GEO. GRANVILLE, afterwards LORD LANDSDOWN, written to his Father about a Month before the PRINCE of ORANGE landed.

"MAR, near DONCASTER,
October 6th, 1688.

"To the Honourable Barnard Granville, at the Earl of Bathe's, St. James's.

"SIR,

"Your having no prospect of obtaining a commission for me, can no way alter or cool my de-

T

fire

ire at this important juncture to venture my life, in some manner or other, for my King and my country.

“ I cannot bear living under the reproach of lying obscure and idle in a country retirement, when every man who has the least sense of honour should be preparing for the field.

“ You may remember, Sir, with what reluctance I submitted to your commands upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy : I was too young to be hazarded ; but, give me leave to say, it is glorious at any age to die for one's country, and the sooner the nobler the sacrifice.

“ I am now older by three years. My uncle Bathe was not so old when he was left among the slain at the battle of Newbury ; nor You yourself, Sir, when you made your escape from your tutors, to join your brother at the defence of Scilly.

“ The same cause is now come round about again. The King has been misled ; let those who have misled him be answerable for it. Nobody can

can deny but he is sacred in his own person, and it is every honest man's duty to defend it.

“ You are pleased to say, it is yet doubtful if the Hollanders are rash enough to make such an attempt ; but be that as it may, I beg leave to insist upon it, that I may be presented to his Majesty, as one whose utmost ambition it is to devote his life to his service, and my country's, after the example of all my ancestors.

“ The gentry assembled at York, to agree upon the choice of representatives for the county, have prepared an address, to assure his Majesty, they are ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other occasions ; but at the same time they humbly beseech him to give them such magistrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the land ; for, at present, there is no authority to which they can legally submit.

“ They have been beating up for volunteers at York, and the towns adjacent, to supply the regiments at Hull ; but nobody will lift.

“ By what I can hear, every body wishes well to the King ; but they would be glad if his Ministers were hanged.

“ The

“ The winds continue so contrary, that no landing can be so soon as was apprehended ; therefore I may hope, with your leave and assistance, to be in readiness before any action can begin. I beseech you, Sir, most humbly and most earnestly, to add this one act of indulgence more to so many other testimonies which I have constantly received of your goodness ; and be pleased to believe me always with the utmost duty and submission, Sir,

“ Your most dutiful Son,

And most obedient servant,

GEO. GRANVILLE.”

THE VANITY

or

WISHING FOR OLD AGE.

ENLARGE my life with multitude of days,
In health and sickness, thus the suppliant
prays ;

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted—is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :

In

In vain the gifts their bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views and wonders that they please no more.
 Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain,
 No sound, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Tho' dancing mountains witness Orpheus near.
 No lute nor lyre his feeble power attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest ;
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring
 sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance—the son's expence,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.
 Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;

He

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend,
Such age there is, and who would wish its end ?
Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the fable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear ;
Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away :
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE, during his last visit at Paris, was fatigued by the congratulations of people of all ranks. A young Author, of midling talents and measureless vanity, thought it his duty to do homage to the Nestor of literature. Being introduced to the Philosopher, he began his complimentary address in these words;—“Great man! to day, I salute you as Homer; to morrow, I will salute you as Sophocles; next day, as Plato.”—He would have proceeded, but Voltaire interrupting him, said; “Little man! I am very old—could you not pay all your visits in one day?”

HISTORY OF AMELIA;

OR,

MALEVOLENCE DEFEATED.

MRS. Winifred Wormwood was the daughter of a rustic merchant, who, by the happy union of many lucrative trades, amassed an enormous

mous fortune. His family consisted of three girls, and Winifred was the eldest: long before she was twenty, she was surrounded with lovers, some probably attracted by the splendid prospect of her expected portion, and others truly captivated by her personal graces; for her person was elegant, and her elegance was enlivened with peculiar vivacity. Mr. Wormwood was commonly called a kind parent, and an honest man; and he might deserve, indeed, those honourable appellations, if it were not a profanation of language to apply them to a narrow and a selfish spirit. He indulged his daughters in many expensive amusements, because it flattered his pride; but his heart was engrossed by the profits of his extensive traffic: he turned, with the most repulsive asperity, from every proposal that could lead him to diminish his capital, and thought his daughters unreasonable, if they wished for any permanent satisfaction above that of seeing their father increase in opulence and splendour. His two younger children, who inherited from their deceased mother a tender delicacy of frame, languished and died at an early period of life, and the death of one of them was imputed, with great probability, to a severe disappointment in her first affection. The more sprightly Winifred, whose heart was a perfect stranger to genuine love, surmounted the mortification of seeing many

many suitors discarded ; and, by the insatiate avarice of her father, she was naturally led into habits of artifice and intrigue. Possessing an uncommon share of very shrewd and piercing wit, with the most profound hypocrisy, she contrived to please, and to blind her plodding old parent ; who perpetually harangued on the discretion of his daughter, and believed her a miracle of reserve and prudence, at the very time when she was suspected of such conduct as would have disqualified her, had it ever been proved, for the rank she now holds in this Essay. She was said to have amused herself with a great variety of amorous adventures, which eluded the observation of her father ; but of the many lovers, who sighed to her in secret, not one could tempt her into marriage ; and, to the surprise of the public, the rich heiress of Mr. Wormwood reached the age of thirty-seven, without changing her name.

Just as she arrived at this mature season of life, the opulent old gentleman took his leave of a world, in which he had acted a busy part, pleased with the idea of leaving a large fortune, as a monument of his industry, but wanting the superior satisfaction, which a more generous parent would probably have derived from the happy establishment of a daughter. He gained, how-

ever, from the hypocrisy of Winifred, what he could not claim from her affection, the honour of being lamented with a profusion of tears. She distinguished herself by displaying all the delicate gradations of filial sorrow; but recovered, at a proper time, all the natural gaiety of her temper, which she had now the full opportunity of indulging, being mistress of a magnificent mansion, within a mile of a populous town, and enabled to enliven it with all the arts of luxury, by inheriting such accumulated wealth, as would safely support the utmost efforts of provincial splendor. Miss Wormwood now expected to see every bachelor of figure and consequence a suppliant at her feet: she promised to herself no little entertainment in sporting with their addresses, without the fear of suffering from a tyrannical husband, as she had learned caution from her father, and had privately resolved not to trust any man with her money; a resolution the more discreet, as she had much to apprehend, and very little to learn from so dangerous a master! The good-natured town, in whose environs the rich Winifred resided, very kindly pointed out to her no less than twenty lively beaux for her choice; but, to the shame or the honour of those gentlemen, they were too honest to make any advances. The report of her youthful frolics, and the dread of her sarcastic wit, had
more

more power to repel, than her person and her wealth had to attract. Passing her fiftieth year, she acquired the serious name of Mistress, without the dignity of a wife, and without receiving a single offer of marriage from the period in which she became the possessor of so opulent a fortune.

Whether this mortifying disappointment had given a peculiar asperity to her temper, or whether malevolence was the earlier characteristic of her mind, I will not pretend to determine; but it is certain, that from this autumnal, or rather wintry season of her life, Mrs. Wormwood made it her chief occupation to amuse herself with the most subtle devices of malicious ingenuity, and to frustrate every promising scheme of affection and delight, which she discovered in the wide circle of her acquaintance. She seemed to be tormented with an incessant dread, that youth and beauty might secure to themselves that happiness, which she found wit and fortune were unable to bestow; hence she watched, with the most piercing eye, all the lovely young women of her neighbourhood, and often insinuated herself into the confidence of many, that she might penetrate all the secrets of their love, and privately blast its success. She was enabled to render herself intimate with the young and the lovely, by the opulent splendor in
which

which she lived, and by the bewitching vivacity of her conversation. Her talents of this kind were, indeed, extraordinary; her mind was never polished or enriched by literature, as Mr. Wormwood set little value on any books, excepting those of his counting-house; and the earlier years of his daughter were too much engaged by duplicity and intrigue, to leave her either leisure or inclination for a voluntary attachment to more improving studies. She read very little, and was acquainted with no language but her own; yet a brilliant understanding, and an uncommon portion of ready wit supplied her with a more alluring fund of conversation, than learning could bestow. She chiefly recommended herself to the young and inexperienced, by the insinuating charm of the most lively ridicule, and by the art of seasoning her discourse with wanton inuendos of so subtle a nature, that gravity knew not how to object to them. She had the singular faculty of throwing such a soft and dubious twilight over the most licentious images, that they captivated curiosity and attention, without exciting either fear or disgust. Her malevolence was perpetually disguised under the mask of gaiety, and she completely possessed that plausibility of malice, so difficult to attain, and so forcibly recommended in the words of Lady Macbeth:

“ Bear

“ Bear welcome in your eye,
“ Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent
“ flower,
“ But be the serpent under it !

With what success she practised this dangerous lesson, the reader may learn from the following adventure.—

It was the custom of Mrs. Wormwood to profess the most friendly solicitude for female youth, and the highest admiration of beauty; she wished to be considered as their patroness, because such an idea afforded her the fairest opportunities of secretly mortifying their insufferable presumption. With a peculiar refinement in malice, she first encouraged, and afterwards defeated, those amusing matrimonial projects, which the young and beautiful are so apt to entertain. The highest gratification, which her ingenious malignity could devise, consisted in torturing some lovely inexperienced girl, by playing upon the tender passions of an open and unsuspecting heart.

Accident threw within her reach a most tempting subject for such fiend-like diversion, in the person of Amelia Nevil, the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, who closing a laborious
and

and honourable life in very indigent circumstances, had left his unfortunate child to the care of his maiden sister. The aunt of Amelia was such an Old Maid as might alone suffice to rescue the sisterhood from ridicule and contempt. She had been attached, in her early days, to a gallant youth, who unhappily lost his own life in preserving that of his dear friend, her brother: she devoted herself to his memory with the most tender, unaffected, and invariable attachment; refusing several advantageous offers of marriage, though her income was so narrow, that necessity obliged her to convert her whole fortune into an annuity, just before the calamitous event happened, which made her the only guardian of the poor Amelia. This lovely, but unfortunate girl was turned of fourteen on the death of her father. She found, in the house of his sister, the most friendly asylum, and a relation, whose heart and mind made her most able and willing to form the character of this engaging orphan, who appeared to be as highly favoured by nature, as she was persecuted by fortune. The beauty of Amelia was so striking, and the charms of her lively understanding began to display themselves in so enchanting a manner, that her affectionate aunt could not bear the idea of placing her in any lower order of life: she gave her the education
of

of a gentlewoman, in the flattering and generous hope, that her various attractions might supply the absolute want of fortune, and that she should enjoy the delight of seeing her dear Amelia, happily settled in marriage, before her death exposed her lovely ward to that poverty, which was her only inheritance.—Heaven disposed it otherwise. This amiable woman, after having acted the part of a most affectionate parent to her indigent niece; died before Amelia attained the age of twenty. The poor girl was now apparently destitute of every resource; and exposed to penury, with a heart bleeding for the loss of a most indulgent protector. A widow lady of her acquaintance very kindly afforded her a refuge in the first moments of her distress, and proposed to two of her opulent friends, that Amelia should reside with them by turns, dividing her year between them, and passing four months with each. As soon as Mrs. Wormwood was informed of this event, as she delighted in those ostentatious acts of apparent beneficence, which are falsely called charity, she desired to be admitted among the voluntary guardians of the poor Amelia. To this proposal all the parties assented, and it was settled, that Amelia should pass the last quarter of every year, as long as she remained single, under the roof of Mrs. Wormwood. This lovely orphan had a sensibility

sibility of heart, which rendered her extremely grateful for the protection she received, but which made her severely feel all the miseries of dependence. Her beauty attracted a multitude of admirers, many of whom, presuming on her poverty, treated her with a licentious levity, which always wounded her ingenuous pride. Her person, her mind, her manners, were universally commended by the men; but no one thought of making her his wife. "Amelia," they cried, "is an enchanting creature; but who, in these times, can afford to marry a pretty, proud girl; supported by charity?" Though this prudential question was never uttered in the presence of Amelia, she began to perceive its influence, and suffered a painful dread of proving a perpetual burden to those friends, by whose generosity she subsisted; she wished a thousand times, that her affectionate aunt, instead of cultivating her mind with such dangerous refinement, had placed her in any station of life where she might have maintained herself by her own manual labour: she sometimes entertained a project of making some attempt for this purpose; and she once thought of changing her name, and of trying to support herself as an actress on one of the public theatres; but this idea, which her honest pride had suggested, was effectually suppressed by her modesty; and she continued to waste the most precious

precious time of her youth, under the mortification of perpetually wishing to change her mode of life, and of ~~not~~ knowing how to effect it. Almost two years had now elapsed since the death of her aunt, and without any prospect of marriage: she was now in her second period of residence with Mrs. Wormwood. Amelia's understanding was by no means inferior to her other endowments; she began to penetrate all the artful disguise, and to gain a perfect and very painful insight into the real character of her present hostess. This lady had remarked, that when Miss Nevil resided with her, her house was much more frequented by gentlemen, than at any other season. This, indeed, was true; and it unluckily happened, that these visitors often forgot to applaud the smart sayings of Mrs. Wormwood, in contemplating the sweet countenance of Amelia; a circumstance fully sufficient to awaken, in the neglected wit, the most bitter envy, hatred, and malice. In truth, Mrs. Wormwood detested her lovely guest with the most implacable virulence; but she had the singular art of disguising her detestation in the language of flattery: she understood the truth of Pope's maxim, "*He hurts me most who lavishly commends;*" and she therefore made use of lavish commendation, as an instrument of malevolence towards Amelia; she insulted the taste and ridiculed the choice

of every new married man; and declared herself convinced that he was a fool, because he had not chosen that most lovely young woman.

To more than one gentleman she said, You must marry Amelia; and, as few men chuse to be driven into wedlock, some offers were possibly prevented by the treacherous vehemence of her praise. Her malice, however, was not sufficiently gratified by observing that Amelia had no prospect of marriage. To indulge her malignity, she resolved to amuse this unhappy girl with the hopes of such a joyous event, and then to turn, on a sudden, all these splendid hopes into mockery and delusion. Accident led her to pitch on Mr. Nelson, as a person whose name she might with the greatest safety employ, as the instrument of her insidious design, and with the greater chance of success, as she observed that Amelia had conceived for him a particular regard.

Mr. Nelson was a gentleman, who, having met with very singular events, had contracted a great, but very amiable singularity of character: he was placed, early in life, in a very lucrative commercial situation, and was on the point of settling happily in marriage with a very beautiful young lady, when
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the house, in which she resided, was consumed by fire. Great part of her family, and among them the destined bride, was buried in the ruins.

Mr. Nelson, in losing the object of his ardent affection, by so sudden a calamity, lost for some time the use of his reason; and when his health and senses returned, he still continued under the oppression of the profoundest melancholy, till his fond devotion to the memory of her whom he had lost in so severe a manner, suggested to his fancy a singular plan of benevolence, in the prosecution of which, he recovered a great portion of his former spirits. This plan consisted in searching for female objects of charity, whose distresses had been occasioned by fire. As his fortune was very ample, and his own private expences very moderate, he was able to relieve many unfortunate persons in this condition; and his affectionate imagination delighted itself with the idea, that in these uncommon acts of beneficence, he was guided by the influence of that lovely angel, whose mortal beauty had perished in the flames.

Mr. Nelson frequently visited a married sister, who was settled in the town where Mrs. Wormwood resided. There was also in the same town, an amiable elderly widow, for whom he had a particular

particular esteem. This lady, whose name was Melford, had been left in very scanty circumstances on the death of her husband, and, residing at that time in London, she had been involved in additional distress by that calamity, to which the attentive charity of Mr. Nelson was for ever directed: he more than repaired the loss which she sustained by fire, and assisted in settling her in the neighbourhood of his sister.

Mrs. Melford had been intimate with the aunt of Amelia, and was still the most valuable friend of that lovely orphan, who paid her frequent visits, though she never resided under her roof. Mr. Nelson had often seen Amelia at the house of Mrs. Melford, which led him to treat her with particular politeness, whenever he visited Mrs. Wormwood; a circumstance on which the latter founded her ungenerous project. She perfectly knew all the singular private history of Mr. Nelson, and firmly believed, like all the rest of his acquaintance, that no attractions could ever tempt him to marry; but she thought it possible to make Amelia conceive the hope, that her beauty had melted his resolution; and nothing she supposed, could more effectually mortify her guest, than to find herself derided for so vain an expectation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wormwood began, therefore, to insinuate, in the most artful manner, that Mr. Nelson was very particular in his civilities to Amelia ; magnified all his amiable qualities, and expressed the greatest pleasure in the prospect of so delightful a match. These petty artifices, however, had no effect on the natural modesty and diffidence of Amelia ; she saw nothing that authorized such an idea in the usual politeness of a well-bred man of thirty-seven ; she pitied the misfortune, she admired the elegant and engaging, though serious manners, and she revered the virtues of Mr. Nelson ; but, supposing his mind to be entirely engrossed, as it really was, by his singular charitable pursuits, she entertained not a thought of engaging his affection.

Mrs. Wormwood was determined to play off her favourite engine of malignity, in a counterfeited letter. She had acquired, in her youth, the very dangerous talent of forging any hand that she pleased ; and her passion for mischief had afforded her much practice in this treacherous art. Having previously, and secretly engaged Mr. Nelson to drink tea with her, she wrote a billet to Amelia, in the name of his hand. The billet said, that he designed himself the pleasure of passing that afternoon at the house of Mrs. Wormwood, and requested the favour of a private conference with

Miss

Miss Nevil in the course of the evening, intimating, in the most delicate and doubtful terms, an ardent desire of becoming her husband. Mrs. Wormwood contrived that Amelia should not receive this billet till just before dinner time, that she might not shew it to her friend and confidant Mrs. Melford, and, by her means, detect its fallacy before the hour of her intended humiliation arrived.

Amelia blushed on reading the note, and in the first surprize of unsuspecting innocence, gave it to the vigilant Mrs. Wormwood; who burst into vehement expressions of delight, congratulated her blushing guest on the full success of her charms, and triumphed in her own prophetic discernment. They sat down to dinner, but poor Amelia could hardly swallow a morsel; her mind was in a tumultuous agitation of pleasure and amazement. The malicious impostor, enjoying her confusion, allowed her no time to compose her hurried spirits in the solitude of her chamber. Some female visitors arrived to tea; and, at length, Mr. Nelson entered the room. Amelia trembled and blushed as he approached her; but she was a little relieved from her embarrassment by the business of the tea-table, over which she presided. Amelia was naturally graceful in every thing she did, but
the

the present agitation of her mind gave a temporary awkwardness to all her motions: she committed many little blunders in the management of the tea-table; a cup fell from her trembling hand, and was broken; but the politeness of Mr. Nelson led him to say so many kind and graceful things to her on these petty incidents, that, instead of increasing her distress, they produced an opposite effect, and the tumult of her bosom gradually subsided into a calm and composed delight. She ventured to meet the eyes of Mr. Nelson, and thought them expressive of that tenderness which promised a happy end to all her misfortunes. At the idea of exchanging misery and dependence for comfort and honour, as the wife of so amiable a man, her heart expanded with the most innocent and grateful joy. This appeared in her countenance, and gave such an exquisite radiance to all her features, that she looked a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Mrs. Wormwood saw this improvement of her charms, and, sickening at the sight, determined to reduce the splendor of such insufferable beauty, and hastily to terminate the triumph of her deluded guest. She began with a few malicious and sarcastic remarks on the vanity of beautiful young women, and the hopes which they frequently entertained of an imaginary lover; but finding these
remarks

remarks produced not the effect she intended, she took an opportunity of whispering in the ear of Amelia, and begged her not to harbour any vain expectations, for the billet she had received was a counterfeit, and a mere piece of pleasantry. Amelia shuddered, and turned pale: surprise, disappointment, and indignation, conspired to overwhelm her. She exerted her utmost power to conceal her emotions; but the conflict in her bosom was too violent to be disguised. The tears which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, burst forth, and she was obliged to quit the room in very visible disorder. Mr. Nelson expressed his concern; but he was checked in his benevolent enquiries by the caution of Mrs. Wormwood, who said, on the occasion, that Miss Nevil was a very amiable girl, but she had some peculiarities of temper, and was apt to put a wrong construction on the innocent pleasantry of her friends.

Mr. Nelson observing that Amelia did not return, and hoping that his departure might contribute to restore the interrupted harmony of the house, took an early leave of Mrs. Wormwood; who immediately flew to the chamber of Amelia, to exult, like a fiend, over that lovely victim of her successful malignity. She found not the person, whom she was so eager to insult. Amelia had,

indeed, retired to her chamber, and passed there a very miserable half hour, much hurt by the treacherous cruelty of Mrs. Wormwood ; and still more wounded by reflections on her own credulity, which she condemned with that excess of severity so natural to a delicate mind, in arraigning itself. She would have flown for immediate consolation to her friend, Mrs. Melford, but she had reason to believe that lady engaged on a visit, and she therefore resolved to take a solitary walk for the purpose of composing her spirits ; but neither solitude nor exercise could restore her tranquillity ; and, as it grew late in the evening, she hastened to Mrs. Melford's, in hopes of now finding her returned. Her worthy old confidant was, indeed, in her little parlour alone, when Amelia entered the room. The eyes of this lovely girl immediately betrayed her distress ; and the old lady, with her usual tenderness, exclaimed, " Good heaven ! my dear child, for what have you been crying ?" " Because," replied Amelia, in a broken voice, and bursting into a fresh shower of tears, " because I am a fool." Mrs. Melford began to be most seriously alarmed, and, expressing her maternal solicitude in the kindest manner, Amelia produced the fatal paper.— " There," says she, " is a letter in the name of your excellent friend, Mr. Nelson ; it is a forgery

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of

of Mrs. Wormwood's, and I have been such an idiot as to believe it real."

The affectionate Mrs. Melford, who, in her first alarm, had apprehended a much heavier calamity, was herself greatly comforted in discovering the truth, and said many kind things to console her young friend. "Do not fancy," replied Amelia, "that I am foolishly in love with Mr. Nelson, though I think him the most pleasing, as well as the most excellent of men; and though I confess to you, that I should certainly think it a blessed lot to find a refuge from the misery of my present dependence in the arms of so benevolent and so generous a protector."—"Those arms are now opened to receive you," said a voice that was heard before the speaker appeared. Amelia started at the sound, and her surprise was not a little increased in seeing Mr. Nelson himself, who entering the room from an adjoining apartment, embraced the lovely orphan in a transport of tenderness and delight. Amelia, alive to all the feelings of genuine modesty, was for some minutes more painfully distressed by this surprise, than she had been by her past mortification. She was ready to sink into the earth, at the idea of having betrayed her secret to the man, from whom she would have laboured most to conceal it. In the
first

first tumult of this delicate confusion, she sinks into a chair, and hides her face in her handkerchief. Nelson, with a mixture of respect and love, being afraid of increasing her distress, seizes one of her hands, and continues to kiss it without uttering a word. The good Mrs. Melford, almost as much astonished, but less painfully confused than Amelia, beholds this unexpected scene with that kind of joy which is much more disposed to weep than to speak: and, while this little party is thus absorbed in silence, let me hasten to relate the incidents which produced their situation. Mr. Nelson had observed the sarcastic manner of Mrs. Wornwood towards Amelia, and, as soon as he had ended his uncomfortable visit, he hastened to the worthy Mrs. Melford, to give her some little account of what had passed, and to concert with her some happier plan for the support of this amiable insulted orphan. "I am acquainted," said he, "with some brave and wealthy officers, who have served with the father of Miss Nevil, and often speak of him with respect; I am sure I can raise among them a subscription for the maintenance of this tender unfortunate girl: we will procure for her an annuity, that shall enable her to escape from such malignant patronage, to have a little home of her own, and to support

support a servant." Mrs. Melford was transported with this idea; and, recollecting all her own obligations to this benevolent man, wept, and extolled his generosity; and, suddenly seeing Amelia at some distance, through a bow window, which commanded the street in which she lived, "Thank heaven!" she cried, "here comes my poor child, to hear and bless you for the extent of your goodness." Nelson, who delighted most in doing good by stealth, immediately extorted from the good old lady a promise of secrecy: it was the best part of his plan, that Amelia should never know the persons to whom she was to owe her independence. "I am still afraid of you, my worthy old friend," said Nelson; "your countenance or manner will, I know, betray me, if Miss Nevil sees me here to night." "Well," said the delighted old lady, "I will humour your delicacy; Amelia will, probably, not stay with me ten minutes; you may amuse yourself, for that time, in my spacious garden: I will not say you are here; and, as soon as the good girl returns home, I will come and impart to you the particulars of her recent vexation." "Admirably settled!" cried Nelson; and he immediately retreated into a little back room, which led, through a glass door, into a long slip of ground, embellished with the sweetest and the least expensive flowers, which afforded a fa-

a favourite occupation and amusement to Mrs. Melford. Nelson, after taking a few turns in this diminutive garden, finding himself rather chilled by the air of the evening, retreated again into the little room he had passed, intending to wait there till Amelia departed; but the partition between the parlours being extremely slight, he overheard the tender confession of Amelia, and was hurried towards her by an irresistible impulse, in the manner already described.

Mrs. Melford was the first who recovered from the kind of trance, into which our little party had been thrown by their general surprize; and she enabled the tender pair, in the prospect of whose union her warm heart exulted, to regain that easy and joyous possession of their faculties, which they lost for some little time in their mutual embarrassment. The applause of her friend, and the adoration of her lover, soon taught the diffident Amelia to think less severely of herself. The warm-hearted Mrs. Melford declared, that these occurrences were the work of Heaven. "That," replied the affectionate Nelson, "I am most willing to allow; but you must grant, that Heaven has produced our present happiness by the blind agency of a fiend; and, as our dear Amelia has too gentle a spirit to rejoice in beholding the malignity of a devil

devil converted into the torment of its possessor, I must beg, that she may not return, even for a single night, to the house of Mrs. Wormwood."

Amelia pleaded her sense of past obligations, and wished to take a peaceful leave of her patroness; but she submitted to the urgent intreaties of Nelson, and remained for a few weeks under the roof of Mrs. Melford, when she was united at the altar to the man of her heart. Nelson had the double delight of rewarding the affection of an angel, and of punishing the malevolence of a fiend. He announced, in person, to Mrs. Wormwood his intended marriage with Amelia, on the very night when that treacherous Old Maid had amused herself with the hope of deriding her guest, whose return she was eagerly expecting, in the moment Nelson arrived to say, that Amelia would return no more.

The surprise and mortification of Mrs. Wormwood arose almost to frenzy; she racked her malicious and inventive brain for expedients to defeat the match, and circulated a report for that purpose, which decency will not allow me to explain. Her artifice was detected and despised. Amelia was not only married, but the most admired, the most beloved, and the happiest of human beings ;
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an event which preyed so incessantly on the spirits of Mrs. Wormwood, that she fell into a rapid decline, and ended, in a few months, her mischievous and unhappy life, a memorable example, that the most artful malignity may sometimes procure for the object of its envy, that very happiness which it labours to prevent.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GREEN.

DR. GREEN, of St. John's College, trying to skate, got a terrible fall backwards.—“ Why, Doctor,” said a friend that was near him, “ I thought you had understood the business better.”—“ O,” replied the Doctor, “ I have the theory perfectly; I want nothing but the practice.”—How many of us, in matters of a much higher and more important nature, come under the Doctor's predicament!

SPLEEN.

CURSE on thee Spleen! or liberate, my soul,
Or I must call on Madness for relief;
Madness is bliss, compar'd with thy controul
Of nerveless yearnings, and lean, tearless grief!
For

For Madnefs fometimes will give ear to mirth;
Yes, I have feen him footh'd into a fmile:
But thou, O Locuft! of the ficklieft birth,
Gangren't all humours with thy vapoury bile!

Not even Love—and Madnefs fits by Love,
And hears his tale, and fighs, and oft will weep:
Whilft thou, worft horror of the wrath of Jove?
Wouldft dafh him headlong from the wildeft
fleep.

I can no more.—Heav'n fave me! left defpair
Drive my poor ftuggling foul to tax thy care!

THE RASH FATHER,

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Tomlinfon, a worthy and eminent merchant of Bristol, who had raifed an handsome fortune with reputation, would have been an unexceptionable character, if he had not acted in a very unfatherly manner, by having taken a prepofterous averfion to his eldeft fon, becaufe he would not facrifce himfelf to a woman every way difagreeable to him for the fake of her money. In the laft converfation between George and his
father,

father upon the subject on which they frequently debated with mutual warmth, (though George, during his warmest objections to the lady in question, did not behave disrespectfully) the latter talked to him in the following peremptory strain:

“ Well, George, since you so obstinately refuse to marry Miss Hodges, though you might make your fortune by making her your wife, for she is over head and ears in love with you, and has no relations to controul her, I will have nothing more to say to you: therefore you may go where you please, for under this roof, young man, you shall not sleep another night.”

George was thunderstruck at the concluding words of his father's speech, not in the least imagining that he *would*, or that he *could*, have carried his resentment so far against him. He was rooted to the floor, unable, for *some* moments, to stir or to speak; but he was soon roused from his stupor by his father's voice, who re-addressed him with still louder tones—

“ Why do you stand thus stupified with your mouth open like an idiot?—I speak plain enough, don't I?—You understand me, don't you?—I tell you, George, again, that if you will not consent

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to marry Hannah Hodges, you may take yourself away as soon as you please!"

George made no reply, but bowed obsequiously, and moved towards the door...

Mr. Tomlinson, provoked at his silence, which he considered as a confirmation of his disobedience, told him, just as he was shutting the door, "that he was a d—d perverse fellow, and would, one time or other, repent of his folly.

George, without returning an answer, quitted the house directly, and went to a gentleman in a different quarter of the city, from whom he had received, on his father's account, as well as in consequence of his own good behaviour, many flattering civilities.

Soon after his departure, Harry, his younger brother, who had been absent a few days on his father's business, arrived.—When he had acquainted him with the transactions in which he had been engaged, he naturally enquired after his brother.

"Your brother," said Mr. Tomlinson, reddening with rage, "is an undutiful dog, and I have given
given

given him up to his own inventions. I have nothing more to do with him: he has thought proper to refuse Hannah Hodges, and till he can bring himself to put twenty thousand pounds in his pocket by marrying a girl who doats upon him, I shall disclaim him for my son."

Harry, shocked at that speech, begged him to recal his words, and to take his brother into favour again; but to no purpose did he give the strongest proofs of his fraternal affection. His father was inexorable, and left the room determined to disinherite an amiable son, because he would not render himself wretched for life, by submitting to his unreasonable—not to say cruel—commands.

The gentleman to whom George repaired, on being ejected from his father's house, received him with his usual politeness, was greatly concerned to hear of his old friend's unjust and injurious behaviour, and kindly undertook to produce a reconciliation between them.

"As you are not unacquainted, Sir, with my father's inflexibility, when he has once set his heart on a thing, you cannot, I imagine, have any hopes of his receiving me again into his favour,
but

but upon his own terms, to which I can, by no means subscribe, because I cannot possibly think of giving my hand to a woman whom I behold with the highest disgust, in order to enrich myself with her fortune.—Honour and conscience both forbid me to act in so base, so mercenary a manner.”

“I approve of your sentiments, George,” replied Mr. Hoskins, “and will not, you may be assured, desire you to act in opposition from them; but, notwithstanding what you have said, I am sanguine enough to believe that I shall be a successful negociator between you and your father: I will, at least, do my best endeavours, and if those endeavours succeed not according to my wishes, I will try to put you into a way to subsist genteelly, though driven from the protection of him who, under the influence of a contemptible passion, shamefully overlooks the merit of so worthy a son. In the mean time,” added he, “you shall be accommodated at my house.”

George, whose bosom glowed with gratitude while Mr. Hoskins spoke the above words, with an earnestness which evinced the sincerity of his friendship, poured out the acknowledgments which immediately occurred to him.

Mr.

Mr. Hofkins, who was a man not given to falsify his promises, went the very next day to Mr. Tomlinson, and talked seriously over the affair which had occasioned his visit to him. "I am both surpris'd and concern'd, my old friend," said he, "to find that you have treated your son George with so much unkindness, with so much injustice, and were I to add cruelty, I should not make use of too strong an expression.—I always thought that you had too great a regard for George to render him miserable."

"Why, so I have," replied he, hastily interrupting him, "I don't want to make him miserable; I want to make him happy."

"You have not discover'd such a desire, let me tell you though, by turning him out of doors, because he will not marry the girl whom *you* have pitched upon, against his inclination."

"Inclination!—What signifies inclination? Prudence should always give place to inclination. Hannah Hodges is a good sort of a girl, and has twenty thousand pounds at her own command.—She is not handsome, indeed; but what of that? There's no necessity for beauty in a wife; beauty does a great deal more harm than good in the world.—

world.—But that's neither here nor there.—George has shewn himself a refractory puppy, and so I have sent him off to follow his inclination, since he is so devilish fond of it.”

Mr. Hoskins, though he was not disposed to controvert some of the positions in his friend's speech; was so extremely dissatisfied with it upon the whole, that he could not help re-attacking him with all the powers of argument and persuasion he was master of; but Mr. Tomlinson remained unshaken by them, and positively refused to take his ejected son under his roof again without the required submission.—Unable, therefore, to gain his point, Mr. Hoskins returned to his young friend, and, after having thrown out a few severe reflections against his father, which his unpaternal behaviour had extorted from him, he renewed his generous assurances.

A privateer, in which Mr. Hoskins had a considerable share, being to sail soon on a cruize against the French, he asked George if he had a mind to put himself in fortune's way, by hazarding his person against the enemies of his country.

George, who was a patriotic youth, fired immediately at hearing these enemies mentioned;
and

and Mr. Hoskins ventured to recommend him to the Captain as a young man who would do him no discredit when his courage was called upon.

In less than a fortnight after the sailing of the privateer in which George was on board, Miss Hodges met with so smart a shock to her finances by the sudden flight of a gentleman to the continent whom she had entrusted with a large part of her fortune, for the sake of more interest than she could have from the funds, that she was reduced to a very strait situation; for she never, indeed, had the sum of which Mr. Tomlinson, misled by appearance, and duped by his credulity, thought her possessed of.

This event opened Mr. Tomlinson's eyes, and he sincerely repented of having proceeded with so much rigour against a son who had not, on any other occasion, proved undutiful.

Harry, seeing his father very much concerned for what he had done, and affected by his very penitential effusions, said, "Pray let me go, Sir, to Mr. Hoskins: perhaps he may have an opportunity soon to let my brother know, some how, of this happy turn; I long to have him acquainted with your returned regard."

"You

“ You are an excellent boy, Harry,” said Mr. Tomlinson, “ for that speech ; but I shall never forgive myself for my rashness.—My poor George may be killed or cast away by this time. However, I will go and talk with my friend Hoskins about this business.”—He accordingly went immediately to Mr. Hoskins, who expressed a great deal of satisfaction at his repentance; and communicated not a little pleasure to him by a piece of news he had just received concerning his privateer. “ She has taken a good prize,” continued he, “ and I expect her home in a short time. Your son, who is a brave boy, went out as happy as he could be under the load of your unkindness; but he will be quite another thing when he finds you ready to receive him with open arms : and I own, I now wish extremely to see the interview between you, as I am pretty sure that you will bury all your former resentment against him in your first embrace when he comes ashore.”

“ Ay, that I will, replied, Mr. Tomlinson ; tho’ I should be almost ashamed to see him.—However, I will make him all the amends in my power for my past unfatherly behaviour.—In the height of that repentment, which I now remember with the truest contrition, I with a hasty stroke of my pen disinherited him ; but I will, as soon as I get home,

home, erase every word dictated by passion, and substitute others, for which he shall have no reason to revile my memory when I am no more."

With this laudable resolution he left Mr. Hofkins; but just when he came within a few yards of his own door, he fell down in an apoplectic fit, from which he was recovered by the usual remedies administered in such cases; though he died before he could make the intended alteration in his will.

ANECDOTE OF JEANNIN.

JEANNIN was President of the Parliament of Dijon, when Henry the Fourth took possession of Paris.—A rich country Gentleman of Burgundy being much struck with Jeannin's eloquence in the Parliament of that Province, was very anxious to have him for his son-in-law, and waited upon him to tell him of his intention. On his asking him what property he possessed, Jeannin, pointing to his head, and to a small collection of books in the room, said, "In these, Sir, consist all my wealth and all my fortune."

THE FORCE OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A MORAL TALE.

A Very striking proof of conjugal affection must give pleasure to all who are happy themselves in the marriage state, in consequence of it, and who wish to see every couple nuptially connected, in possession of the same felicity; the following tale, containing such a proof—and on the ladies side—will, surely, be read by the fair sex with particular satisfaction; by the British fair too, though the heroine of the story is a foreigner—nay, a Florentine.

Those who have been conversant in writings concerning the Italian nation must remember to have met with severe strictures on the women of Florence, for the licentiousness of their conduct, in consequence of the levity of their principles; and, not improbably, from the warmth of their constitutions, arising from the warmth of their climate. Conjugal infidelity, however, though it may be frequent in such a climate, is not confined to any particular spot. In every part of the peopled globe, matrimonial inconstancy may, undoubtedly, be met with, and even the frozen regions of the north have produced pairs not altogether

gether exempt from that charge which has been so severely pointed against the Florentine fair ones.

Violetta Bellini, with a large share of beauty, had much more wit than falls to the lot of the majority of her sex. With a figure towering to a majestic height, without the assistance of wool and feathers, she was totally free from a certain awkwardness, by which many tall women are distinguished: she was, indeed, finely proportioned throughout, and was so graceful in her motions, that while she looked a Venus, she reminded every classical beholder of that line in Virgil, in which Æneas recognizes his goddess-mother by her graceful step at her departure from him in her smart hunting-dress. With features happily arranged, and rendered doubly attractive by the expression with which they were illuminated, Violetta never failed to allure every man whose heart was susceptible of tender impressions, and seemed to have sufficient power, in a pair of speaking eyes, (in whatever manner she wanted to employ them,) to subdue every heart which she wished to conquer. But Violetta was no coquette. There was only one man in Florence whom she wished to conquer, and that heart she subdued; nor did she, from the day she was indissolubly united
to

to him, give him the least reason to suspect her of any illicit proceeding, injurious to his own honour, and to her reputation. He considered himself, and justly, in possession of a treasure of inestimable value, and the compliments which she received from all his friends upon the felicity of his choice, made him still more satisfied with his purchase; for Violetta not having been so much favoured by fortune as by nature, might have been thrown into the way of very dangerous temptations, if Signor Bellini, a man of opulence, erudition, and taste, with a no small share of moral, as well as literary merit, had not placed her in a sphere of life to which she was not, indeed, born; but in which she appeared to uncommon advantage. Far from being dazzled by the glare of prosperity, far from being intoxicated by her elevation, she behaved with such exquisite propriety upon every occasion, that she drew the highest panegyrics from all those who had eyes to see, judgment to discern, and candour to approve. By those only who envied her exalted state was her behaviour in that state condemned: by them only was her conduct censured, and her character traduced. There is, doubtless, as much truth as poetry—perhaps more—in the following couplet:

“ Envy will merit, like a shade pursue,
 “ But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.”

Yet

Yet the malevolence of the envious must always give some pain to the deserving; and what has not an Italian lady to fear from the malevolence of a rival beauty—if the accounts of Italian jealousy are not the fictions of a fabulist.

Friends in abundance Violetta gained by the propriety of her conduct, but by that very conduct she also made many of her own sex her enemies; especially those women among her married acquaintance; who could not bear to behold her superior to them in riches: they were pained by her prosperity, and they were secretly pained too by her happiness, though they affected to despise her for her attachment to one man; and those who were checked by no moral considerations, availed themselves of every feminine art to blast that reputation which severely reproached them for their deviations from the paths of conjugal virtue.—In every shape they could think of, they attacked her: they left nothing undone, indeed, to shake her fidelity; but their efforts were as weak as they were wicked; she rose superior to all the artifices made use of to render her inconstant to the man for whom she felt the sincerest affection; to the man whom she loved, honoured, and revered.

Such

Such are the principal traits of Violetta's character, and those, who from a review of them, feel themselves prepossessed in her favour, will not be surpris'd to hear that her husband, while he was as sensible of her intrinsic merit, as he was of the force of her personal attractions, was uxorious to an unusual degree, and never thoroughly convinced of her conjugal fidelity, was seized with that passion which is productive, especially in the hotter climates—of consequences, at once to be dreaded and deplored.

Signor Bellini was, in fact, as fond a husband as had been ever remembered among his amorous countrymen, and every new proof which Violetta gave him of her steady attachment to him, rendered him still more firmly attached to her. In the animated language of true poetry,

They were the happiest pair of human kind;
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again:
Another, and another smiling came,
And saw their happiness unchang'd remain;
Still in her golden chain,
Harmonious concord did their wishes bind,
Their studies, pleasures, tastes the same.

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This amiable pair, completely happy in themselves, were also feelingly alive to the felicity of others; and were particularly pleased to see any marks of that domestic satisfaction for which they were, themselves, so justly celebrated. There were few couples, indeed, in the circle of their married friends, who could with any propriety, be placed upon a line with them: there were some, however, who seemed to deserve an equal share of admiration for their conjugal love; and an equal share of applause for their connubial conduct.

Among these were the Vivaldis, with whom they interchanged the most friendly visits, upon the most intimate footing; but they had not been long so happily connected before unexpected events divided them from each other. Vivaldi, one day, to his great surprise, as he had no expectation of preferment, though he was highly esteemed by those who directed the government of Florence, received orders to prepare himself to execute an important commission at a distance from his native city; and he was the more flattered by this appointment, not less honourable than lucrative, for while it was calculated to improve his fortune, it paid the highest compliments to his talents for negotiation. The adieus between
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This

no people about her of either sex whom she could venture to call her friends, in the most eligible, in the exalted sense of the word, she naturally turned her thoughts to that city in which she was born and educated, and as naturally wished for the society of those of whose friendship, free from all interested views, she had received the strongest and most endearing proofs. Among her friends in this agreeable line the Bellinis were first in her esteem. To her amiable Violetta, therefore, Louisa wrote a very affectionate, but distressful epistle, in which she earnestly requested her, after having painted in the most forcible colours, the approaching dissolution of her dearest Camillo, to prevail on Signor Bellini to set out with her, immediately, for Genoa, as she was situated in a manner sufficient to excite pity in the most obdurate breast; surrounded by persons on whom she could have no dependence, and severely pained every hour in the day, by the hasty strides which the only man in the world for whom she herself wished to live, made to the confines of the grave. Having dispatched this epistle, (in some parts of which her tears had rendered the letters almost illegible,) she indulged herself with the rational hopes of seeing her Violetta as soon as it was in her power, if nothing had happened previous

the Bellinis and the Vivaldis, when the separating hour arrived, were more than friendly—they were affectionate; but the latter would not have been mentioned at all in this story, had they not, by their journey from Florence, given rise to those adventures in which the former were engaged, and therefore eventually laid the foundation of them.

In a few months after his departure from Florence, Vivaldi received dispatches which occasioned his removal to Genoa, and he conformed to them with his usual alacrity; but he paid dear for his compliance with them; not that he appeared to less advantage there than he had done at other places; but he, unfortunately, fell in with some of the Noblesse, who carried licentiousness as far as it would go in every respect, and by associating too frequently with them, he not only found his fortune, but his constitution injured. By gambling he made deplorable breaches in his finances; and by drinking he brought himself into so alarming a state, that the fond, the faithful companion of his life began to be apprehensive of the most fatal consequences. Her apprehensions were but too well grounded: her feelings occasioned by them were hardly to be supported. In this unhappy state, in a place where she had

no people about her of either sex whom she could venture to call her friends, in the most eligible, in the exalted sense of the word, she naturally turned her thoughts to that city in which she was born and educated, and as naturally wished for the society of those of whose friendship, free from all interested views, she had received the strongest and most endearing proofs. Among her friends in this agreeable line the Bellinis were first in her esteem. To her amiable Violetta, therefore, Louisa wrote a very affectionate, but distressful epistle, in which she earnestly requested her, after having painted in the most forcible colours, the approaching dissolution of her dearest Camillo, to prevail on Signor Bellini to set out with her, immediately, for Genoa, as she was situated in a manner sufficient to excite pity in the most obdurate breast; surrounded by persons on whom she could have no dependence, and severely pained every hour in the day, by the hasty strides which the only man in the world for whom she herself wished to live, made to the confines of the grave. Having dispatched this epistle, (in some parts of which her tears had rendered the letters almost illegible,) she indulged herself with the rational hopes of seeing her Violetta as soon as it was in her power, if nothing had happened previous

to the receipt of it, to make her departure from Florence impracticable.

Violetta could not help weeping over that letter which had been evidently written by the pen of despondence, and sincerely sympathized with her afflicted friend, while she read the passages particularly relating to Camillo's desperate situation. Ludovico's feelings upon this melancholy occasion, were similar to his Violetta's, and he carried her wishes, in consequence of Louisa's letter, into immediate execution, by saying, "We will make preparations for our journey without delay. Grieved as I am on Camillo's account, I am doubly affected by Louisa's distress."

The latter part of this speech, as it expressed the full force of Violetta's sensations, melted her into tears; but she soon dashed them away, and discovered an enchanting eagerness to convey herself to Genoa.

At Genoa they arrived too late to see Camillo, but their arrival was of the utmost service to poor Louisa, who, in her widowed state, appeared in the most pitiable light. While they beheld her in that light, they did every thing which hu-
manity

manity could prompt, which friendship, engendered by affection could suggest, to blunt the edge of a sorrow that was almost insupportable—to whisper peace to her distracted mind.

When Ludovico and his Violetta had happily succeeded by the exertion of their consolatory powers, they had the additional satisfaction to see their own friendly efforts strengthened by the arrival of a lady nearly related to Louisa, who had been several years very happily married to a gentleman settled at Gibraltar, from which place they were come upon a visit; and as these new friends—new to her, as she had not seen them for several years—pressed her to return with them, instead of going back to Florence, she was, at last, as her Florence friends endeavoured to increase the weight of her Gibraltar ones, prevailed on to comply with their importunate desires, and with the more readiness, as her dear Violetta, and the amiable husband of her heart, promised to visit her as soon as the business which they had to transact, in consequence of some important intelligence from Florence, was finished.

When the business which detained the Bellinis at Genoa, after the departure of the disconsolate Louisa, was adjusted, they made haste to fulfil their

their promise to her, and were in a few days afterwards, under sail with the most flattering prospects of an expeditious and agreeable passage: expeditious on account of the briskness of a very favourable gale, and agreeable on account of the clearness and serenity of the sky. Of their flattering prospect, however, they were in a short time deprived, not by unpropitious winds or by unpleasant weather, but by the hostile appearance of a Turkish vessel, navigated in the service of piracy, and manned by a set of desperate fellows who were at war with all mankind, and who were particularly delighted with the idea of leading Christians into captivity.

The military appearance which the crew of this vessel made, did not strike any terror into those who conducted the ship in which the Bellinis were embarked; but as they were by no means prepared, either from number or weight, to oppose, with any probability of success, they surrendered on the first summons, to prevent the effusion of human blood: in the nautical language, they struck.

By this capture the pirates gained but a small booty. The chief of them, however, the moment he cast his eyes on Violetta, regarded her
as

as a jewel, fit for the turban of the Grand Seignior himself, and animated by this idea, determined to pave the way for a favourable reception at Constantinople, by the introduction of his beautiful prisoner into the Seraglio.—With swelling sails and swelling expectations, he returned to the port from which he had sailed, with his prize; and by taking the properest measures he could think of for the attainment of his ends, he arrived at the accomplishment of his desires, soon after his arrival at the metropolis of the Turkish empire.

Amurath, commonly called the amorous, who at that time wore the Turkish diadem, and in whose eyes female beauty was irresistible, received the present which Abdullah had brought for him, with all the raptures of a voluptuous monarch; and not only largely rewarded him for the angelic creature he had put into his possession, but freely pardoned him for all the depredations he had committed upon the sea, without deeming himself accountable to the Porte for his piratical proceedings.

Here, perhaps, and not without reason, the readers of this narrative will enquire after the affectionate, the steady husband of Violetta: they will naturally ask in what manner he was disposed

posed of, when she was conveyed to the capital of the Ottoman empire. As the separation of a husband from a wife, (the fondest husband from the fondest wife) especially as they were both Christians, could be no object in the eyes of an Infidel, who subsisted upon the irregular harvest he made by his naval and unlicenced acquisitions Bellini was, without any ceremony, sold for a slave, and conducted by his new master to a considerable distance from the spot on which he had purchased him. There, though he abhorred duplicity, he did not think he should be guilty of a very immoral action by having recourse to dissimulation, in order to relieve himself from a condition, which was doubly painful to him, as he was divided from all he held dear in this world, from his truly beloved, his tenderest Violetta, to whom it is now time to return.

The reception which Violetta met with from Amurath, on her being presented to him, would have flattered many married women, who, possessed of all her beauty, had no ideas of conjugal honour, no sensations of conjugal love to strengthen their conjugal fidelity: but she, not less attached to her Ludovico, from principle than from passion, was neither delighted by the inflated encomiums he lavished on her personal charms, nor
seduced

seduced by the brilliant distinctions which were destined for her, in the true spirit of munificence. She rejected his offers to make her his Sultana; to crown her with flowers, and to invest her with all the prerogatives of a wife—and all for love—connubial love. Firmly devoted to the man to whom she was first united, by the strongest ties, and who had taken fast hold of her grateful heart, by a series of generous actions which sufficiently evinced the ardour of his affection, the purity of his friendship, and the sincerity of his esteem; she was not ashamed to own herself his wife, nor afraid to declare that her conjugal vows should never be infringed.

Amurath, not a little piqued by the refusals which he little expected, imagining that he had not only exhibited an irresistible temptation to female vanity and female pride, but that he had made a considerable deviation from the dignity of a Sultan, by soliciting the hand of a slave, dismissed her with a disdainful air, and accompanied that dismissal with a mandate, by which he informed her, that he should in a few hours, visit her in order to claim a full submission to his will, without deeming it necessary to pay any regard to those vows which were, in her opinion, binding enough to exclude her from a throne.

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With this sentence of dismissal Violetta retired with decency, after having heard the mandate with which it was accompanied, without dread. She retired to the apartment allotted her, guarded by proper officers belonging to the Seraglio, and employed her time in striking out expedients to preserve herself from violation, till she could either prevail on the Sultan to postpone the indulgence of his voluptuousness, or find out some methods to elude the execution of his licentious designs by a removal from her prison—for in that light she considered the apartment which she occupied. To gain these important points she too had now recourse to hypocrisy, imagining, that the concealment of her plans was the most likely way to render them successful. Agreeably to this mode of acting, she received Amurath, on her second interview with him, in a manner which charmed him to such a degree, that he began to repent of the harshness with which he had dismissed her, even condescended to apologize for the sternness of his behaviour. His eyes and his heart were both softened by love, and he approached her, like the most enraptured votary of Venus, in order to feast upon her beauties, with all the extatic joy of a disciple of Mahomet. Had she been of the same inflammable disposition, she would have, certainly, forgotten all her conjugal

jugal protestations, and received his transports with reciprocal delight. But Violetta had been cast in another mould: she was chaste as “ unfun-
 nished snow; chaste as the icicle that hangs on
 Diana’s temple.” At the very moment therefore,
 that she allured him by the lustre of her charms,
 she checked him by the dignity in her manner;
 and when she found that he, recovering from his
 awe-struck situation, began to be powerfully
 moved by the spirit of sensuality, she contrived
 to amuse him in so sentimental a style, that all
 the voluptuary died away in his bosom, and she
 had the satisfaction to see him retire from her, re-
 vering that virtue which he came, in the character
 of a royal libertine, to destroy.

His virtuous impressions, however, not being
 very deep, Amurath soon felt himself under the
 direction of his old propensities, and whenever he
 was actuated by them, he repaired to the apart-
 ments of his new charmer, who, fortunately, from
 the fertility of her invention, had the art of
 “ talking him from his purpose,” from day to day,
 and began to conceive hopes that she might in
 time bring him even to release her from her cap-
 tivity: yet when such flattering ideas rolled in
 her mind, she often corrected herself, saying,
 “ To what purpose should I wish for my liberty

soon convinced them of their mistake ; he had now assembled 1500 men, and with those not only cut off most of their parties, but at last, forcing them to take shelter in the town, blocked them up, and reduced them to great distress ; which he had no sooner done, than he resigned his command, declaring that his own commission expired with that necessity which had forced him to take it up. Things were in this situation when the united fleets of Spain and Portugal arrived in the Bay of All Saints. The Commander, Don Emanuel de Menessez, immediately landed 4000 men, and joined the army before St. Salvador. The Dutch Governor was, however, resolved to defend it to the last extremity ; but the garrison mutinying, forced him to surrender ; so the Spanish and Portuguese Commanders, with their fleets, rode in triumph. And the worthy Archbishop received the thanks of his King and Country for his signal services.

ing with the felicity of the moment, they were suddenly interrupted by the intrusion of a couple of eunuchs, who, dragging them from their endearments, conveyed them both to the Sultan. Amurath, as soon they appeared before him, reproached Violetta in the keenest terms, for preferring the embraces of a Christian slave to his, and then told him, in similar language, that he would immediately sacrifice him to his resentment.

Ludovico, undaunted by this menace, replied, that he was not afraid to die; that he was not afraid of any mode of death which he could think of in the plenitude of his wrath; adding, that he was prepared to lay down his own life for the preservation of her's, on whose account he had ventured within the walls of his Seraglio.

“ She shall die too,” cried Amurath, with impetuous accents, “ She shall die a thousand deaths.”

Struck with his threats, tremendously articulated, Ludovico now fell prostrate at the feet of the furious Sultan, and implored him to recall his last words.—“ Behold her beauty,” said he, casting his petitioning eyes towards Violetta. “ Can
you

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find,)
 Wife is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest blifs;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.
 Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine;
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
 Extend it; let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of blifs, but height of charity.
 God loves from whole to parts; but common soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next, and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature, and in ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest'd,
 And Heav'n behold its image in his breast.

RE.

dom, and thou mayest be assured, that we shall never cease to bless the hand by whom that freedom was conferred. But if one of us must die to glut thy revenge, let me be the victim. Save, O save my love, my lord, my husband!"

As this speech was pronounced with all the strength of emphasis, and all the graces of elocution, Amurath, who had listened with the utmost attention to the delivery of it, was moved by the sentiments which it contained—melted by the pathos with which it was articulated.—After a short pause, during which he appeared to be greatly agitated, he said, in a softened tone, "Fair Christian, thou hast conquered! thy conjugal virtue stamps excellence upon thy character, and thou deservest all that happiness for which thou hast so pathetically pleaded. I restore thee to thy husband's arms. Live both bright patterns to those who are united by the same ties; but whenever ye think of the man to whom ye are indebted for the restoration of your felicity, remember what a sacrifice to self-denial has been made in order to promote your happiness."

In consequence of this speech, which did no small honour to the magnificent speaker, Ludovico and Violetta were permitted to act, in every respect,

respect, agreeably to their wishes. Soon after this permission they returned to Florence without any more separations; the recollection of their past distresses frequently served to give new spirits to the uninterrupted series of domestic delights which succeeded them; and they often remembered, with gratitude, the man to whom they were indebted for the restoration of their felicity.

BON MOT OF MR. QUIN.

A Young fellow, who fancied himself possessed of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage in comedy, offered himself to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin. After he had rehearsed a speech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in tragedy. The young fellow answered, that he had done the part of Abel in the Alchymist. "You mistake, boy," replied Quin, "it was the part of Cain you acted, for I am sure you murdered Abel."

POPE.

P O P E.

“ **A**S Mr. POPE,” says Richardson, “and myself were one day considering the works of St. Evremond, he asked me how I liked that way of writing in which prose and verse were mixed together. I said, I liked it well, for that off-hand occasional productions. Why,” replied he, “I have some thoughts of turning out some sketches I have by me of various accidents and reflections in this manner.” Pope, like many other affectedly delicate persons, professed to be fond of certain dishes merely on account of their rarity. A Nobleman, a friend of his, who wished to correct this disgusting failing in him, made his cook dress up a rabbit, trussed up as a foreign bird, to which he gave some fine name, and seasoned it with something extremely favoury. The bard ate of it very heartily, and expressed his relish of the taste of the supposed dainty; and was not a little displeased, when his friend told him the trick he had put upon him.

CATHA:

The instance where the Romans punished the want of gratitude with such severity, was the breach or neglect of that tenderness and affection which was indispensibly due to a father from a son. That sensible people judiciously considered, that if a man could behave with ingratitude to a parent that had endued him with no less a blessing than his very existence, he must be dead to every sense of obligations from any other quarter; and fancied, that a person capable of bursting through the most sacred ordinances of nature, was capable of bursting through the most sacred of society too; from this principle, in the early ages of this celebrated republic, a father was invested with an absolute authority over the lives of his children; and he that was not a good son, was universally looked upon as a bad member of society.

Though we are perhaps the only nation in Europe who retain any part of the Roman freedom, yet perhaps we are the only one which does not retain a glimmer of its exalted sentiments in this respect; for with us, so small a portion of gratitude as we still continue to keep up, a parent is the only person in the world to whom we think it utterly unnecessary to be shewn; as if he who is entitled to the greatest share, should be the only
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mistress. Soon after Prince Menzikof was struck with her attractions; he took her into his family, and she lived with him until 1704. In her 17th year she became mistress of Peter the Great; he first saw her as she was carrying some dishes through Menzikof's hall; and at the close of the entertainment, when he and the company were intoxicated, she was recommended to him; and won so much upon his affections, that he espoused her the 29th of May, 1711, at Jewerof, in Poland, in presence of General Bruce, and on the 20th of February, 1712, the marriage was publicly solemnized, with great pomp, at Peterburgh.

Her influence continued undiminished until a short time before the death of that Emperor, when some circumstances happened which occasioned such a coolness between them, as would probably have ended in a total rupture, if his death had not fortunately intervened. The original cause of this misunderstanding arose from the following discovery of a secret connection between Catharine and her first Chamberlain, whose name was Mons. The Emperor, who was suspicious of this connection, quitted Peterburgh under pretence of removing to a villa for a few days, but privately returned to his winter palace in the capital. From thence he occasionally sent one of his confi-

soon convinced them of their mistake ; he had now assembled 1500 men, and with those not only cut off most of their parties, but at last, forcing them to take shelter in the town, blocked them up, and reduced them to great distress ; which he had no sooner done, than he resigned his command, declaring that his own commission expired with that necessity which had forced him to take it up. Things were in this situation when the united fleets of Spain and Portugal arrived in the Bay of All Saints. The Commander, Don Emanuel de Meneffez, immediately landed 4000 men, and joined the army before St. Salvador. The Dutch Governor was, however, resolved to defend it to the last extremity ; but the garrison mutinying, forced him to surrender ; so the Spanish and Portuguese Commanders, with their fleets, rode in triumph. And the worthy Archbishop received the thanks of his King and Country for his signal services.

into Siberia ; two of her sons, who were Chamberlains, were also degraded, and sent as common soldiers among the Russian troops in Persia. On the day subsequent to the execution of the sentence, Peter conveyed Catharine in an open carriage under the gallows, to which was nailed the head of Mons: the Empress, without changing colour at this dreadful sight, exclaimed, " What a pity it is, that there is so much corruption among courtiers !"

This event happened in the latter end of the year 1724, and as it was soon followed by Peter's death, and as Catharine, upon her accession, recalled Madam Balke, is has been suspected that she shortened the days of her husband by poison. But, notwithstanding the critical situation for Catharine in which he died, and her subsequent elevation, yet this charge is totally destitute of the least shadow of proof ; for the circumstances of Peter's disorder were too well known, and the peculiar symptoms of his last illness, sufficiently account for his death, without the necessity of recurring to poison.

AN

AN HEROIC ARCHBISHOP.

THE Dutch, in the year 1624, sent a squadron of ships of force which sailed to the Bay of All Saints, where they no sooner arrived than discovering the consternation of the inhabitants, they landed, and with little difficulty made themselves masters of St. Salvador, the capital of Brazil. Don Diego de Mendoza, the Portuguese Governor, not having courage to defend the place, fled; but Michael Texeira, the Archbishop, who was of one of the best families in Portugal, notwithstanding his being in years, summoned all the Clergy and Monks about him, and representing the necessity they were under of laying aside their clerical function, prevailed on them to take up arms; and though deserted by the Governor, the soldiers, and the inhabitants, they for some time made a very gallant defence, and at last retreated to a neighbouring town, where, after acting the part of soldiers, they turned pioneers; and, under the conduct of the Archbishop, fortified the place, and gave the enemy as much trouble as if they had been the most regular troops. By taking this town the Dutch not only acquired immense plunder; but became masters of the largest and best peopled districts in the whole country,

country, and seemed in a fair way of making, in a short time, a complete conquest of the whole colony; which they would probably have done, had it not been for the heroic Archbishop, who assumed the title of Captain-General; an office which he said came to him from heaven, in the legible characters of public necessity. The news of this misfortune soon reached Portugal, when it threw the city of Lisbon, and the whole kingdom, into confusion, which was increased by the suspicions of the Nobility that the Spanish Ministry were not much displeas'd at this event, as it would lessen the wealth and power of the Grandees of Portugal, who had great part of their estates in Brasil. But Philip IV. sent orders to Portugal to equip a fleet to recover St. Salvador, and at the same time wrote a letter with his own hand to the Nobility, desiring their assistance on this occasion. A fleet was soon prepared of near forty sail, with land forces.

The Dutch being in possession of St. Salvador, and the adjacent country, began very rashly to extend themselves on every side, either from a contempt of the Portuguese, or an insatiate thirst of plunder. The heroic Archbishop, however,
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one denied a mark of it all.—Nay, to so preposterous a length is the general opinion hurried away in this point, that a man who lends us a single guinea to riot in excess and sensuality, shall receive much greater instances of our gratitude, than an indulgent parent who toils during a whole life for our welfare, and makes a comfortable establishment for us and our posterity.

It is a received notion among the generality of people, that a son is no way obliged to his father for any tokens of affection which he may receive, because the old gentleman finds a particular satisfaction in providing for his happiness, and is sufficiently repaid if he sees his solicitude attended with the desired effects.—Alas! what sentiments are we to entertain of people who reason in any manner like this? Does it follow, that because a parent finds a pleasure in the performance of his duty, that a son should think himself exempted from the necessary prosecution of his? The very pleasure which is here pleaded as a sufficient reward for the affection of the father, is to the last degree an aggravation of ingratitude in the son, and instead of palliating the breach of his filial affection, leaves him without a possibility of excuse; for surely those who take a pleasure in the
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REFLECTIONS

ON

THE DECLINE OF FILIAL PIETY IN ENGLAND.

GRATITUDE is a quality of so bewitching a nature, that we generally look upon it as a complication of all the virtues, and suppose that no man can be destitute of any other, who is happily in possession of this; yet amiable forever as it is universally considered, perhaps there is no excellence in the catalogue so little studied, or for which in general we entertain so unaccountable a contempt.

In former ages, an attention to the dictates of gratitude was reckoned an indispensable part of our duty, and nothing was looked upon in a more detestable light than an insensibility of favours, or an unworthy return where we had been in the least obliged; one particular species of gratitude was held inviolably sacred, and the Romans were so religiously punctual in the performance of it, that they put the offender's life in the power of his benefactor, wherever they saw it transgressed.

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Though we are perhaps the only nation in Europe who retain any part of the Roman freedom, yet perhaps we are the only one which does not retain a glimmer of its exalted sentiments in this respect; for with us, so small a portion of gratitude as we still continue to keep up, a parent is the only person in the world to whom we think it utterly unnecessary to be shewn; as if he who is entitled to the greatest share, should be the only
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promotion of our happiness must be doubly entitled to our gratitude, and we ought to feel a glow of veneration arising from a consciousness of their motives, as much as from the actual benefits themselves.

For my own part, I am perfectly of opinion with the primitive Romans, that an ungrateful son can never make a good man, the ties subsisting between father and child are of a nature so inconceivably delicate, that he, who is capable of bursting them asunder, is incapable of being bound either by gratitude or honour to any body else.—It is incredible to think the numberless hours of anxiety a parent must endure before he can rear a son to maturity.—It is incredible to think after he has even brought him to years of discretion, how unceasingly solicitous he is lest some unforeseen calamity should blast the harvest of his happiness, and cut him unrelentingly off: and what does a parent require for all this? What does he demand for the gifts of life, education, and fortune, which he has so liberally bestowed; but that the son will pay a little attention to his own interest, and treat the hand to which he is so eminently obliged, with tenderness and respect.?

From

From the foregoing cursory reflections, if filial ingratitude should of all other crimes appear the most odious, let me address myself to the bosoms of our youth, and for their own sakes, request they will immediately shake it off; lest in their own old age, providence might be pleased to make them know, in the emphatic language of the poet:

—How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a disobedient child.

FALLACIOUSNESS *of that* GENEROSITY *and*
FRIENDSHIP *which are supposed to reside in the*
SOCIETY *of* MEN *of* PLEASURE *and* DISSIPATION.

CHARACTER AND STORY OF FLAVILLUS.

AMONG the apologies for irregularity and dissipation, none are of more pernicious tendency than those which are drawn from the good qualities with which that irregularity and dissipation are supposed to be generally accompanied. The warmth and openness of noble
minds,

minds, it is said, are apt to lead them into extravagancies which the cold and the unfeeling can easily criticise, and may plausibly condemn. But in the same minds reside the virtues of magnanimity, disinterestedness, benevolence, and friendship, in a degree to which the tame and the selfish, who boast of the prudence and propriety of their conduct, can never aspire. The first resemble a luxuriant tree, which, amidst its wild and wandering shoots, is yet productive of the richest fruit; the others, like a dry and barren stock, put forth a few regular but stunted branches, which require no pruning indeed, but from which no profit is to be reaped.

It might be worth while to enquire into the justice of this account, to the truth of which the young and the gay are apt implicitly to assent; but the young and the gay have too much vivacity to reason, and as little inclination as leisure for enquiry: yet some of them who knew Flavillus, may listen for a moment while I tell them his story. 'Tis the last time they will be troubled with his name, or his misfortune!

Flavillus was the heir of an estate which was once reckoned very considerable. It descended to him burdened with a good deal of debt, and
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with a variety of incumbrances; but still Flavillus was held to have succeeded to a great possession, his nominal rent roll being a large one. At an early period of life, he entered into the army; but he soon quitted a profession where, in point of wealth, the prospects were not alluring; and where, in point of station, he had not patience to wait for the usual steps of advancement. Flavillus, both while he was in the army, and after he quitted it, was accounted one of the most agreeable and most accomplished men that was any where to be met with. Nor was this reputation undeserved. Having had a complete university education, he had all the learning of a philosopher, without any of that pedantry which often attends it; and having mixed a good deal in the world, he had all the ease of a man of fashion, without any of that flippancy which mere men of fashion are apt to acquire. Flavillus, from those qualities, became the darling of society: his company was universally courted; and it was considered as a high recommendation to any party of pleasure, that he was to be one of the number. Possessed of an indolence which unfitted him for business, having quitted the army, the only profession he ever had the least inclination to cultivate, and too negligent to think of retrieving the incumbrances on his estate by œconomy

mony and schemes of prudence, Flavillus gave himself completely up to the pleasure of society, and allowed himself to be captivated by the popularity which his manners secured him, and by the general good-will with which he was constantly received.

It is easy to conjecture the effects of such a course of life on the circumstances of Flavillus. The debts and incumbrances on his estate were allowed to remain; and the expence he was led into added much to their amount. At first Flavillus felt a good deal of uneasiness on this ground; he made some feeble efforts to retrench his expence, and to mix less in expensive society; to dress more plainly, to give up public places, to go no more to taverns, to lose no more money at play. But these better resolutions sunk under his love of pleasure, and his temptations to habitual indulgence. He became, at length, afraid to think of his circumstances, and the very despair which that occasioned made him plunge more deeply into dissipation. Painfully conscious as he was of much mispent time and mispent fortune, he durst not look into the account of either. The deeper, however, he plunged into dissipation, the sonder of him did his companions become. The circle of his acquaintance indeed came to be in
some

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THE DECLINE OF FILIAL PIETY IN ENGLAND.

GRATITUDE is a quality of so bewitching a nature, that we generally look upon it as a complication of all the virtues, and suppose that no man can be destitute of any other, who is happily in possession of this; yet amiable forever as it is universally considered, perhaps there is no excellence in the catalogue so little studied, or for which in general we entertain so unaccountable a contempt.

In former ages, an attention to the dictates of gratitude was reckoned an indispensable part of our duty, and nothing was looked upon in a more detestable light than an insensibility of favours, or an unworthy return where we had been in the least obliged; one particular species of gratitude was held inviolably sacred, and the Romans were so religiously punctual in the performance of it, that they put the offender's life in the power of his benefactor, wherever they saw it transgressed.

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The instance where the Romans punished the want of gratitude with such severity, was the breach or neglect of that tenderness and affection which was indispensibly due to a father from a son. That sensible people judiciously considered, that if a man could behave with ingratitude to a parent that had endued him with no less a blessing than his very existence, he must be dead to every sense of obligations from any other quarter; and fancied, that a person capable of bursting through the most sacred ordinances of nature, was capable of bursting through the most sacred of society too; from this principle, in the early ages of this celebrated republic, a father was invested with an absolute authority over the lives of his children; and he that was not a good son, was universally looked upon as a bad member of society.

Though we are perhaps the only nation in Europe who retain any part of the Roman freedom, yet perhaps we are the only one which does not retain a glimmer of its exalted sentiments in this respect; for with us, so small a portion of gratitude as we still continue to keep up, a parent is the only person in the world to whom we think it utterly unnecessary to be shewn; as if he who is entitled to the greatest share, should be the only
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one denied a mark of it all.—Nay, to so preposterous a length is the general opinion hurried away in this point, that a man who lends us a single guinea to riot in excess and sensuality, shall receive much greater instances of our gratitude, than an indulgent parent who toils during a whole life for our welfare, and makes a comfortable establishment for us and our posterity.

It is a received notion among the generality of people, that a son is no way obliged to his father for any tokens of affection which he may receive, because the old gentleman finds a particular satisfaction in providing for his happiness, and is sufficiently repaid if he sees his solicitude attended with the desired effects.—Alas! what sentiments are we to entertain of people who reason in any manner like this? Does it follow, that because a parent finds a pleasure in the performance of his duty, that a son should think himself exempted from the necessary prosecution of his? The very pleasure which is here pleaded as a sufficient reward for the affection of the father, is to the last degree an aggravation of ingratitude in the son, and instead of palliating the breach of his filial affection, leaves him without a possibility of excuse; for surely those who take a pleasure in the pro-

incident in his life. In the most delicate manner in the world, without his so much as knowing from whom the relief came, Flavillus was relieved, and, by this gentleman's bounty, was freed from the impending horrors of a jail.

But Flavillus, though ruined by dissipation, had not yet fully attained either its apathy or its meanness. The generosity of Marcus, though it relieved his present distress, shewed him at once the station he had lost, and that to which he was reduced. His body, which his former course of life had enfeebled, was too weak to support the agitation of his mind. He retired to a little country village, where he might equally avoid the neglect of those companions by whom his former follies had been shared, and the reproach or the pity of those by whom he had been censured or shunned. Here he lived on a small pension which the same benevolent interposition procured him, till a lingering nervous disorder put a period to his sufferings. 'Twas but a few weeks ago I assisted at his funeral. There I saw one or two of his former associates, who had taken the trouble to attend, who, after a few inquiries after the cause of his death, and a few common place regrets, that so agreeable and good hearted a fellow should have been so unfortunate,

fortunate, made an appointment for a supper in the evening. Marcus put a plain stone over his grave.* I never look on it without the mortifying reflection, with how many virtues it might have been inscribed! without lamenting that so excellent natural abilities as those of Flavillus, so much improved by education, and so susceptible of farther improvement, should have been lost to every worthy and valuable purpose; lost in a course of frivolous or criminal dissipation, amidst companions without attachment to friendship, amidst pleasures that afforded so little real happiness or enjoyment.

T O C O N T E N T .

I.

O! Heaven descended sweet Content,
Give me to share thy lasting joys!
For all the blessings heaven has sent,
Without thy charms the bosom cloy.

II.

Gold proves a load, and honours vain,
Soft pleasure in a moment flies;
New objects spring to cause us pain,
And all is woe beneath the skies:

Unfettled

III.

*Unfettered mortals, weak and blind,
Repine at God's all perfect plan ;
And weigh the works he has design'd,
By the weak scale of erring man.*

IV.

But all who own just reason's sway,
Have funds of pleasure in their breast ;
Tho' others rise more great than they,
Content can make them truly blest.

V.

It flies the circle of a crown,
And high ambition's lofty dame ;
It slumbers not on beds of down,
Nor in the cloister's fullen gloom.

VI.

The hero seeks it thro' the field,
Where death and mingl'd horrors reign ;
But farther off it is beheld,
When slaughter strews the bloody plain.

VII.

When own'd the son of Lybian Jove ;
And crown'd with spoils of India won,
No joys could Alexander prove,
But wept because his wars were done.

And

VIII.

And he who since, with victor hand,
From India's genius tore the crown,
And brought new laurels to his land,
To deck the shrine of high renown:

IX.

Sweet peace no more illumes his breast,
Pale horrors shake his troubled soul;
Revenge uprears her dreadful crest,
And round his couch the furies howl.

X.

Th' ambitious soul whose soaring pride,
To power's high pinnacle aspires;
Who bids bright fame his chariot guide,
And reach the goal of his desires;

XI.

Content with him no league can hold,
Her fordid friendship he disdains;
He strives like Lucifer of old,
Regardless of his bosom pains:

XII.

The miser hugs his shining store,
The thief that robs his soul of rest;
He counts it and still sighs for more,
And lives despis'd and dies unblest.

That

XIII.

That man whose only god is gain,
Must never hope sweet peace to find ;
His days will pass in care and pain,
And sharp despair oppresses his mind.

XIV.

The libertine through every maze
Of lawless pleasure freely roves ;
Where Bacchus his wild power displays,
Or in soft scenes of guilty loves.

XV.

But oh ! how soon the vision flies,
And harlot-pleasure stands confessed ;
A painted cheat in fair disguise,
To tempt the weak unguarded breast.

XVI.

The lover thinks his Delia's charms
Can give him lasting true delight ;
But when she meets his longing arms,
No more those beauties charm his sight.

XVII.

Possession cloy the thoughtless pair,
Too soon their soft endearments cease ;
Love tries no more his am'rous care,
And with him flies domestic peace.

Th'

XVIII.

Th' aspiring poet by his song,
Hopes to enjoy content and fame ;
But Envy, with her ranc'rous fame,
On ev'ry side attacks his name.

XIX.

With critics, an unfeeling train,
The war perpetual he must wage ;
Dull ignorance his works will stain,
And folly tear the laurell'd page.

XX.

Tho' all the muses grace his strain,
And fame bestow the laurel crown ;
Neglected by the wealthy train,
He's left to starve on vain renown.

XXI.

Thus mortals cheated by a shade,
Fly from the real home-found good ;
Pursue the blifs by fancy made,
Which faster flies when fast pursu'd.

XXII.

But true content alone is found,
Within the wise man's virtuous breast ;
That doth its lowly wishes bound,
And sets each jarring thought at rest.

XXIII.

On the tempestuous sea of care,
 While nobler ships are ceaseless toiling;
 A gentle gale his skiff doth bear,
 Along the calm and pleasant coast.

STORY OF ROSALIE.

THE fair but unfortunate ROSALIE was the daughter of reputable, though not illustrious parents, her father being, at the time of her birth, a considerable merchant at Bourdeaux. But the misfortunes which were fated to attend her through life, seemed to commence even with her existence; for in a few years from that æra, her father beheld the fruits of his honest industry dissipated by a succession of unavoidable losses, and became at length a bankrupt. The only consolation that remained to her afflicted parents, was this their darling daughter: when gazing on her, they forgot their sorrows, but lamented the want of riches for her sake only. Rosalie deserved their love; she discovered so many charms both of mind and person, that *Monf. Domerval*, her father, willingly sacrificed the little remnant
of

of his broken fortune to the bestowing an education on her, more suitable to her genius and merit, than to the rank which she then held in life.

Joined to her other amiable qualities, Rosalie was possessed of the most refined sensibility and delicate sentiment, which exalts the heart it warms above its fellows, and is yet, perhaps, more prejudicial than serviceable to the female sex; as the very softness it inspires contributes but to render them unsuspecting, and of course an easier prey to the arts of seduction.

Death deprived the unhappy Rosalie of both her parents before she had reached her sixteenth year. Left without friends or fortune, a maiden aunt of her mother's, who was tolerably rich, took this lovely orphan to her care.

It may not be improper here to give a slight sketch of Mademoiselle Mezirac's character.—She was one of those narrow-minded souls who are incapable of feeling for any creature but themselves; who mistake their dislike of human kind for an abhorrence of vice, and justify their spleen and ill-temper to their wretched dependants, as arising from their want of virtue. She boasted
of

of her never having loved any human being : she considered marriage as a gross attachment, and looked upon a state of celibacy as a state of perfection. Added to these perverse qualities, she was censorious, avaricious, and an outrageous bigot. Notwithstanding the hatefulness of her disposition, as she was known to be rich, she was visited by persons of the best rank in the village where she lived, and was particularly intimate with a neighbouring widow lady, of the name of Montalmant, who had a son about two years older than Rosalie. This youth soon distinguished our fair orphan, and became so assiduous in his visits to Mademoiselle Mezirac, that he never suffered his mother to go there without him.

Women are quick-sighted in love, and Rosalie soon discovered the cause of Montalmant's attention to her aunt ; but for a long time their eyes only declared the mutual affection which had taken possession of their youthful hearts. At length Montalmant dared to write, and Rosalie to receive the fullest and tenderest declaration of his passion. She had now found an object on whom she could bestow that vast fund of sensibility which was treasured in her heart ; she poured it all forth into her lover's bosom, while her own received, almost in the same instant, the opposite passions
of

of love and hate. Her aunt's severity, which she had hitherto borne with patience, rendered her now detestable; and she determined to deceive her, without considering that she was at the same time deceiving herself. The young people eluded the vigilance of their parents; they had many stolen interviews, and the too tender Rosalie sacrificed that honour, which she had 'till then held dearer than her life, to her fondness for the no less enamoured Montalman.

In a few days after she had been guilty of this fatal error, she received the following billet from her lover :

“ I am compelled to obey my mother ; she has discovered all, and refuses absolutely to consent to our marriage. By her authority I am hurried from this place, and obliged to renounce my love ; nay, even my hope, as there is a match concluded for me, which must throw me into the arms of another.”

Rosalie had not power to finish this shocking adieu ; she sunk upon the earth, as if she had been blasted by lightning, and continued senseless for a considerable time. No words can describe the state of her mind, when her sorrows
and

and her senses returned together. She called upon her husband, her lover, her Montalmant ! Nor could she believe that he was really fled, 'till she went to the house where his mother had resided, and was informed that the whole family had quitted it on the preceding night, without letting any person know whither they were gone.

The unhappy Rosalie, loaded with the reproaches of her own mind, abandoned by her lover, without a friend to whom she could reveal her grief, lamented in secret, and vainly thought she had reached the summit of affliction. But, alas ! her present sufferings were but like the foundation from whence the superstructure of her future miseries must arise. It was not enough that she should blush in secret, or humble herself before the Almighty for her crime : public contempt and infamy awaited her ; for the unhappy orphan soon perceived that she was likely to become a mother. Death was the sole resource which now seemed left ; her fame was dearer to her than life, and she determined to hide her sorrows and her shame together within the silent grave. But that true friend which flies not the afflicted, but stretches forth a pitying hand to raise the wretch oppressed with crimes and sorrows, opposed the fatal purpose. Religion forbade suicide, and stopped

stopped her trembling hand. She bowed, adored, and suffered.

If any event of Rosalie's life could be deemed fortunate, Mademoiselle Mezirac's being confined to her bed at this particular crisis was so. Rosalie was too ill to quit her's : this screened her from the prying eyes of her aunt, and every other person ; and in the fullness of time she brought forth a lovely boy. Though she had not much attendance from her aunt's service during her illness, and though her chamber was retired from the rest of the family, she knew it would be impossible to conceal her infant there : at midnight, therefore, she stole softly down stairs with him in her arms, and conveyed him to a little decayed summer-house at the end of the garden, and deposited her precious charge upon some clean straw.

To this spot she retired as often as she could, unseen, to nourish and attend her helpless child. Reflection soon convinced her that he could not long remain there undiscovered. Maternal tenderness at length triumphed over the fear of shame : she went to the curate of the parish, Monsieur Freminville, threw herself at his feet, confessed her crime, and implored his protection
for

for the innocent effect of her's and Motalmant's guilt.

This good, this pious man, calmed her wild transports, approved her penitence, and received her child, whom he immediately put to nurse, without revealing its unhappy mother's shame. Rosalie's mind now became a little calmer ; her health returned of course, though sorrow's deepest traits were not effaced either from her heart or face. Mademoiselle Mezirac, during her illness, had, in the height of her zeal for her own recovery, devoted her niece, as her bigotry conceived, to God ; and as soon as her health was established, she communicated her pious resolution to Rosalie, and bid her prepare immediately to pass the rest of her days in a convent. In vain the devoted victim knelt, wept, and prayed before her, and as vainly assured her she had no call to that avocation. She would not even listen to her pleading, and allowed her but eight days to take her leave of the world, and all that it contained.

Rosalie again flew to her venerable friend and benefactor, again poured forth her sorrows in his humane and pious bosom. He promised her to use his utmost power of persuasion with her aunt to dissuade her from her cruel purpose. He kept
his

his promise: but the obdurate Mezirac, so far from being softened by his eloquence, flew into the most outrageous passion, both against him and her niece, and treated him with the most opprobrious language. Not content with having insulted, she resolved to injure him still farther; and wrote to the bishop of the diocese, representing him as a debauched and wicked man, who had at that time a bastard child, nursed even in the face of the whole parish, as she had heard it whispered. Mademoiselle Mezirac's affected piety had gained her so great a reputation for sanctity, that the bishop, without enquiring farther, immediately dismissed Freminville from his cure, with the most ignominious reproof.

This was, of all that she had felt, the severest wound to the generous heart of Rosalie; and setting at naught even the fear of infamy, she hastened to clear the innocence of Freminville; and prostrating herself at the bishop's feet, confessed herself the mother of the child, and avowed her obligation to the good and virtuous Freminville. The bishop was affected by the nobleness of her conduct; said he would give Freminville another cure, for his was disposed of; and also would use his authority with her aunt, to prevent Rosalie from being forced into a convent. But,

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alas!

alas! this gleam of hope soon vanished; the bishop had been long in a bad state of health; he was seized with a paralytic stroke in the night, and expired on the following day.

Deprived of every resource, the almost distracted Rosalie wandered into a public garden, where the people of condition in the village used to walk: it was at that time full of company; but her disturbed imagination prevented her from taking notice of any object that surrounded her, till chance directed her eyes to a little wooden bridge which was over a deep piece of water, the floor of which was decayed by time. At that instant she beheld the woman who nursed her child with him in her arms, crossing the bridge: a plank gave way, and they both fell in together. The feelings of a mother were not to be suppressed; she screamed aloud, *O save my child from perishing!* and rushing madly into the water, caught him in her arms, still crying out, *O my child!* All the people in the garden ran to her assistance: she was dragged out more dead than alive, and fainted the moment she was brought to land. The whole village was now in an uproar: the noise soon reached Mademoiselle Mezirac's ears; she flew amongst the rest to gaze on her now dishonoured niece, whom she found clasping her infant

infant to her bosom, and chafing his chilled limbs. Mezirac darted towards her, and would have torn her and her child piece-meal, had she not been prevented by the humanity of the spectators. But though her hands were restrained, her tongue was free; she loaded her with the most pointed abuse, and declared that Freminville was the father of the child.

Rosalie again rising superior to her sex, nay, to herself, still pressing her infant to her heart, declared aloud her amour with Montalmant, and the humane and pious part which Freminville had acted towards her.

From that hour her aunt abandoned Rosalie to want and wretchedness; the short-lived commiseration which her extraordinary accident had occasioned, expired with the surprise; and she had now no other means of support for herself and infant, but what she could procure from hands weakened by sorrow, and unused to labour; yet still she felt much more for the distress which she had brought on the good curate, than that which she herself most patiently endured. In about two years the iron-hearted Mezirac expired, bequeathing her whole fortune to the convent where she meant to bury her niece, refusing even to forgive her with her latest breath.

Worn

Worn out with continual sorrow, the unfortunate Rosalie fell into so languid a state of health that she was no longer able to assist in supporting herself or child. Freminville's resources were also at an end; that good, that ministering angel, had long since parted with every thing he possessed, which could contribute to the relief of the wretched Rosalie and her lovely boy. Yet the pious father still continued to enforce that humble resignation to the dispensations of providence, that would entitle her to happiness hereafter, however, for wise ends, denied her here. His admonitions were not lost upon his penitent, the owned her chastisement was just, and only prayed for blessings on her son.

At length the hour of her release approached: the pious curate administered the last sacraments; that over, she clasped her child close to her dying bosom, bathed him with tears, and covered him with kisses. "These are the last (said she) that I shall ever give him. But thou best, most generous of friends! If you should ever learn what is become of———. Alas! I should forget him— But he is the father of my hapless orphan—If you should ever here that Montalmant lives—Why, O gracious Heaven! will not this fatal passion quit my troubled heart, while yet one quivering pulse remains

remains to beat!"—At these words she sunk upon the pillow; the paleness of death spread fast over her countenance. Her lovely boy, shocked at the sudden change, gave a loud cry, and sprang to catch his mother in his arms.

At this instant a young man, with the utmost precipitation, threw open the chamber door, and exclaimed, "Where is she! Where is Mademoiselle Domerval!" "You see her there before you, (said the priest,) she is just now expiring." "Expiring! (said the youth,) It must not be;" and rushing towards the bed, "O my dear Rosalie!" was all that he could utter, and sunk down senseless by her. "O Heavens! you are Montalmant," cried out Fremenville. This sound seemed to recal the parting spirit of Rosalie; she opened wide her eyes, and sighed out, "'Tis Montalmant!" "Yes, my adorable Rosalie! (he replied,) but O! in what a state do I now see you.

"I die content, (said she,) having seen you. But are you married? Is it another's husband I embrace?" "O, no!" he answered her quick. "Behold your son, (said she,) let him remind you of his mother's fondness." "My son! (said he, and caught him in his arms.) My mother is
no

no more, (added Montalmant,) I now am free; you are and ever were, the only object of my love. I flew with transport to repair the ills you have suffered, and offer you my hand and fortune; my heart has ever been your own, nor shall it ever wander from you; if you should die, the grave unites us both. But try, my love, try to recover, for this cherub's sake, for this beloved boy!" Physicians were immediately sent for, and every aid employed for Rosalie's recovery, which for some weeks remained doubtful. At length, the peace of mind which she now experienced, joined to her youth and naturally good constitution, prevailed; and as soon as she was able to quit her bed, the worthy Fremenville had the satisfaction of uniting her in marriage to the husband of her heart, and rendering them both completely happy.

Montalmant settled a handsome provision upon the preserver of his wife and child; and Rosalie's gratitude continued undiminished to the last hour of her benefactor's life. The latter part of her own was as singularly exemplary in goodness, as the beginning had been in misfortunes.

AMBITION:

AN ALLEGORY.

PHILEMON lived in the midst of a forest; the asylum of tranquillity and peace: fretful inquietude, remorse, and grief, kept a respectful distance, nor dared to approach within his retreat: Ambition only flattered herself with hopes of being introduced.

Philemon, favoured of the gods, offered them pure victims: a lamb, and a ram, which he sacrificed by turns, attested the gratitude he felt for their unlimited goodness. The earth, submissive to his labour, produced in abundance whatever was necessary for his subsistence. He fled from cities, and never repaired thither but to exchange fruit for the grain, when he wanted to sow a field that was cultivated by his labour.

After these excursions, his cot was dearer to him than before. The ebony, gold, and ivory, destined to embellish the palaces of the great, did not display their magnificence in the habitation of our philosopher. Nature had been at the whole expence in furnishing his moveables, and had provided for his defence.

A double

A double row of trees concealed his retreat from the traveller. A clear rivulet ran murmuring to bring him its waves, and forming many meanders, lengthened his stay in this delightful place. Philemon drank of its streams; with them he watered his flowers; and from an arbour, in which he was accustomed to give loose to his reflections, traced with his eye their wandering course.

Here he enjoyed a happy life: he had no false friend, no perfidious mistress, no unfaithful servants. His heart had hitherto been undisturbed by his passions. The gods had bestowed this blessing as the recompence of his piety: but his zeal began to relax, and from the moment he perceived that his life was too uniform, he complained of his destiny.

Disquiet seized upon him: his little inclosure was open to his desires. Ambition entered into this retreat, which she had hitherto found inaccessible: and having gained the possession of his new habitation, she went in search of chimerical projects, received them into her retinue, and brought them into Philemon's cottage, who was soon infected by the contagion of their company. The offended gods withdrew their influence; he
was

was parched up with the thirst of riches. Ambition spurred on his desires, filled him with wishes, and engaged him to entreat the gods to be propitious to plans of fortune, little meditated, and which he had traced but in opposition to their will.

Philemon had neglected his sacrifices; he now renewed them with more fervour than ever. The choicest of his flocks bled on the altars.

One day, in the folly of his thoughts, he besought the gods to change to a river the rivulet which watered his retreat; and that a little boat, which he had launched into the stream, might be transformed to a ship richly laden. A clap of thunder followed his prayer: he took this for a happy omen; and, certain that the heavens would grant his request, he boldly entered the boat, and, hastening to meet his punishment, waited in full security for the effect of his petitions. As the moment approached, in which Philemon was to have them granted, Ambition abandoned to his misfortune her credulous disciple.

The rivers swelled, the torrents poured from the tops of the neighbouring mountains, and

there united their foaming streams. The new river no sooner appeared, than it tore up all before it. The little boat changed miraculously into a large vessel, was raised by the waters, and carried away with rapidity. However happy Philemon might fancy himself in that moment, (for the ship in which he was placed was filled with treasure) at a distance he saw with regret the ruin of that dear cottage in which he had lived for more than twenty-years, whilst all his days slid on in peace and serenity.

The river discharging itself into the sea, carried with it Philemon and his ship. Exposed on the vast ocean, and having lost sight of land, he recovered from his folly: he recollected that he had forgot to supplicate the gods, happily to conduct his vessel to some port: but it was now too late; he invoked in vain the deities who had formerly been his protectors; for he had justly merited their anger.

The sea grew enraged, its billows swelled: a horrible tempest assailed the vessel on all sides; a furious wave cast it against a rock, the ship split, and the sea swallowed up the riches it had contained.

Philemon,

Philemon, after having for a long time struggled against this imperious element, was cast on a desert coast; when exhausted with fatigue, before he expired he confessed himself worthy of the death he suffered, for the indiscretion of his prayers.

Let us leave the gods, the arbiters of our lot. Man, alas! is more dear to them than he is to himself. Let prudence regulate our wishes; otherwise we shall have reason to fear we shall become, like Philemon, the victims of our rashness.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE

FORTITUDE AND POLICY.

ABOUT the year of the world 3520, Zopyrus, a leading man in the Court of Darius, fearing that the siege against Babylon, which had been continued nineteen months, would at length fail, had recourse to the following stratagem: He cut off his nose and ears, covered his whole body with wounds,

wounds, and in this situation repaired to Darius; who, amazed at his appearance, demanded from whom he had received such barbarous treatment. He said his wounds were the work of his own hands, and that his design was to expose himself to the people of Babylon, as an evidence of the tyranny of Darius; to whom, by such conduct, he hoped to render very material service.—He went to Babylon, his wounds gave confirmation to what he said respecting Darius, and the people entertained no doubt of his steady attachments to their cause. He obtained the command of a party of troops, and led them against the Persians, whom he appeared to repulse, as the matter had been concerted with Darius. In gratitude for the imaginary service, he was appointed to the care of the walls; and he soon after gave admittance to the army of Darius, who would not have been able to reduce the city, either by assault or famine, which now submitted to him without conditions.

THE

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF GIOTTO,

AN ITALIAN PAINTER,

AND HIS CRUCIFIX.

IT was a cruel and inhuman caprice of an Italian Painter, (I think his name was Giotto) who designed to draw a crucifix to the life, wheedled a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to the cross an hour, at the end of which he should be released again, and receive a considerable gratuity for his pains. But instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the cross, he stabbed him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was esteemed the greatest master in all Italy at that time; and having this advantage of a dead man hanging on a cross before him, there's no question but he made a matchless piece of work on't.

As soon as he had finished his picture, he carried it to the Pope, who was astonished, as at a prodigy of art, highly extolling the exquisiteness of the features and limbs, the languishing pale deadness of the face, the unaffected sinking of the head: In a word, he had drawn to life, not only that privation of sense and motion, which
we

we call death, but also the very want of the least vital symptom. This is better understood than expressed: every body knows, that it is a masterpiece to represent a passion or a thought well and natural. Much greater is it to describe the total absence of these interior faculties, so as to distinguish the figure of a dead man from one that is only asleep.

Yet all this, and much more, could the Pope discern in the admirable draught which Giotto presented him. And he liked it so well, that he resolved to place it over the altar of his own chapel. Giotto told him, since he liked the copy so well, he would shew him the original, if he pleased.

What dost thou mean by the original, said the Pope? Wilt thou shew me JESUS CHRIST on the Cross in his own person? No, replied Giotto; but I'll shew your Holiness the original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all punishment. The good old Father, suspecting something extraordinary from the painter's thus capitulating with him, promised on his word to pardon him; which Giotto believing, immediately told him where it was; and attending him to the place, as soon as they were entered, he drew

drew a curtain back which hung before the dead man on the cross, and told the Pope what he had done.

The Holy Father, extremely troubled at so inhuman and barbarous an action, repealed his promise, and told the painter he should surely be put to an exemplary death.

Giotto seemed resigned to the sentence pronounced unto him, and only begged leave to finish the picture before he died, which was granted him. In the mean while, a guard was set upon him to prevent his escape. As soon as the Pope had caused the picture to be delivered into his hands, he takes a brush, and dipping it into a sort of stuff he had ready for that purpose, daubs the picture all over with it, so that nothing now could be seen of the crucifix; for it was quite effaced in all outward appearance.

This made the Pope stark mad; he stamped, foamed, and raved like one in a frenzy. He swore the painter should suffer the most cruel death that could be invented, unless he drew another full as good as the former, for if but the least grace was missing, he would not pardon him; but if he would produce an exact parallel, he should

should not only give him his life, but an ample reward in money.

The painter, as he had reason, desired it under the Pope's signet, that he might not be in danger of a second repeal; which was granted him. And then he took a wet sponge, and wiped off all the varnish he had daubed on the picture, and the crucifix appeared the same in all respects as it was before. The Pope, who looked upon this as a great secret, being ignorant of the arts which the painters use, was ravished at the strange metamorphosis; and to reward the painter's treble ingenuity, he absolved him from all his sins, and the punishment due to them; ordering moreover, his steward to cover the picture with gold, as a farther gratuity for the painter. And they say, this crucifix is the original, by which the most famous crucifixes in Europe are drawn.

BENEFICENCE.

MAN is naturally a beneficent creature. The greatest pleasure wealth can afford, is that of doing good. All men of estates are in effect

effect but trustees for the benefit of the distressed, and will be so reckoned when they are to give an account. Defer not charities till death: he that doth so, is rather liberal of another man's substance than of his own.

Reckon upon benefits well placed as a treasure that is laid up, and account thyself the richer for that which thou givest a worthy person. It is part of a charitable man's epitaph, "What I possessed, is left to others; what I gave away, remains with me." Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share with them in their happiness. It is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want hearts to give it. No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

THE MASTER AND SLAVE:

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

A MIDST the intoxication of his anger, Usbek
swore he would put an innocent slave to
K k death.

death. Already his murdering hand, waving over the victim a menacing scymeter, was going to besprinkle the dust with his blood: "strike, inhuman master, gratify thy fury," said the slave, bending under the destructive steel. "Thou mayest deprive me of life: use thy power; but think that, by making of me a sacrifice, avenging remorse will rob thee of the two greatest sweets of thy existence, esteem of thyself, and peace of mind."—Usbek at length acknowledged the horror of the intended deed: "Live," replied he, "I am now sensible that happiness ends where crime begins."

ANECDOTE

OF

Gaston, Marquis de Renty.

THIS illustrious nobleman was a foldier and a Christian, and had a peculiar felicity in reconciling the seeming opposition betwixt two different characters. He had a command in the French army, and had the misfortune to receive a challenge from a person of distinction in the same service. The Marquis returned for answer
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by the person that brought the challenge, that he was ready to convince the gentleman that he was in the wrong, and if he could not satisfy him, he was ready to ask his pardon. The other, not satisfied with this answer, insisted upon his meeting him with his sword, to which he sent this answer: "That he was resolved not to do it, since God and the King had forbidden it; otherwise he would have him know that all the endeavours he had used to pacify him did not proceed from any fear of him, but of ALMIGHTY GOD, and his displeasure; that he should go every day about his usual business; and if he did assault him, he would make him repent it." The angry man not able to provoke him to a duel, and meeting him one day by chance, drew his sword and attacked him, who soon wounded and disarmed both him and his second, with the assistance of a servant that attended him; but then did this truly Christian Nobleman shew the difference betwixt a brutish and Christian courage, for he led them to his tent, refreshed them with wine and cordials, caused their wounds to be dressed, and their swords to be restored to them; then dismissed them with Christian and friendly advice, and was never heard to mention the affair afterwards to his nearest friends. It was an usual saying of his, "That there was more true courage and generosity in bearing

bearing and forgiving an injury for the love of GOD, than in requiting it with another: in suffering rather than revenging ; because the thing was much more difficult: that bulls and bears had courage enough, but it was a bruitish courage ; whereas our's should be such as should become reasonable creatures and Christians."

FRIENDSHIP INCOMPATIBLE WITH A DIS-
PARITY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

INTERESTING STORY

OF

TWO JEWISH SOLDIERS.

I Know few subjects more written upon and less understood than that of friendship ; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the affuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection ; and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel-writers are of this kind ; they persuade us to friendships which we find it impossible to sustain

sustain to the last ; so that this sweetner of life under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy.

It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue, is by letting it in some measure make itself. A similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds, and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation. Friendship is like a debt of honour, the moment it is talked of it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation.

From hence we find that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us is almost ever unfriendly ; they secretly wish the terms of their connection more nearly equal, and where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burthen ; they feel themselves unable

able to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought by riches, and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits, and protestations of friendship. These in the usual course of the world he thought it prudent to accept, but while he gave his esteem he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed, for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, soliciting by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing. It may be easily supposed that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon constrained

constrained into ingratitude, and such indeed in the common acceptation of the word, it was. Wherever Mufidorus appeared, he was remarked as the *ungrateful man*; he had accepted favours it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independance. The event however justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplacing liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Mufidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that station of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more taken from a Greek writer of antiquity. Two Jewish soldiers in the times Vespasian had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army as the two friendly brothers; they felt, and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a General under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents.

malecontents. From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each others lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of averfion. At length, however the party of the Jews, to which the mean foldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John with all his adherents into the temple.

History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman foldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were feen burning alive within its circuit. It was in this fituation of things that the now fuccesful foldier faw his former friend upon the battlements of the higheft tower, looking round with horror, and juft ready to be confumed with flames. All his former tendernefs now therefore returned; he faw the man of his bofom juft going to perifh; and unable to withftand the impulfe, he ran fpreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find fafety with him. The friend from above heard and obeyed,
and

and casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other being dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

THE MAGNANIMITY

OF

A ROMAN SENATOR.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile,—“Did I ever tell you that I was immortal?—My virtue is in my own disposal, my life in your's; do you what you will, I shall do what I ought: and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels.”

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AN ANECDOTE

AS a press-gang was lately patrolling round Smithfield, London, they laid hold of a man tolerably dressed, who pleaded that being a gentleman he was not liable to be impressed. This occasioned a tolerable joke from one of the sailors, who directly answered, "Then you are the very man we want; for we have pressed a d——d number of blackguards, and are curfiedly distressed for a gentleman to teach them manners."

THE WORLD.

THE WORLD may be thus defined; it is a vast theatre, on which mankind are the actors; chance composes the piece, fortune distributes the parts, the women distribute refreshment to the actors, and the unfortunate are the scene-drawers and candle-snuffers.

The world polishes more than it instructs. To be a spectator one must not be in the bustle of the
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the world, but at a certain distance; as to observe a regiment march, one must be on a line when they file off, not in the ranks.

With a little share of understanding, and a great deal of the world, a man will shine more than with a great understanding, and a little of the world:—and to acquire this custom, there must be a certain mode of carriage, without which he will never be able to cultivate acquaintance in those societies where the best company of all ranks meet.

Without a fortune, let man's merit be ever so great, he will be deprived of the means of mixing with people of fashion, of being acquainted with their manners, or assuming their style; in a word, to judge of men of a certain rank, their virtues, their vices, their follies.

Riches put a young man forward in the world early; by their means he will be able to display his talents, to excel in all manner of exercises, to learn languages, to travel; in fine, to have the necessary leisure to devote himself to whatever art or science he pleases.

But

But the men of the world exaggerate their encomiums on the *ton* diffused among them. They will confidently say, there is no taste, penetration, or wit, but in their circles. From those exclusive pretensions, they imagine themselves entitled to guess at the career of every man who appears amongst them.

The wretch who expires on a scaffold, has not been guilty of so many disorders in society as another who lives in the fashionable world. This man is a debauchee, a slanderer, a cheat;—he is possessed of every vice on which the law cannot lay hold;—he does not commit murder on the high-way; but he distills in every house the poison of an invenomed tongue, he blasts every one's reputation, he ridicules every virtue, he fatters disorder among brethren, married people and friends. When driven from one quarter, he goes to another, and carries the same spirit with him. His wickedness is the result of reflection; he makes it his study. But he can only be punished with contempt; and contempt in a great city is like the infected air they breathe;—they accustom themselves to it.

THE

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!

AN ODE.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH SAPPIC.

I.

WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy
forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

II.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

III.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like the earthly,)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the Creation ;

IV.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.
Hark,

V.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their
heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when their eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

VII.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While the devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the center.

VIII.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come, arise to JESUS,
How he fits god-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd yet adoring!

IX.

O may I fit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the REDEEMER.

THE

THE FEAR OF GOD.

THE fear of God is a necessary consequence of a view of his power. One cannot contemplate in idea the greatness of this Being, which every thing proclaims, without feeling a dread, compounded of respect and fear. One cannot know oneself surrounded with the presence of the Almighty God, without profound emotion; that is to say, without being at once amazed with the immensity of his attributes, and the meanness of our own being. We are as it were annihilated before this God, terrible and strong, notwithstanding the visible testimonies of his goodness and clemency.—This power, which nothing can resist, makes us shudder; and it is probably to be rid of this inward fear, the atheist proudly shakes off the yoke: like the children, he shuts his eyes in the presence of this open eye on nature, and thinks he is not seen.

But at the aspect of this hand that upholds worlds, this ear that is open to every sigh of the wretched, a secret dread invades the soul; then one must deny the Godhead, not to shudder before it.

Every

Every adorer will then exclaim with David, " In admiring thy works, I am made to fear thee O God ! " This is not the fear of the slave or the guilty ; it is the impossibility of contemplating without fear, without astonishment, without dread, the immensity, the glory, and the power of him who created the universe.

The ancient writers bear the impression of this precious and salutary blending of fear and respect manifested in man, not only when the God of thunder displays his vengeance, but even when he signalizes his bounties. The writer's colouring breathe every sentiment of a Majesty, whose splendour he cannot bear, even in its mildest aspect.

There is, then, in the heart of man, an inseparable union of fear and respect due to the Divinity, which has raised temples, and ordained expiations all over the face of the earth. That is the universal tenet.

But is God really hid ? It is the blind or stupid eye that first pronounced this senseless word. The Divinity is always present around us ; we see his footsteps every where. What mark so visible, as the extent and beauty of the creation ;
than

than the spark of life which flashes every instant, or the light of reason which shines on the countenance of man!—Nothing is wanting to enlighten us, but a heart; if it has sensation, it elevates itself to the good and majestic Being that formed it. It is inflamed, it is affected, it adores, and nothing is comparable to the ecstasy this mild and sublime contemplation of the author of nature excites.

Considering him as the preserver of beings, and lavishing to each one a proportion of pleasure, the Supreme Being is still more adorable than under that of Creator: beneficence claims a greater right to our homage than grandeur.

Only think, mortal! thy head is a hundred times more wonderful than the sun: it knows not itself, and thou dost; it knows not what it is, and thou has measured it: it enlightens the universe with material fire, and thou canst aspire to a more elevated rank. The planets are absolutely blind instruments; and thou art allowed to know the springs nature uses. Thou knowest how to employ thyself; thou feelest thy independence of mind and servitude of body; thou feelest thy strength and weakness; thou knowest thy rank in the universal system.

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And

And wouldest thou not be struck with Newton's system, when he sees in each star a sun balancing the planets; when he perceives the order that proportions their motions to the distance of their centers; when the universe, thus enlarged, has discovered to them, that the mind which unravelled those sublime relations is more august and less perishable than even those suns, which, notwithstanding their pomp and splendor, are merely material, and have no idea of where they are placed.

ON CONTENTMENT AND AVARICE.

CONTENTMENT to the mind is as light to the eye; as the latter discloses every pleasing object to the intellectual powers, so does the former every agreeable idea to the soul; though it does not immediately bring riches to mankind, it does equally the same, by banishing the desire of them; if it cannot directly remove the inquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them; it destroys all inordinate ambition in a state, and becomes its support against the most dangerous attacks, while the
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the lust of riches, like the frequent decays of a magnificent structure, foretels its final ruin ; in man it prevents every tendency to corruption, with respect to the community in which he is placed ; it dissipates care, melancholy, and anxiety, from its possessor ; sweetens his conversation, makes him fit for society, and gives a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts. Behold that fordid animal the *gamester*, ever anxious of enriching himself, yet ever contemplating his own misery ; all his schemes are laid for the oppression of the poor, yet ever terminate in his own ruin : view him in adversity ; who pities him ? In poverty ; who honours him ? Or in any state of life ? who regards him ? *Fortune* is his goddess—*De Moivre*, his guide, and the lust of avarice edges him on to his base employments ; while the dice are rattling his heart is throbbing ; and the very next throw either plunges him into a gulph of misery, or hurries him into an unpremeditated rage of distraction ; life is a continued series of uneasiness to him ; when he walks, he treads upon briars, and his seat is a seat of thorns ; his days are days of despair, and his years years of pain ; *hope* and *fear*, those two noble faculties of the soul, cultivated in man for the sublime ends of religion, are prostituted to his villainy ; and, if ill luck succeeds, his abandoned soul sinks by his own curses ; peace
and

and tranquillity are as far banished from his mind, as honesty and fidelity from his heart ; his breast is made subservient to the tortures of suspense, and continually racked by the fiercest extremes. How miserable then must that man be, who is thus enslaved by his lucrative appetite ? Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction, compared to the havoc this fatal disturber creates in a man's body and fortune ; yet such is his disposition ; that the warmest sollicitations, even from his dearest friends, cannot withhold him from his engagements with his fickle idol ; he rather treats them as his enemies, who propose so deadly a task ; friendship is bartered for self-interest, and all the powerful lust of gold mars every Christian office : how insusceptible of remorse is the gamester's breast, when he robs a distressed family of its support, or snatches the bread from the teeth of the hungry ? O thou monster of nature ! How inglorious are thy conquests ! Is the eye that sees all things blind to thy inhumanity ? Vengeance is spreading her net wide for thee, and will overtake thee in the midst of thy barbarity. O *Avarice* ! thou vilest muckworm, what wickedness dost thou create in mankind ! How art thou courted by poor, unthinking mortals, for thy deformity ! What a train of evils are under thy command ! Destruction bounds from
from

from every part of thee swifter than the arrow from the archer's breast, and like a base ingrate as thou art, thou sheddest unheeded bane on those that protect thee, bankruptcy to the tradesmen, and poverty to the men of affluence, are the rewards thou procurest: whether thou appearest in church or state, in city or in court, yet vice is ever attendant on thee, and the nation that harbours thee sacrifices her liberty to its pursuits, the statesman when he becomes thy votary, proves false to his country; and every glowing passion for the public welfare is chilled in its embryo by the over-ruling power of self-interest; *Justice* herself is staggered by thy enormities, her sword is blunted by thy outrages; when she calls in feeble accents, for assistance, her faithless patrons are deaf to all her entreaties, till at length we see vice riding triumphant, spreading her banner as she goes, virtue and religion retiring at the appearance of it, and sad desolation, with all her gloomy attendants, advancing, at a distance, to embrace us.

HUMAN NATURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into human nature, there

there is a thousand actions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. We may consider the soul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of building ; where, amidst the heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble piles that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible, according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the greatest assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as shew capacities and abilities that need only those accidental helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish.

Discourses of religion and morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can

can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves; and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice which naturally cleave to them.

There is nothing which favours and falls in with the natural greatness and dignity of human nature, so much as religion; which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

It is with the mind as with the will and appetites; for, as after we have tried a thousand pleasures, and turned from one enjoyment to another, we find no rest to our desires, till we at last fix them upon the Sovereign Good; so in pursuit of knowledge, we meet with no tolerable satisfaction to our minds, till after we are weary with tracing other methods, we turn them upon the one supreme and unerring truth. And were there no other use of human learning, there is this in it, that by its many defects, it brings us to a sense of our weakness, and makes us readily, and with greater willingness submit to revelation. It is according to nature to be merciful; for no man, that has not divested himself of humanity can
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be hard-hearted to others, without feeling a pain in himself.

The wife and good will ever be loved and honoured as the glory of human nature.

PRUDENCE.

WHAT is Prudence? 'tis a blessing
Scarcely known, so few possessing :
'Tis the Virtues' bright attendant ;
Nay 'tis more—'tis their defendant,—
Heaven's best gift, wou'd females use it,
Ne'er regain'd—if once they lose it.
The test of judgment, taste, and sense,
To folly only an offence.
'Tis a virgin soft of feature,
Form'd to please with great good-nature ;
Chearful—easy—young, and wise,
Superior far to art's disguise :—
Grave or gay—polite yet true—
Dearest madam—just like you !

AN

AN ALLEGORICAL HISTORY

OF

REST AND LABOUR.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure, and constant plenty, under the protection of REST; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring; eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft, and

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rapine.

rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, because only one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed; the year was divided into seasons; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The summer and autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency, but winter was without any relief; FAMINE, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havoc among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of FAMINE, who scattered the ground every where with carcases,
LABOUR

LABOUR came down upon earth. LABOUR was the son of NECESSITY, the nurseling of HOPE, and pupil of ART; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun; he had the implements of husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice, "Mortals! see here the power to whom you are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures, and all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of REST, an impotent and deceitful goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either FAMINE or DISEASE, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.

"Awake, therefore, to the call of LABOUR.
"I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air its fowls, and the forest the beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth,
"and

“ and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies, by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you shall fell the oak, and divide the rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure.”

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered **LABOUR** as their only friend, and hastened to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded storehouses.

Thus **LABOUR** and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw **FAMINE** gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of **LASSITUDE**, who was known by her sunk eyes and dejected countenance. She came forward
trembling

trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and the instruments of labour fell from their grasp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the sollicitations of LABOUR, and began to wish again the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of REST, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. REST had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which LABOUR had procured them.

REST, therefore, took leave of the groves and vallies which she had hitherto inhabited; and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottos with cascades playing before her. There was indeed, always something wanting to complete her felicity, and she could never lull her returning fugitives to that serenity, which they knew before their engagements with LABOUR: nor was her
dominion

dominion without controul, for she was obliged to share it with LUXURY, though she always looked upon her as a false friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroyed, while it seemed to be promoted. The two soft associates, however, reigned for sometime without visible disagreement, till at last LUXURY betrayed her charge, and let in DISEASE to seize upon her worshippers. REST then flew away, and left the place to the usurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themselves in their possession, and to strengthen the interest of each other.

REST had not always the same enemy: in some places she escaped the incursions of DISEASE; but had her residence invaded by a more slow and subtle intruder; for very frequently, when every thing was composed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, nor danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, SATIETY would enter with a languishing and repining look, and throw herself upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of REST. No sooner was she seated than a general gloom spread itself on every side, the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted their

their leaves and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what ; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell no misfortune.

REST had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt ; some of them united themselves more closely to LUXURY, who promised by her arts to drive SATIETY away ; and others that were more wise, or had more fortitude, went back again to LABOUR, by whom indeed they were protected from SATIETY, but delivered up in time to LASSITUDE, and forced by her to the bowers of REST.

Thus REST and LABOUR equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful ; and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. LABOUR saw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to REST, and REST found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of LABOUR. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they
agreed

agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other and promised to guard the frontiers of each other, so that whenever hostilities were attempted, SATIETY should be interrupted by LABOUR, and LASSITUDE expelled by REST. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased, and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, REST afterward became pregnant by LABOUR, and was delivered of HEALTH, a benevolent goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign, by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between REST and LABOUR.

A WISE SAYING OF A BISHOP.

A BISHOP in King Charles the Second's reign, eminent for piety and good works, often made use of the following saying : *Serve God and be cheerful.*—The due observance of which, he said, would preserve a person both from presumption and from despair.

ME-

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE EUGENE.

THIS great General was a man of letters : he was intended for the church, and was known at the Court of France by the name of the Abbe de la Savoie. Having made too free in a letter with some of Louis the Fourteenth's gallantries; he fled out of France and served as a volunteer in the Emperor's service in Hungary against the Turks, where he soon distinguished himself by his talents for the military art. He was presented by the Emperor with a regiment, and a few years afterwards made Commander in Chief of his armies. Louvois, the insolent War Minister of the insolent Louis XIV. had written to him to tell him that he must never think of returning to his country : his reply was, *Eugene entrera un jour en France en depit de Louvois et de Louis.*" In all his military expeditions he carried with him *Thomas à Kempis de Imitatione*. He seemed to be of the opinion of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, "that a good Christian always made a good soldier." Being constantly busy, he held the passion of love very cheap, as a mere amusement, that served only to enlarge the power of women, and abridge

O o

that

that of men. He used to say, "*Les amoureux sont dans la société que ce les fanatiques sont en religion.*"

The Prince was observed to be one day very pensive, and on being asked by his favourite Aid-de-Camp on what he was meditating so deeply; "My good friend," replied he, "I am thinking that if Alexander the Great had been obliged to wait for the approbation of the Deputies of Holland before he attacked the enemy, how impossible it would have been for him to have made half the conquests that he did."

This great General lived to a good old age, and being *tam Mercario quam Marti*, "as much a Scholar as a Soldier," amused himself with making a fine collection of books, pictures, and prints, which are now in the Emperor's collection at Vienna. The celebrated Cardinal Passioni, then Nuncio at Vienna, preached his funeral sermon, from this grand and well appropriated text of scripture:

"Alexander, son of Philip the Macedonian, made many wars, took many strong holds, went through the ends of the earth, took spoils of
many

many nations: the earth was quiet before him. After these things he fell sick and perceived that he should die."—*Maccabees*.

A HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of King Charles the Second, a sailor having received his pay, resorted to a house of ill-fame in Wapping, where he lay all night, and had his whole substance taken from him. In the morning he vowed revenge against the first he met with, possessed of cash; and accordingly, overtaking a gentleman in Stepney-fields, related to him his mishap, and insisted on the gentleman's making good the loss; who for some time expostulated with him concerning the atrocity of his behaviour, but to no purpose: he was resolute, and the other, through fear of worse consequences, delivered his purse, but soon after had him taken up, examined, and committed to Newgate; from whence he sent, by a sailor, the following humorous epistle to the King:

“KING CHARLES,

“One of thy subjects, the other night, robbed me of forty pounds, for which I robbed another
of

of the same sum, who inhumanly has sent me to Newgate, and swears I shall be hanged, therefore, for thy own sake, save my life, or thou wilt lose one of the best seamen in thy navy.

Thine,

JACK SKIFFTON."

His Majesty, on the receipt thereof, immediately wrote as follows :

" JACK SKIFFTON,

" For this time I'll save thee from the gallows ; but if, hereafter, thou art ever guilty of the like, I'll have thee hanged, though the best seaman in my navy.

Thine,

CHARLES REX."

ANECDOTE.

ONE Tetzal, a Dominican, and a retailer of indulgences, had picked up a vast sum at Leipfic. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for such superstitions, went to Tetzal, and asked him if he could sell him an indulgence before hand for a certain crime, which he would not

not specify, and which he intended to commit? Tetzelt said, " Yes, provided they could agree upon the price." The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman knowing that Tetzelt was going from Leipzig well loaded with cash, way-laid him, robbed him, and cud-gelled him; and told him at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

WHAT tho' no marble here, with polish'd
pride,
Proclaims some god-like hero's hapless end;
Who liv'd rever'd, was pitied when he died,
Of worth the stay, of innocence the friend?

II.

Beneath these humble grassy turfs may lie,
More sacred dust than splendid tombs contain;
Whose spirits rise to purest bliss on high,
Which pompous epitaphs demand in vain.

Th

III.

The truly good require no marble's aid,
No gilded characters to mark their fame ;
Their virtues smile at death's oblivious shade,
For future ages still their virtues name.

IV.

Ah! what avails it to the guilty great,
That flatterers their monuments adorn ?
Say not, false marble, all deplore their fate,
When all their fleeting honours view with scorn.

V.

Say not, beneath this marble is contain'd
A man who for his country nobly fell,
If guiltless blood his boasted laurels stain'd,
And widows' tears the tyrant's fury tell.

VI.

The blazing lightning and the howling blast,
Shall strip thee of thy varnish'd tale of woe ;
Not e'en thy form, proud monument, shall last,
But with thy hero's ashes be laid low.

VII.

Where are the mighty conqu'rors of the world,
At whose approach the trembling host grew pale ?
Who at their foes resistless vengeance hurl'd,
While loud was heard applause's thund'ring tale.
Thou,

VIII.

Thou, lowly grave on which I now recline,
Lament not that they are not buried here,
No flatt'ers now would decorate their shrine,
Nor o'er their relicts drop a pitying tear.

IX.

Tho' docks and nettles now around thee spread,
If here an *honest heart* dissolves in clay ;
Celestial dews shall angels on thee shed,
And blest thy turf, when sculptur'd stones decay.

X.

The painted flow'rs which grace the verdant plain,
And streams reflecting rays of silver light ;
Now dusky clouds and gloomy shadows stain ;
No smiling landscape decks the robe of night.

XI.

Thus beauty fades when death his awful veil
Around the virgin's blooming graces throw ;
No more her charms the youth's fond heart assail,
But all his dreams of bliss are dash'd with woe.

XII.

Sad sighs the breeze along the waving grass,
I hear the wailings of a plaintive rill ;
Can I my sympathetic tears suppress,
At *Clara's* death, which now my eye-lids fill ?

Sweet

XIV.

Ye mournful gales which now around me blow
O waft my tears to *Clara's* distant tomb ;
And sure the hallow'd spot ye well may know
For there the sweetest flow'rs of summer bloom

XV.

Or rather let some *Seraph's* golden wing
The crystal drops to realms of bliss convey
And leave them where unfading flow'rets spr
To glitter on her garlands ever gay.

XVI.

There, where she walks amidst ethereal bow'rs
If she the pensive hanging drops shall see,
At once she'll pluck the pity-bearing flow'rs,
And know their weeping pendant arms came from
me.

XVII.

No voice of joy invades this cheerless ground
But hollow rocks repeat the ocean's roar ;

XVIII.

So generations rise and swiftly glide,
As rising waves the falling waves controul ;
Then learn ye noisy fons of tow'ring pride,
That soon your surgy hopes to peace must roll.

XIX.

But see the rosy morn begins to dawn,
Before her smile the gloomy shadows fly ;
Now chearful verdure brightens o'er the lawn,
And soon the golden sun shall glad the sky.

XX.

Bright emblem of that great, important day,
When CHRIST the Sun of Righteousness shall
shine ;
With living beams re-animate our clay,
And call the Faithful to his joys divine.

ANECDOTE
OF
BISHOP BONNER.

HENRY VIII. being greatly incensed against
Francis I. King of France, resolved to send
him an Ambaffador, who was instructed to use
P p haughty

haughty and threatening language to him. He chose for that purpose Bonner, Bishop of London, in whom he had an entire confidence. But the Bishop representing, that if he spoke in that manner to so high-spirited a Prince as Francis I. it might endanger his life: "Fear not," said the King; "for if the King of France should take away your life, I will cut off the heads of all the French in my power."—"True, Sire," replied Bonner, with a smile; "but I question if any of their heads would fit my shoulders as well as that I have on."

STOCK EXCHANGE ANECDOTE.

TWO country farmers lately passing the Stock Exchange, stopped to enquire what was the occasion of such a noise. The gentleman to whom these men addressed themselves, answered, that it was a Bedlam for mad merchants, who having lost their reason, imagined they were transformed into bulls and bears, and acted accordingly. Pray, Sir, says one of the countrymen, *mout we zee them?* By all means, replied the other, and conducted the farmers to the door, and desired them to walk in. But no sooner did the poor fellows put in their

their heads, than one of them said to the other, *Zoons, Davy, let uz get off—those mad-volks are all loose*; and they took to their heels as fast as their legs would carry them—and went home full of the story of the mad merchants, and their Bedlam near the 'Change.

CONSTANCY IN LOVE.

A TRUE STORY.

AT the Restoration there lived in London a merchant of great wealth, integrity, and capacity, whom we shall call Probus. He was very indulgent to Verus, a young gentleman under his direction, gave him a good education, and, as he grew up, instructed him in every branch of traffic.

Probus had an only daughter, on whom he doated; not without reason, for she seemed to deserve all the kindness Providence had designed for her. His wife died while Emilia was in her cradle; Verus was about two years older, and, from six years of age had been bred up with her.

Their

Their childish intimacy in time improved into love, which they cemented by all the forms that amorous hearts could invent.

Emilia had an aunt immensely rich, who designed her for an only son: she imparted her intentions to Probus, who determined by the future prospect of grandeur, to break through all. He sent Emilia to her aunt's country seat, and, as a guardian, commanded Verus to think of a voyage to the East Indies. Emilia, who suffered from the odious solicitations of her aunt's son, a disagreeable booby, by letter represented her passion for Verus in such moving terms to her father, that he called her to town.

Verus, who had been sent to an uncle of his, vastly rich, in the East Indies, endeared himself so much to the old gentleman, that on his death-bed, he bequeathed him all his wealth, amounting to 40,000*l.* which he turned into money, and sailed for London. During the interval, Probus had laid out a large part of his wealth in houses, which were soon after reduced to ashes, with all his merchandize, by the great fire in 1666. This reduced him to the necessity of keeping a public-house for his bread.

Verus

Verus arrived from the Indies, and, strolling through the city, by chance put into a coffee-house, (then a new trade in London) and was served with a dish of coffee by a young woman, plain, but neatly dressed, who appeared to be his Emilia. On sight of him she fell into a swoon. Verus took her up: They gazed at each other; Probus wept, and all were silent. At last our traveller spoke thus: "Emilia is still the same to me; she is as fair, and as charming; and, while Providence leaves it in my power, as great a fortune as ever. Do not, (turning to Probus) afflict yourself, Sir: Am not I indebted to you for the care of my education, and even for all I have? Can you believe me ungrateful? No, Sir, I have many obligations that bind me to you; permit me to make all the return in my power, by uniting myself to Emilia, and placing you in the situation from which adverse fortune has reduced you." Probus assented. And Verus and Emilia were for many years examples of virtue and conjugal felicity.

ON

ON THE PLEASURE

ARISING FROM

BENEVOLENT ACTIONS.

THEY that have seen a poor orphan without father or mother, destitute and in distress, and have been a father to the fatherless, in gratitude to their common father, have tasted the sweet fruit of doing good: they that have visited and relieved the widow with the helpless innocents in affliction have partaken of it; and those that from the above principle do effectually relieve their distressed brethren in any manner, are not strangers to it. Celia, who abounds in riches, and Cottilus who lays by part of what he has earned with the labour of his hands, do both of them know the value of it.

Cottilus, hearing of a man, his wife, and five children, in great distress, (the father, by an accident, being disabled from working for support for some time,) has often relished through their mouths this fruit in great perfection. When a week had passed, and his helpless family had mourned for the absence of Cottilus, he appeared; while his fellow-servants were gone to spend their
money

money at the ale-house, some to transform the image of God into that of a beast. Cottilus had pleasures of a higher nature. This family of helpless innocents wanted bread: he hastened to their assistance, not unprovided for their relief: he distributed some bread he had brought amongst them, and he tasted with rapture every morsel they swallowed, he found the father almost recovered from his accident, though near perishing for want of necessaries: he gave him a temporary relief, and giving him hopes of more, took his leave. In his way home he was overtaken by Florio; once his fellow-apprentice, but now advanced in life far beyond him. Cottilus was decently dressed, and so not beneath the notice of Florio, who complained how greatly he was disappointed in not getting into the play-house, though he had used his utmost endeavours: that some hundreds had shared the same fate: for his part, he was determined not to carry the money home; and if Cottilus would accompany him to the tavern, he would treat him with a bottle of wine and a supper. Cottilus, full of what he had seen replied, "Would to God all those disappointed of the pleasure they desired this evening, had as great a taste for pleasure of another nature! What objects might they find, in this
time

time of general distress, ready with open arms to receive the superfluous cash they have crowded to part with, but could not gain admittance! Believe me, Sir, I am sensible of your kind invitation though I cannot accept it: give me leave to invite you, in return to the place where I have supped: the money you are determined not to carry home, will be there well laid out; and perhaps you may not greatly regret your late disappointment." They went to this family in distress, when Florio gave them a crown, their manner of receiving it affected him in such a manner, that he gave them a guinea more, and said, when wanted again, Cottilus should come to him; the Father, astonished, said, "After this instance of God's goodness, they should trust in him for ever, hoping never to be so distressed again; that a week's time would give his late perishing family to eat again of the fruit of his own industry, and Florio's generous benevolence might then find greater objects of distress." Florio expressed his great obligation to Cottilus, declaring, that he never tasted such exquisite pleasure before, and said that he would often indulge himself with the repetition of it; adding, he no longer wondered what should make Cottilus, in the situation in life he was in, to appear so perfectly happy.

Had

Had Cottilus been master of ten thousand a year, and spent it all in luxury, could he have experienced a more delicious repast? Who would not, with Cottilus, deny themselves, in some things, to taste often of such pleasant fruit!

A N E C D O T E

OR

THEODORE DE SCHOMBERG.

THE day before the battle of Ivry, the German troops which Schomberg commanded, mutinied and refused to fight, if they were not paid the money due to them. Schomberg went to Henry the Fourth with this message, who answered him angrily, "How, Colonel Thifche (a nick-name given to him,) is it the behaviour of a man of honour to demand money, when he should take his orders for fighting?"

The next morning, Henry, recollecting what he had said to Schomberg, went into his tent before the engagement begun, and said to him, "Colonel, this is perhaps the only opportunity I may have. I may be killed in the engagement.—

Q q

It

It is not right that I should carry away with me the honour of a brave Gentleman like you. I declare then, that I recognize you as a man of worth, and incapable of doing any thing cowardly."

Schomberg, struck with admiration and gratitude at this noble behaviour of Henry, replied to him, " Ah, Sire, in restoring me to that honour which you took away from me, you take away my life ; for I should be unworthy of it, if I did not devote it to your service. If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all at your feet."

ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES THE FIFTH,

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

CHARLES undertook his expedition against Algiers in opposition to the advice of Andrea Doria, who probably augured no good from it, either to the Prince, or to his kingdom. Charles, in answer to Doria, replied, " You ought to be satisfied with a life of seventy-two years: I ought to be satisfied with having been Emperor two and twenty years: Come, then, if we must die, let us die."

AN-

ANECDOTE

OR

ARMAND DE BIRON.

ARMAND DE BIRON, a Marshal and Master of the Artillery of France, no less liberal than brave, when his Maitre d'Hotel advised him to make a reform in his household, and get rid of some of his supernumerary servants ; giving as a reason, that he could do without them ; “ Perhaps so,” replied Biron, “ but let me know first, if they can do without me.

THE PRUDENT WIFE.

AT Tunbridge, some years ago, a gentleman, whose name was Hedges, made a very brilliant appearance ; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune ; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play ; but he was unacquainted with his own heart.

He

He began by degrees to bet at the tables for trifling fums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain. He was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with her brother, who at that time was possessed of a fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen, that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously to take measures to prevent the pursuits being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant of the hazard-tables. He understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet he still played. The consequence is obvious. He lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible. He was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near him, to lend

lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alledging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill-success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company was silent. He then demanded fifty. Still no answer. He sunk to forty—thirty—twenty. Finding the company still without answering, he cried out, by G—d it shall never go for less, and dashed it against the floor; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company. They instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with fullest discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction, while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. But, my dear Jemmy, says his wife, perhaps you do not know the news I have to tell you. My
mamma's

mamuna's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you. This account seemed to encrease his agony, and looking angrily at her, cried, there you lie, my dear, his estate is not settled upon me. I beg your pardon, says she, I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so. No, returned he, as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard-table. What all? replied the lady. Yes, every farthing, returned he, and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to pay.

Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had enjoyed his perplexity—No, my dear, cried she, you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me; your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future.

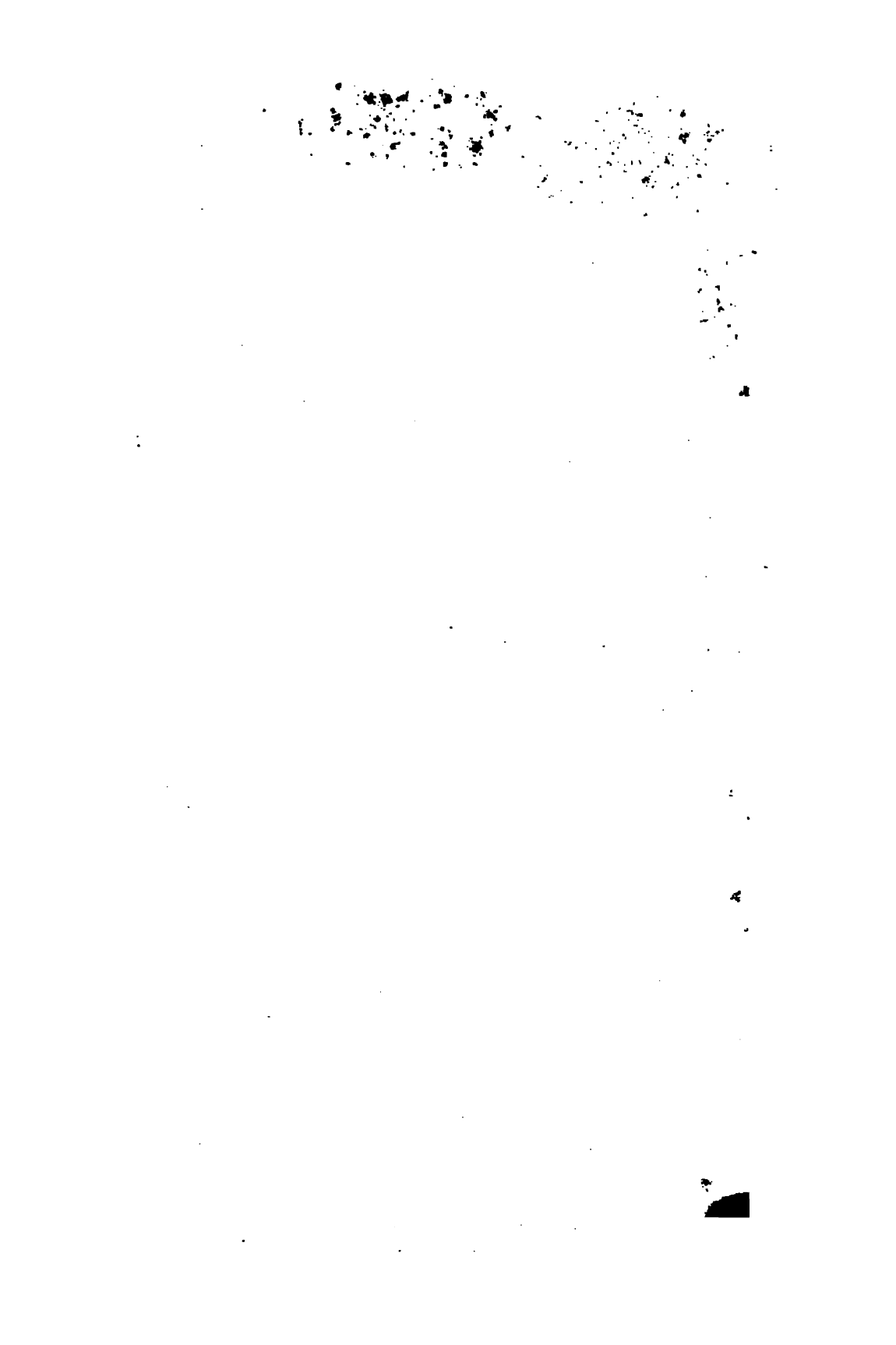
ture. Her prudence had the desired effect; he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

A LAW ANECDOTE.

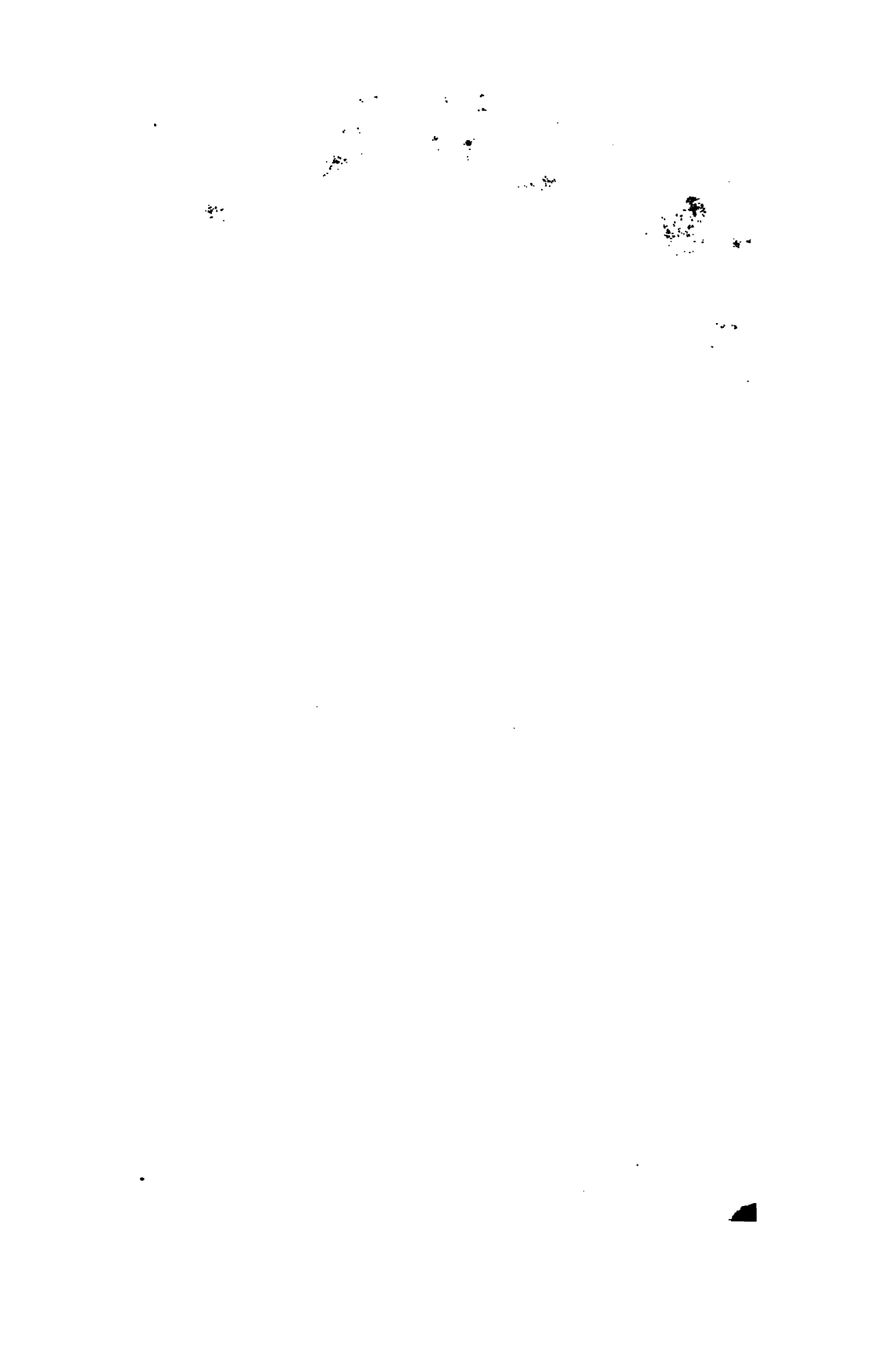
THE glorious uncertainty of the law extends itself over every state where any regular code exists. Ingenuity of counsel in the explanation of periods, and interpretation of meaning, are exercised with as much success in the courts of our Gallic neighbours as in those of our own country. Some time before the abolition of the Jesuits, a gentleman of Paris died, and left all his estates from an only son, then abroad, to that body of religious men, on condition, that on his return, the worthy Fathers should give him whatever they should chuse. When the son came home, he went to the convent, and received but a small share indeed, the wise sons of Loyola *chusing* to keep the greatest part to themselves. The young gentleman consulted his friends, and all agreed that he was without remedy. At last a Barrister, to whom he happened to mention his case, advised him to sue the convent, and promised to gain him
his

his cause. The gentleman followed his advice, and the suit terminated in his favour through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea upon this reasoning: The testator, says the ingenious Barrister, has left his son that share of the estate which the Fathers should chuse; *la partie qui leur plairoit*, are the express words of the will. Now it is plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep to themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will; let me have, says he, the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied; it was accordingly awarded him without hesitation.











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